Per. 2705 d. \( \frac{397}{12} \)
Queen Anne

Born 1664
Reigned 45 years.

Crowned 1702.
Died 1714.

From the original picture in the hall of the Inner Temple.

Published by the series of ancient portraits engraved exclusively for the Court and Lady's Magazine & Museum Limited.
JANUARY, 1838.

THE COURT MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY CRITIC,
AND
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,
A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNITED SERIES.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIRS,
TO BE ILLUSTRATED BY THREE WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS,
of
MARY II., QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN;
of HER HUSBAND,
WILLIAM III., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,
PRINCE OF ORANGE, AND STADHOLDER OF HOLLAND;
and of
ANNE, QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN,
whose portrait herewith is copied from the original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the Hall of the Hon.
Society of the Inner Temple.

For more than a century the memory
of Mary II. has slept in the odour of
political sanctity canonized by the pane-
gyric of Burnet, and so encrusted by
eulogium, that few readers suppose for
a moment that she had the feelings and
foibles of human nature, but rather that
she walked through a singularly tumultu-
ous scene of this life's tragic drama, a
passionless piece of perfection, the icy
idol of the Glorious Revolution of 1688.

A character with so little individuality
is soon forgotten; the very perfection
attributed to her is fatiguing, because
there is a certain instinct pertaining to
the least observant of mortals which
whispers that it is false, however indefatigably iterated, else it would be estab-
lished by facts. Notwithstanding the
peculiarly important station filled by this
princess in her day, she is little remem-
bered, and even her almost matchless
beauty has not hitherto won her a place
in any previous popular collection of
engravings of the present day.

This last beautiful island queen, who
bore the name of Mary Stuart, was born
at St. James's Palace, April 30, 1662.
She was the second child of James Duke
of York and his first wife Anne Hyde,
daughter of the great Earl Clarendon.
The birth of this princess had been pre-
ceded by that of a brother, who died at
six months of age, in the year 1660. It
is a curious circumstance, that the puri-
tan party, incensed by the Duke of
York's bias to catholicism, had industri-
ously raised a report that a supposititious
son would be introduced as the infant of
the Duchess of York. The child prov-
ing a girl quieted those suspicions, and
they subsided into forgetfulness with as
much quiet, as absurdly the clamour had
been raised on the subject. They had
sprung up indeed in the minds of per-
sons so ignorant and ill informed, as not
to be aware that an heiress is equally
important in the British Constitution as
an heir, and that a catholic education
would render a princess as pernicious a
ruler to a protestant people as a prince.

Never did any daughter owe more to
a father than Mary did to her parent;
for if his sincere attachment to her mo-
thor had not successfully combated all
the difficulties which stood in the way
of his union with a private gentlewoman,
his children by Anne Hyde would never
have reigned or taken rank as princesses.

Had Mary been born under similar
circumstances in these times, the royal
marriage law (established by the present
dynasty, which some of its members may
yet perhaps have grievous cause to de-
lore) would have made her father's
matrimonial contract null and void, and
would have illegitimated the offspring.
But our forefathers viewed a marriage
promise, even when plighted by the
presumptive heir of the British crown, in
a different light, and ventured not to tear
asunder those whom God and inclination
had joined together in holy fellowship.
The Duke of York himself in his journ-
al, which still exists, thus speaks of
his marriage with the object of his early
attachment. It is to be remarked that
he makes mention of himself in the third
person, as "the duke."

"When the Princesse of Orange came
to Paris to see her mother Queene Hen-
rissa Maria, the duke being there at
the time, Mrs. Anne Hyde was one of
her maids of honour, who there attended
her. She, having wit and other fine
qualities, was capable of surprising a
heart less inclinable to the sex than his
was, in the first warmth of his youth.
She showed not only wit but virtue in
the management of the affaire; so that
the duke, overmastered by his passion,
gave her a promise of marriage some
time before the Restoration."
The best part of this love-match was,
that the contract James made with his
beloved as an exile, he was willing to
fulfil when heir to the British throne:
he continues:

"Not long after the Restoration, her
father, Sir Edward Hyde, being upper-
most in the king's favour, the duke
chose that time to beg leave to fulfil
what he had promised.

"At first his Majesty positively re-
fused his consent, and used many argu-
ments to dissuade the duke from the
match. Many of the duke's friends,
especially his servants, with a violent
zeal opposed the marriage."

Here James alludes to the fact that
given gentlemen of his household, insti-
gated, it is supposed, by his mother,
came forward and deposed cruel scandals
against Anne Hyde, each more infamous
in character than the other. These false
witnesses were Talbot, afterwards Duke
of Tyrconnel; young Berkeley, James's
favourite; the railed wretch Killegrew;
and another, one, we think, of the Hamil-
tons. They nearly killed the lovers.
James, deeply wounded in his love and
pride, took to his bed; his unfortunate
betrothed threw herself into unmitigated
agonies, which her situation rendered
dangerous to her in a high degree. At
last young Berkeley, who was less hard-
hearted than the rest, being touched by
the distress of the lady and the despair
of his master, came and confessed the
plot, and said it had been entered into
in hopes of saving their master from
such a mean alliance. This is related
by Clarendon, the father of the lady,
and by Antoine Hamilton, and other
contemporaries. As soon as the duke's
mind was relieved, he went and consoled
his unhappy partner, who, then in dan-
ger of her life, made the most passionate
protestations of her innocence, which
confirmed James in his resolution not to
forsake her, or bring shame on the head
of her father, the most faithful adherent
of King Charles I.

We will now proceed with the duke's
narrative.

"The duke continued constant in his
resolution, choosing to undergo the cen-
sure of being frail in promising, rather
than break his word. The king at last,
after much impertinency, consented; for
my Lord Chancellor, her father, did his
part to soften the king with great cau-
tion. The king's leave thus obtained,
the duke, without loss of time, was pri-
ately married to the young lady, and
soon after owned the marriage. It must
be confessed that what she wanted in
birth she made up in other endowments,
and that her carriage afterwards well became her acquired dignity."

It is impossible for any reader to form a correct estimate of the conduct of Mary as a daughter, without giving the circumstances of this romantic union of her royal father with a lady of low degree; for the daughter of a clever barrister of the Temple and the granddaughter of a brewer was scarcely a fitting mate for the son of Charles I. and the grandson of Henry the Great, if true love had not levelled all distinctions.

We add the portrait of this prince drawn by his enemy, Burnett.

"Upon this I will digress a little to give an account of the duke's character, whom I knew for some years so particularly that I can say much upon my own knowledge; he was very brave, and so much magnified by Marshal Turenne, that till his marriage lessened him, he really eclipsed the king. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till his affairs and his religion wore out his first principles. He had a great desire to understand affairs, and in order kept a constant journal (from which we have just quoted) of all that passed, of which he showed me a great deal. The duke of Buckingham gave me a short but severe character of the two brothers; it was the more severe, because it was true."

"The king," he said, "could see things if he would, and the Duke of York would if he could."

"The Duke of York had no true judgment, he was determined by those he trusted, but obstinate against all other advisers."

"He was a frugal prince, and brought his court into method as well as magnificence. He was made high-admiral, and understood all concerns of the sea very particularly."

At this time James was one of the handsomest men in England; he lost his beauty soon after, and nearly his life, by the small-pox. To the nobleness of his figure, his statue behind Whitehall does justice. Pepys mentions in his diary that he called by appointment on the Duke of York, in order to transact naval business, and found him romping and playing with his eldest girl, the Lady Mary, a most beautiful child of three years old; he says, "the duke would hardly part with her, kissing and hugging her before he sent her away, just like any other father." The naval secretary must have had some very original ideas regarding the feelings of paternity in royal bosoms.

William Prince of Orange, first cousin to the Lady Mary, first visited his uncle in England in the year 1669. It was then he saw, for the first time, the princess, afterwards his wife; she was a beautiful child of seven years old, and his features and complexion were not then disfigured by that cruel disease which destroyed his parents. We will now trace the personal history of Mary's future lord.

William III. was the posthumous son of William II., Stadholder of Holland and Prince of Orange. In the midst of a severe political struggle with a faction of the citizens of Amsterdam, who were jealous of his increasing military power, William II. was taken ill with a violent pain in his head; he insisted on being bled profusely, which was done, the small-pox, which was his malady, made faint efforts to come out, and in a few more hours he died. His young princess, the eldest daughter of Charles I., gave birth to his only child seven days after his death. This boy, born under such interesting circumstances, was afterwards William III. Stadholder of Holland and William III. of Great Britain. He was born November 14, 1651. The young prince was disinherited directly after his birth, for early in the following year, the princess, his mother, who had considerable abilities and energy of character, though at that time but nineteen years of age, sent a petition to the States General, entreating them to consider the services of her boy's ancestors in winning their freedom from the tyrannous Spaniard, and that they would please elect him to fill the vacant stadholdership. The states replied by making peace with Cromwell, and abolishing altogether the office of stadholder. There is little doubt that this reverse of fortune in his very cradle had the effect of strengthening the mind of the young Prince of Orange, and bringing out his abilities at a very early period of life, though his health was so delicate from his infancy that he was reared with infinite difficulty. Deprived of the stad-
holdership, he still possessed considerable territories in the Netherlands, and was withal looked up to as a sovereign by all but the republican party in Holland. His princehood of Orange was merely titular, being derived from his Provençal ancestor in the south of France. This princely title is named, from its magnificently glowing skies, Auraneia or the Golden. And the glorious Auraneia, or Orange, celebrated by its native Troubadours, is strangely misnamed when applied to the territory of a potentate famed for fogs, frosts, and frogs; nor is the contrast greater between the Troubadour Prince of Orange, whose tenors and chausons, full of passion and tenderness, still survive in the poëties of the south, and of his phlegmatic descendant. The glowing ideal of the gifted provençal prince in 1801 was changed by transplantation into the Netherlands, to the quiet but indomitable combativeness and the inflexible firmness of the liberator of Holland, William the Silent, and the still more phlegmatic disposition of the last of his direct line, William III.

The Netherlands were in a state of anarchy during the infancy of the Prince of Orange; his mother contrived to get the majority sufficiently on the side of her party to induce the States to declare war against Cromwell the succeeding year; but the republic was still wholly adverse to a stadholdership. The Prince of Orange, however, generally sufficient influence to furnish an asylum for her persecuted and expatriated family. Her brothers were long resident with her at Dort and other places in Holland. Her boy was almost brought up on the knees of her brothers, and surely no son ever bore more resemblance to a father than William of Nassau did to his uncles Charles the Second, James Duke of York, and Henry Duke of Gloucester, as may be seen by comparison of his picture with their well-known features. Certainly the Princess of Orange was the most attached and adhesive of friends and sisters, never tiring in her exertions to benefit her brothers, and from her purse they derived their whole means of subsistence, until the Restoration. When that great change took place, this Princess early visited the English court to rejoice in the fulness of their joy, but was cut off by the cruel distemper that had been the scourge of her family, the confluent smallpox. She died in St. James's Palace December 24th, 1660, at the early age of twenty-nine, before her family had been restored one single year. Her life had been full of sorrow, for Henry Duke of Gloucester, her brother, died in the preceding September, whom she fondly loved. The two lie buried in Henry the Eighth's Chapel. This Princess would have been a picture of the beautiful if her head had not been too broad and round; she was the most energetic character of the house of Stuart. Thus then, her son was left in his ninth year an orphan, still disinherited from the stadholdership despite of the influence of his uncle, Charles the Second. His maternal grandmother, the Princess Wilhelmina, now took the Prince under her protection, and to this excellent Princess most of the valuable part of his character is attributed. Many authors praise her for the excellent education she gave him, but certainly this must be confined to his moral character and power of resisting temptations to pleasure. He had no academical learning, and though a linguist he was not a literary linguist; he spoke many tongues, but most of them only veracularly; his school was the camp, and all his attainments belonged to the military art. He was afflicted from his infancy with an asthma, which by no means impaired his military ardour. The desire of obtaining the stadholdership, which he looked upon as his right, prompted his ambition to excel in the art of war, for part of this office was to lead the army of the Netherlands. Meantime the Pensionary De Witt, his father's great opponent, was first magistrate of the republic. Many historians have reproached William with ingratitude to this celebrated man, and consider De Witt as the protector of his cradle and the guardian of his youth, but his sole merit appears to have been, that in his infancy he abstained from acts against his life, since he was ever strongly opposed to his sovereignty in Holland; and whilst he lived, the stadholdership was unattainable to William. We must, indeed, always recollect that the wars so fiercely waged on the seas between the Dutch fleets and the Duke of York, his uncle, the Lord High Admiral of the English
fleets, were against the republic of Holland and the government of De Witt, and not against the stadholdership of his nephew. In all treaties with the Dutch, Charles expressly stipulates that the stadholdership be restored to his nephew.

Just before the visit of young William to his uncle's court in England, the navy of Holland was beaten by the Duke of York in an engagement between Southwold and Rotterdam. This was not the celebrated action of Southwold Bay, but a previous chastisement given by the duke for the treacherous insolence of the Dutch in burning the ships at Chatham during the security of a pending treaty of peace. It must be remembered that in these tremendous contests for the sovereignty of the seas, between England and the republic of Holland, James was not fighting against his nephew’s government but against the paramount party in Holland, who refused to acknowledge William’s rights. Louis XIV., thoughtless of the proverb of a late Emperor of Germany, “Mon métier est roi,” forgot his own calling so much as to support the republican De Witt, and while professing friendship to his cousin on the English throne, fought the English navy with the Dutch ships. Louis supported De Witt against the Prince of Orange, against whom he had a particular enmity, as a peculiar champion of the Protestant cause. He viewed him and his line as rebels transplanted from his own kingdom, the supporters of Protestantism from its very birth, for the Provençal princes of Orange, William’s ancestors, had defended the unfortunate Albigenses even in the first dawn of reformation. Moreover, Louis intended to conquer Holland and make it a French province, and he knew his chief opposer would be the last descendant of the heroic princes of Orange: but young William was only the head of a party which was utterly powerless, till his uncle, the Duke of York, destroyed the united Dutch and French fleets in the great action of Southwold Bay (called in history Solebay), in the year 1672. Then the Dutch people, enraged at this tremendous loss, rose, and literally tore Cornelius de Witt and his brother to pieces, and placed young William at the head of their government, and prepared to wage war against Louis, who, enraged at the loss of his ally, declared war against Holland, and invaded the country with the finest army in the world, with the avowed intention of crushing the house of Orange and enslaving Holland. We have no space to enter into the heroic struggle made by William and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid the whole country under water, and successfully kept the tyrant at bay. The struggle seemed, however, perfectly hopeless, until William was advised to compromise the matter and give up his country to Louis.

“No,” replied he, calmly, “I mean to die in the last ditch.” A speech of itself sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of this arduous contest, young William was seized with the fatal disease which had destroyed his father and mother in the prime of their lives. His constitution had not strength enough to throw out the eruption. Given over by his medical attendants, he remained in a desperate state, when one of his physicians declared that, if some healthy young person would enter the bed and hold the Prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the small-pox to throw itself out, and the hope of his country would be saved. In such a moment a Prince is able to ascertain the quality of the friendship of his friends—all his attendants drew back, even those who had previously had the small-pox were terrified at the thoughts of encountering the infection in its worst state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment would probably be fatal to him who should attempt it. Young Bentinck, however, one of his pages, who was the handsomest youth at his court, heard of the decision of the physicians, and immediately volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, tried, completely succeeded, and the Prince’s life was saved, though the elegance of his features was destroyed. As for Bentinck, he caught the small-pox in its most virulent state, and had a desperate struggle for life; he recovered, but his handsome face was also rendered very plain by the scars with which it was seamed. This disfigurement, however, constantly re-
minded his master of his faithful affection to him, and was the foundation of a friendship which death only divided. The fortunes of the ducal house of Portland in England took their rise from this incident.*

The succeeding year saw William in the character of a lover to his beautiful young cousin the Princess Mary. His uncle Charles II. wished to put an end to the unequal struggle with France, in which he thought his nephew would be ultimately overwhelmed, notwithstanding the firmness and valour which had won for him the admiration of Europe.

We must now resume the thread of the life of Mary, whom we quitted when a little girl of seven years old.

About two years after this period, the Duchess of York, her mother, declared herself to be a Catholic by conviction.

Charles II., who cared for no religion excepting in a political point of view, became alarmed for the future prospects of his brother's young family, for, being childless himself, he looked upon them as his successors, and was desirous of obtaining for them that popularity his brother, James, Duke of York, and his wife (his sister-in-law) had lost by their imprudent avowal of Catholicism. He therefore chose for the preceptor to the princesses, Henry Compton, a prelate, who had till the age of thirty followed the profession of a soldier, and was more distinguished by the zeal with which he preached against the Catholics than by his reasoning powers and advance in learning. This was a popular choice, but England, for the first time, saw the females of her royal family brought up without receiving a learned education. We had prelates at that time whose Protestantism was of the purest and most spiritual kind, who, having suffered persecution for their faith, were prepared to do so again, and were withal, men of learning, who would have given these young princesses a similar education to that of Lady Jane Grey or Queen Elizabeth.

The Lady Mary Stuart had no reason during her childhood to anticipate her succession to the throne, as she had several brothers born, two of whom lived some years, and were promising, healthy children, till they were cut off by the small-pox. If the reader judge of the ravages of that disease by its fatality in the house of Stuart towards the end of the 17th century, it must be owned that it was indeed a tremendous pest.

The death of the Duchess of York took place when her eldest daughter had attained her tenth year, soon after the birth of the Princess Catherine.

The father of the Lady Mary being left a widower, was of course expected to marry again, in hopes of gaining male heirs.

In compliance with a petition from the corporation of London, King Charles caused his niece to be publicly confirmed in the Protestant faith by the Bishop of London, her tutor.

The next time the Lady Mary is mentioned, is in connexion with her father's second marriage; it is in the familiar correspondence of the celebrated Lady Rachel Russell, who gathered up every scrap of court gossip to amuse her lord, her "dear man" as she calls him.

"Sept. 23.—I will tell you the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York that he was married. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letters in and told the news. The Duke turned about to the ladies and said, 'Then I am a married man.' It proved to be the Princess of Modena; she is to have 100,000 francs paid her; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before, as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter, the Lady Mary, word the same night 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"

This was in allusion to the extreme youth of the bride, Marie de Modena being scarcely fifteen, and the Lady Mary, at the time of her father's second nuptials, eleven years of age.

1674.—We find among the amusements of the court that the masque of "Calisto," written by Crowne, was performed by the daughters of James, Duke of York. Mr. Malone has preserved a copy of the dramatis personae:

"Calisto, by the Lady Mary, afterwards Queen."
"Nympe, Lady Anne, afterwards Queen Anne.
"Jupiter, Lady Harriet Wentworth, for whom the Duke of Monmouth forook his wife.
"Diana, Mrs. Blagge, late Maid of Honour.
"Mercury, Mrs. Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.
"Nymphs of Diana, Countess of Derby, Pembroke, and Lady Catherine Herbert; among the gentlemen performers in the masque we find the Duke of Monmouth."

In Evelyn's Diary there is the following mention of this masque:—

"Nov. 15th, 1674.—Saw a comedy at night at court, acted by the ladies only, amongst them Lady Mary and Lady Anne, his Royal Highness's two daughters; and my dear friend Mrs. Blagg, who, having the principal part, performed it to admiration. They were all covered with jewels. On the 22nd of Nov., was at the repetition of the pastoral; on which occasion Mrs. Blagg had about her near £20,000 worth of jewels, of which she lost one worth £80, borrowed of the Countess of Suffolk. The press was so great I wonder she lost no more. The Duke of York made it good." This young lady afterwards married Sidney Godolphin, Lord Treasurer in the reign of Queen Anne.

The Lady Mary was domesticated but three years with her beautiful young mother-in-law. The following is Sir William Temple's account of the marriage of that princess:—

"After the conclusion of a campaign against the King of France, in which he had gained great military reputation, the Prince of Orange arrived at Harwich on the 9th of October, 1677. The court were at Newmarket, but they returned directly, and the Prince (of Orange) had a sight of the Lady Mary, then in all the bloom of fifteen. He demanded her in marriage; this offer was received with regret by her father, James Duke of York, and with pleasure by King Charles. The Duke had rejected with great contempt a proposal made for the hand of this lady by the Prince de Conti; nothing but the crown of France he thought good enough for the brow of his beautiful Mary.

The Prince of Orange had some time before made a proposal to marry the Lady Mary, but as there was this secret treaty between James, Duke of York, and Louis XIV. to unite her to the Dauphin, no decisive answer was given. The Prince of Orange was engaged in a hot war with France, and his uncle Charles II. was very desirous of mediating a peace for him, and the king withheld his consent to his niece's marriage till William agreed to make peace. But William, though desirous of obtaining the hand of a lady who would bring him very near the English throne, loved war better than wedlock: he had no objection to marry but he was extremely averse from peace.

His allies would be apt, he said, to believe that he had given them up on account of this match, and for his part he would never sell his honour for a wife.

At last he added, that if he were married first, he would take measures to conclude a peace for Europe afterwards, upon which Charles declared—

"I never was yet deceived in judging a man's honesty by his looks. I will trust him, and he shall have his wife; and you, Sir William Temple, shall go and tell my brother so."

To James and his lovely daughter the prince's matrimonial errand, it is said, was equally unacceptable. Court gossip declared that Mary's heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch nobleman! and that she passionately appealed to her father against the Orange union. The duke's doating fondness for his beautiful daughter would have led him to indulge this predilection, even if thereby his own ambitious projects of seeing her Queen of France had been sacrificed. They bitterly wept together when they found King Charles bent on the union with William.

"When Lord Danby," says Burnet, "mentioned the prince's intentions, King Charles declared his brother would never consent to it.

"'Perhaps not,' answered Lord Danby, 'without his King commands it.'

"'King Charles sent for his brother James, and represented the great policy of the alliance.

"'The duke seemed much concerned; but the king said, 'Brother, I require it as much for your sake as for my own.'"
"And upon that the duke consented.

"So Lord Danby sent immediately for the prince, and the king said in a very obliging way, when he came in, 'Nephew, it is not good for man to be alone, I will give you a helpmate for you.'

"And so he told him he would bestow his niece on him. And the duke with seeming heartiness gave his consent in very obliging terms. The king adding, 'Nephew, remember that love and war do not agree together.'

"This alluded to the negotiations for peace between the French and the Dutch."

"Then the king presented the prince to the young lady as her future husband."

They were married Nov. 4th, 1677.

There was ten years' difference between the ages of the cousins, the bride was fifteen and perfectly beautiful, the picture of the bridegroom we give as sketched by a contemporary.

"He had a thin weak body, was brown-haired and of a clear and delicate complexion, he had a Roman nose, bright sparkling eyes, a large front, a countenance composed to gravity and austerity. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical, he was seamed with the small-pox, and the dregs of that disease falling on his lungs he had a constant and deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and then with few. He spoke little and very slowly, most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times except in a day of battle, for then he was all fire; though without passion. Though he had no advantage from education, yet he was a great linguist, able to converse with his soldiers in Dutch, English, French, Spanish, and Italian."

"To which we may add what we find in Sir William Temple's panegyric of his personal habits, "Besides being always sleepy by ten o'clock, he loves hunting as much as he hates swearing, and prefers ale to any sort of wine."

We find a very remarkable passage in the life of Archbishop Tillotson, relating to the marriage of William. On the return of the newly-wedded pair, they passed through Canterbury, which, by the way, was not their readiest route homeward to Holland, and here they went to an inn, where they found themselves so short of money that they could not pay their reckoning, and begged for a loan from the corporation.

After this grave assembly had sat on the business, they declined lending the required supply. Certainly this was a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Prince of Orange, for if by any accident they had lost their ready money, the sale of some valuable or other would have been the more decent way of raising it then begging in a strange country, besides, the Princess Mary had parted from her father with more demonstrations of tenderness and passionate grief than her nature was supposed capable of feeling; the most familiar and tender letters passed between this father and daughter to the very hour of the Revolution, therefore it seems most singular that at that short distance from London the princess did not despatch a courier to her father, if not to her uncle, the king. Meantime, Dean Tillotson, who was the husband of Oliver Cromwell's nephew, hearing the distress, either real or political, in which William and Mary were involved, got together all the money and plate he could command of his own or borrow from his friends, and making his way with it to the inn where the royal bride and bridegroom were in embarrassment for their expenses, got sight of Bentinck, William's first gentleman of the bedchamber and favourite, and requested he would accept it for the use of his master. This was the first attempt of William to create a party in England against his uncle. This generous adventure had the extraordinary effect of placing the archiepiscopal mitre on the head of one bred and educated, and who had preached and ministered, as a Presbyterian clergyman.

This transaction is the more singular because Mary received £40,000 for her portion, half of which had been paid down on the day of her nuptials. For some months after his marriage, William

* The daughter of Dr. French and Ebina, sister of the Protector.

† Our readers who may desire to refer to portraits both of Cromwell and his daughter, will find them published in the Lady's Magazine and Museum, August 1, 1833.
remained at war with France; at last a peace was effected between England, France, and Holland.

The nuptials of William and Mary were celebrated by the courtly genius of Edmund Waller; we quote the stanzas without pretending to perceive much beauty in them, but they possess interest on account of the historical note of the writer, as well as on account of the subjects of the poem:—

ON THE LADY MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came,
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the prince that did oppose
Gaul's mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free—himself does yield.

Not Belgie's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth experience has,
In action young, in council old;
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name
Blossoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth, with wisdom crown'd.

Empire and freedom, reconciled,
In Holland are by great Nassau:
Like those he sprang from, just and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied
In royal blood and virtue too,
Now love has you together tied,
May none this triple knot undo.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece bestows,
About our isle he builds a wall.

A wall like that which Athens had
By oracle's advice, of wood;
Had theirs been such as Charles' made,
That mighty state till now had stood.

The Duke of York had a large family by his second wife, and was the father of several princes, but like his male offspring by his former duchess, they died directly they came into the world. The English nation, as was perfectly natural, was uneasy at the thought of a Catholic successor, but till the hand of Mary was given to William, England enjoyed comparative tranquility; from that moment, however, there was nought but agitation until the great Revolution. The celebrated Popish plot was got up a few months after Mary's marriage; to whomever the origin, men of every description and condition at this time, who have examined into the nature of this foul blot on our national name, agree in deeply condemning the authors of it, each endeavouring to cast off as much as possible the odium thereof from his own shoulders.

Neither party, until the Revolution of 1688, seemed to acknowledge any law but that of the strongest: oaths, false witnesses, plots, assassinations, military law, illegal condemnations, appal the soul when contemplating the most atrocious species of civil war that was ever witnessed in England. In this unholy strife the impartial beholder knows not which to condemn the most, the Catholic or the Protestant parties; excepting that the worst and most disgraceful part of it, the Popish plot, was got up, by plotters calling themselves Protestants, or whether by Catholics, it is hard to say, small claim had they to spiritual religion of any description who condemned the hoary head of the harmless Lord Stafford to the bloody axe for the crime of professing quietly and privately the persecuted faith of his forefathers. The agents of William and Mary were, it would appear in the issue, deep in this wicked conspiracy, which it is not our province to detail or further allude to; but we recommend our readers to peruse the evidences of the arch perjurer, Titus Oates, even as given by the most prejudiced partisans, Burnet and Rapin, and then say whether it was not disgusting conduct of Mary to pension this man and prefer him in the church. This was her own act and deed, notwithstanding the deep infamy attached to his private character.

During the violent struggle between the Whigs and Tories, James Duke of York went into voluntary exile at Brussels, with his wife and family, for some months, and paid a visit of six weeks to the Princess Mary at the Hague, who was for a time re-united to her sisters,
Anne and Isabella; these princesses attended the Protestant worship both at Brussels and the Hague. To do justice to the unfortunate James, when his children were young and in his power, there was not the slightest attempt to force their consciences: when they were at Brussels, in a Catholic city, he might have made the attempt, but, much calumniated as he has been, this has never been asserted, a point to which our attention is drawn in his own memoirs.

The death of Charles II. in 1685, rendered Mary—the Princess of Orange, the daughter of a reigning sovereign. Charles II., whose perceptive and reasoning powers were certainly far superior to those of his brother, plainly saw the aims of William when he paid a visit to England in the year 1681, in order to try the strength of his party.

"I wonder," observed the monarch, "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." "What makes the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth so fond of each other, seeing they both court the same mistress," meaning the favour of the people.*

Those who fled from England and Scotland at the bursting of the various plots which formed a complete chain of agitation from the time of the marriage of William and Mary to the deposition of James, took refuge in Holland. James, who was an economical governor and excellent financier, saw every penny of the public money laid out on its proper object, and thereby added to the list of his enemies all the rapacious courtiers who had fattened on the corruption of his brother’s government. Nevertheless, he would have been suffered to have lived out his life on the throne, if it had not been for the birth of his unfortunate heir. It was seven years since Queen Marie of Modena had brought him a child, and the hopes of all the nation, the true spiritual and peaceable Protestants, as well as the turbulent fanatic agitators, looked with satisfaction to the Protestant heiress in Holland. The boundless ambition of William and Mary repulsed with tolerable quietude till this most unwelcome heir made his appearance. We must now, after these few words, explanatory of the state of things in England, visit Holland, and see what Mary was doing. Burnet, who was there an exile on account of some agitation concerning the Popish plot, tells us as follows:—

"The princess possessed all that saw her with admiration; her person was majestic, and created respect. She had great knowledge, with a true understanding, and a noble expression. She had read much in history and divinity. And when a course of humours in her eyes forced her from that, she set herself to work with such constant diligence that she made the ladies about her ashamed to be idle. She knew little of our affairs till I was admitted to wait on her; and I began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it ever since the Restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made. I will only mention one in this place: she asked me what had sharpened the king so much against Mr. Jurieu. I told her he had written with great indecency of Mary Queen of Scots,* which cast reflections on them that were descended from her, and was not very decent in one employed by the prince and herself. She said that Jurieu was to support the case that he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it, in the best way he could; and if what he said of Mary Queen of Scots was true, he was not to be blamed; that if princes will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take revenge on their memories that cannot on their persons." *

In Burnet’s next interview with the princess he probes her feelings in regard to the manner in which she meant to behave as a regal yoke-fellow, in case she came to the crown. "She, who was new to all matters of this kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied...

* In the first year of King James, Monmouth was attained of high treason. General Kirke, who executed military law in the west, executed his power with the utmost severity and cruelty, and James calls God to witness that they were none of his commanding, and authorised by no warrant of his, declaring Kirke to be one of his worst enemies, and that these wanton barbarities were part of the plan of his enemies to destroy him.

* Our readers will find the portrait and memoir of this lady, published in the Lady’s Magazine of May 1, 1654.
whatever accrued to her would go to the prince in right of marriage; I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s title to her, and what had passed when Queen Mary had married King Philip of Spain, (which a great reader of history might have known,) I told her a titular kingship was no acceptable thing to a man, especially if it was to depend on another’s life. She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him, that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands. She told me to bring the prince to her and he should hear what she had to say upon it. The Prince of Orange was that day hunting; the next I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her, where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her. *She did not think the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife,* she promised him he should always bear the rule; but such was the prince’s cold way he said not a word to me in approbation of it. He said he had been nine years married, and had never the confidence to press this matter on the princess that I had brought about in one day.*

The birth of the unfortunate son of James II. brought all these consultations to a crisis. Burnet declares:—

“The Prince and Princess of Orange received the news of this birth very decently, and they sent over Zyuelenstein to congratulate; and the Princess had the Prince of Wales prayed for in her chapel.”

Burnet here enters into a detail of the many and wicked inventions concerning the prince’s birth. The Princess Mary, deeply interested in the matter, sent a written set of queries to her sister, the Princess Anne, whose interest was now one and the same; ambition carried these royal ladies not a little beyond the bounds of charitable decorum. Personal resemblance, it is said, in the end proved that the prince was the true heir of the inheritance of the woe which descended to the unfortunate Stuarts.

Dr. Ken, the chaplain appointed to direct Mary’s religion, was a person of a very different disposition from Dr. Burnet; he had gone with her to Holland after her marriage. He lost his situation for performing at the court of Orange a truly charitable action. One of the gentlemen of the prince’s bedchamber had seduced a lady in attendance on the princess, under pretence of a marriage promise, which he did not mean to fulfil. The lady’s distress coming to Dr. Ken’s knowledge, he read the seducer such a stern lecture on his turpitude, that at the end of it, the gentleman becoming penitent, requested the doctor to marry him to his betrothed. This the good man did with great joy. For some reason the Prince of Orange took such offence at this interference, that he treated Dr. Ken with great indignity, and forbade him the court, upon which Dr. Ken bade farewell to the princess, and returned to England* in 1679.

Till within a few days of the invasion by the Prince of Orange, a correspondence of the most familiar family friendship was, it seems, kept up between the Princess of Orange (Mary of England) and Queen Mary of Modena, her mother-in-law, and between her husband and her father, and her father and herself. Burnet thinks proper to say, “That from the ill-humours of an Italian lady most of the Revolution was brought about.” We furnish extracts from the correspondence of the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, which tend to show that the birth of the unfortunate Prince of Wales was the only crime that Mary of Modena had committed against the heiress presumptive of Great Britain. The letters are in Dr. Birch’s collection.

---

* This great and good man was quite uncompromising with Charles II. That monarch had a palace at Winchester, where Ken was one of the prebends of the cathedral. One time when the court was at Winchester, Charles thought proper to send Nell Gwyn to lodge with Dr. Ken at the prebend house; Ken met her at the street-door and forbade her entrance, telling her to find lodgings elsewhere, for that was no proper place for her. Charles burst out laughing at her repulse, and no doubt thought it high fun to send Mrs. Nell on a visit to this stern moralist. This did not prevent the king from making Dr. Ken Bishop of Bath and Wells before the year was out, saying, “Odda fish, man, I am not honest myself, but I respect those that are.” Ken was one of the Protestant bishops that suffered imprisonment in the tower by James II., but he would not take the oath to William and Mary, and died deprived of his benefice.
of MSS., and are quoted by Dalrymple and authenticated by Ellis:

"St. James's, July 6th, 1688.

"The first moment I have taken a pen in my hand after my recovery, is this, to write to my dear LEMON."*

This was a pet name in contradistinction to Orange, by which the Princess Mary was known in the bosom of her father's family, and tells more than volumes of the familiar fondness with which she was regarded at home.—that home where she was loved after a manner not often met with in the families of princes, that love which her cold-hearted ambition was even then prepared to outrage.

Queen Mary (of Modena) and her father soon, it seems, began to find, both from her style in writing, and the proceedings of the court at the Hague, that the affections of the Princess of Orange were estranged by the birth of her little brother. Still the queen remonstrates tenderly:

"Windsor, July 31, 1688.

"The reason I have to think so is (for since I have begun I must tell you all the truth) that since I have been brought to bed you have never once in your letters to me taken the least notice of my son, no more than if he had never been born, only in that which M. Zuleystein brought, that I look upon as a compliment you could not avoid; though I should not have taken so if you had even named him afterwards."

Zuleystein was the ambassador sent by William and Mary publicly to congratulate the king on the birth of his heir, but in fact to collect all the evidence of the disaffected in order to prove the Prince of Wales to be a spurious child.

In another of the queen's letters, after he had forced from the princess an unwilling notice of her little brother, is the following:

"Windsor, August 17th, 1688.

"Even in this last letter, by the way in which you speak of my son, and by the formal name you call him by, I am further confirmed in the thoughts I had before, that you have for him the last indifference." The king has often told me, with a great deal of trouble, that as often as he has mentioned his son in his letters

* Which was certainly not to be wondered at.

to you, you never once answered anything concerning him."

On this letter the Princess of Orange has endorsed in her own hand:

"Answered; that all the king's children shall ever find as much affection from me as can be expected from the children of the same father."

"Whitehall, Sept. 28th, 1688.

"Excuses not writing before because the Princess Anne came to see her last post-day, "after I had been two months without seeing her."

In the intermediate time of this correspondence occurs the odious correspondence of the Princess Anne, which is the commencement of the conspiracy of the sisters, aided by their partisans, in order to prove their unfortunate brother a spurious child. The next letter was written at the period when the fleet of the Prince of Orange was必须ering for the reported intention of invading England. The letters are still written more in sorrow than in anger:

"Sept. 28th, 1688.

"I am much put to it what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the Prince of Orange's coming over with an army; this has been said a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe it, till now very lately that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of this news I never will believe, that is, that you are to come over with him—for I know you to be too good, that I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less perform it against the best, that has always been so kind to you, and I believe loved you better than any of his children."

Whitehall, Oct. 5, 1688.

"I don't know well what to say. Dismay I cannot, and if I enter upon the subject that fills everybody's mind, I am afraid of saying too much, and therefore I think it the best way to say nothing."

The last letter that King James wrote to the Prince of Orange is affectionate, yet there is a change, owing to the reports of invasion, at a time too of profound peace; it is directed, "For my sonne the Prince of Orange."

It must be admitted that this is more honest than if concluded with terms
of affection: "he says you shall ever find me as kind as you can expect."
But to Mary, his daughter, there were the outpourings of a father's heart even after her husband had landed.

The letters of James to his son and nephew are full of the most familiar chat, telling him of his navy, and of the fruit season in England. Burnet continues his history:—

"I waited on the princess a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the design. I said, if we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things. Only I begged her pardon to tell her, that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her it would ruin all. She answered me that I need fear no such thing, if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing on it again. She was very solemn and serious, and prayed God earnestly to bless and direct us.

"At last, on the 19th of October, the prince went on board, and the whole fleet sailed that night. At night a great storm arose. Many ships were at first wanting, and believed to be lost. The princess behaved herself at the Hague suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a day, and assisted at them with great devotion. She spoke to nobody on affairs, but was calm and silent. The States of Holland ordered some of their body to give her an account of their proceedings. She answered little, but in that little she gave them cause to show her judgment.

All now depended on the conduct of the English fleet; if the sailors had remained attached to the royal admiral, who had so often led them to victory, the Prince of Orange and the ships lent him by the Dutch States would have been towed in prisoners at the sterns of the mighty fleet which James had so carefully appointed for his own destruction. The vessels in which William and his armament embarked were transports and merchant vessels, lent him by the Dutch States; James, in his naval victories, having destroyed the Dutch ships of war. The King's whole cabinet was made up of double-faced traitors to open dealing, like Sunderland and Marlborough, who were ready to receive his money, but in naval affairs the royal Admiral was a little quicker sighted. He had given the command of the fleet to one of his most esteemed naval captains, who had fought under his command in the desperate action of Solebay. In that victory Sir Roger Strickland commanded the Plymouth, a frigate, which engaged a Dutch man-of-war of twice her size, and fought her so close to Southold that many of the balls came on shore. Sir Roger Strickland succeeded in taking the Dutchman, and King James dwells in his memoirs with professional enthusiasm on this exploit, as no enemy of that size had ever struck her flag so close to the English shore. To this commander King James entrusted his finely appointed fleet, knowing him to be as true as steel. This appointment was a terrible blow to the party of the Prince of Orange in England, and to King James's cabinet, who were all ready to declare for him. While Admiral Strickland watched the coast, the Dutch flotilla was forced to keep in harbour, and there they might have staid to the end of their lives, if a mutiny had not commenced in the fleet, because Sir Roger Strickland was a Catholic, and they finally threatened to toss him overboard without he was removed. King James unwillingly superseded him,* and appointed in his place the Earl of Dartmouth, a brave but vacillating character. One foggy night he let the Dutch fleet slip past him, which gained successfully the peculiar place of their destination, the coast of Dorsetshire, where the cruelties practised by Kirke had made King James very unpopular.

The Prince of Orange landed, as every schoolboy knows, on the eve preceding Gunpowder Plot, "a remarkable and owning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivals and holydays can conveniently be kept on the same anniversary."

One trait, characteristic of William, must not be omitted. Burnet, who was

* Admiral Strickland shared the exile of his King and companion in arms. Burnet, Dalrymple, and Macpherson, narrate these particulars, as well as King James himself.
the spiritual director of the whole expedition, says:—

"As soon as I landed I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince of Orange was, at the village of Broxholm, near Torbay. It was his wedding day when I arrived; he took me by the hand and asked me, 'Whether I would not now believe in predestination.' He was cheerfuller than ordinary, but soon returned into his usual gravity."

The progress of the Prince of Orange to the capital was, as is well known, a triumphant march rather than a struggle.

_England was determined_,

_and,

_MOST JUSTLY_,

not to be governed by a Catholic sovereign, and the virtuous revolution of the great body of the people, in which the forgotten mutineering sailor performed so great a part, was as praiseworthy as the private instances of treachery and self interest in the King's near relatives and trusted friends were the reverse. It was the defection of the Princess Anne, his favourite child, and of Churchill, his trusted favourite, that broke the spirit of King James._

The following pathetic exclamation is taken from the journal of King James.

"It was on this occasion that the King, finding himself in the like circumstances with holy David, cried out with him, "Oh! if mine enemies had only cursed me I could have borne it," but it was an inexpressible grief to see those he had favoured, cherished, and exalted, nay, his own children, rise up against him. This was what required a more than natural strength to support. These strokes had been less sensibly felt had they come from hands less dear to him, but being delivered over to all the contradictions that malice or ingratitude could throw in his way he saw no hopes of redress, so turned his whole attention how to save the Queen and his son.'

The romantic escape of these unfortunate and guiltless beings, does not belong to this memoir. When they were in security the King remained in England two months. After the defection of the fleet, on which the King had firmly relied for support, James prepared to quit England. Lord Dartmouth carried the fleet over to the Prince of Orange, or rather the fleet carried him, for neither this Admiral nor Sir Roger Strickland had any choice, except for their own personal destination. Lord Dartmouth then resigned his command, nobly protesting against being required to fight against King James.

The King embarked in a custom-house hoy for France, in company with Sir Edward Hales and one or two faithful adherents. It was boarded by three fishing boats from Feversham, containing fifty men, supposing they were Papists escaping to France, and in this they were not much mistaken. The captain of the fishing boats robbed them of everything they had, and then left them to their fate; at length they were carried in a coach to the town of Feversham, amid the insults and shouts of the fishers. When the King was brought to the inn, a seaman there, who had served under him, knew him, and burst into a passion of tears; and James, moved by the man's affection, then wept. All the fishermen who had treated him with such indignity before, when they heard who he was, and saw his distress, fell upon their knees. The seamen in the town rose and ran to the inn, surrounding it with their bludgeons, and swore that "no one should touch a hair of his head." In the mean time Sir James Oxenden, under the pretence of guarding him from the rabble, came with the militia to prevent his escape. James found reason to regret the absence of his sailors, for the militia officers treated him with disrespect, and the common soldiers insulted him.

While the peers were sitting in the council chamber at Whitehall on the 13th of December, a poor countryman, who had been engaged by James, brought an open letter from that prince to London. It had no superscription: it was not addressed to any one. It contained in one sentence only his deplorable condition in the hands of the militia. This poor messenger of their fallen sovereign long waited at the door of the council room without being able to attract the notice of any one. The Earl of Mulgrave at length learnt his business, and introduced him to the council. He delivered his open letter, and described
the state of the King with tears. The assembly were so much moved that they ordered the Earl of Feversham with 200 of the guards to go to Feversham and receive his instructions. The Prince of Orange, afraid of the sympathy his uncle's situation had attracted, sent peremptory orders for him not to come nearer London than Rochester. He chose, however, to come to London, and he passed through the City to Whitehall. Never, when returning from a naval victory, was he greeted with louder acclamations of joy. All the streets were lit up with bonfires, the bells were rung, people of every condition crowded round his coach, and when he arrived at Whitehall his apartments were full of persons of all ranks to congratulate him on his return.

Had it not been for the total impracticability of his religion, a counter revolution would certainly have been effected. The Prince of Orange commanded his Dutch guards to displace the English guards who had brought the King back to Whitehall; and in the middle of the night, when in bed, King James received a message commanding him to leave his palace and go to Ham. He chose to retire to Rochester, and persisted in this resolution, though the brave Dundee and a host of his faithful friends gathered round him, and pointing out the reaction of the public mind in his favour, besought him to raise his standard.

"Give me your commission," said the siren Dundee, "I will raise 10,000 of your bravest subjects; I will carry your standard at their head through England, and I will drive before you the Dutch and their Prince."

The King declared "It might be done, but it would raise a civil war, and he would not injure a nation that would soon come to itself again."

Sir Charles Middleton urged his stay. "Your Majesty's departure will make but the confusion of a month, a new government will be settled, and you and your son will be for ever excluded."

The event proved the correctness of this prediction. But it was in vain to urge resistance. James's heart was oppressed with the thoughts of the recent desertion of the Princess Anne and of his favourite Churchill, and he said he should have to fight against his own children, and finally he retired to France, to the great relief of the Prince of Orange.

When he was gone, the national council sat long in stormy debate as to the disposal of the vacant crown, and finally the settlement of the succession on the son-in-law and daughter of King James, with reversion of the Princess Anne, was carried but by one voice.

The question now was how much power should be allowed to the Prince of Orange; whether he should reign as King Consort, or as independent sovereign. Reserved as William ever was with his wife, he was wrapped up in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English Lords could gather not the slightest intimation of his mind, during the continuation of this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to his Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fugel and Zuleystein (the illegitimate uncle of the prince,) they gathered that William was afflicted with political jealousy of his submissive partner. For the response was, that he did not choose to be "Gentleman Usher to his own wife."

After this gracious reply, the British nobles retired to reconsider the case. "At this time," says the Duke of Buckingham, in his Memoirs on the Revolution, "there was held a consultation at Mr. W. Herbert's lodgings at St. James's, who was then sick of the gout. Herbert was so agitated at the great favourite Bentinck, (who was afterward made Duke of Portland,) urging it was best to make the Princess Mary only Queen Consort, and not an independent Sovereign, that, jumping out of bed, Herbert declared with earnestness, that if he imagined the Prince of Orange capable of such usage of his wife he would never draw a sword for him." The Dutch favourite carried this news to his master, which plunged him still deeper in his splenetic gloom, and he declared he was tired of the English, he would go back and leave their crown to whomever could catch it, and if he had persevered in his resolution, he would certainly for himself have led a happier life.

Burnet gives a graphic picture of William's demeanour at this juncture.
During all these debates and the great heat with which they were managed, the Prince's own behaviour was very mysterious. He said at St. James's. He went little abroad. Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said to him, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks. Nobody could tell what he desired.

At last "the gracious Duncan" spoke of his grievances, and told the Marquis of Halifax and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Danby. The "English," he said, "were or putting the Princess Mary singly on the throne, and meant him to reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the Princess, but he was so made, he could not think of holding anything by apron strings."

This gallant allusion to his lovely consort sent the English oligarchy back a second time to reconsider their verdict. No one knew what was to be done.

In this perplexity Burnet, who was keeper of Mary's conscience, gave an account of the conversation already related, and promised and vowed in the name of his royal Catechumen, that she would be compliant in everything that pleased the Prince. The matter was then settled that William was to receive both the title of King and sovereign power, and Mary was to have during his life the title of joint sovereign and no power. After this agreement William consented to permit his wife's appearance on the scene. She landed on Shrove Tuesday, February 12, 1689, having been detained a fortnight in Holland by a severe frost after she obtained her husband's leave to embark. Her usually staid demeanour was at this crisis exchanged for an irrepressible flow of spirits thus described by Burnet:

"She put on a great air of gaiety when she came to Whitehall, and as may be imagined had great crowds of all sorts coming to wait on her. I confess I was one of those that censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that some days after I took the liberty to ask her how it came that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person made not a greater impression on her. She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and she assured me she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts. But she told me that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her. This was on the 12th of February, being Shrove Tuesday; the 13th was the day set for the two houses to come with the offer of the crown."

The following autograph letter is still extant in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and was written by Lady Cavendish, eldest daughter of the excellent Lady Russell, addressed (as it is supposed) to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Alington, as, according to the affectation of the day, the friend is denominated Silvia. The writer, afterwards the second Duchess of Devonshire, was then only sixteen:—

"February 18th, 1689.

"It is a great affliction to me to be so far from my dear beloved Silvia, and to hear from her so seldom: how happy shall I be when I see you next, how many things I have to tell you, for I dare not trust affairs of so great concern in a letter. But when will that time come? I do not hear you speak of removing yet, to my grief. Pray leave your ugly prison as soon as you can, and come to your Dorinda. But now to my news; the House of Lords did vote that the prince and princess should be made king and queen, and it was carried by a good many voices, for Lord Nottingham and many more came off. Lord Nottingham had a great mind to come off before, but did not know which way.

"(To be continued.)"

* These affected names were given by ladies of quality to each other from the heavy romances of the day, as the "Clelia," and "Grand Cyrus"; and we find presently that King William and Queen Mary are named in like manner.
Continuation of the Joint Memoirs of KING WILLIAM, QUEEN MARY, and QUEEN ANNE, commenced in January, whose portraits embellish three numbers of the present half-yearly volume.

The Portrait of QUEEN ANNE was published in January.

"Then the Commons agreed that the prince and princess should be king and queen, but that the prince should have the sole administration in his hands; that the princess should be no subject, neither as Queen Catherine (of Braganzia) or Queen Mary (of Modena) were, but a sovereign queen, and her name put in every thing; but still be in the management of affairs. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords; then they went to grievances, (that is) the too great power of the crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, (the particulars of which I cannot tell you,) my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting House, where the prince and princess were, and made them a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept the crown. The prince answered in a few words, and the princess made curtsies. They say when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled; then Mr. Powle, the speaker of the House of Commons, showed the prince what they had agreed on, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the churchmen would not have it done that day because it was Ash Wednesday. I was at the sight, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed King and Queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There were wonderful exclamations of joy, which though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too, for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the queen's hand and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles, in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The king applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long at him he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome, her face is agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess.

This epistle has the advantage of conveying to the mind of the reader a complete picture of the habits of the day.

On the day of the coronation of William and Mary, news arrived that King James had landed in Ireland. And, according to the following quotation from the letter of her father, Mary taunted her lord and master sharply that he had left the king in a situation to trouble them; although it is recorded in the authorities we have quoted that Mary had kept up a most affectionate correspondence with her father every post day, even to the hour when her husband (invited so to do) embarked to invade his dominions. The autographs are still in existence to confirm this dreadful anecdote. We give our authority in King James's own words:

"The Prince of Orange was hugely surprised at this news: on which occasion the Princess of Orange (as the king had from good authority) seeing her husband in great trouble at the news, told him—'He might thank himself by letting the king go as he did.' When the king heard this, and perceived that his own children had lost the bowels not only of filial affection but of common compassion, and that they were as ready as the rest of the Jewish tribe to remove him from the face of the earth, it was the more grievous, because the hand from which he received it was the most dear to him. This news coming just before their coronation, it put a damp upon those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father, but like another Tullia, under the notion of sacri-
ficing all to her country’s liberty, she sacrificed her honour, duty, and conscience to drive out a peaceful Tullius.”

Queen Mary was crowned by the hands of her tutor, Compton, Bishop of London, as queen regnant; a sceptre, globe, and crown were made for her of peculiar richness; these regalia are shown with the rest of the crown jewels. The coronation of Queen Mary took place on the 11th of April, 1689.

Of the seven bishops imprisoned by King James for refusing to read what Goldsmith’s School History emphatically calls “King James’s tyrannical proclamation for liberty of conscience,” only two took the oaths to the new powers.

No sooner than Mary had arrived in England, she sent to ask the blessing of Sancroft, the apostolic Archbishop of Canterbury. Whether her adoration of the church ritual made her consider the blessing of the primate peculiarly efficacious, or whether it was a political feeler put out to ascertain the part he meant to act, we are in doubt. The answer was a stern one—

“Let her first ask her father’s blessing, without that mine will not be heard in heaven.”

The primate then refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. Ten days after the required blessing the queen sent him a legal instrument to repel him from Lambeth. Sancroft resisted this authority, as derived from usurped power, but was finally removed by force, to make way for the new archbishop of Mary’s nomination.

On the deprivation of Archbishop Sancroft, Mary recollected the benefaction of money and plate which Dean Tillotson had brought to the inn at Canterbury, when William first tried the strength of his party by an application to the corporation of Canterbury for money. Notwithstanding Tillotson’s former Presbyterian ministration, Mary made him primate of our church; and England, in that time of sudden transition, saw, without astonishment, a nephew and pupil of Oliver Cromwell on the archiepiscopal seat of the established religion. Tillotson was a man of good private character, well meaning, and skilled in the controversial arguments of the day, in polemical matters, but not of sufficient power of mind to meet the extreme difficulties of his violent eleva-

tion in such a tumultuous time; and this step upwards laid him prematurely in his grave, three years after his taking office. Literally speaking, he was tormented to death with striving to stem and calm the animosities of furious contending factions. He was buried with all the pomp of a primate, while the deprived Sancroft retired to a little patrimonial estate in Suffolk of fifty pounds per annum, where he calmly and piously passed his span of days, and when death laid a gentle and welcome hand upon his saintly life, at the ripe age of eighty-seven; he was humbly buried, at his own request, beneath the peaceful green turf of a Suffolk churchyard.*

Let not our readers suppose that we are advocating the cause of some primate who cast a longing look of affection towards the corruptions of the Roman Catholic church, and therefore preferred deprivation, as if apparently for the sake of James II. Sancroft suffered imprisonment in the Tower, and a trial for high-treason, because he opposed King James’s edict for Toleration and the repeal of the Test Act; and the same conscientiousness made him consider Mary’s conduct to a father, who had ever loved and cherished her, in the light which the examination of facts forces her biographer to record and the reader to view it.

Sancroft was the exemplar of those self-denying prelates and divines who “undeprived their benefice forsook,” and who were known in that age by the appellation of nonjurors.

We have given the above anecdote on the authority of Sir John Dalrymple.

And how came Sir John Dalrymple by his authorities, seeing that he only died in the year 1809? His volumes are now out of print and scarce, and it is a question that ought to be answered. We are travelling far and wide out of the beaten track of memoirs, to provide full illustration of the glorious revolution, and we will answer that question in Sir John’s own words, without making apologies for introducing facts that will startle some readers, and, may be, offend others.

“The papers,” says Sir John in this collection, “are so very interesting, that the public has a right to know from what sources they are drawn.

* At Pressingfield, where he was born and baptised; the tomb is still to be seen.
"His majesty, George III., gave orders that I should have access to the cabinet of King William's private papers at Kensington, justly considering history to be the science of kings, and willing that the actions of other princes should be tried by that tribunal of public inquiry which he trusts will do honour to his own."

Sir John Dalrymple was a Whig, and a zealous supporter of the Revolution of 1688. "I am," says he, "a very unfortunate party-man, and this is a very unfortunate party-book: one side must permit me to assure them that when I found, in French dispatches, Lord Russell intriguing with the court of Versailles, and Algernon Sidney taking money from it, I felt nearly the same shock as if I had seen a son turn his back in the day of battle."

It is a delicate task to show popular idols as they really are, and by means of their own letters, to divest them of the false colours in which successful political partizans have dressed them up. The more we look into the conduct and personal characters of the movers of the Revolution of 1688, the more does every humane and candid feeling revolt from the actors therein; but as George III. and George IV. had the magnanimity to unlock the secret cabinets of their predecessors, and give to Sir John Dalrymple and the Rev. Stamar Clarke the means of ascertaining the truth, and judging of the estimate in which we ought to hold Queen Mary, Algernon Sidney, Russell, Marlborough, and Halifax, why should we go on estimating them beyond their deserts, when by their own testimony they are proved to be false jewels, over valued by the public, and made the catch-words of parties who are utterly ignorant of their real histories. "Time unvels truth," was the motto of one of our queens, who has had as undue a share of obloquy as the present subject has of panegyric.

King William III. was a martyr to constitutional ailments, he had a state of health that required constant exercise in the open air, and the sullen inactivity he had lived in at the palace of St. James's, was seriously injurious to his spirits and temper. We pursue Burnet's narrative, in his description of William, just after the settlement of the crown.

"And the face he forced himself to set upon his ill-health, that it might not appear too much, made an impression on his temper. He was apt to be very peevish, and to conceal his fretfulness, it put him in a necessity of being much in his closet, and of being silent and reserved, which made him seem different from what his friends had advised; he had promised them to set about being more visible, open, and communicative: the nation had been so much accustomed to this, in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible and free in discourse; he said that his ill-health made it impossible for him to do it, and so he went on in his former way, or rather he grew more retired, not easily to be come at or spoken to. And in a very few days after he was on the throne, he went off to Hampton Court, and from that palace he came only to town on council days; so that the face of a court, and the rendezvous usual on public days, was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and diversions of a court disappeared. And though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king, by a great vivacity and cheerfulness, yet when it appeared she meddled not in business, so that few found their account in making their court to her, though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came.

"The king found the air of Hampton agreed so well with him, that he resolved to live the greatest part of the year there; but that palace was very old, and so irregularly built, that new buildings were made, and this raised the greatest discontent in London, which the removal of the court was like to do."

Such was the state of affairs when Queen Mary made some attempts to go among the people, in order to court the popularity her peevish partner refused; and in so doing, incurred not only public censure, but ultimately such rebukes from her ungracious master, as made her for the rest of her life as unsocial as himself.

We find the following curious anecdotes, from the collection of Sir John Dalrymple, preserved in a letter from one of the chief promoters of the Revolution:—"The sober Earl of Nottingham, from sober sire descended."
Autograph letter from Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, June, 1689.

"The only day her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, and that on which she designed to see another, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. The choice of the play was the 'Spanish Fryar;' (one particularly forbidden to be acted by James II.,) the only one forbid by the late king. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan often, look behind her, and call for her palfiyne (pelerine), hood, and any thing she could think of; while those who were in the pit, turned their heads over their shoulders, and in general directed their looks to her, when any thing applicable was said. In one place, where the Queen of Arragon is going in procession, 'tis said, — 'Very good she usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' And when 'tis said, 'That 'tis observed at court, who weeps and who wears black for good King Sancho's death,' it came home, for there was a report about town of her father's decease. 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on the throne! What will have this queen, but lawless force? Twenty more things were said, which may be wrested to what they were not designed. But the observations then made, furnished the town with talk till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse. For another play being ordered, the queen came not, being taken up with other diversion. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall, (suppose either Westminster Hall, or Exeter Change, the two bazaars of that time,) that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses; from thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way, which caused Mrs. Potter to say, that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in Queen Mary and King William was hatched at her house; but it seems that since my Lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not much countenance of the queen, her daughter still keeping the Indian house her mother had.

"The same day the queen went to one Mrs. Wise, a famous woman for telling fortunes, but could not prevail on her to tell her any thing, though to others she has been very true. The queen had heard that she foretold King James should come in again, and the Duke of Norfolk should lose his head; the last I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first. These things, however innocent in themselves, have incurred the censure of the town. Then there was not only a private reprimand given, but one in public; the king said to the queen, that he heard she had dined at a house of ill-repute, and desired the next time she went to one he might be of the party. She said, she had done nothing but what the late queen had done (Mary of Modena, her mother-in-law). He asked her, if she meant to make her an example. More was said on this occasion than ever was said before, but it was borne with all the submission of a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king; who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles a day, and looking after her buildings, (which were, by the way, in the worst taste in the world,) making of fring, and such like innocent things, and does not meddle with government, though she has a better title to do it than some queens."

The first eighteen months of the residence of Mary and William in England, were full of events: among one of which, was a quarrel with the Princess Anne. These sisters had united for the purpose of expelling their father and brother from the throne, but their union did not last more than a few weeks after Mary gained the crown. Every one knows that William III. was the next heir, after his wife, to the Princess Anne; but in case of his wife's death, it would have been a perplexing circumstance for the nation to have seen him descend from the throne to give place to his sister-in-law and her children, nor would he accept the crown on such conditions. We had in Dalrymple, that the Princess Anne was requested by the friends of William and Mary, to wave her right of succession in favour of her cousin, in case Queen Mary should die before him, which was actually the case. Prompted by Lady Marlborough, she replied, she would do so, provided parliament was
induced to settle a liberal allowance on herself and her family. This promise was made, but not fulfilled.

We think the celebrated story of King William and the green peas, which was perhaps, however, too absurd a ground for a political dissension, was the real reason for this feud.

Soon after the coronation of William and Mary, the princess, by means of the Earl of Marlborough, got the application made for a provision for her life, unknown to her sister or her husband. Queen Mary got the first intelligence of it: she questioned her sister, who replied in her usual evasive style, "She certainly had heard that her friends in the House of Commons proposed to do somewhat for her!"

"'Friends,' replied the queen sharply —'what friends have you but the king and me?'" Words which remained deep in the minds of both.

The king threw his whole power to oppose the bill, and when he could not succeed, after warm debates, he adjourned the house. The measure was subsequently carried, and never forgiven, even in death, by Queen Mary.

After Anne had (rather nobly) sold her birthright for a mess of pottage, it was hard not to let her eat it.

We now return to Burnet, who, as the partisan of Queen Mary, acknowledges—"That the queen suffered no honours to be paid to the Princess Anne, besides many other lesser matters which I unwillingly reflect on."

We shall, in another portion, relate many other anecdotes relative to Queen Anne.

In June, 1690, King William departed for the purpose of subduing Ireland by force. King William and Queen Mary had been proclaimed sovereigns of Great Britain at Edinburgh, and the oaths of the public functionaries were tendered to them, by deputy, simultaneously with the coronation, on the 11th of April, 1689, whilst the Highlands were in arms under the gallant Dundee for King James. As to Ireland it was altogether governed in the name of King James II. by his faithful viceroy, Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, who had married the eldest sister of Lady Marlborough, favourite of the Princess Anne. The celebrated Count Antony Hamilton, a connexion of this family, received a commission from King William to treat with the Duke of Tyrconnel for delivering up his trust to the new powers. Count Antony, who had only remained at court for the opportunity of serving James, bowed, smiled, and took the commission to corrupt the fidelity of Tyrconnel. He went to Ireland, and did all he could to confirm the viceroy in his allegiance to James. Thus it must be remembered that Ireland, at the time of the coronation of William and Mary, was under the government of King James. Scotland soon lost the leader of her resisting party by the death of the brave Viscount Dundee, who fell at the moment of completing the victory of Killlicrankie, on the 17th of July, 1689.

In the Jacobite ballads with which we illustrate this event, our readers will recognise sundry mysterious quotations made by Sir Walter Scott in his historical novels. Among others, who is it that does not wish to see the conclusion of the ballad, "Clavers* and his Highlandmen," whose key-note is struck so gallantly by Sir Walter Scott?

KILLICRANKIE.

Clavers and his Highlandmen
Came down upon the raw, man,
Who being stout, with many a stout,
His lads began to claw, man,
With sword and targe into their hand
With which they were no slav, man,
With mony a fearful heavy sigh
Their foes began to draw, man.

The solemn League and Covenant
Cam whiskeying up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills, man.
In Willie's† name they thought nae one
Durst stop their course at all, man,
But hur nain-sell‡ wi' mony a knock
Cried, "Farich, Whigs, awa man!"

Sir Evan Dhu; and his men true
Came linkin up the brae, man.
The Hogan Dutch they feared much
When they began to slay, man.
The true Maclean and his fierce men
Came in among them a', man,
None durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa, man.

Oh hone a ri! oh hone a ri!
Why should she lose King James, man,
Oh hone a ri! oh hone a ri!
She shall break all her bones, then.

* Clavers, it is well known, was Viscount Dundee.
† King William.
‡ Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel.
With furich, in-nish, stay a while,  
And speak a word or two, man,  
She'll g' a' streak out o'er the neck  
Before ye'll win awa', man.

Oh, fye for shame! ye're three for ane,  
Hur main-kill's won the day, man,  
King James's red-coats* should be hung up  
Because they ran awa, man;  
Had they bent their brows like Highland trues,  
And made as long a stay, man,  
Their'd sa'ved their king, that sacred thing,  
And Willie'd ran awa, then!

There are two of these Killiecrankie ballads, but which of them it was that a Presbyterian minister sang we cannot decide, though the tradition is, that after he had been duly chosen, and was expected to preach a sermon, he happened to get rather too powerfully refreshed with whiskey, and favoured his congregation by singing Killiecrankie, to their infinite scandal. Our readers will remember Sir Walter Scott's quotation,

"Master Davie Williamson,  
Chosen of twenty,  
He ran up the pulpit stair,  
And bawled out Killiecrankie."

We are rather inclined to suppose it must have been the last, where the Jacobite humourist assumes the character of one of the defeated party.

"Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?  
Whare hae ye been so braunkie, O?  
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad,  
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?  
An ye had been where I hae been,  
Ye wad na hae been so braunkie, O!  
An ye had seen what I lae seen,  
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O!  
I fought at land, I fought at sea,  
At hame I fought my auntie, O!  
But I met the de'il and Dundee,  
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O!  
The bold Piteur fell in a furr,  
And Clavers got a clankie, O!  
Or I had fed on Athol gied,  
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O!  
O fie, Markay, what gart ye ile,  
Let the bush ayont the braunkie, O?  
Ye'd better be'kissed King Willie's hand,  
Then come to Killiecrankie, O!  
It is nae shame, it is nae shame,  
It is nae shame to rin, O!  
There's sour slaes on Athol Braes,  
And de'ils at Killiecrankie, O!"

The fall of the brave general of the Jacobite party, made the civil war in Scotland so inconsequential, as to leave King William at liberty to go to Ireland, where King James had been governing for nearly a year. During his absence, Queen Mary was left by him regent, to govern England with the assistance of his Dutch council; and we illustrate this period by means of her private letters, from the box at Kensington. At the time of writing them, she had not only the finest figure in England, but perhaps the loveliest face; her features being perfect, and her complexion that clear ivory, tinted with rose, which is sometimes seen accompanied by rich dark hazel eyes, those almond-shaped eyes, peculiar to the race of Stuart, which we see in the portraits of Charles I., James II., the Duke of Monmouth, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, and the beautiful Duchess of Richmond. She was a complete Stuart in person—a beautiful union of the personal graces of Charles I. and his lovely queen, Henrietta Maria.* She certainly had more beauty, though less fascination, than her ancestress in the fifth degree, Mary, Queen of Scots.† In the year when she wrote these letters, she was but just turned of twenty-seven, and her husband ten years older than herself; yet she writes with a degree of self-abasement and prostration of submission, as if she was unconscious of all the exquisite endowments of person that nature had lavished on her.

The series of letters at that time is extensive, we here and there glean therefore only a personal trait: the first commences—

"Whitehall, June 19, 1699.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, yet being apt to flatter myself, I hope you will be as willing to read as I to write. I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad yet as when I was in Holland.—I cannot enough thank God for having preserved you from the dangers of the sea; I beseech him in his mercy to preserve you, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you, how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I

* Her submission, not only as a queen but as a pretty woman (which, as Napoleon justly says, is something much better) is marvellous.
† See this portrait and memoir, May, 1894.
am not without fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death.”

The second letter asks for mercy for a burglar, that he may be transported instead of hanged: she has delayed his death-warrant. She alludes to a bigoted quarrel with the queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, who refused to have King James prayed against, in her Catholic chapel, at Somerset House. Lord Faversham, her father’s friend, had an interview with her on this mighty matter. She says—

“July 1st.

“Though I pity the poor man for thus taking the queen-dowager’s faults on him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. This I remember I said, that if it had been to myself, I could have forgiven him; but when it immediately concerned your person, I would or could not. He said, ‘God pardoned sinners when they repented, so he hoped I would.’ I told him, God saw hearts which I could not, I would only trust to actions; so I left him.”

All this rout was because the Catholics, whose prayers they did not value, would not pray for the success of an expedition against themselves. She proceeds—

“The queen-dowager sent me a compliment yesterday, on my swelled face, (which I do not know if I sent you word of, but yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done little good, so it mends slowly, and one of my eyes being sore, I am faint to write this at so many times, I fear you will make little sense of it), she, Queen Catherine, will come to see me, but desired an hour when there was little company.

“The queen-dowager has been here, but did not stay a moment, nor spake two words; since she went, I have been in the garden (Kensington), and find my face pretty well, (the leeches had certainly done good,) but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare write no more. I have my old complaint to make, that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall not have news from you, which will give me reason—yet your absence is enough; but since it please God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease.”

The conclusion of this letter is beautifully feminine. She wants in the postscript to know his pleasure about prolonging parliament. He is to write his mind very particularly.

“July 15. O. S.

“At this time I dare say little by candle-light, and ‘tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month. I have really had little time to say my prayers, and was fain to run to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which was more than I have had since I saw you. That place makes me think how happy I was there, when I had your dear company; but now—I will say no more, or I shall burn my own eyes, which I want more than ever.”

After the battle of the Boyne—

“July 17.

“How to begin this letter I don’t know; or how ever to render thanks enough to God for his mercies—I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble, and now I am almost so with joy. I hope in God by the afternoon, to be enough in my senses to finish this, but for the present I am not. When I write the foregoing part it was in the morning, soon after I received yours, and now it is four in the afternoon, and I am not come to myself, and I fear I shall lose this opportunity of saying all that is in my thoughts. I will hasten to Kensington, to get all ready for you. I think I have told you before, how impatient I am to hear that you approve all that is done here. I have little part in it myself; but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind to, for ‘tis a great constraint to think and be silent.”

In this letter, she has the grace to express her satisfaction that the late King was safe; but she asks forgiveness for it,—his death would have covered her cause with fearful infamy.

“July 27.

“Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, every thing I hear stir, I think, brings me a letter. I have stayed till I am almost asleep, in hopes, but they are vain. I must once more go to bed, and sleep on the hope of being awakened with a letter from you. Adieu, do but love me, and I can bear any thing.”

* Silent system! See our tale on this subject, published Oct., Nov. and Dec. 1837.
Here are some of the troubles of royalty:

"I count the days and moments, and have only reason enough left, to think that as long as I have no letters all is well. I believe, by what you write, you got your cannon on Friday, and on Saturday began to make use of them (against her father). Judge, then, what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you must be exposed to all this while. I never do anything, without thinking that you may be in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company on my set days. I must play twice a week, nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me, at least it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it, all my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed; that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost to our cause, in the opinion of the world, so that I have this misery added to your absence, and my fears for your dear person,—and I must grin, when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe.——Farewell! do but continue to love me; forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

Nothing can be more fond, tender, or true than these letters, which exquisitely describe her feelings in the most artless language; in point of style, they are far superior to the celebrated letters of Lady Rachel Russell. In the next letters, she says, she is plagued by Lord Lincoln, who came to the privy council to make a disturbance, and bawled out that the queen was kept prisoner by five or six lords, who made her do as they liked.

"None ever praised God so much for your happy deliverance as I. The queen-dowager sent Lady Arlington to compliment me on it. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy, that I can only add, I am entirely yours."

"Eleven at Night.

"You do not know how I please myself with the thoughts of seeing you here very soon; but I must tell you, that it is impossible, yet awhile, to be at Kensington; your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke in the summer, and the air is much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders; if not by yourself, let Lord Portland write. I see I can hardly end, but I must force myself, without saying a word more, but that I am ever yours, more than ever, if possible, and shall be so till death."

After perusing the whole of these letters, of which the extracts we have made are but a small portion, we cannot forbear remarking, that although written in the closest style of confidence, which reveals not only minute every-day occurrences, but even the inner workings of the feelings, yet there is not a word of kindness or commendation of a living creature besides the king; neither sister, friend, nor even her infant nephew, the little Duke of Gloucester, are mentioned; and the disgust with which she names Bishop Burnet, and his "thundering long sermons," if he could have seen the passage, would have divested her, in a moment, of all the epithets of adoration he has tacked to her character and memory. It is evident, though his egotism made him consider her as looking up to him as her spiritual and political director, she only considered him as a diplomatic tool, and disliked him as much as most of his other contemporaries did. In a curious autograph of the times, we find her husband's testimony of the manner in which she concealed her feelings.

Letter of Lord Dartmouth—"The Duke of Leeds told me, that King William, before he went abroad, told him, that he must be very cautious of saying anything before the queen, that looked like a disrespect to her father, which she never forgave any body; and that the Marquis of Halifax, in particular, had lost all manner of credit with her, for some unseasonable jests he had made on this subject. That the duke might depend upon the truth of what she actually said, but he must not take it for granted, that she was of his opinion every time she did not think fit to contradict him."

It may be a question, whether Mary resented ribald attacks on her father, as a disrespect to herself or to him; but no one who considers this passage, can doubt that it was as painful to King William to hear his uncle reviled, as perhaps it was for Queen Mary.

Her secretive disposition displayed it-
self in trifles. She used to pretend ignorance, and ask questions on matters that she knew well, as we have seen in the case of her title to the throne. Horace Walpole has preserved a traditionary court anecdote of this queen, which he tells in one of his letters, speaking of his squiring the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II.; he says—

"Still, though gentle, I did not squeeze the royal hand, as Vice-Chamberlain Smith did to Queen Mary. It is said, that Queen Mary asked one of her attendant ladies, 'What a squeeze of the hand meant?' She said 'love.' 'Then,' said the queen, 'my vice-chamberlain must be violently in love with me, for he always squeezes my hand.'"

Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, in her correspondence with Queen Caroline* of Anspach, wife to George II., even casts a slur upon the fair fame of Queen Mary, and provides her with a lover; but we must consider this imputation as wholly arising from the love of scandal for which that princess is notorious.

Parties ran so furiously high, just before the battle of the Boyne, that King William declared, that if the Jacobites would not obey him, perhaps they might his wife, and he would go back to Holland, and leave her queen-regent; this was in the privy council. "But," says Burnet, "the queen knew nothing of it, till she heard it from me: so reserved was the king to her in matters that concerned her so nearly. Some did really apprehend that the air of Ireland would be fatal to so weak a constitution."

Burnet guessed not how refreshing the smell of powder was to King William.

Burnet thus describes Mary’s demeanour, during the king’s absence in Ireland.

"In all this time of fear and disorder, the queen showed an extraordinary firmness, for though she was full of dismal thoughts, yet she put on her ordinary cheerfulness when she appeared in public, and showed no indecent concern; I saw her all that while once a week, for we said that summer at Windsor; her behaviour was in all respects her own. She apprehended the greatness of our danger, but she committed herself to God, and was resolved to expose herself, if occasion should require it; for she told me, that she would give me leave to wait on her, if she was forced to make a campaign in England, while the king was in Ireland. Whilst the misfortunes in Flanders and at sea were putting us in no small agitation, the news, first of the king’s preservation from the cannon-ball, and then of the victory gained the day after, put another face on our affairs."

We describe the flight of Boyne Water, by means of a ballad, which we copy from a venerable whitish-parchment edition, from famed Grub-street, lent us by a descendant of one of the French refugee officers of Schomberg’s regiment. Perhaps there does not exist any other copy in England. Its poetical merits are not of a very high order, and are a contrast to the plaintive strains of Jacobite poetry, which send tears to the eyes and thrills through the heart. Bad as the versification is, it is the best historical ballad that the times allowed to the persecutors of Dryden.

**BOYNE WATER.**

July the first, at old Bridgetown,
There hopped a glorious battle,
Where many a man fell on the ground
By cannons that did rattle.

King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire,

But William threw his red-hot shot
And set them all on fire.

Thereat the enemy vowed revenge
Against King William’s forces,
And oft did cry vehemently
That they would stop their courses.

A bullet from the Irish came
Which grazed King William’s shoulder,
They thought his Majesty had been slain,
But it only made him bolder.

The Duke Schomberg with friendly care
The king did caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retain their rapid motion.

But William said, “He don’t deserve
The name of Faith’s Defender,
That will not venture life and limb,
And life surrender.”

The cunning Frenchmen near Daleck
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Waiting for their new orders,
But in the mid-time of the night
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light
To Dublin did retire.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
For when they first were prisoners bound
They scarcely were a handful.
First to Tholsel they were brought,
And next to Milmore after,
But good King William set them free
By venturing o'er Boyne Water.
Then let them all kneel down and pray,
Now and for ever after,
And never more forget the day
King William crossed Boyne Water.

There is a national tune in Ireland
called "Boyne Water," which is still
sounded occasionally as a war-note, to
set Orangemen and their opponents in
ecstacies of combativeness: whether con-
ected with those words, or those words
survive in Ireland, we are not aware.

Those homely rhymes have to us far
more of the charms of poetry, as the
illustration of facts, than the following
polished inanity of Prior on the same
subject:—

By turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous glory fired
How William conquered, and how France
retired;
How Providence o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks the heavenly
shield;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confest,
But trembled for the courage which she
blest;
Behold the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Our poetical quotations are numerous,
but it will be remembered they are all
written by contemporaneous writers, who
often commemorate a popular fact, which
the cold generalizing modern historian
passes over. We have illustrated "Boyne
Water" by the lines of the Whig patri-
sans; let us now listen to the strain of
melody, which was the "coronach sad
for the slain at Boyne Water." It was
written by Captain Ogilvie, of Inverqu-
harity, one of the celebrated band of
Scotch gentlemen who followed King
James through all his fortunes, and fought
most bravely at the fatal Boyne.

It was a' for our rightful king
We left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king
That e'er we saw Irish land, my dear,
That e'er we saw Irish land!

Now a' is done that man can do,
And a' is done in vain,
My love, my native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main, my dear,
For I must cross the main!

He turned him round and right about
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu, for evermore, my love,
adieu for evermore!

The soldier from the war returns,
The merchant from the main,
But I have parted fra my love,
And ne'er to meet again, my dear,
And ne'er to meet again!

When day is gone, and night is come,
And a' are boun to sleep,
I think on her that's far awa,
The lee lang night, and weep, my love,
The lee lang night, and weep!*

The miseries, the thousand woes in-
flicted on Ireland by William's Dutch
troops, and by the hated Kirke, have not
yet been fairly stated in our national his-
tory. The penal laws which followed
this struggle, are even now the subject of
national controversy.

The Earl of Marlborough served in
Ireland, but under a cloud of disgrace.
Horace Walpole accounts for this, by a
traditionary anecdote he had from his
father, who was in the administration,
under the Marlborough faction, in the
next reign.

Marlborough trusted his wife with a
secret, communicated to him by King
William; she told it to her sister, the
Duchess of Tyrconnel, who was then in
England, though her husband was up-
holding the lost cause of James in Ire-
land. The secret was known in the
exiled court at St. Germain. William
sternly taxed Marlborough with having
betrayed it.

"Upon my honour," said the accused,
"I told it to no one but my wife."
"I did not tell it to mine," replied the
king.

Mary scarcely deserved to be made the
subject of this cynical repartee, at least,
not from her husband, if the reader recall
her letters.

No one can help observing the ill-
behaved and disrespectful manner in
which William always names his wife in
these anecdotes. Yet her only fault to
him, was her exclusive fondness; it is
possible that even wives may love so de-
votedly, as to be fatiguing. Whenever a
man is rude and uncivil to a lady, it is
certain that he thinks he is beloved be-
yond his deserts, and that she requires
the refreshing cooiness of a little indif-
ference.

* The heroic author of this exquisite lyric,
when "all was done" for his king, "that man
could do, and all was done in vain," entered
into the service of King Louis, and fell in an
engagement on the Rhine. Most of this devoted
band were, like himself, Protestants.
We have seen William return triumphant to his anxious queen from Ireland; we dwell not here on the atrocities committed in that unhappy country by his Dutch troops, the wickedest and cruelest mercenary bands then in the civilised world. This great danger overcome, another sprang up. Louis XIV. mustered all the strength and resources of his empire for a struggle by sea; and as in every engagement since the accession of William and Mary, the French navy had beaten the beautifully appointed fleets on which James II. had lavished so much care and improvement, both as lord high-admiral and king, the minds of our Protestant countrymen looked fearfully to the approaching contest.

Time has at length drawn up the curtain that veiled the truth regarding the celebrated combat of La Hogue. The position of the parties engaged in it was most singular.

Admiral Russell, a near relative to the celebrated Lord Russell, beheaded for his participation in the cruel popish plot, was attached to James II., but was placed by William III., on account of the party popularity pertaining to the name of Russell, at the head of the fleet which opposed the egress of the great French fleet assembled at La Hogue, under the command of Count de Tournville. William, just returned from his successful campaign in Ireland, hastened the following spring (1692) to Holland, in order to get together the remnants of the Dutch fleet that still remained after the annihilation of their naval power by James II. off South Wold. Mary, who we have seen by her own letters had her whole heart and affections centred in the success of her husband, again swayed the whole regal power at this second tremendous crisis. James II. was at La Hogue, enfeebled by sorrow and premature age, prepared to grieve over any success gained by the defeat and disgrace of the English fleet he had formed, and the English captains he had taught and led to victory. Marlborough, the twice turned traitor, wrote to his old master, explaining to him all the plans of the English court, which prisoner as he was at the Tower on suspicion, he could contrive to betray, especially the plans of the naval defence of England. Admiral Russell was prepared to let the French fleet pass through the English fleet, if Tournville would but go through by night, but if Tournville chose to leave the port by day in the face of the English armament, fight him he must, and fight him he would. James II., who had not the slightest wish to regain the crown by the disgrace and defeat of the navy he had formed, whose seamen were still, with very few exceptions, attached to him, communicated Russell’s determination to Tournville. This French admiral, a vaunting vain-glorious fool, who saw no warlike merit in any thing but blood and wounds, chose that Russell should show his devotion to his old master by suffering himself and his ships to be beaten, and that the palm of victory should be yielded to him on the open seas; this Russell, as an English seaman, vowed it should never be, for the love of James, his old master and admiral. Tournville might pass in the dark if he liked, but if he came forth in open day he should see what followed. Here was an awful crisis for Mary, then queen and regent of Great Britain! How much depended on the braggadocio punctilio of a French knight-errant! England had, after four years’ hot war, at that time began to feel the high and palmy state of her riches and commerce somewhat impaired, and endured the evils of continental war she had not known since the days of Henry VII. No victories had been gained excepting over the unhappy half-armed Irish; the French had defeated our navies in more than one encounter. We have seen by Mary’s own letters in what an agonizing manner she felt suspense, under her cold and quiet mask of apathy. Her popularity was now somewhat on the wane; besides the party that always appertained to her deposed father, there was a strong one which deeply resented the affronts heaped upon the Princess Anne, who, in conjunction with her favourite, Lady Marlborough, was humbly begging pardon of James II., and requesting leave to throw herself at his feet on his landing.

In the survey of this black prospect Mary lost not her firmness: she resisted all attempts of the English aristocracy to sow dissension between her and her husband’s Dutch council, whose prisoner they declared she was. The reader has seen in one of her letters the behaviour of Lord Lincoln, which was evidently meant to set the queen free from all con-
trol of her husband’s ministers, if she chose to be independent sovereign of the English empire. But Mary’s intense faithfulness to the interest of the sole object of her love, made all personal power valueless, if not shared with her adored partner.

Meantime, left alone in this crisis, she called together her parliament, and opened it in person, giving her cause all the advantage of the sight of her splendid beauty arrayed in the insignia of majesty; she was then in the prime of womanhood, at the age of thirty. Directly after this, she reviewed in person the London and Westminster-trained bands. She banished all the Catholics from the metropolis, and arrested Lords Scarsdale, Litchfield, Newburgh, Middleton, Dunmore, Griffin, Forbes, and Sir John Fenwicke. She took Marlborough and three other nobles again into custody, and sent them to the Tower, and after these rigorous measures waited in the usual quietude of her self-command the awful result.

We are not about to give the battle of La Hogue in detail; one of our noblest national ballads will in a very few striking words tell our readers how our English sailor Russell and the boasting knight-errant Tourville settled their point of honour.

Thursday, in the morn, the Ides of May,  
Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two,  
Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,  
The lofty sails of France advancing now.  
“All hands aloft, aloft! let English valour shine,  
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;  
Let every hand supply his gun;  
follow me, and you will see  
The battle soon begun.”

Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,  
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;  
He led the noble train of heroes bold,  
To sink the English admiral at his feet;  
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire;  
The bloody fight’s begun, the sea’s itself on fire.  
Mighty Fate stood looking on,  
Whilst a flood,  
All of blood,  
Filled the scuppers of Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbed the air,  
And with thunders affrighted the Gallick shore;  
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
To see their lofty flags streaming now no more.  
At six o’clock the red,  
The smiling victors led,  
To give a second blow,  
The final overthrow.  
Now the cry,  
Run or die,  
British colours ride the vanquished main.

See, they fly amazed through rocks and sands,  
One danger they rush on to shun the drier fate;  
In vain they cry for aid to their native land,  
Their nympha and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.  
For evermore adieu ton Royal dazzling Sun,  
From thy untimely end thy master’s fate begun.  
Enough, thou mighty God of war;  
Now we sing,  
Long live the king,  
And drink success to every British tar.

The best laudatory verses on Queen Mary are from the pen of her contemporary, Pomfret: in these are contained the sole merit of his well-known book of most unpoetical poems. They allude to this regency.  

How good she was, how generous, how wise,  
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes.  
When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,  
And left his Mary here to rule alone:  
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer;  
And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
How gentle was her sway in times of peace;  
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;  
With grief she punished, and she saved with joy.

After William had conquered Ireland, a plot was discovered for the restoration of James. At the head of this conspiracy was the late lord chamberlain, Lord Preston, whose life was saved by his child in a singular manner.

Lord Preston’s daughter, who was a young girl, under eleven years of age, by a fortunate word turned the scale in favour of her father. She was about the court at Kensington, and Queen Mary, seeing her one day looking very earnestly at King James’s picture, asked her why she gazed upon that picture. “I was thinking,” said the child, “how hard it is that my father should be killed for loving your’s.”
We should be happy to record that the free pardon of Lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of Queen Mary at this allusion to her father. 'Truth will not permit us to indulge in the romantic idea. Dalyrymple, the recorder of the anecdote, declares that Preston, a man of weak mind, was spared in order to convict his gallant and determined co-adjointor Ashton. Preston's cowardly confessions were made use of to convict this brave young cavalier, who died with "God save King James" on his lips. To the case, however, of this gallant young man, little Lady Catherine Preston's appeal applied as much as to that of her father. Yet Mary signed the death-warrant of Ashton (who would not yield obedience to the reigning dynasty).

There is a beautiful contrast to the self-interest that pervaded the time, in the letter of thanks sent by Sophia, Electress of Brunswick, the mother of George the First, on whose posterity the crown was settled in case of the failure of that of the Princess Anne. This royal matron expresses herself in the following terms, in a letter that evidently came from the heart, addressed to King William:—

"Yet I lament King James, who honoured me with his friendship. I should be afraid that your majesty would have a bad opinion of my sincerity, if I concealed this sentiment from you. I am even persuaded that my candour will give you a better opinion of me."

Although it was against her family interest, this noble-minded woman always vindicated the private character of King James.

Queen Victoria is the sixth in descent from this admirable Protestant princess, and the seventh from her mother, Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Connected with the affair of Ashton and Lord Preston, were the suspicions which were levelled against William Penn. Burnet's party bigotry appears to have led to the persecution of this excellent man, which was entirely the act and deed of the queen. We have here a letter from Lord Sidney to King William, during one of his campaigns against Louis the Fourteenth, which shows that the queen was personally concerned in the persecution of the benevolent Quaker.

"Lord Sidney to King William.

"About ten days ago Mr. Penn sent to me, to let me know that he would be very glad to see me, if I would promise to let him return without being molested. I sent word that I would, if Queen Mary would permit it. He then desired me not to mention it to any body but the queen. I said I would not:—a Monday he sent to me to know what time. I said Wednesday, in the evening. I found him just as he used to be, not at all disguised, but in the same clothes and the same humour. It would be too long for your majesty to read a full account, but, in short, he declared he was a true and faithfull subject of King William and Queen Mary; and if he knew any thing prejudicial to government he would declare it. He protested, in the presence of God, he knew of no plot, nor did he believe there was one in Europe, but what King Lewis laid; and he was of opinion that King James knew the bottom of this plot as little as other people."

"Feb. 1692."

Penn, the conscientious and admirable colonist, who really and truly, as a Protestant, approved of the change in the succession, and yet would not deny his personal friendship for James the Second, his protector and benefactor, was stripped of the colony of Philadelphia, with which he had been endowed by James; and his benevolent plans retarded for six years, during which time he had to hide for his life. She, indeed, persecuted and despoiled him directly she came into power; and yet the very year after her death King William restored him to his colony, and gave him encouragement to promote the philanthropic plans he had begun in 1682, under the patronage of King James.

After the subjugation of Ireland, William flew to the prosecution of his continental wars with the avidity of a staunch hunter, who has been diverted for a while from the pursuit of the nobler animals of the chase. During these frequent absences he constantly left Queen Mary regent, assisted, and in some measure controlled, by a Dutch council, in whom her sole confidence was placed. Under this order of affairs we may suppose the arts and sciences received but little encouragement. They were, indeed, positively persecuted: Dryden's triling salary, as laureate, was torn from him; and
Shadwell, a scurrilous pamphleteer, deep in Titus Oates' plot, received the laurel in his stead!! The venerable architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was deprived of his moderate salary of 200L, under pretence that he had not exerted himself sufficiently in finishing St. Paul's cathedral; and, marvellous to relate, the aged sage lived to see that wonderful work finished, and received again, when turned of ninety years of age, his scanty pittance. It is insinuated by Horace Walpole, that when the ancient palace of Whitehall was burnt in this reign, that Sir Christopher stole the precious bust of Charles the First, by Bernini, and out of revenge had it buried with him, rather than the dispossession of his master's heirs should have it.

King James had given up to Sir Hugh Middleton all the shares of the New River that by the act had been reserved for the Crown, in consideration that this patriotic undertaking had beggared his (Sir Hugh's) children. William and Mary resumed this grant. Sir Hugh Middleton's poverty was afterwards constantly brought as a reproach to the house of Stuart, who in this matter at least was blameless.

All the literati of England, unconnected with the church; all the professors of the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music; all colonists and promoters of national improvements, were at a stand, in a reign that encouraged no peaceful or beautiful productions. War and stock-jobbing were the sole employments for British energy and British wealth.

The continental wars of William were nevertheless unsuccessful. In commemoration of the loss of Namur this ode appeared—

Oh, happy people! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive,
Both to advance your glory;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

Blest we, who from such queens* are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads;
But here's a queen, now thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

* Mary of Modena and Catherine of Braganza, queens of James II. and Charles II., both Catholics.

Then haste victorious Nassau, haste,
And, when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound.
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though it cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

Sir Charles Sedley was one of those profligates who perfectly abandoned in regard to his own conduct, had nevertheless an exquisite sense of honour in regard to the conduct of the females of his own family; he was one of the most active agents in promoting the Revolution of 1688, prompted by a justly-founded resentment against James II., who had seduced his daughter, and in Sir Charles Sedley's opinion had still farther added to the wrong, by making her Countess of Dorchester, thereby rendering her infamous yet more conspicuous. In allusion to this transaction it was, that Sir Charles made that celebrated historical bon-mot, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Mary II. “King James made my daughter a countess,” said he, “and in return I did my best to make his daughter a queen!” What discontent Sir Charles Sedley had taken against Queen Mary and her husband, after he had gratified his resentment against her father, is not the concern of this memoir; but that he was frequently indulging his satirical talents against their government is certain, and to him is attributed the lines on the unfortunate campaigns which William made in Flanders—

The author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes this story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gained the greatest glory.

For while that he marched on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

Burnet declares that Queen Mary had no power in the sovereignty: we have produced too many instances of actions that plainly sprung from her will to suffer this assertion to be believed: that it was convenient for her to appear to have no power is very probable, but that she exercised a great influence over the mind and actions of her husband while she lived, is evident by the change in King William's conduct directly she died towards William Penn, the Princess Anne, the Marlboroughs, and several others to whom she had an antipathy. She was ostensibly, from the first day of her ar-
rival in England, Queen of the Church, with which her husband never interfered; she governed it like a pontiff, nominating bishops, and graciously encouraging polemic divinity. On the death of Archbishop Tillotson, Mary nominated Dr. Tennison to fill his place; upon which Lord Jersey reminded her Majesty, that the doctor had been much reflected on for pronouncing a funeral panegyric, for the fee of fifty pounds, over so sinful a woman as Nell Gwynne. Queen Mary heard the objection with more composure of countenance than was usual to her, and replied "What then?" in a tone and manner that silenced the objection; and added, "no doubt the poor woman was sincerely penitent, or I am sure, by the good doctor’s looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."

Mary might have urged a better reason for her choice of Tennison, which was his pious and undaunted attention on the sick of the plague at Cambridge, where he acted both as physician and priest; for in Cromwell’s time he had practised the former profession. He was, in later life, the greatest controversial pamphleteer of his day: hence, we fear, sprung the preference of the queen, or surely she would have urged his glorious conduct as a Christian priest, in the severest time of trial, as an answer to Lord Jersey’s objection. But it is evident she knew it not.

Of benefactions and endowments we find no record, excepting the William and Mary college at Virginia, which is the only tangible good deed that Burnet brings forward to support his eulogiums on this princess. Yet with surprise we find, in looking closely into the matter, that Burnet himself acknowledges the foundation of the Virginian college cost the queen no more than the gracious permission to exist; he allows that the endowments were provided by the planters; and, though gasping for an opportunity of eulogising the queen, he does not name a gift small or great. So that foundation cost no more than the priest’s blessing in the spelling-book fable. It was not thus that the queens of England endowed colleges in olden times: witness the foundations of Matilda Atheling, Philippa of Hainault, Margaret of Anjou, and Elizabeth Woodville, to whose royal munificence Oxford and Cambridge can at this hour bear witness. Burnet speaks also of the private charities of Queen Mary, but he brings no instance.

After a reign of six years in partnership with her husband, Mary was cut off by the small-pox, a scourge which had, we have stated, destroyed several of her brothers in their infancy, at the age of thirty-three, in the prime of her life and intellect, and, in her case, in the perfection of her beauty.

The account of her death we take from an eye-witness, Dr. Burnet:—

"The small-pox raged this winter in London, some thousands dying of them, which gave us great apprehensions about the queen, for she had never had them."

"In conclusion, she was taken ill, but the next day that seemed to go off. I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day, and she complained then of nothing. The day following she went abroad, but her illness returned so heavily on her, that she could disguise it no longer. She shut herself up long in her closet that night, and burnt many papers, and put the rest in order; after that she used some slight remedies, thinking it was only a transient indisposition, but it increased on her, and within ten days after the small-pox appeared, and with very bad symptoms. The physician’s part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence of Dr. Radcliffe. Other physicians were called in, but not before it was too late. The king was struck with this beyond expression: he came on the second day of her illness, and passed the bill for frequent parliaments, which, if not done that day, it is very probable he never would have done. The day after he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion; he burst out into tears, and cried aloud that there was no hope now for the queen, and that from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth. He said during their whole marriage he had never known one single fault in her; there was a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, ‘though,’ he added, ‘I might know as much of her as any other person did.’ Never was there such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court; all people, men and women, could scarce refrain from tears. On Christmas-day the small-pox sunk so entirely, and the queen felt herself so well upon it, that it was for a
while concluded she had the measles, and that the danger was over. Before night all was sadly changed. The new archbishop attended her; he performed all devotions, and had much private discourse with her. When the desperate condition she was in was evident beyond doubt, he told the king he could not do his duty faithfully unless he acquainted him with the danger she was in. The king approved of it, and said whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter. The queen anticipated the archbishop, but shewed no fear or disorder upon it. She said she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour. She had nothing then to do but to look up to God, and submit to his will. She had formerly wrote her mind in many particulars to the king, and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoire, that she made use of, to deliver it to the king; and having dispatched that, she avoided the giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both. The day before she died she received the sacrament; all the bishops who were attending being admitted to receive it with her. God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth. When this was over she composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said she was not refreshed by it, and said that nothing did her good but prayer. See tried once or twice to have said something to the king, but was not able to go through with it. She lay silent for some hours, and then some words came from her which shewed her thoughts began to break. In conclusion, she died on the 28th of December, 1694, about one in the morning, in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign.

"I wrote a book, as an essay on her character." In which, in failure of facts, to substantiate his excessive commendations, he mentions, that she was seldom seen in her private apartments, without a skein of silk about her neck; an eulogy which has been repeated with as much enthusiasm by her partisans, as if it were an instance of goodness, when it was only a proof that her time was harmlessly wasted. Two or three rooms at Hampton Court are furnished with chair covers and tapestry by her needle.

It does not appear that Queen Mary carried her Christianity far enough to forgive her sister, the Princess Anne of Denmark, for her inexplicable offence. When the princess heard of her sister’s danger, she wrote her a letter, entreatings reconciliation, but she was not admitted to the queen’s death-bed.

They did not make the least mention of her father by name, in her dying moments, though it is supposed that she alluded to him in a sort of justification, which she put forth of her conduct.

When James drew near his end, after he had solemnly forgiven her, as well as her husband, and the Princess Anne, he bewailed her departure from this life, without acknowledgment of her wrongs against him. In the account of his death, prefixed to the memoirs written by himself, we find this passage relating to Queen Mary.

If any thing could disturb the tranquillity that the King’s resignation had afforded him, it was, when he heard that his poor daughter had been so deluded, as to declare at her death—

"That her conscience no ways troubled her, for if she had done any thing the world might blame her for, it was with the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were to answer for it, not she."

This made James cry out,—"Oh! miserable way of arguing, so fatal both to the deceiver and the deceived. Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension."

At Queen Mary’s funeral, an extraordinary procession took place, the members of both houses of parliament walked before the chariot that bore her corpse to Westminster Abbey. In all probability, this will never happen again, without a similar joint sovereignty should once more occur; the death of the monarch in every other case dissolving both houses.

We have seen by her letters, the concentative nature of her love for King William. We can therefore credit the testimony of Burnet, in regard to his deep affliction in private for her loss.

(To be continued.)
MEMOIR OF QUEEN MARY.

(Continued from p. 32.)

"The king’s affliction for her death was great as it was just, and greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of. He went beyond all bounds in it; during her sickness he was in an agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into the most violent lamentations. When she died, his spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend he was following her. For some weeks after, he was so little master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business or of seeing company."

No monument records the memory of this queen; her warlike partner was always distressed for money, as all belligerent monarchs are, he therefore could not afford this tribute to his departed consort.

Her coins are beautiful, her exquisite profile appears from behind the stern features of her lord, like the moon half-veiled by a thunder-cloud.

We have the evidence of an anonymous tourist of the last century, that Queen Mary founded an establishment at the Hague for young ladies whose fortune did not equal their rank; the same author adds, that the funds were supplied from estates in England. If so, it is probable that they have long ceased, since the work of charity, however benevolent to Holland, was not very just to England, and it is an outlay withal contrary, we think, to English law.

The general reader of history would search in vain for any work, at present published, in which a collection of facts illustrative of the personal character of Queen Mary II. are to be found. We have gathered these from many sources, and have produced the testimonies of her contemporary friends, enemies, and neutrals. The grand object of our search has been comprised in one word—facts.

When subjected to this ordeal, this only touchstone of true worth, her husband’s disposition, rude and cynical as it appears, bears the test much better than that of his even-tempered and well-mannered partner.

We conclude with Burnet’s celebrated eulogium. We have already quoted from that historian every fact he mentions concerning her:

"The Character of Queen Mary II.

To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To her people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion,
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion,
Ardent in affection,
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from slavery,
A preserver of liberty,
A suppressor of immorality,
A pattern of industry,
High in the world,
Low esteem of the world,
Above fear of death,
Sure of eternal life.

What was great, good, desired in a queen,
In her late majesty was to be seen;
Thoughts to conceive it cannot be express,
What was contained in her royal breast."

And with this choice specimen of the poetry patronised by royal favour, we conclude the memoir of this queen who was "so sure of eternal life."

* It is true that Mary and William were the first of our monarchs who suppressed immorality by public proclamation, but unfortunately another kind of legislation injured public morals more than many proclamations could rectify. The all-absorbing passion for war felt by William, caused him to take off Queen Elizabeth’s wise restrictions on distillation of ardent spirits, in order to gain a tax from gin drinking. The wise Elizabeth would suffer only a certain number of quarters of barley to be turned into malt for the manufacture of ardent spirits, which she permitted to be used only for medical purposes. Her successors continued those wise restrictions, which were finally taken off by William in 1698, as may be seen in the parliamentary records, entitled "An Act made to repeal one in the twenty-ninth year of Elizabeth, against the excessive making of malt." After this death-blow to the health and morals of the poor of the metropolis, it is true gin temples did not rear their heads on high as at present, but gin cellars abounded, and then for the first time was seen appended to these dens of atrocity this ludicrously horrible invitation to the London artisans.—"Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence. N.B.—Clean straw gratis."

† See this portrait and memoir, Jan. 1, 1887. A description of the portrait will be given at p. 40.
MEMOIR OF WILLIAM THE THIRD, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND STADTHOLDER OF HOLLAND,

(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, engraved and splendidly coloured, from the original painting from the life in the Hall of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

King William in this portrait is represented in his coronation robes, and is over and above adorned with a periwig of such amplitude that as his contemporary Lord Foppington observed—"it might serve as a hat and cloak in all weathers." He wears a lace cravat or scarf of Brussels lace tied round the throat; this was afterwards called a Steinkirk: the ends hang beneath the chin something like the bands of the former century. The young men used to pass the lace through the button-holes of their waistcoats. The rest of the dress is the state costume of the English kings, which had borne this form from the reign of Henry the Second. The garment of tunic form, which reaches to the mid-leg, is called a Dalmatica. The material in this instance is of green velvet, which, as well as the cape, is lined and edged with ermine, and entirely bordered with gold lace of a hand's breadth; the sleeves of this Dalmatica only reach half way down the arm; they are full, and are split up for the convenience of oil anointing; they show full linen sleeves beneath, and Brussels lace ruffles. The Dalmatica is belted with gold cord, which belt is tied with a huge gold tassel as large as that of a window-curtain. The royal mantle, lined with ermine and bordered with gold, is of green velvet. The shoes are high and of buff leather. The collar of the Garter is worn over the regal mantle: the regalia lie on a table.

The deep grief with which William mourned the loss of his beautiful partner,* appears to have been the most passionate sensation ever manifested by him. Far, however, from making a popular display of his sorrow for a loss he equally felt as a politician and as a husband, he shrouded himself in a tenfold depth of reserve and apparent apathy; and, when he chanced to be roused by passing allusions to his irreparable calamity, he only showed the internal pain by some cynical repartee, to silence the speaker who dared to touch upon the unclosed wound. Thus he answered the Lord Mayor of London, who brought up two addresses voted by the City of London, one of congratulation for the taking of Namur, and the other of condolence for the recent death of the Queen.

"I come, an please your gracious majesty, with joy in one hand and grief in the other—"

"Please to put them both in one hand, * This portrait will appear in the present half-yearly volume.

Mr. Mayor," hoarsely interrupted his gracious Majesty.

The Lord Mayor's speech was cut short—the whole deputation were laughed at, and William escaped the agonies of a common-place and unmeaning act of condolence. Intense grief makes some men, as in this instance, morose. William had at that time a lock of his wife's hair bound on his arm, concealed under his dress; he was then a widower, forty-two years of age, childless, and, moreover, the last of a line of heroes; and that his heart was truly in the grave of Queen Mary, is evidenced by the petulance with which he rejected the proffered advice of his friends to enter into a second marriage.

Notwithstanding the ugly husk of a most ungracious temper, William soon showed that his disposition was nurtured by principles more benevolent than those which were exhibited by his wife.

One of his first public actions was to put a stop to the persecution of the philanthropist William Penn, and to restore to him the grant of Pennsylvania, which
were then in waiting, no sooner perceived
that the spirit was departed, than they
told Ronjet to unbind from the king’s
arm a black ribbon, which bound a gold
locket, containing the hair of Queen
Mary, close on the pulse of his wrist.
This was little better than a sacrilege,
the relic so dear to the hero might have
been permitted to have mingled with his
dust; for by this cherished trifle, so care-
fully secreted through his widowed life,
was revealed the depth and intensity of a
love, such as stern and silent tempera-
ments alone can feel, and when once felt,
it is felt for ever.

After the vain ceremony of embalming
the royal corpse, which was laid out in
state at Kensington, on April the 12th,
the body was deposited in a vault by the
side of his queen, in Henry the Seventh’s
chapel. There exists no monument of
either, excepting those dilapidated wax
figures among the other cast-off funeral
effigies in Westminster Abbey. We are
by no means certain but that these wax
figures were carried on biers at the funeral
pagent, as those of Elizabeth and Monk
certainly were, according to a custom of
the middle ages, which required that the
corpse of the deceased sovereign should
be borne barefaced on the bier (as is still
the general custom in many countries) in
the habiliments usually worn on days of
high ceremonial. These effigies of
her sister and brother-in-law we scarcely
think would have been provided by Queen
Anne, who did not rear other monuments
for them; and we see two more about
the abbey, besides those in this chapel,
which were evidently borne at the funeral
ceremonies; these are of King Charles
the Second and the Duchess of Rich-
mond, his cousin. Oliver Cromwell had
an effigy of this kind, which lay in regal
state at Whitehall, but was afterwards
hung by the neck out of the window when
the Rump Parliament was dissolved, as a
token of the joy of the populace.

At the extreme ends of a large box
stand these effigies of William and Mary;
they seem to have got as far from each
other as possible, as the sole point of
union is the proximity of their sceptres,
which they hold close together, parallel
and nearly touching, but at arms’ length.
They are in their coronation costume,
and appear to have been modelled from
life, as Mary is considerably taller than
her husband, who in that representation
is singularly diminutive in person.

William left no children; he was suc-
cceeded in his continental dignities and
estates by his cousin Prince Frison of
Nassau, stadtholder of Friesland. By his
will he left the lordship of Breevest and
200,000 guilders to his favourite Keppel,
earl of Albemarle. He died in his fifty-
third year.

There exists a curious poem, in which
all the latter circumstances we have
named passed under review. It is sup-
pposed to be addressed to Archbishop
Tennison, and mimics the peculiar En-

Oh! tell me faire Tennison,
Tink you dat mine life pe tone?
So pe den do I leave to you,
My parchments and mine trunks at Loo,
Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
Dere you will find mine orders give
Vat mans shall die, vat mans shall live.

Dere you vil find it in mine will,
Vat kings shall keep their kingdoms still,
And if dey please who dem must quit,
Mine good vengh Anne must look to it.

Woes me, dat ever I did sit
On trone!—But now no more of dat.
Take you, moreover, Tennison, 
De villain horse dat broke dis bone.*
And vit it all the firebrands red
Dat in de cap have scorch mine hed.
All dis I hereby do bequeath
Pefore dat I shake hand vit death.
But dis said crown cannot do goat,
It came wit much ingratitude.

Take you besides dis ragged coat,
And all de curses of de Scot,
Dat dey did give me vender vell,
For Darien and dat Macdonnell.
Dese are de tings I fain would give,
Now dat I have not time to live.
O! take 'em off dis breast I pray,
I'll go de lighter on mine vay.

And tell her Tennison from me
To lock it up most carefully,
And keep de Scot peyond de Tweed,
Else I sall see dem ven I'm dead.
I have von hope—I have but von—
'Tis veak, but petter 'tis dan none:
Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
It is de prayer of de selfish Whig.

* The death of King William was occasioned by his horse stumbling over a molehill. The Jacobites used to drink to the memory of the animal which made it in their celebrated toast—
"To the little gentleman in black velvet."
† Alluding to the starved colony of Darien and the massacre at Glencoe.

THE MANIAC SONG.

Oh! once again I'd string my lute,
And make a merry minstrel strain;
Too long, alas! it has been mute,
Tho' dreams of fire are in my brain,
And icy pangs are on my heart;
Give me my lute, and they'll depart!

I'll bid them leave the minstrel's cell,
And seek a gayer, nobler dome,
The palace, where the false ones dwell,
And leave my cold, ungentle home,
Nor haunt my couch of golden reeds,
Nor tear my bosom till it bleeds.

But they have left me all alone,
None join my laugh, or heed my groan;
And golden reeds have got no tone;
So here I sit, and sing, and moan,
To the wild rattle of a chain,
That binds my heart, but not my brain!

B. B.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ANNE,

(Copied from the Original Picture—scale, inch to a foot—in the Hall of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Knt.)

WHICH WAS PUBLISHED IN THIS WORK, JAN. 1, 1838.

To be transposed here, when the volume is bound, in lieu of the Portrait of Queen Mary, which accompanies this Number.

The Majesty of England is here represented in regal robes. Her chestnut hair, of which, at the age of thirty-eight, she still had a luxuriant quantity, is disposed in natural tresses on her shoulders and bosom, in the style of the beauties of the reign of Louis XIV.; it is surmounted with a light ornamental diadem, such as she wore at the banquet after the coronation, and not with the regal crown of England, which was too heavy to be long retained. The robe and boddice is of orange velvet, embroidered with gold; the stomacher is formed of bands of black velvet studded with brilliants, over a facing of ermine which borders the boddice; the train is festooned in front round the waist, and is of orange velvet, worked with gold, and bordered with ermine. The petticoat is of yellow satin, brocaded with silver, in horizontal bars. This style will remind our readers of the costumes of the Dauphiness-Duchess of Burgundy,* and of the Duchess of Maine,* who were contemporaries of Queen Anne.

The royal mantle is green velvet lined with ermine, and bordered with orange and gold. The sleeves of the boddice are remarkably elegant, and in the highest fashion of the present day; tight on the shoulder, and finished with Brussel’s lace ruffles. She wears the collar and jewel of the Garter, supported by loops of gold cord on the shoulders. She wears the Garter on her left arm, it is concealed by her ruffles, but a knot of blue ribbon notes where it is tied. Her necklace is a row of throat pearls. She holds the regal sceptre in one hand, and the ball in the other. The cordeliere worn round her waist, is a gold rope knotted with small tassels.

The choice of colours seems singular, orange and yellow being a very curious mixture; but taste in dress had nothing to do with the matter, every shred of the regal garments being symbolical defiance to the Jacobite party. Orange was worn out of respect to the memory of William III. Yellow was the party colour of the Elector of Hanover, appointed the queen’s successor, and green was the national colour of Holland. These colours were a pledge to the revolutionary party of 1688, that the queen was prepared to follow the steps of her immediate predecessors.

“The good Queen Anne” is an appellation not yet obsolete among the great mass of the English people, while her court was torn with the factions of a contending aristocracy, Anne Stuart was the monarch of the hearts of the populace, who have handed down to their descendants an affectionate traditional remembrance of their last Queen Regnant.

And yet with the exception of her sister, Queen Mary the 2d, there never existed a sovereign whose personal history was so little known to the world.

On the well known saying that the grandmother of Queen Anne was a washerwoman, perhaps a great part of her posthumous popularity with the lower classes is founded. We have already detailed in the memoir of her elder sister, Queen Mary, some particulars respecting the unequal marriage of her father, James Duke of York, with Miss Anne Hyde, the mother of Queen Anne; but as popular tradition has connected the name of the last Queen peculiarly with this supposed grandmother, we have reserved for her memoir the anecdote on which the tradition seems founded.

The Cardinal Gonsalvi communicated
our edition of this story to the Marchese de Solari, as he heard it from the late Cardinal York; there is, besides, an outline of it printed in a note of the Macpherson Stewart papers. That it is a genuine English story is certain, by the obsolete term “tub girl,” for a brewer’s female servant, now disused in England, and impossible to be known to either of the Cardinals or the Marchese.

During the first years of the civil wars between the Parliament and Charles the I., while Cromwell was yet a colonel of horse, he and his troopers fired the seat of Sir Thomas Aylsburry, a gentleman noted for his active loyalty; and not contented with this destruction, they burnt the adjacent village, and massacred every person in it. Frances, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Thomas, had fainted with the horror of seeing her family butchered, and in the tumult of the slaughter and plunder being supposed to be dead, was left among the bleeding bodies of her kindred and neighbours, and thus providentially saved from even perhaps a more dreadful fate. The poor young lady revived in the night, and finding herself surrounded by horror, fled from her ruined home, and the corpses of her friends; and after some perilous wanderings on foot, arrived, exhausted and miserable, at the door of a public house in the suburbs of the metropolis. The publican and his wife having no children, and compassionating her forlorn state, took her in, and the beautiful and well-born Frances Aylsburry was glad to accept the place of “tub girl” at this public house: the office of this functionary was to superintend the brewing vats, and to carry out the beer to the customers. Being of an energetic character, she accommodated herself so well to her change of fate, and took so lively an interest in the affairs of her protectors, that they began to grow rich, and their retail trade grew into an extensive brewery. At this time the wife of the publican died, and on her death bed strongly advised her husband to marry Frances. He did so, and dying soon after, left the cavalier’s daughter, a young and beautiful widow, immensely rich. When she was settling her affairs, she had occasion to obtain legal advice, and for that purpose went to the chambers of Edward Hyde, then practising as a barrister. Hyde fell in love with the fair widow, and being himself a widower, married her; and their daughter, Anne Hyde, became Duchess of York, and mother to Mary the 2d, and Anne, Queens Regnant of Great Britain.

It is a great pity there are such stubborn things as dates to cast invalidity on so pretty a story; but the age of Anne Hyde does not agree with this traditionary anecdote; but as it certainly had its source from the royal family of exiles, we give it as bearing a curious coincidence with the common English saying; observing that there is a great mystery regarding the mother of Anne Hyde, which has never been properly elucidated.

Queen Anne was then the second daughter and fourth child of James Duke of York, and Anne Hyde, his first wife. She was born in St. James Palace, February 6th, 1665. She was soon after baptised according to the ritual of the Church of England, in the principal state room of that palace; her elder sister, the Princess Mary, then a beautiful little girl of three years old, standing principal godmother for her baby-sister; the other godmother was Anne Scott, the celebrated heiress of Buckleigh, lately married to the Duke of Monmouth. Dr. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather for this favourite daughter of the church. If any inclination had been cherished to bias the infant mind of the Princess Anne to Catholicism, an apt opportunity presented itself in the year 1669, at which period, on account of her delicate health, the Lady Anne Stuart was sent to be resident on the coast of France for nearly two years. When her health amened, she returned to her father at St. James’s. As her mother had professed herself a catholic convert just at the time the little Princess left her; it is probable that the foresight of King Charles made him remove the infant Protestant from under the mother’s in-
fluence at that critical time. We cannot give, however, Charles the 2d, the least credit for a regard to the spiritual welfare of his nieces in thus guarding their religious principles, he evidently did so merely to preserve their right of succession to his crown.

The Princess Anne was confirmed by her tutor, Bishop Compton, at Whitehall Chapel, January 1676.

The Princess Anne lost her mother when she was about seven years old. Her uncle, Charles the Second, commanded that she should be brought up a Protestant, on account of political expediency; and her father, who was a zealous Catholic, declared that he permitted the same with great regret, and against his own conviction, but that he knew his dear children would be torn from him if he did not consent. The education of Anne was given to Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who had recently been a soldier; he was exceedingly zealous for the Church, and remarkable for his activity in converting Roman Catholics, but was a person of no learning; we must not, therefore, expect from such a preceptor the profound knowledge that distinguished the princesses of the royal family of the Tudors and Stuarts in the former century. The mind of Anne had not received the benefits of cultivation, and her natural capacity was very limited.

On the 28th of February, 1678, the King sent his brother an affectionate letter, recommending him to withdraw, and his Royal Highness, with his Duchess and young children, of whom the Princess Anne was the eldest, sailed for Holland, where he arrived March 12. The Prince and Princess of Orange, (Mary, who the year before had been married to her first cousin,) met James at the Hague, and a tender welcome passed between Anne and her eldest sister. The intercourse between James and his best beloved and most beautiful daughter Mary, was affectionate in the extreme; but one twelvemonth had elapsed since her separation from the paternal hearth, and her heart had not assumed the cold crust by which it was afterwards steeled by ambition, against father, sister, and ties of blood.

James after this visit fixed his abode at Brussels, with the Princess Anne and his family, where the Princess had her own Protestant chaplains, and a place assigned for worship according to the practice of the Church of England; nor was she ever importuned to go, or ever went to mass with her father, as says the chronicler 'I have been assured by her Protestant servants,' but the whole family lived in the most perfect domestic harmony, as if there had been no difference between them in point of religion. We follow as to dates and chronological arrangement, the life of Anne by Somerville, occasionally illustrating his mere outline with extracts from the records of other authentic witnesses.

Somerville earnestly acquires James of the endeavour "to force the consciences of his daughters;" for where, he asks, if any undue authority had been exercised, could it have been better displayed than in Brussels, at Anne's tender age, and in a Catholic country?

In August 1670, the sudden illness of King Charles caused the return of his brother and niece; still it was considered advisable that James should remain at a distance from the Court: he took up his abode in Scotland; it did not please the people that this time he should have his daughter's society; but so vehement was her affection at that time for her indulgent parent, that she set off by sea to join him in the depth of winter, although her life had been in peril by storm at her return from Brussels the preceding year.

At the latter end of January, King Charles finding that absence did no good, sent for his brother and his family home, and the Princess returned with her father to their abode in St. James's, where she was residing with him when George the 1st came to England to woo her for his wife.

One of the first suitors of the Princess Anne was her successor George the First, then Prince of Hanover. He relinquished his suit to marry his unhappy cousin, Sophia of Zell. Lady Russell says, 1690 — "The Prince of Hanover is coming over to take our Lady Anne away. They say this young

* Not the present chapel, which was then the banqueting house, but one pertaining to the palace, which was destroyed by fire.
Hanoverian is one of the handsomest and best bred men of the age, and spends at the academy (or college,) twenty thousand a year." This Prince must have greatly depreciated in person with age, since he is certainly an ill-favoured little man in his portraits taken when King of England.

The Princess Anne had, with her sister Mary, taken a part in Crowne's Masque of Calista, before her sister's marriage; about this time she performed before the Court the part of Semandra, in the tragedy of Mithridates; and one Mrs. Barry, an actress of infamous character, was her instructress in the part. After she was Queen, she settled a pension on the actress, whose improvidence had reduced her to distress.

Sarah Jennings, afterwards so celebrated as Duchess of Marlborough, had been placed in her twelfth year in the family of the Duchess of York, and had become the favourite friend and companion of the Princess Anne. At the age of eighteen she married Colonel Churchill, the favourite of the Duke of York. At the time of their marriage there were ten years difference in their ages.

It was the fashion in the 17th century, as it is in the 19th, for the nobility of England to seek literary distinction. Lord Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, was a star among the literary nobles of that day. He had, with the assistance of Dryden, got a knack of rhyming, and by way of turning this talent to some account, made love in verse to the Princess Anne, who was pleased to smile very graciously upon him. Her favourite lady, Mrs. Churchill, jealously took the alarm, at the influence of a lover, who she naturally thought would limit her own boundless sway over the narrow capacity of the Princess. Actuated by these motives, she stole one of Lord Sheffield's sonnets, and put it into the hands of her husband, the favourite gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke of York. Col. Churchill knew his master's weakness in regard to indulging his daughter in affairs of the heart; instead, therefore, of carrying this contraband article to the father of the Princess, he took it to her uncle, King Charles. The politic Prince took no notice to his niece, but forbade Lord Sheffield the Court; and the enamoured Lady Anne was forthwith betrothed to Prince George of Denmark, who had previously been a visitor at her uncle's Court. The young Princess was in despair, and made a confidante of the very lady who had betrayed her love. Sarah artfully diverted the mind of the young Princess to the comely suitor provided for her by her affectionate uncle, and on the arrival of the royal Dane, the obedient Lady Anne transferred her love to her betrothed, and never for a moment swerved in her conjugal affection.

On her marriage, the favourite Mrs. Churchill was appointed her lady of the bedchamber in her new establishment; the Princess never discovered how she had traversed her first love, and the power of Sarah was from that time supreme over her royal mistress, until a late period of her life.

Sheffield nevertheless always affected to consider himself as the favoured lover of the young Princess, from whom he was torn by the violence of royal power. He married the half sister of Anne, who was a noted character in her day, as Catherine Duchess of Buckingham. He never forgave King Charles the part he took in this business, and it is to his pen we owe the most virulent character of this Prince, whose faults had little need of aggravation. Still it is a proper task for a biographer to trace the motives of historians.

George of Denmark, was the son of Frederic the Third, King of Denmark, by Sophia Amelia of Lunenburg; he was born on the 21st of April, 1653. He had paid a visit to Charles the 2d, in 1699, and obtained the good will of that monarch; in 1677, Prince George distinguished himself by an action of heroic bravery at the battle of Lunden, where his King and brother, Christian the 5th, was totally defeated and taken prisoner by the Swedes. George, by a desperate charge, cut his way through the victorious troops, and rescued the captive monarch, at the imminent peril of his own life. This brave action recommended him to the English, although he was totally destitute of fortune. Bravery, protestantism, and good temper, were all he had to recommend
him to the Princess Anne. Totally destitute of worldly goods, he was maintained by the British government.

The death of the uncle of the Princess Anne, and the accession of her father in 1685, brought her a step nearer to that throne which began to be considered as a possible attainment by Anne, and her two ambitious favourites Churchill and his wife. James the 2d, who had advanced Churchill from obscurity and poverty, had an entire reliance on his gratitude and affection, and saw, therefore, his influence, through his wife, over the feeble mind of Anne, not only without distrust, but with positive pleasure.

Had this man, who is the same with the over-praised Duke of Marlborough, possessed a particle of manly feeling or moral worth, he would have shown the deepest resentment at the infamous preferment of his sister Arabella, the avowed mistress of James, instead of building his advancement on her infancy. His marriage with the cleverest and most beautiful woman of the age, Sarah Jennings, opened to him a new source of ambition, in her boundless influence over her royal mistress, only to be compared to that of Leonora Galligai* over the feeble ancestress of the Princess Anne, the Queen Regent of France, Marie de Medici.* But the English pair of favourites had the advantage of surpassing personal beauty, and were natives of the country they had to act in. Churchill was the son of a gallant old cavalier, of excellent family, impoverished by his loyalty. James’s ungrateful dishonour of his daughter, (for seduction it cannot be called,) and the infamous compliance of his brother, broke the brave old gentleman’s heart. During the sincere and passionate penitence of James for these sins of his youth, he acknowledged that his punishment, by the means of Churchill, was a just retribution. Churchill at the time of his preferment could scarcely read, and he never could spell, and his knowledge of English history, as he most naively avowed, was entirely drawn from seeing Shakspere’s plays. Nevertheless, he abounded in native talent for diplomacy, as well as being naturally a surpassing military genius, without any very great personal intrepidity.

His wife was an extraordinary genius: if questioned as to the magic by which she held her influence over Anne, she could have answered like Leonora, "by the power of a strong mind over a weak one." Sarah, however, had the advantage of a most lovely person, while Leonora was ugly. Sarah’s affections were exclusively devoted to her very handsome husband, and to her; their views were one and the same,—alike ambition and avarice were the springs that moved those linked souls in the most perfect unanimity of self-interest. Leonora and her partner, on the contrary, were for ever quarrelling when they were not united in the performance of mischief; and hence their downfall. It is impossible to give the reader any notion of the personal history of Queen Anne, without displaying the springs by which she was moved in her conduct. For Sarah and her partner governed her afterwards in this country with an absolute dictatorship that lasted with great success and public satisfaction, till England was utterly exhausted by paying for Marlborough’s continental victories.

The Princess Anne led a happy married life with her consort, who was so well suited to her, and she appears to have been on excellent terms with her mother-in-law, Queen Marie of Modena, till there was reason to suppose that this Queen would add to the numerous family she had already borne; every one of these children had died in their infancy, leaving the two daughters of James the 2d heiresses to the English throne. The Princess Anne went to Bath for her health, during the spring of the year 1688, and without any quarrel, assumed distant terms with her mother-in-law. She appeared ready to believe and listen to every one around her, who insinuated that the bigotry of her father meditated disinheritance his daughters, by imposing on the country a supposititious infant as the male heir of the British throne. The letters of the Princess Anne to her sister designate her father as Mansell, and his wife by another name: this correspondence is discreditable to both princesses.

* See these Portraits and Memoirs.
We have the testimony of a person who ought to be considered an impartial witness, in regard to the unbecoming conduct of the Princess Anne as a woman and a daughter after the birth of her unfortunate young brother. This was none other than her own uncle, the son of the great Lord Clarendon. It was not natural that this nobleman should be so insensible to the aggran-dizement of his sister’s children, without the most apparent truth had dictated his pen. Clarendon was an ardent protestant of the old true Church of England caste: he had just been superseded by his bigoted brother-in-law King James, from the vice-regal office in Ireland, where he was governing with great humanity and wisdom. He had, moreover, no reason to take the part of the King and Queen against his sister’s children, and yet on the whole, his love of justice seems to have been less outraged by the conduct of his brother-in-law than of his nieces. We make our extracts from his journal just at the time when public feeling was in a great state of effervescence regarding the birth of the unhappy Prince, who seemed destined to disinherit the children of Anne Hyde.

"In the morning I waited on the Princess Anne of Denmark; she presently fell to talk of her examinations concerning the birth of the Prince of Wales, and told me "I had heard a deal of fine discourse at council," and made herself very merry with the whole affair. She was dressing, and all her women about her, many of whom put in their jests. I was amazed at this behaviour, and thought fit not to say anything about it at present, but I whispered to her Royal Highness, whether she would give me leave to speak to her in private. She said ‘it grew late, and she must make haste to be ready for prayers, but I might come at any time to her, except that afternoon;’ so I went home. In the evening my brother was with me. I told him all this concerning the Princess, and wished he would go and talk with her, but he said it would signify nothing.

"Oct. 27.—In the afternoon I waited on the Princess, but she had no mind to speak to me, making one excuse or other. I fancy she has no mind to talk to me. I asked her if she had any letters from the Princess of Orange? She said, ‘No, she had not for a good while, and that her sister never wrote on these matters. At that time they were writing to each other almost hourly. In further passages we find that her uncle was determined she should hear what he thought of the behaviour of her servants in their ribald mockings of her father. In the afternoon I waited upon the Princess; she was in her closet, but quickly came to me. She said that she was very sorry she had disappointed me so often, and asked me now what I had to say?

"‘I told her I was extremely troubled and surprised the other day to hear her Royal Highness speak so sightingly of the Prince of Wales’s affairs, and suffer her women to make their jests upon it.’

"She replied, ‘surely I could but hear the common rumours concerning him.’

"I said, ‘I did indeed hear very strange rumours, as every one who lived in the world did.’"

In another week the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay.

At this crisis, the husband of the princess, George of Denmark, marched with King James and the royal army to oppose the Prince of Orange in the West, leaving the princess at her apartments at the Cockpit, St. James’s Palace. The coup de grace of the king’s misfortunes appears to be the desertion of Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne, and the trusted favourite, Lord Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough. This event is alluded to among the letters of Lady Rachel Russell.

"We have no news of the princess, but hope she is safe. It is said there was an order issued to have secured her. The Prince George of Denmark made his escape with the Duke of Ormonde much after the same manner. He supped with the king (James) on Saturday night, and went to bed, but soon rose again; it is said that at table he made it his business to condemn those that were gone, saying how little such people were to be trusted."

Burnet says:—

"Then he (King James) lost both head and heart at once, when the Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton left him and went and joined the prince at
Exminster, twenty miles on that side of Exeter. After this he knew not on whom he could depend. Soon after, Prince George, the Duke of Ormonde, and the Lord Drumlanier, the eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, left King James, and came over to the Prince of Orange.

"When this news came to London, the Princess Anne was so struck with the apprehensions of her father's displeasure, and of the ill effects it might have, that she said to Lady Churchill, that she could not bear the thoughts of it, and would leap out of the window rather than bide it."

"The Bishop of London was then lodged very secretly in Suffolk Street. So the Lady Churchill, who knew where he was, went to him, and concerted with him the method of the princess's withdrawing from court. The princess went to bed sooner than ordinary. And about midnight she went down a backstairs from her closet attended only by the Lady Churchill."

The Earl of Dorset, lately lord chamberlain, waited for them at the Bishop of London's lodgings, and escorted them to his house near Hyde Park. It was very wet and muddy, and at Hyde Park Corner the Princess Anne lost her shoe, which stuck in the mud, and in the dark Lord Dorset could not find it. In this dilemma he drew off his white leather fringed glove, which had a high cuff and was a much more solid affair than gloves, even of lord chamberlains, usually are, in these days; this glove Lord Dorset contrived to fasten on the princess's foot as a substitute for her lost shoe; and, after much laughing and leaning on him, she arrived, hopping, at his house, where his lady furnished her with all things necessary; as, in the hurry of their flight, Lady Churchill had not brought away the least thing, either for herself or the princess.

The Earl of Dorset conducted the princess to Northampton, where a small army gathered round her; this force chose to be commanded by the Bishop of London, whereat Burnet seems to be not a little scandalized. The Bishop of Sarum does not mention the particulars, however: we are, however, able to give the description of this curious scene from a less public source:—

Letter from Dr. Smith, of Oxford, to Sir W. Hayward.

"December 16, 1688.

"The news we have received last week has been astonishing; but, in the midst of all these great revolutions, we look upon it as very providential that the king (James) is returned to Whitehall, which I hope will tend both for the benefit of the king and people; for now there will be a regular and well constituted parliament, and laws framed and enacted according to due and ancient form.

"Yesterday the Princess Anne came hither, and was received by the university and town with all imaginable joy, honour, and triumph. Sir J. La- nier's regiment of horse, here quartered, went out to meet her. The Earl of Northampton came in at the head of a great body of horse, both of gentlemen and militia men of two or three counties; but immediately before the coach of her highness, the Bishop of London (Henry Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton) in a military habit, blue cloak, and pistols in his holsters; his naked sword in his hand—his colours purple, with motto in gold embroidered thereon,—Nonumus Leges Angliae Mutari.—rode at the head of a troop of noblemen and gentlemen. The whole cavalcade consisted of about eleven or twelve hundred horse. At Christ Church the princess was received by the chancellor, vice-chancellor, and doctors in their scarlet; the vice complimenting her in an English speech."

Much in the right, for Anne would never have understood their Latin; her preceptor, Henry Compton, not being quite so learned a man as Elizabeth's pedagogue, Ascham, although his zeal for the church showed itself in most bellicose style. The best excuse for these unpastoral doings is, that Henry Compton had been bred a soldier, and had not been ordained till he was turned of thirty.

These things put King James into inexpressible confusion; he saw himself now forsaken, not only by those whom he had trusted, and forwarded most, but even by his own children.
We now take up Dalrymple's account.

"As for the Prince of Denmark, he had so very mean an opinion of his abilities and principles, that he declared, when he heard of his defection, that the loss of a good efficient corporal or serjeant, was much more injurious. Whenever his father-in-law mentioned any defection, which was a very common case, while the scale was dubious between him and the Prince of Orange, Prince George had a custom of saying, 'Est il possible!' This exclamation was very usually on his lips, when the Earl of Faversham announced to King James, the desertion of the Prince of Denmark, the king merely repeated, contemptuously, 'Est il possible, is gone after the rest;' but when he heard of the flight of his tenderly loved child, the Princess Anne, he smote his breast, and said, 'God help me, mine own child forsakes me, and arrays herself with mine enemies!'"

Further particulars of the proceedings of the Princess Anne's party, during her flight, are communicated by eye-witness,—Colley Cibber, who, though a monstrous coward, was in arms for his country, in the revolution of 1688; he says:

"We had not been many days at Nottingham before we heard that the prince of Denmark, with some other great men, were gone off from the king, to the prince of Orange, and that the princess Anne, fearing the king her father's resentment might fall for her consort's revolt, had withdrawn herself in the night from London, and was then within half a day's journey of Nottingham, on which very morning we were suddenly alarmed with the news, that two thousand of the king's dragoons were in close pursuit to bring her back to London. But this alarm, it seems, was all stratagem, and was but a part of that general terror which was thrown into many other places about the kingdom, at the same time to animate and unite the people in their common defence; it being given out that the Irish were every where at out heels, to cut off all the protestants within the reach of their fury. In this alarm our troops scrambled to arms, in as much order as our consternation would admit of; when, having advanced some few miles on the London road, they met the princess in a coach, attended only by the lady Churchill, (afterwards Duchess Dowager of Marlborough,) and Lady Fitzharding, whom they conducted to Nottingham, through the acclamations of the people. The same night all the noblemen, and other persons of distinction, supped with the Princess Anne, at her Royal Highness's table, all expenses being furnished by the Earl of Devonshire. The noble guests being more in number than attendants out of livery could be found for, I being well known in Lord Devonshire's family, was desired by his lordship's maître d'hôtel to assist at it, (viz. wait as footman.) The post assigned me was, to see what the lady Churchill called for. Being so near the table, you may naturally ask me what I might have heard to have passed in conversation at it, had I attended to above two words that were uttered there, and those were, "some wine and water." These, I remember, came distinguished to my ear, because they were uttered by the first guest whom I took such pleasure to wait on. Except that single sound, all my senses were collected into my eyes, which during the whole entertainment wanted no better amusement than the delight of gazing on the fair object near me. Now to give you, sir, a further proof of the good taste my first hopeful entrance to manhood set out with, I remember above twenty years after, when the same lady had given to the world four of the loveliest daughters that were ever gazed upon, and even after they were all nobly married, and were become the reigning toast of every party of pleasure, their still lovely mother had, at the same time, her votaries."

Notwithstanding the contempt in which the fulsome writer is justly held, this was a true picture of the mover of all the Princess Anne's actions. We form always the notion of the Duchess of Marlborough from the tory histories of Queen Anne, as a masculine intriguer, with as few feminine charms of person as of mind.

Jan. 17, 1689.—"In the afternoon I was with the princess of Denmark. I told her of the discourses of the town, that the prince of Orange and her sister
were to be crowned king and queen, and that it was said she had consented to it, that it should be so. To which she said, 'she was sure she had given no consent to have it said that she had consented to anything, and she never would consent to any thing that would be for the prejudice of herself and children;' she added, 'that she knew very well the commonwealth party was very busy, but she hoped the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and would not suffer wrong to be done to her.' I asked her, 'if she thought her father unjustly deposed?' to which she replied:—

'Those were too great points for her to meddle with, that she was sorry the king had brought things to the pass they were at, but she was afraid it would not be safe for him ever to return again.' I asked, 'what she meant by that?' to which she replied—'nothing.'

'I then told her, 'I hoped her Royal Highness would not be offended with me if I took the liberty to tell her, that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes: that people who were with her in her late progress took notice, that when news came of the king her father being gone, she seemed not at all moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be.

'To which she said, 'they did her wrong to make such reflections on her actions; but it was true she called for cards, because she had been used to play, and she never loved to do any thing that looked like an affected constraint.' I answered, 'that I was very sorry that her Royal Highness should think, that showing a trouble for the king her father's misfortunes, should be interpreted an affected constraint; that I was afraid such behaviour injured her much less in the opinion of the world, even with her father's enemies.' She was not one jot moved.

'After the second departure of James, forced from his palace by the Dutch guards, Bevil Higgins gives a pathetic contrast between his fortunes and the behaviour of the Princess Anne. The old king was carried down the river on a most tempestuous day, not without some danger; and while he was thus exposed to the mercy of the elements and an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, that very moment his daughter the Princess of Denmark, with her great favorite Lady Churchill, (afterwards Duchess of Marlborough,) both covered with orange ribbons, got into her father's coaches, and escorted by his guards, went in triumph to the playhouse.'—Journal of Lord Clarendon.

The next historical anecdote relates to the conversation the Princess Anne had with Mrs. Dawson, who was present at the birth of her infant brother. The princess, while dressing for her brother-in-law and sister's coronation, seems to have had compunctions visitings of conscience, further increased by the news that her father had just landed in Ireland with some chance of success. She asked Mrs. Dawson, 'whether the child that was called her brother, was really the queen's son.' To which Mrs. Dawson answered, 'as much as you are the late duchess's daughter, for I was present at the birth of both of you.'

At the coronation of William and Mary, Prince George of Denmark was created Duke of Cumberland, and given precedence before all other peers; he was likewise naturalized as an English denizen, a step that had never before been taken.

The July after the coronation, the Princess Anne gave birth to a healthful and promising son, who, unlike his numerous brothers and sisters, seemed as if he would live to inherit the crown the English Legislature had entailed upon him.

The young prince was born July 24th, 1689; he was baptized on the 27th, by the names of William Henry, and his uncle gave him the title of Duke of Gloucester. This infant, who was the hope of England, was tenderly beloved by his uncle; whose kindest trait of character, was a doting love for little children, to whom his severity would unbend in the most pleasing manner. Lady Fitzharding was his governess, whom we have seen accompanying his mother on her retreat to Nottingham.

The birth of this child, made Anne a person of great consequence in the
made their separation as complete as if
the Princess Anne had followed her
father to St. Germain. Certainly, if
Anne gave no other offence than beg-
ging a sustenance from Parliament, the
hatred of Mary does not appear very
Christian-like. We follow Burnet, the
queen’s spiritual adviser, who declares
there was none other cause.

We subjoin the following from the
notes to Swift’s Four Last years of
Queen Anne.—

“In 1692, on the difference which
the Princess Anne had with King Will-
liam and his queen, occasioned by her
warm attachment to the Duchess of
Marlborough, she quitted the Cockpit,
St. James’s, and accepted the Duke of
Somerset’s offer of Sion House, for a
temporary residence. The Duke of
Marlborough, then earl, was soon after
committed to the Tower, on suspicion
of being concerned in a plot.

“The princess falling in labour at
Sion House, was visited in her illness,
by the queen; a remarkable account
of this visit is related by the Duchess.

“Queen Mary not deigning to in-
quire after her sister’s health, saluted
her thus: ‘I have made the first step
by coming to you, and I now expect
you should make the next, by removing
my Lady Marlborough.’

“The Princess Anne answered that,
‘She had never in her life disobeyed
her, except in that one particular, which
she hoped, would some time or other,
appear as unreasonable to her majesty,
as it did to her.’

“Queen Mary went away, without
even having once taken her sister by
the hand.”

From the time of this division, Anne
and her two advisers opened a corre-
spondence with the royal exile, her fa-
ther. This was commenced by Marl-
borough sending a penitential letter to
to James, betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
betraying Admiral Russell’s
plans at La Hogue. This was denied
by the historians of the last century;
one from the princess; King James required, as a proof of her sincerity, that the princess should restore to her brother, if ever it came in her power, the birthright of which she had deprived him. This mistaken idea of considering a monarchy as a private estate, solely to conduco to the grandeur and enjoyment of one person, was indeed a trifling request.

But the death of Queen Mary, healed the feud between Anne and William. The princess returned to court, was treated in a brotherly manner by the king, who gave her the jewels of the late queen, and appointed the Earl of Marlborough governor to the young heir of England, and Bishop Burnet his preceptor.

The duke of Gloucester was a sickly child, much lauded by his instructors; he commanded a little regiment of boys, and showed like his uncle, an exclusive preference for military affairs, and like him, disliked the fine arts. Painting, music, and dancing, were his aversion, which traits were considered by the Dutch court of his uncle, exceedingly promising. This promise was cut off in early blossom, five days after his eleventh birthday, July, 1700; he died of a sore throat, and rash fever, occasioned by an imprudent participation in the festivities of his birthday. The famous humourist, Dr. Radcliffe, the Abernethy of his day, who was malcontent with the government, was called in too late, he declared, to save his royal patient.

In all accounts of the death of this young prince, the writers of the day cast the greatest blame on the eccentric Dr. Radcliffe, whose only fault, was, however, not going till the Princess Anne sent for him, which was, he declared, too late for any beneficial purpose.

The quarrel of the Princess with this celebrated man, originated in the following circumstance. Radcliffe had a peculiar dislike to wasting his time on ladies' fancies, and whether the valetudinarian was a common councilman's lady, or a princess, it mattered not to him, he always spoke his mind. One day the Princess Anne sent for him, when he was either more usefully, or more pleasantly engaged, and he sent back her messenger saying,

"Nonsense, I saw the princess yesterday, and by him that made me, nothing ails her, excepting a slight fit of the vapours."

Nor would he go to the princess, or send her any physic, which so much incensed her, that she would never see him again, till the Duke of Gloucester was seized with his fatal illness, and then Radcliffe told her the prince had been improperly treated, and that he came too late. It was the fashion of that court to employ medical men who wrote poems and political squibs, such as Sir Richard Blackmore, and Sir Samuel Garth.

Burnet declares, that the Princess Anne saw the death of her only son with singular composure. In little more than a year after, King James II. was released from existence; he left his blessing to the princess, on the before-mentioned condition. There was a great perplexity among the household of the royal family, as there was no court mourning ordered for King James, how to act on this occasion. King William went in mourning for his uncle, and then the Princess Anne followed his example, but her tardiness is reflected on, by her uncles, Lords Clarendon and Rochester.

The false step of William the Third's sorrel pony placed the Princess Anne on the throne of Great Britain, and her favorites the Earl and Countess of Marlborough in the plenitude of executive power.

There was the usual rush of courtiers to greet the rising sun; and at the crowded levee of the new sovereign, her former lover, the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards the Duke of Buckingham, made his appearance among the first of the arrivals. He assumed all the airs of a favourite; and when Queen Anne, by way of conversation, observed to him that it was a very fine day. He answered with a low bow and significant emphasis:—

"That it was the finest day he ever saw in his life!"

On the 23rd of March the queen went in regal state to open Parliament. The colours of her dress, worn on that
great occasion, were chosen as pledges of her inclination to preserve the same line of politics with her predecessor. Her green robe, lined with orange, showed the colours of Nassau and Orange, and her yellow brocaded petticoat displayed her attachment to the Hanover succession. This Parliament immediately settled a pension of 100,000l. per annum with the palace at Winchester in reversion, on Prince George of Denmark, in case he should survive his royal consort. The first act of the queen’s regal authority was to appoint the prince High Admiral of England; an office which he undertook to his own sorrow and, as Burnet shows, the injury of the British fleet.

The coronation of the queen took place with peculiar splendour the succeeding month to her accession. Sovereigns, in those stormy times, did not wait tranquilly for a twelvemonth before the oaths of allegiance were tendered by the British nobles, spiritual and temporal. Prince George received no further honors, at the coronation of his regal partner, than those he possessed as the first peer of Great Britain; in that capacity he was the first to tender the queen the oath of homage and the kiss of peace; he had the privilege of kissing the queen’s cheek, when the other peers only kissed the queen regnant’s hand.

At the coronation banquet Prince George was disposed to make a night of it, by drinking the new sovereign’s health in potations, such as was customary in those times, royally deep. Her majesty, whose habits were very domestic, and who had been greatly fatigued with the arduous day, signified that it would be good for him to retire to rest, but Prince George grew still more jovial. The lord High Chamberlain signified to him that the queen was tired.

“I shall not go till she commands me,” replied the prince; “we have changed stations now; she is my queen, and must always issue her command, before I obey.”

“Well then, George,” said the queen, laughing and rising from her throne in Westminster Hall; “I command you to retire.”

The prince gave her his arm, and the loving pair withdrew from the scene of regal magnificence.

In completing these memoirs we shall give further anecdotes of these illustrious personages, and those curious times of romantic England.

---

The Armenians have a singular custom of walking one after the other, seniority taking precedence; the mother going first, the daughters then following, according to age.

The Burial Ground of the Turks present one curious feature: on their tombstones something is engraved as a representation of some instrument or tool which indicates their trade or profession, such as a pair of scissors, meaning that the defunct was a tailor; a yard measure for a draper, and a pair of compasses for an architect.

The Cemetery to the West of Perä, called Le Petit Champ de Mort, is very extensive; the view from parts of it delightful. I could never pass by this commanding spot without stopping awhile to admire the beautiful prospect before me. The fine tall cypress, which formed the foreground, the channel in which were riding majestic ships of the line; beyond, Constantinople, and in the extreme distance, the sea of Marmora, which is seen behind the great capital, looking almost like a bright cloud hanging over it; and one might be deceived in imagining it was so, were it not for the vessels which are seen skimming along its glassy-looking sheet of water.

In this cemetery are situated some of the handsomest houses of the merchants of Peru, and also are to be found the most rugged groups of Turkish cottages tumbling to decay: all that is desolate to live in, all that is desolate to sketch. Broad walks, narrow paths, running streams, hill and dale, all are to be found in this same cemetery; and several grotesque little sort of temples or chapels richly ornamented; marble fountains, an immense variety of tombstones of all the different descriptions that invention could devise; different sorts of trees are here, sometimes mingled with cypresses, amongst which some mouldering remains appear of mosques and minarets, bounded as it is by the turreted old Genoese walls of Galata, with the very picturesque slopes, &c. altogether combine to render this cemetery one of the most interesting spots I know.
QUEEN MARY.

Died 1695.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARY,

(Copied from the Original Picture—scale, inch to a foot—in the Hall of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Knt.)

WHICH WAS PUBLISHED IN THIS WORK, MAY 1, 1838.

Sir Godfrey Kneller has drawn Queen Mary in the state robes she wore when she opened the English Parliament, before the arduous crisis of the battle of La Hogue; her colours are suited to the spirit of the times: she has laid aside the crimson or purple robe, in which the sovereign of this country is usually invested, for the green of Holland, and intermixed it with the family colour of her husband, which has ever since been the leading symbol of English Whigs. Mary’s taste in dress has led her to subdue the too glaring mixture of orange, which we see flaring and flaming on the person of her sister, Queen Anne. The corseage of the dress is defined with pearls; loops of pearls likewise ornament the elegant sleeves. The queen wears the row of throat pearls, the never-failing accessory to female dress in her era. Her hair is worn in curls down her back; this queen was remarkable for the stiffness and precision of her head-dresses; a peculiarity perceptible even in the style of her present portrait, although it is in evident imitation of the easy grace of the portraits of Vandyke.

The great European war of the Spanish succession, and the reign of Queen Anne, commenced at the same time. The first needful act of sovereignty exercised by her Majesty, was to appoint a generalissimo for the allied forces then assembled in Flanders. Her Majesty’s decision fell upon Marlborough, husband to her imperious favourite. This general, therefore, immediately occupied the important station originally intended for the deceased monarch, William the Third, by the Protestant allies of Europe. At home, the general’s wife ruled the queen with despotic sway, in all affairs of a more private character; whilst Godolphin and Sunderland, his own family connexions, were visibly at the head of government affairs.

We have the evidence of Dean Swift, that within a very few months after Queen Anne’s accession, she became weary of the Marlborough domination. Many of her private letters are still extant, addressed to Lady Marlborough, bearing the incognita of “Mrs. Morley,” strikingly remarkable for the extreme prostration of intellect under which the writer then laboured, and exhibiting the most servile professions of affection. Whilst the queen thus corresponded with her favourite, using the appellation of a private gentlewoman, Lady Marlborough answered under the name of Freeman. Lady Marlborough herself gives the explanation of the use of these names, in a letter to Bishop Burnet:—

“As to the names Morley and Freeman, the queen herself was always very uneasy if I said the words Highness or Majesty, and said from the first, how very awkward it was to write every day in the state of the princess. She chose the name of Morley for herself, for no reason that I remember, but merely that she liked the sound of it.
I am not sure she did not choose the other, Freeman, without some regard to my own humour, which it seems in some sort to express."

The husbands of these friends were, in this odd correspondence, termed Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman, while Lord Godolphin figures as Mr. Montgomery.

Within a few months of the assumption of his command as generalissimo, Marlborough was startled at the responsibility in which he was placed, owing to the resistance which the landed interest in England naturally made against an apparently interminable war, which affected him so much, that his wife at that time, in her journal, declares, he was driven almost wild by head-ache. When political anxieties thus affect the bodily frame, a state which has sealed the doom of many a great man, a change is not only desirable, but needful, for self-preservation; and Marlborough wisely wrote to the queen, to beg that her Majesty would accept his resignation. The answer, in her usual obsequious name of Mrs. Morley, is remarkable.

"She did not wonder," she said, "that persons in such posts should be weary of them, but they ought to consider their country, which would be ruined if such thoughts were put in execution. As for your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley," she continued, "she could not bear it; for, if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another* abdication, for what is a crown, when the support of it is gone? We four," continues the queen (meaning Marlborough, Godolphin, and the duchess), "must never part, till Death mows us down with his impartial hand."

These expressions of devoted fondness re-assured Marlborough; and his dependence on the queen’s unalterable partiality, gave him confidence to stand at his perilous post, till a succession of brilliant, but fruitless victories, made him the military idol of the English, from the highest to the lowest ranks.

To follow up the narrative of the Spanish succession war, we must, for the present at least, refer our readers to the larger histories of the reign of Queen Anne, whose pages are almost entirely filled with the subject. The visit of the German candidate for the Spanish crown to the queen, soon after her accession, is an interesting matter, which we transcribe from an old Court Gazette, of the year 1703, furnished by the research of Sir Henry Ellis.

"The Emperor of Germany and the King of the Romans, the father and brother of the Archduke Charles, having resigned their rights, as the male heirs of Ferdinand and Isabella, to this prince, he was declared King of Spain, by the title of Charles the Third, in opposition to the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, Philip the Fifth.

"On his way to Portugal, this prince landed at Spithead, the last day of the year 1703. Prince George of Denmark went to Petworth to meet him, and to signify that his consort would receive him at Windsor. The King of Spain arrived there at seven in the evening. Some lately published anecdotes declare, that great perplexity took place at the court of the queen regnant, because there were none but female great officers to receive the foreign potentate; that duchesses had to perform the office of gentlemen of the bedchamber, countesses came to hold his steed, and that both the Spanish and German etiquettes of the representative of Charles the Fifth, were greatly scandalized by the proceedings of the English court. But a plain statement from the Court Gazette of the day settles these mistakes.

"The Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of St. Alban’s received the King of Spain on his alighting from his coach; and my Lord Jersey, the queen’s lord chamberlain, lighted him to the stair-head, where the queen received him; and after he had made his compliment to her Majesty, acknowledging his obligations to her for her generous protection, he led her Majesty to her bedchamber, and after a short stay there, Prince George conducted his Catholic Majesty to the apartment prepared for him. He supped that night with the queen, who gave his Majesty the right hand at the table, which he was, with the greatest difficulty, prevailed upon to accept, Prince

* Alluding to the (so called) abdication of her father.
George sitting at the end of the board. The next day, the King of Spain having notice that the queen was coming to make him a visit, he met her at her drawing-room door, and so prevented her; however, the queen persisted in her morning call. For her Majesty insisted on proceeding to his apartments, from whence he led her Majesty out to dinner.

"The afternoon was spent in entertainments of music, and other diversions. After supper, he would not be satisfied, till, after great compliments, he had prevailed upon the Countess of Marlborough to give him the napkin, which he held to her Majesty when she washed. Supper being over, he led her Majesty to her bedchamber, where, after some stay, he took his leave of her, resolving to depart next morning, which he did accordingly.

"Prince George attended him to the coach-side, the King of Spain not suffering him to go any further, by reason of his indisposition. His Majesty went to Petworth this evening, designing to be at Spithead to-morrow. Charles the Third presented Lady Marlborough with a valuable ruby he wore, much in the same manner that his great ancestor presented the ring to the Duchess d'Estampes."*

The great victory of Blenheim distinguished the second year of the reign of Queen Anne; fifty thousand dead bodies were left on the ground. The French general was taken, with cannon, standards, and prisoners in such numbers, as to put the English in a delirium of joy. Queen Anne, on this occasion, through the insolent captiousness of Lady Marlborough, committed an act of great injustice, and it is really surprising to find historians who lived long enough to see the results of the events they record, actually blaming the English Parliament for its conduct in regard to the vote of thanks for the victory of Blenheim.

In an evil hour for himself, Sir G. Rooke did his country the signal service of taking Gibraltar, about the same time that the Blenheim slaughter-field was won. Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean, is of inestimable advantage to British commerce, and we have kept it ever since, in fact, and it is the only real good that ever resulted from the expensive and bloody wars of the reign of Queen Anne. Yet the House of Lords voted thanks to Marlborough for the Blenheim victory, without deigning to mention the naval conquest; the House of Commons, not having the fear of the Duchess of Marlborough before their eyes, and having, perhaps, some notions of utility in their heads, actually committed the enormity of thanking Sir George Rooke for the capture of Gibraltar, in the same vote as they acknowledged the Blenheim victory. Monstrous as this conduct was, it was left unnoticed by the queen, notwithstanding the clamours of her favourite, for it is an awkward affair to quarrel with an English House of Commons, or call it to account. But the University of Oxford likewise sending up an address to the same effect, the royal displeasure was made known in a very haughty answer; and what was worse, vengeance fell on the unconscious head of the brave admiral, and, by the influence of the imperious duchess, that gallant officer was dismissed the service unrewarded, and unproviding for! while the royal bounty began to descend in torrents on the successful general. A dukedom, a palace, a domain, and magnificent additions to his pensions, scarcely pacified the wrath of Marlborough's indignant partner, for the outrage committed by the English Parliament, in associating the victory of Blenheim with the capture of Gibraltar. The letters of the Duchess of Marlborough are full of vituperation at the insult on her husband's glory.

The letter of Queen Anne, wherein she humbly asks leave to make the Earl of Marlborough a duke, is a singular instance of regal humility.

Thus runs the royal billet, in which there is an odd confusion between the power of the queen regnant, and the humility of the assumed incognita, Mistress Morley.

* See this Portrait and Memoir.
Marlborough's kindness, especially at a time when he deserves all that a rich crown could give. But since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes home, to make him a duke. I know my dear Mrs. Freeman does not care for anything of the kind, nor am I satisfied with it, because it does not enough express the value I have for Mr. Freeman, nor anything ever can, how passionately I am yours, my dear Mrs. Freeman,

"Anne Morley."

King William was the first English monarch who immured himself in a country residence; all the native sovereigns before his time, lived amongst the people. Access to the retirement of the sovereign, before the institution of turnpike roads, was nearly impracticable; for it is recorded, that in one of the progresses of the court from Windsor to Petworth, in the year 1703 that the royal carriage was fourteen hours traversing a distance of forty miles—the last nine miles having taken six hours to accomplish. "We did not get out," says one of the foreign attendants of the queen's consort, Prince George, "save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire. We were thrown out but once in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body-coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not poised it on their shoulders."

Kensington was the principal residence of Queen Anne during the spring; there Prince George had a closet full of carpenters' and smiths' tools, in the use of which he frequently delighted; and, like Louis the Sixteenth, he used sometimes to enter the presence of his consort, with his hands bearing evidence of his passion for the forge.

Without positive intemperance, Prince George, it is confessed, ate and drank more than is good for the human frame, which laid the foundation of those diseases which brought on severe suffering and premature death.

Anne also indulged in good living more than did her Majesty good.

Lord Godolphin, in one of his letters to the Duke of Marlborough, has this passage, which is a little illustrative of the devotion of the royal pair to the pleasures of the table. He mentions the resistance of the queen to an appointment which he thought necessary, and concludes with these words:—"In short, the obstinacy was unaccountable, and the battle might have lasted till midnight, if, after the clock had struck three, the Prince of Denmark had not come in, and looked as if he thought it were dinner-time."

After her accession to the throne, the queen began to grow very corpulent, and long and painful fits of the gout attacked her; she gave up hunting in a great degree, for which violent exercise she had an extreme passion, being heretofore as fond of the chase as her great-grandfather, James the First, had been. She was a fearless huntress, and used to join in the "Tally-ho!" with all the spirit of a country squire. In a late number of Mr. Loudon's Arboretum, is preserved the memory of Queen Anne's oak, in Windsor Forest, which is at present a tree of uncommon height and beauty. Under this oak, Queen Anne, who often hunted in Windsor Forest, used to mount her horse; the spot is marked with a brass plate.

About the year 1706, jealousies began to arise in the mind of the Duchess of Marlborough; though, in the late reprint of the correspondence between Queen Anne and her favourite, we find that the queen uses a style of the lowest prostration, calling herself "poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley," and "tender, faithful Morley;" while the duchess, without condescending either to the terms of affection, or of common courtesy, and even in a harsh and imperious tone, tells her Majesty of her faults, not forgetting other members of her family.

The Rector of Sutton had been condemned to fine and pillory, for some political writing or other, as a libeller of the Duke of Marlborough. The duke did not wish this sentence to be carried into effect, for he was not only a good-tempered man, but he wisely considered that, the re-action of popular opinion for the sufferer, would do him more harm than fifty libels; he therefore desired his wife to ask the queen to pardon the clergyman. The duchess did
so, and this is the answer of Queen Anne:

"I have, upon my dear Mrs. Freeman's pressing letter about Stephens, ordered Secretary Harley to put a stop to his standing in the pillory, which is the same as his being pardoned; nothing but your desire could have induced me to this, for, in my poor opinion, it is not right."

When the Parliament opened the succeeding year (1707), the queen, in her sweet, distinct tone of voice, announced from the throne the union of Scotland with England. This measure, which, for England, was the true glory of the reign of Anne, was effected by the ministry of Godolphin and Sunderland. It was generally supposed to have been the effect of the influence of the Marlboroughs; but as we find, in the correspondence of the duchess, lately published by Mr. Colburn, that her grace not only denied it, but declared that she was opposed to it, we must not give her credit for her political foresight in that matter. In Scotland, for half a century, the measure was unpopular in the extreme, and there is not the slightest doubt, that Scotland was oppressed by many tangible evils, which were the immediate result of the union. Absenteeism, with all its train of deprivations, was felt directly, and very severely, by Edinburgh: and the whole country smarmed under a species of national degradation: they did not consider the union in the light of a junction of two ends of an island not divided by nature, by any visible boundary, but regarded themselves in the light of inhabitants of a province appended to England.

A lively history of Scotland may be found in her songs, which are stamped with the impress of public feeling, in a manner to be looked for in vain among the pages of ostensible historians; some of these were sung with a passion only to be found in an effervescence of wounded national pride. Queen Anne then, by the union, became suddenly the most unpopular sovereign that ever reigned over North Britain; for some of her predecessors had strong partisans on one side or other: but this measure raised the hatred of all against her; Whig, Tory, and Ca-

meronian, everything that was Scotch, excepting those powerful members of the aristocracy, who in reality effected the measure. The following is the commencement of one of their national songs on the subject, by which they expressed their threats to Queen Anne. The reader will observe it goes to the spirited air of the modern French melody of *Je suis un petit tambour*, in a manner too decided to be mistaken.

"You're right Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You're right Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You've towed us in your hand,
Let them tow us out wha can!
You're right Queen Anne, Queen Anne!
You're right Queen Anne, my dow! (dove.)"

"You've curried the auld mare's hide,
She'll fling nae mair at you;
I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
It is of a wise auld man,
That had a good gray mare."

The song then goes on to tell that this gray mare, when she was curried, "was apt to kick and fling," and "show twa glancing e'en;" and her master consulted with a farrier called Queensberry, who undertook to cure her of such cantrips. All their proceedings are told with great spirit; but at last, when she was cast and tied, she got loose with such a bounce as to knock the smithy down; and then follows the catastrophe:

"The smiths were smooched each one,
The wise auld man was slain,
The last word e'er he said,
Was with a waeful moan,
"O, wae be to the mare,
And all her whole countrie,
I wish I had letten her rin,
As wild as wild could be!"

"The mare she scaped away,
Fra amang the deadly stour,
And scamper'd home to him,
Wha owned her once before.
Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne!
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow!
The auld gray mare's oursel',
The wise auld man is you!"

The Jacobite hint, of the mare running home to him "wha owned her once before," brings us to the real cause of the Scottish union. The fact is, that when the act of succession, by which the crowns of England and Scotland were settled on Sophia of Hanover..."
and her heirs, was proposed to the Scotch House of Lords, in 1703, they bundled out the bill with the most sovereign contempt. Their chief deliberation was, indeed, whether or no it should be burnt? All the leaders of the revolution of 1688, and the supporters of that measure, found that the whole constitution of Scotland must be pulled down, and the legislature incorporated with England, as a means of controlling the bias of the country to their ancient royal family. This was the true motive of the union; a motive of immediate expediency, though it led, in the course of time, to the most beneficial results to the country—results which, we are inclined to think, were never foreseen by Queen Anne or her ministry.

The eldest son of the Marquis of Lothian, was one of the political minstrels of that era; it is in his celebrated squib of "Cakes o' Croudys," that the four royal personages of England were thus characterized in one couplet—

"There's Mary the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater."

A complication of diseases of a phlegmonic nature, attacked Prince George about the time of the Scottish union, and began, in the course of the year 1707, to assume an alarming character. During the illness of her consort, Queen Anne's attachment to the Marlboroughs began evidently to wane. Those who have examined the correspondence of the duchess of that period, will see that the humility of the queen was extreme, and that, ever since the battle of Blenheim, the insolence of the duchess increased in a proportionate degree. The queen, meantime, was gradually forming an affection for her bedchamber-woman, Mrs. Abigail Hill, the first cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, who was originally placed about the queen's person by the favourite, to keep others, not connected with her own family, at a distance. This Abigail afterwards became the object of her kinswoman's bitterest jealousy and hatred.

The author of the lately published Life of Lord Bolingbroke, has cleverly traced the origin of this feud, which certainly commenced during the fatal illness of Prince George, when Secretary Harley and a part of the administration were gradually becoming Tories. The people were likewise desirous of peace, while the Marlborough party strenuously contended for the prosecution of the war.

We quote the passage.

"The disposition of Anne was peculiarly sensible to flattery, and prone to induce her to allow those who studied her pleasure an unrestricted influence over her conduct. In order that the Duchess of Marlborough might obtain an undisputed ascendancy over her royal mistress, while she relieved herself from personal attendance on her, she introduced into the Queen's service a Mrs. Abigail Hill, who, being a creature of her own, she considered as entirely devoted to her.

"The duchess was herself one of the most scheming and successful practisers of court intrigue of her day."

Here she was foiled at her own weapon, but as she tells her own story in an amusing manner, we turn to her narrative.

"It was about this time that I discovered the base returns made me by Mrs. Masham, upon whom I had heaped the greatest obligations.

"Mrs. Masham was the daughter of one Hill, a merchant in the city, by my father's sister. Our grandfather, Sir J. Jenyns, had twenty-two children, by which means the estate of the family came to be divided into very small parcels. Mrs. Hill had only 500l. to her portion. Her husband lived very well for many years, till turning projector, he brought ruin on himself and family. But this was long before I was born; I never knew there were such people in the world till after the Princess Anne married, when she lived at the Cockpit, at which time an acquaintance of mine came to me, and said she thought I did not know I had relations of mine in want, and she gave me an account of them. When she had finished her story, I said that indeed I had never heard of such relations, and immediately gave ten guineas out of my own purse for their present relief, saying I would do what I could for
them. I afterwards sent more money to Mrs. Hill and saw her. She told me her husband was in the same relation to Mr. Harley (afterwards Earl of Oxford) that she was to me; but he had never done anything for them.

It is worthy of remark how dexterously the duchess avoids calling Mrs. Hill, aunt.

"I think Mrs. Masham’s father and mother," she continues, "did not live long after this. The eldest daughter, now Mrs. Masham, was a grown woman. I took her to St. Alban’s, where she lived with me and my children, and I treated her with as great kindness as if she had been my sister. After some time a bedchamber woman of the Princess Anne died, and as in that reign (after the princess had grown up), the rockers, though not gentlewomen, had been advanced to be bedchamber women, I thought I might ask the princess to give the vacant place to Mrs. Hill; I made the request, and it was granted. As for her younger sister, who is now living, I engaged my Lord Marlborough to make her laundress to the Duke of Gloucester, which was a good provision for her. And when the duke of Gloucester died, I obtained for her a pension of 200l."

The duchess goes on to tell us how she provided for all this family, summing up the favours she conferred (all out of the public purse), and the ingratitude with which she was repaid; but the unkindest cut of all she considered, was the behaviour of “Honest Jack Hill,” who was a tall boy, all in rags, when taken under her protection and sent to school. “Honest Jack Hill” was thus named by his bottle companions. Marlborough pushed him up to a generalship; but small honesty seems to have been in his composition, since his patroness informs us that when the Duke of Marlborough was whipping in his recruits for a strong battle with Harley in parliament, at that crisis, Honest Jack forgetting his rags and gawkishness in his generalship, got out of a sick bed to vote against his benefactor in the House of Commons.

The world remarked that the Marlboroughs came of an ungrateful family, and did not sympathize with the outraged patrons of “Honest Jack,” but we must return to his sister, who was rather an important personage in the destinies of Great Britain.

If we may believe the duchess, Abigail Hill was ugly, ill-tempered, and an old maid withal. She had fixed, says old Sarah, her affections upon a gentleman much younger than herself, a Mr. Masham, then page to the queen. But she distrusted her own powers of fascination, and made her cousin Harley a confidant of her love troubles. He employed a veteran courtier to break the matter to the page Masham, rousing at the same time the ambition of the youth with magnificent prospects. Mrs. Hill became Mrs. Masham; the queen was a witness at the private marriage of the favourite Abigail. Harley got his kinswoman to help in his plan of forming a Tory administration, excluding the Marlboroughs. Mrs. Masham gave her cousin Harley constant access to the queen. Once admitted, this skilful courtier adapted himself to the taste of his weak mistress. He entertained the queen with small talk, gossiped with her about court scandal, and descanted in polished terms on the happiness and devoted loyalty of her people. So attached did Anne become to his society, that she often remained long after her usual hour of rest, closeted with him and her new favourite, Mrs. Masham.

The queen was afflicted with a complaint which affected her eyes, which constantly obliged her to go to rest at an early hour. Her husband, Prince George, was so much surprised at these unusual sittings up, “that in the fullness of his thoughts, he declared in the House of Lords that the queen’s eyes never would be better while she kept such late hours.”

He brought this domestic observation into a speech in the House of Lords, where in droll English he sometimes made a harangue. Secure in the insolence of long continued power, the Duchess of Marlborough was not startled with the fears of being supplanted, till Anne thought proper to play the bride-woman to her superannuated Abigail. But the flame broke out on Mrs. Masham’s proposal to promote her brother, “Honest Jack Hill.” The Marlboroughs protested, this worthy was “good for nothing,” and there is
no doubt they spoke the truth. The queen, withal, insisted pertinaciously in the advancement of Honest Jack.

The nocturnal conferences with Harley were interrupted by the death of Prince George, but were renewed while the queen was in the retirement of her widowhood. It is supposed that the queen was consulting about the best way of establishing the succession of her brother, the exiled Prince of Wales.

At this period, Swift made the following observation on the disposition of the queen, which, no doubt, was at the instigation of Harley:—

"There was not a person, perhaps, in all England, who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than the queen. Upon her first coming to the throne the Duchess of Marlborough lost all favour with her, as her majesty hath often acknowledged to those who have told it to me. That lady had long preserved an ascendant over her mistress while she was princess, which her majesty, when she came to the crown, had neither patience to bear nor spirit to subdue. This princess was so exact an observer of forms, that she seemed to have made it her study, and would often descend so low, as to observe in her domestics of either sex, who came in her presence, whether a ruffle, a periwig, or the lining of a coat were unsuitable to the occasions on which they were worn. The duchess, on the other side, who had been used to very great familiarities, could not take it into her head that any change of station should put upon her change of behaviour; the continuance of which was the more offensive to her majesty, whose other servants, of the greatest quality, did then treat her with the utmost respect. To the duke she was wholly indifferent (as her nature in general prompted her to be), until his restless impatient behaviour turned her against him.

"The queen had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, and further than a bare good or ill opinion, which she contracted or changed, and very often on light grounds, she could hardly be said either to love or to hate any body. She grew so jealous upon the change of her servants, that often, out of fear of being imposed upon, by an over caution, she would impose upon herself. She has been known to be three months before signing a paper, and leave it undone at last. The fears which influenced her were, regarding her own power and prerogative, which those nearest about her were making daily encroachments upon, by their undutiful behaviour and unreasonable demands. The deportment of the Duchess of Marlborough, while Prince George lay expiring, was of such a nature, that the queen, then in the agonies of grief, was not able to bear it; but with marks of displeasure in her countenance, she ordered the duchess to withdraw, and send Mrs. Masham to her."

Swift says the quarrel about Honest Jack Hill happened a twelvemonth before the death of Prince George.

Prince George was a firm whig, which accounts for the great change in the politics of Queen Anne after his decline and death.

The last illness of the queen's consort, is thus detailed by Burnet:—

"In the end of October, 1708, George of Denmark, consort to the queen, departed this life in the fifty-sixth year of his age, after he had been upwards of twenty-five years married to the queen. He was asthmatical, which grew on him with his years; for some time he was considered a dying man, but the last year of his life he seemed to be recovered to a better state of health. The queen had been, during the whole of her marriage, an extraordinary tender and affectionate wife. And in all his illness, which lasted some years, she would never leave his bed, but sat up sometimes half the night in the bed beside him, with such care and concern that she was looked on very deservedly as a pattern in this respect."

"He was unhappily prevailed upon to take the post of high admiral, of which he understood little, but was fatally led by those who had credit with him but had bad principles; his being bred to the sea, got some confidence for him in those matters. In the conduct of our affairs, as great errors were committed, so great misfortunes followed.

* The British nation still remembers the truly virtuous conduct of another exalted, and living, personage, under a similar circumstance of royal suffering and ultimate demise.
on them; all these were imputed to the prince's easiness, and his favourite's ill management. This drew a very heavy load on the prince, and made his death to be the less lamented. The queen was not only decently, but deeply affected at it."

We should have been edified if the good bishop had also defined the proper admeasurement of affliction, that would have entitled the queen to the praise of decent widowhood.

The bishop proceeds.

"The queen did not think it decent to come to parliament this whole session; so it was managed by a commission representing her person."

Although it was generally known that the queen was thoroughly disgusted with the Duchess of Marlborough, yet at this time a hollow seeming of the former attachment was still kept up. Swift, we have seen, declares that the duchess so far misbehaved herself by the death-bed of Prince George, that the queen, emboldened by the agony of grief which was rending her heart at the inevitable loss of her beloved partner, ordered the imperious duchess out of the room, and commanded Mrs. Masham to take her place near her. We have the opportunity of giving the last scene from the duchess's own words, and it is very evident that no such affront was given her: the reader will observe the malevolent and unfeeling spirit that runs through the whole account, but will come to the conclusion that, however the duchess might deserve such dismissal, she did not certainly receive it at that crisis. She first speaks of herself in the third person and gradually resumes her natural tone.

"The Duchess of Marlborough came the night he died, and was in his room when he expired at Kensington. The duchess led her (the queen) into her closet, and as she left his body, she expressed much passion. I asked Lady Burlington to leave me alone with the queen; I knelt down by her, but she seemed not to mind me; clasped and wrung her hands with marks of grief. I knelt by her some time without speaking and then asked her to go to St. James's. 'For,' I said, 'nobody staid where a dead husband lay, and that if she staid there, she must be within two or three rooms of that dismal body.'"

It must be owned this was a most refined and tender strain of consolation for a widow, who was suffering the grief that the queen certainly experienced.

"She might," I continued, "go in my coach with all the curtains down."

It seems the queen consented to this proposition, for the duchess continues.

"As she went through the gallery she gave some orders about her dogs and a strong box. When we were in the coach she had an extraordinary thought. She sent for Harley to beg him to take care and see whether there was room for her in the vault when they buried the prince at Westminster Abbey; for if there was not, he must be buried in another place, for she would be buried near him. When we got to St. James's, I brought her privately through my lodgings into her own green closet, where I got her some broth, and after she ate a very good dinner. She had bits of tenderness about the prince, and one thing I could not help smiling at, that the lord treasurer should take care to make the door wider at removing the prince to Westminster, for fear the prince's dear body should be shook, though she had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the bath, when he was alive and gasping for breath. She certainly was more concerned for him than for the fate of Gloucester (her son), but she was of a hard nature, and not apt to cry."

"Her love to the prince, seemed to the world to be prodigiously great; but, great as was the passion of her grief, her stomach was greater; for, the very day he died, she ate three very large and hearty meals; so one would think, as in other persons grief takes away appetite, her appetite, on the contrary, took away her grief. Nor was it less remarkable, where there was so great an appearance of love, the peculiar pleasure she took, before his funeral, in settling the order of it, naming the persons who were to attend, and placing them according to their rank and precedence, which was her amusement every day till the funeral was over."

This was all very harmless, and
happy are those whose real grief can be directed to these outward and visible signs, which are in perfect accordance with human feeling, as the persons benefited by a service for the beloved object; and as to the queen's taking the sustenance she required, after so long and lingering an attendance by the bedside of her consort, where she performed offices herself, out of affection, for which she might have had every aid, we can only say, that the whole view of the affair is evidently distorted, by the ungrateful desire for defamation, which is very apparent in the writings of the duchess.

When Queen Anne was absorbed in grief for the death of her husband, Lord Lanesborough demanded an audience of her, for the purpose of recommending her to dispel her sorrow by dancing. This is the nobleman thus satirized by Pope for his fondness for capering—

"See sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout."

Scandal never touched the character of Queen Anne, either as girl, wife, or widow. Edward, Duke of Montague, ventured once to squeeze her hand, and was dismissed the court the next day for his impertinent freedom.

The queen shone both as wife and widow: she made no profession of Ephe- sian sorrow, but her conduct proved that she was faithful to the memory of her consort. In the next sessions, her Parliament requested she would choose another husband. She made no violent protestations of constancy, but replied in the same sweet, soft, clear tone, for which her speeches from the throne were celebrated, that she had already secured the succession to the throne in the Protestant line, and as for the rest, they could scarcely expect a particular answer.* She then ordered the prayer in the Church Service to be discon- tinued, which implored heaven to make her the joyful mother of children; and caused her cousin Sophia, the ancestress of the present royal family, to be prayed for as her rightful successor.

How far Anne's personal feelings, as a sister, coincided with this settlement of affairs, it is impossible to say; but this is certain, that no written document has descended to posterity, which proves her determination to set aside the settlement of Parliament in favour of her young brother. Such proofs exist to bear evidence of Marlborough's double treachery in the preceding reign, but no autograph proves that Anne had any such design against the Church and Constitution of her country.

It appears, that grand offence had been given to Queen Anne by the Duchess of Marlborough, in the preceding summer. Of this event, the following narrative has been given, but it does not precisely coincide with the lately published correspondence.

"There was a solemn Te Deum celebrated at St. Paul's, on account of the victory of Oudenarde. The Duchess of Marlborough, as mistress of the robes, had arranged the queen's jewels in the order she chose her royal mistress to wear them at the ceremony. When lo! the queen chose that they should be put on in an entirely different manner. This put the duchess in a violent tempest of anger; she wrote an imper- tinent note on the occasion to Mrs. Morley, and laid the blame on the ill-offices of Mrs. Masham; moreover, when she got into the royal coach to accompany Queen Anne to the thanksgiving, she was in an effervescence of temper, and taunted the queen, not only during the whole of the procession, but actually in the cathedral, and during the service itself. And when the queen endeavoured to reply, the duchess abruptly told her to be silent, lest they should be overheard. Soon after the ceremo- ny, the Duchess of Marlborough sent the queen a letter from the duke, dated July 23, accompanied with an epistle in a more aggravated style of invective, than she had hitherto ventured on. The queen's reply was in these words:—"

"'After the commands you gave me in the church, on the thanksgiving, of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines, but to return the Duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands.'"

"The sarcastic and contemptuous
brevity of this note drew forth a reproachful answer from the duchess, and among other observations we find the following:—

"I should think myself wanting in my duty to you, if I saw you so much in the wrong, as I think you are in several particulars, if I did not tell you of it."

"This epistolary wrangle was followed by an interview, in which the altercation was so violent, that the duchess was distinctly heard in the antechamber; and when she came out, her eyes were suffused with tears. The queen was found in a state of great agitation."

If the queen had finally dismissed the duchess, in the summer of 1708, we should be surprised to find the duchess near her at such a moment as the death of her husband, October, 1708. Dean Swift is certainly right in his statement, that the duchess had many quarrels and reconciliations during the year 1708; but that the final blow was not given till the return of the Duke of Marlborough to England the next spring, we think may be gathered from the tone of the duchess's own correspondence.

The following is the account given by Harley to Dean Swift, of the final dismissal of the queen's favourite:—

"Notwithstanding the high, intractable spirit of the Duchess of Marlborough, and the frequent provocation and defiance she had given to her vacillating mistress, she had a childish dread of being dismissed from office; and when the intention of dismissing her was intimated to her husband, the great soldier was so thoroughly terrified at the violent scenes he should have to encounter with his wife, that he actually went on his knees to the queen, to implore her to delay the resumption of the gold key till the end of the war, which could not be more than a year, and then, he said, they could both retire together. But the queen, too thoroughly exasperated by the quarrels we have described, insisted that the gold key should be restored to her in three days. Marlborough, still kneeling, begged for a respite of ten days, in order to prepare his adored termagant for the resignation. The queen was perfectly inflexible; and Marlborough, whose submission was only prompted by his exclusive affection for his still beautiful partner, rose, and left Queen Anne's presence respectfully, and the key was restored that night, at which the queen felt some compunction."

We may judge by this anecdote, from the same author, of the meekness with which the duchess received her dismissal:—

"The lord treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds: it was the queen's miniature, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess, after her dismissal, was leaving the court apartments, she broke off all the diamonds, and tossed the picture to Mrs. Higgins (an old, intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. The lord treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins to buy this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? She keeps the diamonds her indulgent friend has given her, and gives the picture to sell like a piece of old plate."

Because the Whigs insisted on continuing a war which had now become ruinous and objectless, a great part of England opposed their administration, and the whole landed interest, who were suffering severely, supported that party of the queen's ministers who were willing to make peace. This was the state of the public mind in 1710, when the majority of the nation were then in a state of enthusiasm for High Church and Toryism. Dr. Sacheverell, who had been a violent Whig, changed his politics, and preached some party sermons in vindication of passive obedience, at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. He published those sermons; and the House of Commons, not considering that the wrong tenets of Dr. Sacheverell's sermons were fenced in with the seven-fold shield of the dullness of his composition condemned them to be burnt by the common hangman. (Why, alas! has the legislature left off such an admirable system of puffing literature?) Well, the book was burnt, and all England effervesced
with fuss. The House of Commons determined to prosecute Dr. Sacheverell, whilst the populace, and the Tory party took his part.

The gracious Anne went to open Parliament, and was saluted by the populace with this most original exhortation—

“God bless your Majesty! we hope you are for Dr. Sacheverell and High Church!”

As Anne was really of the doctor’s party, she was well pleased with her mob, and attended the trial day after day, as a private spectator, till it terminated in what was considered a triumph to the Tory party.

Before the Marlboroughs would quit their hold of place and power, they made the displacing of the queen’s bed-chamber woman, a matter of senatorial debate.

They were at length worsted, and the whig ministers dismissed. Lord Godolphin’s staff of office was next demanded of him, but instead of resigning it in a tractable manner, as a well behaved Lord Treasurer ought to have done, he snapped it in two, and flung it behind the fire.

The year 1711, left Marlborough’s party and the advocates for war in England in a very singular position. Their ostensible cause of strife, Charles the Third, was called to the imperial throne by the deaths of his father and his brother, and he declined any longer contending for the throne of Spain; the Spaniards did not wish to have him for their king, and he ceased to have inclination to be King of Spain. As for Louis the Fourteenth, he had repeatedly made overtures for peace since the beginning of the war, willing to give up the cause of the son of James the Second, ever since he made the peace of Ryswick with William the third.

So anxious indeed, was Louis for peace, that considering the Marlboroughs as bribe-worthy, he offered the generalissimo a large sum, to conclude a peace, which Marlborough made a great merit in refusing. The peace of Utrecht was the subject of negotiation through the whole of the year 1712. For about eighteen months, there was rather a cessation of arms than a settled peace, as the Dutch refused to join in the pacification. During that period, the tasteless statue of Queen Anne, wretchedly sculptured by Bird, was raised where it now stands in St. Paul’s Churchyard; and the sentiments of the war party in England may be judged by these lines of the poetical physician, Garth.

“With grace divine great Anna’s seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation’s eyes;
Beneath her feet, four mighty realms appear,
And, with due reverence, pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem’d to own her grace,
And e’en wild India wears a smiling face;
But France alone, with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant of so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
All that great Anna for thy sake has done.
For thee, she sheathed the terrors of her sword;
For thee, she broke her general and her word;
For thee, her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learnt to speak like oracles of old;
For thee, for thee alone—what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain’d before.
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip’s son);
Resign’d the glory of a ten years’ reign,
And such as none but Marlborough’s arms could gain;
For thee, in annals she’s content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.”

It would be difficult to say, what end and object this political doctor meant the country to gain by the prosecution of the war, excepting the pleasure of seeing the Duke of Marlborough, during the term of his natural life, at the head of an English army in Flanders.

Even in these days, when people ought to know better, much was said on the accession of our present fair young sovereign, regarding the military successes of the last female regnant, Queen Anne. But may Heaven keep our queen, and our country from the loss gained by such victories as the fruitless slaughter fields of Blenheim, Ramilies, and Oudenarde,

“Which for the sport of kings increased
The number of the dead!”

And brought no other gain to Englishmen, excepting the gratification of the animal love of destructiveness, a national fault which a christian country
ought to deplore and repress, and not
glorify in.

Southey, in a poem well worthy
(notwithstanding its naive simplicity) of
being remembered more than it is, has
admirably sketched the sole result of
the great victory of Blenheim. Here
is the poem.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer’s evening,
Old Kaspar’s work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmina.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round;
That lay beside the rivulet,
And playing there he found.
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expecting by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.”

“I find them in the garden, for
There’s many here about,
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” says he,
Were slain in the great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about?”
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmina looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes.
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for?”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they’d each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quothe,
“It was a famous victory.”

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword, the country round,
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childling mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know must be,
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies there,
Laid rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know must be,
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’twas a very cruel thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quothe he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the duke,
Who such a fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory!”

In March, 1711, a French refugee,
the Marquis de Guiscard, in King Wil-
liam’s French regiment, after being long
suspected of furnishing the French go-

ternment, with intelligence, was taken
up and examined before the privy
council. In a fit of desperation, he
stabbed Mr. Harley with a penknife,
which broke in the wound. Boling-
broke, and some of the other ministers,
wounded the assassin so severely with
their swords, that he died in Newgate.
The queen’s health received a great
shock from this circumstance. As Har-
ley was long in danger, she could not
hold the drawing room, in celebration
of her accession, nor was she ever in
health afterwards.

During the stormy debates and
struggles, for power between the Duke
of Marlborough’s party and that of the
prime minister Harley, Queen Anne
attended in the house of lords in the
same manner which she had done at
the trial of Dr. Sacheverell as a private
spectator of the scene; the Duke of
Marlborough, accused of having pro-
longed the war, in the course of the
debates, took the extraordinary step in
his reply, of turning to the place where
the queen sat incognita, and asked her
Majesty to speak, and say whether he
had ever concealed from her any over-
ture the enemy had made for peace?
This unheard of address produced a
great commotion in the house, and if
Anne replied, her voice was lost amidst
the deafening shouts of “order.”

Can any fact better prove the pecu-
liar nothingness which distinguished
Anne's character as a sovereign, than the act of placing herself in such a situation? Let us imagine Queen Elizabeth there, and appealed to in a similar manner! Would not the questioner have been daunted by her "lion like rising?"

Among other mal-practices, the disgusting fact was proved against the Duke of Marlborough, that the contractors for army bread allowed him a bribe of 6000l. per annum for winking at inferior rations being served out to the common soldiery. At this time, Marlborough and his duchess were in the receipt of 62,000l. per annum, open and allowed gains, besides great pensions from Holland and Germany: his daughters were likewise provided for in the queen's household. None murmured at the dismissal of the whole family from office, excepting their partizans. The duke and duchess retired to Holland. The audacious spirit of the duchess got over this blow, but the better nature of Marlborough certainly never recovered from the shock, and in the course of a very few years from this time his reason was a blank. We think if all the hidden transactions could be unveiled, as this hideous business of corruption was a home affair, we should find the duchess was the main tempter of her husband's integrity. It is to this business Pope alludes in his Moral Essays, when he says:—

"Triumphant leaders at an army's head, Hem'd round with glories, pilfer cloth and bread; As meanly plunder as they bravely fought, Now save a kingdom, and now save a gout."

These lines are only to be found in the old edition; sometimes they are printed as variations in the modern.

Although relating to the political history of the country, and not reflecting on the private character of the queen; we cannot help mentioning Swift's indignation, that the Dutch republic should question a right that Spain had granted her, in a treaty of selling African slaves in the Spanish settlements of America. Mark the difference of the moral feeling of our times; neither the queen, Swift nor Dutchmen troubled themselves regarding the horror of the traffic. The queen and Dutchmen wrangled for the property, Swift for the honour of the country in the matter of the Dutchmen daring to look invidiously on the privilege!

Swift's celebrated Journal to Stella furnishes us with much of our subsequent information about the Queen.

"There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company that the queen sent for us to her bed-chamber, where we made our bows and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some nearest to her, and then was told dinner was ready, and went out."

"I dined at the green cloth by Mr. Scarborough's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen about a thousand pounds a month, while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court, and is the only mark of magnificence, or hospitality in her family."

"We saw a place which they have made for a famous horse race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off, while the queen went by. Miss F. is a silly, true maid of honour, and I did not like her though she be a toast, and was dressed like a man (in the riding habit of that day.)"

"The queen did not stir to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout."

He traces the queen through all her fits of vacillation; he mentions her fits of the gout, and her reception of her court in her bedchamber, and the impossibility of her standing to receive them, and gives us this account of her drawing room, after the expulsion of the Marlboroughs.

"The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow; I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance in spite of that spiteful fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman, and I hope it will spirit up the queen against them."

"I went to dine at Lord Masham's by three (different hours from the present), and met all the company just coming from court—a mighty crowd: they staid long
for their coaches; I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their finery. They say the court was never fuller or finer. Lord treasurer, his lady and two daughters dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day. Nobody was by when she gave it but my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs to-night, the queen was at it, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she had been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgewater in St. James’s, looking out of the window in an undress to see the sight; I do not hear that one wig lady was there, excepting of the bed-chamber. The queen is better for the exercise; her friends wish she would use a little more.”

From what cause do we find that certain failings run in a family, where the different members never see each other, and have been brought up in a different country and by different persons? This silly propensity of Queen Anne, who disgraced her friends by minutiae; attaching consequence to wigs, ruffles, and the mere tags and rags of etiquette, was a perfect mania in her brother, the exiled prince, James. The state etiquette of the court of St. Germain was carried to such a ridiculous height, that the prince’s first quarrel with Bolingbroke, when he went over, after the death of Queen Anne, was about some folly of the kind; some wig or ribbon was not worn respectfully. Now Queen Anne and her brother had never looked upon each other, and their mutual parent, James II., died before his unhappy heir could imbibe any such weakness from him, even if he had possessed it, but it was well known that James had not this miserable failing; for he and his brother, Charles II., resembled their grandfather, Henry IV. of France, in the free and easy manner in which they wore the trammels of royalty in their intercourse with their friends.

The Spectator, and most of the writers of that day, mention the distress into which Prince Eugene was thrown by a gentleman-usher of Queen Anne, who waited on the prince when he arrived in England, in the year 1712, and was dressing to go to court, and informed him of the utter impossibility of appearing before the queen without a brigadier wig. As the valiant Eugene had not one at hand, he was just giving up his intention of going to court, when Harley arrived, and, laughing at his distress, took him in the wig which he had provided. Harley could do this, but the gentleman-usher no doubt spoke the sentiments of the queen. The gallant Eugene came with the intention of using all his influence to prevent the queen from signing the peace. Like his colleague in arms, Marlborough, he wished for war—it was his trade, son métier, but the English commercial interests found that without peace their trade would be brought to nought, so they supported the peace ministry, and the brave Eugene got plenty of huzzas, a sword, worth five thousand guineas, presented by the queen, the honour of leading her majesty to and from the opera (without wearing a brigadier’s wig), and, moreover, a dinner at Guildhall.

The peace was not finally concluded with France and the allied powers till the year 1713. At that time the queen’s health began to sink, and the stormy debates in her council between the ministry she had chosen to support her power, and the persons who expected to come into power with the Hanoverian dynasty, added to her sufferings.

Queen Anne was the last of the English monarchs who continued the practice of the royal miracle of touching for the evil. This curious and ancient custom was derived from the Saxon monarchs, and was supposed only to be efficacious when the heirs of the elder line from Alfred laid hands on the patients. The Hanoverian dynasty has never assumed the strange privilege of curing this afflicting disease, which is called “king’s evil,” on account of the power of healing supposed to belong to the representatives of Edward the Confessor. In the beginning of the present century an old woman was living who, in her childhood, had been touched for the evil by Queen
Anne in the last year of her reign. She remembered that the queen was dressed in a black velvet capuchin (a sort of pelisse), and that her hands were white and soft as down; her majesty did not speak to her patient; a profound silence was observed during the ceremony,—but the queen’s almoner hung round the child’s neck a Queen Anne’s guinea as the royal alms. This odd scene took place in the state rooms at Windsor.

When the gout and dropsy attacked the queen in more frequent fits, the Hanoverian ambassador demanded of the lord chancellor a writ to call the electoral Prince of Hanover to a seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Cambridge. The chancellor informed the queen of this wish of her successor, and she took it as a mortal offence. She wrote a letter expressive of her displeasure to the mother of the prince, the Electress Sophia, beginning “Madam, aunt, and your Highness.” The electress was then eighty-four, but in the full possession of all her faculties. It is said that she had been heard to exclaim, that if she could only live to have the words “Sophia, Queen of England,” engraved on her tomb, she would die content, but these words are not consistent with the moderation and good sense of her character; since, in the course of nature, she could scarcely have expected to have survived Queen Anne, who had seen little more than half her years. It was, however, a very near case that the inscription was not engraved which she wished; she died but a few days before the Queen of England. Some hours after the receipt of Anne’s letter, the Electress Sophia walking rather quicker than usual in her garden at Herrenhausen, sat down, feeling ill from an attack of spasms in the heart, and died in the arms of the Electoral Princess (afterwards our Queen Caroline) before assistance could be procured. As the character of this princess ranked very high in England and the people had been familiarized to her name in the Liturgy, notwithstanding her great age, her death occasioned no small consternation to the people, who were naturally most anxious regarding the Protestant succession.

The closing scene of Queen Anne’s authority was a painful one. The quarrels of her lord treasurer, Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Lord Bolingbroke, approached to such a height of personal animosity, that the dismissal of one of them was imperative. Harley was deprived of his office; and this step occasioned so fierce a debate in the privy-council, which was partly composed of his faction, that on the 27th of July, the poor queen sat till half-past two in the morning, listening to the furious discussions of angry men. Neither respect for womanhood nor sovereignty could stop their quarrel, till the exhausted queen interrupted them, by declaring she should never outline that scene. She prophesied rightly. She was carried from the council-chamber to her bed, whence she declared she hoped never to rise again. She remained two days in lethargic slumbers. From these she was awakened, after some trouble, by her lord high chamberlain, the Duke of Shrewsbury, to know what was to become of the lord treasurer’s staff, resigned by Harley. The dying queen took it, gazed on it, and returned it into the hands of the duke, saying, “Keep it, keep it, and use it for the good of my people.” He then wished to resign the lord chamberlain’s staff, but Queen Anne said, “Keep that too.”

He had lately been appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and thus possessed three of the greatest posts in the empire. Shrewsbury retired, and took vigorous measures for securing the Protestant succession.

While necessary precautions were taking for securing the succession of the house of Hanover, by that part of the ministry and the privy-council which was faithful to the Protestant interest, the queen seemed to recover her exhausted strength, and appeared considerably better. She had never been wholly prevented from entering upon her public duties, and had, we see, attended the privy-council to the last. On the 30th of July, she rose at eight o’clock, being then at her palace at Kensington. She walked about her chamber some time; at last, she stopped opposite to the dock, and continued to gaze on it earnestly. One of her ladies in waiting, ventured to ask
her Majesty, "What she saw there more than usual?"

The queen only answered by turning on her a dying look; and was instantly seized with a fit of apoplexy, from which she was relieved by the assistance of Dr. Mead. She continued all night and the next day, in a state of stupification, giving only some signs of life about twelve the succeeding night. She expired at seven in the morning, on the 1st of August, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age.

Anne was buried in Westminster Abbey, where she has no monument; but as, in her life-time, she presented the altar-piece, so magnificent a gift must be considered as a monument to her Majesty.

The queen's death is thus alluded to in a letter from her physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, to Swift:—

"My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination, and could not exceed certain limits; but of that small number, a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her; only it surprised her too suddenly, before she had signed her will, which, no doubt, her being involved in so much business, hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by Lowndes, that it was necessary to have it under the Great Seal."

It is declared, that the last words of Queen Anne, were the exclamation, "Oh, my poor brother!" The scene we have described, where she surrendered such a weight of power into the hands of a person firm to the Protestant cause, inclines us to believe, she never for a moment contemplated the restoration of her father's heir; yet that Lord Bolingbroke did, is evident from his after-conduct; but it is as evident, that this was the cause of the furious quarrels between Harley and Bolingbroke.

Before his early benefactress was cold in her shroud, the Duke of Marlborough made a triumphant entry into London, amidst most noisy and violent rejoicings, on account of the succession of the new dynasty of Hanover.

His anticipations of a new political dictatorship were not, however, realized in the new reign; his bodily health and worldly prosperity continued strong, but awful blanks of mental alienation began to throw their dark shadows over his once clear intellect; these fits gradually increased in number, till his old age became one dreary night. He lived long in that wretched state, where the mind is dead before the body succumbs. He was sedulously attended by his coarse-minded, though affectionate partner. His state pointed the moral in Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes."

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

On the contrary, the powerful intellect of the duchess survived the decay of her lovely person. Though bedridden for years, her vigorous mind was in impatient activity.

The name of Queen Anne is still beloved in the church; the noble charity called Queen Anne's Bounty, for the augmentation of small livings, which are a disgrace to the establishment, was her own personal charity. This is the best personal act of which we have knowledge. The true glory of her reign, on the other hand, was the legislative union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland.

The character of Queen Anne, written by the Duchess of Marlborough, in the hope that Burnet would make use of it in his history, is in curious opposition to the celebrated inscription on the statue which the duchess raised to her deceased mistress at Blenheim, in which, in a rough, but blunt style, she gives the queen credit for many virtues; while the bitter attack she sent to Burnet, was for the purpose of sending the queen's bad qualities down to posterity, without any one being aware that it was written by the person, whom the queen's passionate attachment had raised to the pinnacle of human greatness—even one sprung from the middle classes. Whatever may be thought of the character of Queen Anne, the character of her favourite is fully developed by this piece of baseness, and the whole transaction is a singular lesson to royalty.
"Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful, till she grew exceedingly gross and corpulent: there was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul.

"Her memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had two peculiarities very remarkable in it, that she could, whenever she pleased, forget, what others would have bound themselves by truth and honour to remember; and remember such things as others would think it a happiness to forget. Indeed, she chose to retain in it very little besides ceremonies and customs of court; that her conversation, which might otherwise have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made the more empty and trifling, by its turning upon fashion and rules of precedence, or observations on the weather, or upon some such poor topics. Upon which account, it was a misfortune to her, that she naturally loved to have a great crowd come to her, having little to say to them, but that it was either hot or cold; and little to inquire of them, but how long they had been in town. She never spoke but in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her, to a degree, very disagreeably, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment.

"Her letters were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless they were enlivened with a few passionate expressions, sometimes pretty enough, but repeated over and over again. Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion.

"I know, in some libels, she has been reproached, as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors; but I believe this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond a quantity of strong wines, as her physicians judged necessary for her."

The duchess acquires her benefactress here of the charge of drinking liquor, but allows she drank strong wines, by the connivance of her physicians.

"As to her religion, I have often blushed for her and for her preachers, when I have heard it almost constantly, with the most fulsome flattery, affirmed to her face, and to her satisfaction, that all we enjoyed, was granted by Almighty God as the reward of her piety. And, indeed, if religion consist in such zeal and devotion, or in punctual preparations for the Sacrament, then it cannot be denied, she had as much religion as well could be lodged in one breast.

"In most cases she was insensible of what related to the public, and could with the greatest coldness, let an express, that was known to come with any important good news, lie unopened for half an hour, though she was alone, and had nothing in the world to do, whilst all about her were waiting with the utmost impatience to know the contents of it.

"She loved fawning and adoration, and hated plain-dealing, even in the most important cases. She had a soul nothing could so effectually move as flattery or fear. She had no native generosity of temper, nor was often known of herself to do a handsome action. Even to those she professed to love, her presents were few, and generally very insignificant, as fruit, venison, or the like.

"In a word,—she had little zeal for the happiness of others, but a selfishness that was great enough to make every other consideration yield to it."

And this is the testimony of the person for whose sake Queen Anne had bravely her sister's displeasure, one whom she had loaded with gifts and honours, and who, by her bounty, was then the richest subject in Europe! Here we have spoken of the ingratitude of royal favourites, which is proverbial; at another time, we may attempt to show the fate of "court favourites," and from these, and such like statements, draw upon the admission of the reader, that to curb the arbitrary power of the one, and to put down the insolence of the other, by subjecting all classes to a good and wholesome regard for the general interest, is the only certain means of insuring the reasonable happiness, permanent security, and general welfare of all, whether prince, nobleman, or peasant; whilst every pen is traitor to the real interests of each class, which would
MEMOIR OF QUEEN ANNE.

75

a son (styled the Pretender), who would have been Charles the 3rd of England.

The following letter is written by the above-mentioned Anne, to her mother-in-

law, (the 2nd wife of James the 2nd). We are thus particular, since the letter

itself is without other date or address than the superscription. We have carefully

copied all the following letters and documents from MSS. autographs of the

several royal personages.]

The Letter of the Princess Anne, of Den-

mark sister of Mary, to ye Queen.

MADAM,

I beg ye pardon if I am so deeply

affected with the surprising news of

the Prince's being gone as not to be

able to see you, but to leave this

paper to express my humble duty to

the king and yourself, and to let you

know, that I am gone to absent myself,

to avoid the king's displeasure, which

I am not able to bear, either against

the prince or myself: and I shall stay

at so great a distance as not to return

before I hear the happy news of a re-

conciliation, and as I am confident the

prince did not leave the king with any

other design than to use all possible

means for his preservation; so I hope

you will do him the justice to believe

that I am incapable of following him

for any other end. Never was any one

in such an unhappy condition, so di-

vided between duty and affection, to a

father and a husband; and therefore,

I know not what I must do, but to fol-

low one to preserve the other. I see

the general falling off of the nobility

and gentry, who avow to have no other

end, than to prevail with the king to

secure their religion, which they saw

so much in danger, by the violent coun-

cels of the priests; who to promote

their own religion, did not care to what

dangers they exposed the king. I

am fully persuaded that the Prince of

Orange designs the king's safety and

preservation, and hope all things may

be composed by the calling a Parlia-

ment.

God grant an happy end to these

troubles that the king's reign may be

prosperous, and that I may shortly meet

you in perfect peace and safety; till

when, let me beg of you to continue

[James the 2nd of England, had two

Daughters, Mary and Anne; Mary mar-

ried William, Prince of Orange, and

Anne, George of Denmark. James the

2nd, took a second wife, by whom he had

D. A. Hall, 1828.]
the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of
Your most obedient daughter
and servant,
Anne.

These are the minutes of the speech
king William intended to make from
the throne, to both houses of parlia-
ment, written with his own hand.

"Je suis venu ici dans ce Royaume,
au desir de cette nation pour la sauver
de ruine et pour preserver votre reli-
gion, vos lois et libertes ; et pour ce
subject jay est oblige de soustraire une
longueur et tres onereuse guerre pour ce
Royaume, laquelle par la grace de Dieu
et la (intelligible) de cette nation est a
present determinee par une bonne paix,
dans laquelle vous pourriez vivre heu-
reusement, et en repos si vous vouliez
conduire a votre propre surete ainsi
que Je vous l'avoie recommandee l'ouver-
ture de cette session. Mais voyant au
contraire que vous ne prenez si peu de
(au qu'en." Join de votre surete, et
vous exposes a une ruine evidente vous
destinuant des moinds necessaires pour
votre defense. Il ne seroit pas juste
ou raisonnable que Je fusse temoin
(di ?) votre perte, sans vous pouvoir
defendre ou proteger ainsi Je dois vous
requier de choisir et (me+), nommer
tell personnes que vous jugerez capable
(a quels Je puisse laisse l'administration
du), administrer le gouvernement

* In the original are the two words si peu deu
and above is written augun'un, as if the king hav-
ing prudently veiled his feelings, boldly at last
obtain to tell the nobility, that they are
utterly reckless of the fate of the kingdom.—Ed.

+ 'Me' 'pour.' The alterations in the sen-
tence, we conceive to be very important. The
king after his proposed forcible appeal, calls upon
his Parliament, to choose and name such persons,
as they might judge capable of governing not
merely during (his) absence, but in lieu of him-
sell. The insertion of the word 'me,' again
softens the bearing of the sentence, and instead
of 'pour,' which is deleted in the original, the
king has in the margin, written in French (to
whom I can leave the administration of the
Government), thus making this document ex-
tremely valuable, as confirmatory of the gene-
really received historical record, that the incensed
monarch, was about to 'cut and run,' from his
new and liego subjects, which is further con-
fermed by the double epithet (force), which pre-
sently follows. The reader can note the further
parenthetical sentences, which in the original
appear on the margin.—Ed.

en mon absence, vous assurant que quoi
que Je suis obligé (forcé), present de
me retirer hors du Royaume, Je con-
serverez toujours la mesme inclination
pour son advantage et prosperité et
que quand Je pourrez juger que ma
presence y seroit necessaire pour votre
defense en (et que Je jugerez la pouvoir
entreprendre avec paix ?) Je ferez tout
pret a y revenir et hasarde ma vie pour
votre surete, comme Je l'ay fait par le
passe Priant le bon Dieu de venir vos
deliberations et de vous inspirer ce que
est necessaire pour le bien et la surete
du Royaume.

Autograph Letters of king William III.
(to whom addressed unknown), but evi-
dently to an officer in Ireland, high in
command. We have marked the most
interesting passages in italics.

A Kensington, ce 27° de Jan 1697-8.

"Il y a quelques jours que J'ai
reçu une lettre de vous sans date par
laquelle, Je vois que vous est, en
pieme des procedures du Parlement
ici a l'egard des estrangers Je crois
que vous avez trop de sujet a l'estre
quoique jusques a present, il n'y a
rien passe qui puisse regarder votre
personne, et que J'ay tout lieu d'esperer
que l'on vous laisa en repos, au moins
Je puis vous assurer que Je tacherez
d'empescher autant qu'il sera en mon
pouvoir qu'il ne se fasse rien a votre
prudence, estant autant satisfait que Je
suis de votre conduite, et vous croient
tres utile ou vous estes pour mon ser-
vice, et ainsi pouz pouvez estre assuré
que Je ne vous tirerez point de la, sans
y estre entierement forcé ce que Je
n'espero pas qu'il arrivera, Il n'est pas
concevable comme les gens ici sont pre-
rentement animé contre des estrangers,
vous jugerez facilement par qui cela re-
fléchit :*. Je fais estat en tres peu de
temps de faire passer en Irlande cinq
Reg'° d'Infanterie, et deux de Cavallerie,
et un peu de temps apres encore trois
Infanterie ainsi huit en tout, et an
peu de jours je vous envoyerez les
ordres pour reformer le Reg° de Cava-
lerie de Vesy et neuf Reg° d'Infanterie

* We ourselves have marked the several pas-
sages in italics, which convey the interest to our
readers.—Ed.
ne pretendant que de concerver cellui de Hanmer et Hamilton, J’ay aussi
dessin quant le Parlement ici sera fini
de vous envoyez votre Regé de cavalerie et les trois Regé d’Infant, françois,
et peut estre les Dragons de Niremont,
mais cela doit estre bien secrète quoy que
Je ne crain que trop qu’il commence deja
de suspecter icy mon dessin, et qu’ainsi ils pouvoient m’en empeschë.
Je suis en
doute si Je ne faizze encore passe en
Irlande le Regé d’Eppinger, tout cela
ensemble croit a dihuit Batt. d’Infanterie
et cinq
Regé de Dragons contant Eppinger
pour deux,
et ainsi sera a peu pres
conforme au projet que vous m’aviez
envoyé, et la depense ne seroit selon
mon calcul genre plus grand mais il
estort il faudroit y retracher quelque
chose parquoy Je serës bien aise de
savoir vos sentimens, vous jugerez bien
comme il est necessaire que tout ici soit
tenu secret, J’ay cru qu’il estoit necessaire
que Je vous fissee savoir de bonne
heure mes intentions ayn que selon cela
vous puisse prendre vos mesures, Il
faudra bien que Je regle les miens selon
que les choses ici iroint au Parlement dont
on ne peut estre jamais assere avant
que l’on n’envoyë la fin, il y a un esprit
d’ignorance et de male qui regne qui
passe toute comprehension, Soire toujours
assere de mon amitië.

---

William R.

A Kensington, ce 16e de Juillet, 1698.

"Quoyque J’ay instruit au long le
chance d’Irlande de mes sentimens
sur les affaires d’Irlande, J’ai pourtant
voulez vous esrire pour vous dire
que jamais il n’a ete si importante que
d’avoire present une bonne session du
Parlement tant a l’eguird de mes af-
faire de ce Royaume et surtout de
celzecy, la principale chose qu’il faut
tacher de prevenir est que le Parlement
d’Irlande ne prenne auq’une cono-
sance de ce qui s’est passe en cedcycy,
et que vous fassiez des Lois effectifs pour
la manufacture des toilles et que vous em-
peschiez autant qu’il se peut celles de
laines, se sont la les deux points les plus
essentiales que vous avez a faire, et le
troisieme c’est l’argent necessaire pour
le maintien des troupes dont vous savez
l’importance, et de lacher d’en avoir le
plu qu’il sera possible puisqu’a
prence cette sessiion Je voudrois fort de ne pas
estre obligé de long temps d’avoir un Par-
lement en Irlande." J’ay envoyé les
ordres pour faire embarque a l’Ostende
les cinq regé françois et au lieu de mon
Regé de Dragons d’Eppinger Je vous
envoyerez deux Regé d’Infanterie et
qui viendra a peu pres a la meme de-
pense, Blatwith vous escria a l’eguird
de l’etablissement et pour la demini-
tion de la paye des troupes. Il faut
que Je vous dite que Je suis assez satis-
fait du Chancé d’Irlande, a sa premiere
venu ici au Parlement il a fait une
grosse bevue qui lui attire beaucoup
de ennemis, et tout le ministere ici sont fort
anime contre lui aussi bien que le parti
des Wiggs et en Irlande c’est le contraire
se sont les toris, ainsi il aura bieu de le
pience de se pouvoir conduire de telle
maniere qu’en la suite l’ou pouvant lui
faire des mechantes affaires si vous,
avez un (movaie piece) au Parlement il
est certain qu’ici ou say endonnera
la faute, J’ay cru qu’il estoit necessaire que
vous fussiez informe de cette circun-
stance afin que vous puissiez prendre
vos mesures ladessus, sois toujours as-
seuri de mon estime.

William R.

Je partirez en deux jours pour la
Hollande, Je vou s renvoie la lettre du
Pr: de Conti J’approuve forte la re-
ponse que vous luy avez fait Je n’ay
pas en le temps de vous le signifie plu-
toft.

---

(14 Oct. N. S. 1697.)

"La paix estant presentement faite
et ratifiee, il faudra songer quelle
(troupes) maintenir, J’approuve forte
le projet que vous m’aviez envoye pour
tenir en Irlande, 20 Batt d’Infan", 4
Regé de Dragons, et 18 comp: de
cavalerie, en reduisent la paye des
officiers Je m’y communique ce projet
qua W". Portland lequel J’envoye en
Angleterre presentement et avec qui il
faudra que vous correspondiez sur cette
matiere et que vous me fassiez savoir

---

* The secret end proposed by the king is here
disclosed, first to keep the parliament of Ireland
ignorant or English affairs, next to abolish the
Irish Parliament altogether, and this indeed, at
a very early date of his power.—En.
les ordres publiques qu’il sera nécessaire que Je donne pour l’exécution de cette affaire mon intention est de reforme la plus part des Reg’ d’Infant et de Dragones, qui sont en pied presentement en Irlande, et d’y envoyer de ceux qui sont en Flandre, J’ay aussi dessin d’y envoyer votre Reg’ de Cavalerie et les trois Reg’ d’Infant francais, en y incorpore quelques officiers qui ont servi en Piemont des quartre Reg’, qui sont sur Le Rhyn que Je va faire reforme, et tirer tous les soldeurs francais protestants pour les metre dans les trois Reg’ Pyd’. Jois toujours assurse de la continuation de mon amitie.

WILLIAM R.

Je crois que l’on pourroit reforme le Reg’ de Moslcy a trois compagn : pour le vostre il le faudra mestre a 6 pour evoiter toute jalousie en Angl’. G.

18 Oct. 1697, N.S.

Lettre du Roy.

A Gent ce 7 Octob. 1698.

J’ay receu icy, il y a quelque jours votre lettre du 10 Sept. ainsi vous pouvez juge que Je n’ay peu vous envoyé auqu’un ordre a l’egard de l’assemblee du Parlement en Irlande, Je ne puis aussi vous donner auqu’un direction de ce que vous avez a faire au cas que vous me proposerez, estant si eliogné Je ne puis vous envoyé des ordres a temps ainsi il faudra que vous les attendes des Lords Just. in Angletere, qui pouvant mieux juge estant plus pres de la conduite que vous aures a tenir, Je vous adrove bien que Je ne sait que trop qu’il y a bien des gens en Angletere qui souhaitent-fort que la session du Parlement en Irlande ne reussisse pas bien, Je crains aussi que la haine que l’on a cause contre le Chan. Mettaurk ne vous soit un grand obstacle, tout l’instruction que Je vous puis donner s’est de faire vostre possible que l’on pourvoie a la subsistance des troupeurs qui est le grand point, et en quoy Je m’assure aussi que vous ne negligence rien, Il est certain que vous ne peouez pas vous imaginer de la consequence qu’il y a pour le bien de mes affaires que vous ayez une bonne session presentement du Parlement d’Irlande, soie toujours assure de la continuation de mon amitie.

WILLIAM R.

This letter strongly evince that a crowned head two often wears a crown of thorns, and also exhibits a just regard to financial expenditure.

A Kensington, ce premier de Juin 1699.

Je ne vous ay point escrit de tout cett hyver estant trop chagrin de ce qui se passoit au Parlement et l’incertitude ou J’estois de seavoir ce que Je pouvois vous mauder l’on ne peut pasestre plus sensiblement touché que Je le suis de n’avoir peu faire plus de bien au povere Officier, Refuges, qui m’ont servi avec tant de zele et fidélité, Je crains que le bon Dieu punira l’ingratitute de cette nation, J’ay eu de la piene a faire passre l’establissement d’Irlande comme l’on vous l’envoyera, il y a des retranchement que J’ay este obligé de faire quoy que Je ne les approuve point, et sans doute il en faudra changer quelques une, Le Duc de Bolton me paroit fort satisfait de vous mais point du Chancelier J’ay de peché aujourd huy une nouvelle commission de Lord Esestries d’Irlande en joignent au Duc de Bolton et a vous Le Conte de Bercley, qui est un homme fort comode. Et qui vous accomodera bien, Je suis tres satisfait de votre conduite et J’espère que l’on vous laisa en repos presentement puisque au dernier Parlement l’on n’a rien dit de vous quoy que l’on l’avoit fort menacé, Je crains que la commission que la Maison Russe icy a donné pour l’inspection des forfeturs vous donnera bien de l’embarras et a moy pas moins l’hyver proclain, aseurement de tous costes l’on meta ma patience bien a l’epreuve, Je m’en vais un peu resprire au dela dela mer pour revenir le plusost que Je pouve, Je croi qu’il servit de mon service de changer la commission de la tresaurie en Irlande, ou Je crains que le revenu n’est pas trop bien menagé, pourquoi il est necessaire que vous me faisiez savoir vos sentiment au plusost Il faudra absolument reduire l’établissement l’anné qui vien que mon revenu ordinaire le puisse payer et ne pas songe d’avoir
sits un Parlement en Irlande, sur-
quoi des a present vous devez penser
et prendre vos mesures a l'evenent, soie
toujours assure de mon amitié.

WILLIAM R.

This letter is thus carefully indorsed.
Lettre du Roy
escrite le 1 Juin
recue le 9 Juin
repondue le 13 Juin
-1699.

A Loo ce 14° d’Aoust 1699.

Pour repondre a ce que vous me
demande a l'egard de passez les trois
grants que J’ay fait avent de partir
d’Angleterre de savoir a La Rue et Ast,
il est necessaire que vous les fassiez
passer le plusplust que vous pourrier,
estant donne avant l'acte du Parle d'Auq,
qui a constitue cette belle commision que
Je ne doute pas me donnera assez de
piene et mortifications l'hypey pro-laine,
puisse elle n'a en autre intention et
Je vois par les procedure des commis-
saires qu'ils exexuterent tres bien pour-
quoi ils ont est envoye.

L'affair de Dr. Bround est expedit.

W. R.

In this letter the king laments cer-
tain extraordinary proceedings, and ex-
hibits real goodness of heart at the
deprivation of his friend from a post
which he himself had given him.

A Hampton Courte, ce 11° de
May 1700.

Il y a bien longtemps que Je ne
vou ay point ecrit la raison est qu'es-
tant toujours incertain de l'issue de la
derniere session du Parlement Je n’ay
voulu vous repondre a auqune de vos
lettres, vous pouuez juge le chagrin que
m’a caus eu tte leur procedures exar-
dinaire et Je vous assure que ce n’a pas
este une des moindres de vous voir prive
de de ce que Je vous avo donne avec tant
de plaisir, J'esperre pourtant, que Je
ne ferans pas hors d'estat de reconoistre
les bon services que vous m'avez ren-
du, et J'en chercheress les occasions
avec emprcssement pourquoy vous pou-
vez faire fou, ce vous doit estre bien de
la satisfaction dans le pisse resenti-
ment que vous deve avoir de ce qui
vous regarde que personne n'a peu
trouver a redire a vostre conduite, au
contraire tout en on paru satisfait, et le
vote qui a la passe le dernier jour en
furie ne vous regarde qu'indit ce
Lement, et Je vous puis assure, que
vous n'en ave est auquinennement l’occa-
son, il y a en tant d'inтриgues dans
cette derniere session que sans avoir
est sur les lieux et bien instruit de
tout l'on n'y peut rien comprendre, Il
me sera imposible de continuer la com-
mission de Ld. Justices en Irlande
comme elle est presentement, ainsi J'ay
resolu d'y envoier Le Duc de Shrewsb-
bury comme Vice Roy, et que vou
commande l'armée sous lue ne croie pas
que cela vous sera une decredation, per-
sonne ne le comproendra vy comme cela,
et Je scai que tout le monde le souhait,
et le croient absolument necessaire pour
mon service, J'en suis entierement con-
vaucu, ainsi J'esper que vous ne
vonderes pas me refuse d'accepter ce
commandement n'y pas abonner mon
service Je vous assure que Je n'en ay
jamais en plus de besoin qu'a present,
des gens de vos capacite et fideleté
J'esperre que Je trouve des occasion a
vous donner des marques de mon estime et
amitié, et Je ne doute pas que
vos ami ne vous en informeront de
mesure, et Je suis bien aise de vous
dire que vous en avez beaucoup et
parmi toute parti.

WILLIAM R.

A Hamptoncourte ce 2° de Juillet 1700.

De toute les preuves que vous m'ave
 donné de vostre attachment a mon ser-
vice, Je conte, pas des moindres la re-
signation que vous me temoinique, a ce
que J'a souhaité de vous a l'egarde
l'estre employé en Irlande, Je vous
assure que vous n'auriez peu me faire
un plus grand service en cette conjunc-
ture et que Je reconnoisit comme un
obligation toute particuilerie, vous aure
sans doubte aprris que Le Duc de
Shrewsbury s'est excusé d'aller en
Irlande, Je ne faire auqu'un change-
ment au gouvernement qu'a mon retom
de la Hollande vers ou Je pars apres de-

* Shrewsbury, Viceroy of Ireland.
main, vous assurant de la continuation de mon amitié.

WILLIAM R.

A Loo ce 15e d'Aoust 1700.

Il y a quelque temps que j'ai reçu votre lettre du 13 de Juillet, par laquelle vous désirez de savoir sur qui j'ai jeté les yeux pour le gouvernement d'Irlande, et comme Je suis sur que ce que Je vous écrit sera secrète, je ne fais au qu'un difficulté a vous dire que j'ay

* Very secret indeed! when we are taking this from King William's own letter!!—En.

intention de le donner a M'. Rochester et le declare quand, Je serez de retour en Angleterre, mais il n'roit point en Irlande qu'au Printemps prochain, vous en comprendrez facilement les raisons, J'attenderes sur cecy vous pensées en ce que vous concerne, et vous pouvez tou jours conte sur mon amitié.

WILLIAM R.
Cons'. fol. 19.

We add some lines from the Harleian Miscellany, from the pen of a contemporary of Queen Mary ; —

MUSA RUM DELICÆ.

BY EDWARD, EARL OF SUFFOLK.

On the death of Mary II.

High was her forehead, and serenely fair,
Like Indian jessamine opening to the air:
Not the famed Grecian Queen, or Philomel,
Could her in rich embroidery excel.
E'en vestals might have learn'd of her to live,
Such rules did Mary to her maidsens give.
A cheerful sweetness ever did appear
In her mild looks, as sacred fountains clear.
Whene'er she spoke, whene'er Maria sung,
All was divine that issued from her tongue;
From her blest lips a word ne'er slippt away,
But what chaste nuns might at the altar say.

The author of these lines was the butt of all the literati of his age. There were no regular reviews in those times; therefore, when Waller published a lamento in verse on the epics and tragedies of Edward Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, that was sufficient to give him a niche in the Temple of dulness to all futurity. These are the only lines we have ever seen from his pen, they are at least equal to many of Waller’s courtly strains of panegyrick or compliment to royal personages.

We thus conclude the Memoirs of King William and Queen Mary, and her Majesty Queen Anne. The several parts of which will be found in the Numbers of this year’s Magazine; together with the three illustrative Portraits.

TO THE BINDER.

The memoir having been longer than we anticipated, the binder will continue after this with Count Nicastro, page 65.
COUNT OF NICASTRO.

A Calabrian Legend.—The story is mentioned in the Hon. Keppel Craven's Tour in Southern Italy.

BY MRS. W. BUSK.

Oh! who in Calabria's mountainous land,
In bliss with Marsano should vie?
Unbounded his riches as heart could demand,
While Nicastro's domains yield a numerous band
Of bold vassals, who kings might defy.

When he wedded a maiden of parentage base,
The nobles, 'tis true, frowned disdain;
But who ever looked on his Isabel's face,
Who noted her eloquence, wisdom, and grace,
Nor envied his scutcheon's fair stain?

Count Marsano long strove by seduction and art,
The lowly-born maiden to win;
In vain! Though she blushing surrendered her heart,
She swore from the land of her birth to depart
Ere she stooped to dishonour and sin.

Enamoured he wedded—sweet pledges of love
Are sporting their parents around;
His choice, whilst her numberless virtues approve,
To his bosom yet dearer as years onward move,
Marsano his countess has found.

If a shadow there were might his happiness dim,
'Twas, that tender was Isabel's frame,
And lonely and studious her temper—from him
She would fly, over volumes dark, mouldy, and grim,
To pore by a lamp's fitful flame.

Then weary and faint to a copse would retire,
In solitude courting repose;
If perchance Count Marsano there sought her in ire,
She smiled her excuse; could his wrath but expire,
As he gazed on her cheek's fitful rose?

A banquet the Count of Nicastro had held,
And that banquet his countess had graced;
When the nobles who flouted his choice were compelled
To confess that in beauty, wit, sense, she excelled,
And their highly-born ladies effaced.

Triumphant she left them.—The hours swiftly flew,
Winged by revelry, music, and wine;
Till, wearied with pleasure, the guests all withdrew,
Then the count took his pilgrimage constant and true,
And Isabel's bow'r was his shrine.
But her maidens all weeping his footsteps arrest,  
And again his forbearance implore;—  
The lady by sudden dire sickness oppressed,  
By convulsions and swoonings alternate distressed,  
Her health would by quiet restore.

Offended he turned from the chamber away,  
And smiled, and his lip curled in scorn;  
But following signs gentler feelings betray;  
And emotions so bitterly mixed to allay,  
He walked forth in the fresh-breathing morn.

The sun's risen glory burst full on his sight,  
Dispersing dawn's soberer hue;  
The birds' merry carollings welcomed the light,  
Through dew-drops the tints of the flowers glistened bright;  
Earth's gladness can anger subdue!

Marsano unconsciously o'er his domain  
Had roamed to a forest's green side,  
When startled from musings right sweet in their pain,  
By the noisy approach of a numerous train,  
He huntsmen and peasants descried.

Their numbers, their uproar, he marks with surprise,  
Though the clamour is hushed at his sight;  
And pausing, "How now, jolly hunters!" he cries,  
"Is this of the chase, or of battle the guise?  
Against whom do such forces unite?"

The chief of the huntsmen, a forester bold,  
Then left the disorderly throng,  
And advancing replied; "When the story is told,  
Of the perils and sufferings of shepherd and fold,  
Our numbers will scarcely seem wrong.

"For wolves so enormous, so rav'rous, so gaunt,  
As Calabria erst ne'er beheld,  
Have of late made Nicastro's fair lordship their haunt,  
And herdsmen and dogs by their fierceness so daunt,  
That our folds they despoil unrepell'd.

"The pride of their flocks daily losing, our aid  
The terrified shepherds besought  
Against monsters, whose terrible might was display'd  
By their ravages: instant our band we array'd,  
And needful such union we thought.

"The shepherds, impell'd by revenge and by shame,  
Were eager to follow the chase—  
"'Twere well," said Marsano, "discover'd I game,  
Be trophies of conquest—could fear mar your aim?  
Or miss'd ye the plunderers' trace?"

"One wolf, good my Lord, 'twas my fortune to meet  
As apart from my fellows I stray'd;  
You have known me successful in many a feat  
Against wolves and wild boars, nor from danger retreat,  
Nor call upon comrade for aid.
"But suddenly when by this savage assail'd,
    So gigantic, so fierce, he appear'd,
That I hunters and shepherds vocif'rousaly hail'd;
And though manful I struggled, my heart inly quail'd,
    By voices of comrades unheard.

"My strength could of vict'ry no promise afford,
    Sore wounded and bleeding I fell;
But I combated still, Heaven's succour implored,
And back-handed struck off the wolf's paw with my sword;
    He fled with a horrible yell.

"Exhausted and bleeding, and faint, 'tis in vain
    For me to attempt his pursuit;
And ere my horn's summons assistance can gain,
Ev'n the blood-track is lost—save the paw, I obtain
    Of my vict'ry, nor trophy, nor fruit!

"He opens his pouch at Marsano's command,
    And shakes its contents on the ground—
Bewilder'd, confounded, and speechless all stand;—
No wolf's shaggy paw, but a lady's white hand,
    The forester's trophy is found!

"All wonder'd—but oh! 'twas not wonder alone
    That glared in their Lord's frenzied gaze;
On that delicate hand's taper finger there shone
A glittering ring, and like magic the stone
    His eyeballs had sear'd with its rays.

"He cannot mistake, though to know he despair;
    For the race of Nicastro esteems,
Of its treasures the chiefest, that diamond rare,
'Tis the symbol of wedlock their countesses wear,
    And on Isabel's hand ever gleams.

"Impossible!" bursts from his lips in a shriek,
    And he hurries with terror's wild speed
To the bower of Isabel suffering and weak;
Now vainly her maidens his pity bespeak—
    His entrance they may not impede.

"That ring, pledge and bond of connubial love—
    Speak, Isabel, where is that gem?"
"On my finger you placed it, your truth to approve—
Your gifts from my finger I never remove;"
    Loud sobbings her utterance hem.

"Produce it, dear Isabel—give me your hand;"
    And hope against terror contends,
Then, trembling, her right, at her husband's command,
She offers;—"The other!" Oh how understand
    Her frame, while such agony rends!
Her shrieks, her wild outcries, the dead might awake,
Her eyes blaze unnatural fire;
Each feature's distorted—the couch, the room shake
With her fearful convulsions.—For mercy's dear sake,
The maids urge their lord to retire.

He hears not. Absorbed in one horrible thought,
With gaze that can nothing discern,
He stands, as from those fierce convulsions he sought,
From those shrieks with the soul's dreadful agony fraught,
The truth 'twere distraction to learn.

Hours pass, and no longer Marsano endures
The doubts that his manhood subdue;
But sudden, as desperate frenzy allures,
He bares her left arm, that a mantle obscures—
Mangled, handless, that arm meets his view!

But Isabel's shrieks and convulsions subside,
Now conscious her secret's exposed;
And, her maidens dismissed, she exclaims, "Had I died
Ere thus I had wounded your fondness, your pride!
Then lamented my life I had closed.

"Now, hated by him most adored, I expire!
And what's the offence thus atoned?
That my bosom admitted a gen'rous desire;
That pride added fuel to love's kindling fire,
My aspirings while Fortune disOWNed.

"In a cottager scorned, whom thy love must destroy,
Not madness could hope thy wife's name;
By witchcraft 'twas mine.—And could danger annoy?
Thy consort I've lived and I perish.—'Tis joy,
Though bought by guilt, torture, and shame!"

She ceased; she expected perchance a reply—
A word, if of pity alone;
But since that dire object had blasted his eye,
The Count stood unhearing, unhearing, well nigh
Unconscious and senseless as stone.

From her arm then the bandage despairing she tore,
And the chamber was silent as death;
Till Marsano, aroused by a river of gore,
Sprang alarmed to her side—but her sorrows were o'er;
Her cold lips unawakened by breath!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

"'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year."—Thomson.

"The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends."—Dryden.

Not long ago a distant relation called upon me, and after discussion of various topics, our conversation fell on the season of the year; "By the way," inquired my visitor, "how, and where do you spend your Christmas day?"

"As usual," replied I, "at home, which I have always considered the happiest and most comfortable place."

"My dear fellow," rejoined he, "you are sadly antiquated! No one but a London mechanic ever thinks of passing his holydays in London now-a-days! You must positively leave this smoky town, and come and pass the recess with us. I have made up a most charming party, and provided amusements for every one. Mrs. Smith has all sorts of projects afoot, and intends to make this the merriest Christmas we have ever spent."

"My dear friend," I replied, "I have already engaged my usual party to dinner and cards, and my protégées to indulge my young friends with a little music in the evening; I have already arranged for my annual supper party to my servants and tradespeople, and all this would be knocked on the head were I to accede to your proposition."

"My dear Seymour, all this can be easily managed; defer these parties to some future day, alleging that a change of air is necessary to your health, and no one calling himself your friend can have the barbarity to demur against this intention. So, I pray you, gratify Mrs. Smith and myself, by making one of our happy party at the Wold."

For many years past the Smiths had not paid me much attention. A slight difference had occurred between us about the division of a small property which had been left amongst us. Our law suit was now terminated, and as this advance seemed like an approximation to the friendly intercourse of former years, I did not wish to appear uncourteous on the occasion.

After a moment's reflection, therefore, how to arrange my own little matters," I cordially accepted the invitation, picturing to myself all the time, that I should at last have an opportunity of partaking in the joy and hilarity of a merry Christmas in the country.

It was in consequence settled, that on the 23rd of the month I should find myself at North Wold, conveyed thither by the "Celerity, light coach," and my friend took his departure, apparently much pleased with my compliance.

I was pretty well advanced in years; my income was independent and ample; I had no nearer relatives than the Smiths, who were very numerous in family, counting from the ages of four to twenty-two years, and I make no doubt that all animosity between us being now at an end, by the merciful decision of the Court of Chancery, the bright thought had struck Mrs. Smith, that I should be an eligible person to invite to the Wold.

A journey at all times was rather an undertaking for me, but at this season of the year it amounted to an ordeal; as I have already stated: however, I determined to go through my task with a good grace, and to make everything appear as easy and pleasant to myself as I possibly could, following the sage maxim of taking things as they came. Accordingly I set forth to make the best excuse I could to my old annual dinner party, promised my young friends a dance instead of their music party on my return to town on the 12th, treated my tradespeople and servants to the Christmas pantomime, sent orders to my butcher, baker, and coal-merchant, to distribute my accustomed donation to a dozen poor old room-keepers, and then proceeded to book my place in the "Celerity," at the Gloucester Coffee-house, for the 23d of the month.

The weather was uncommonly mild
and open for the month of December; and as all the sporting reports teemed with the wonderful runs of the various packs of fox-hounds throughout the kingdom, a fancy came across me, to go out for once and see the sport, which I thought I could do with safety, on one of the younger Smith's ponies. The 23rd at length arrived; I arose by candle-light. While dressing, I occasionally heard the dreary sound of "Sweep;" no other beings seemed in existence. My old housekeeper was in despair at my attempting such a journey at Christmas time, declared I should be laid up with my rheumatics away from home, and no creature to nurse me. She then insisted on my putting on a new under suit of flannel, which, unknown to me, she had provided for the occasion, obliged me to put on two waistcoats, a Welsh wig under my hat, an immense red comforter round my throat, worsted stockings over my gaiters and shoes, and, finally, a Mackintosh over my York beaver greatcoat. Thus equipped, she began to think I might venture inside the coach if I were careful in keeping the glasses up. I started from my house in a hackney-coach, feeling the air to be rather keen, which I however attributed to the early hour of my leaving home, but when I arrived at the coach-office I began to be undeceived; the cads were thumping their hands and stamping their feet on the ground; and it was not long before I heard divers of the crew exclaiming, "I say, Jim, it is going to set in for a hard frost!" an involuntary shudder seized me, but I was in for it, and there was now no repenting. Accordingly I squeezed my corporation into the coach, where there were already four passengers, yet this company was not deemed to be sufficient to fill the coach; so that a most plentiful cargo of substantial Christmas fare, consisting of turkeys, sausages and geese, oysters, cod and other fish, boar's-head and brawn, had all been carefully stowed in, to fill up any little cranny which might otherwise have been unoccupied.

For the first ten miles not a word was uttered by my companions, their whole attention was directed towards keeping themselves as snug as they could. I am naturally of a loquacious disposition, but on this occasion the anxiety produced by my journey, the intenseness of the cold, which every moment seemed to increase, and not being able as yet to discern the features of my fellow-travellers, I kept silence, for I like to see those with whom I converse. As daylight increased, so did the offensive smell of the dead stock. At length it became so intolerable that we all in a breath, as if by signal, exclaimed, "What a stench!" This energetic ejaculation served as an introduction on all sides.

We now began to converse freely; every hard winter, from that of the year 1740 down to the present time, was talked of, and the coming one decided to set in yet more severely. The roads were intolerably rough; we breakfasted, dined, and had sundry glasses of hot brandy-and-water before we reached North Wold, which was not until ten o'clock at night, the usual hour for the arrival of the "Celerity" being six; but we had met with various little delays as the coachman termed them, from the breaking of a spring, the badness of the roads, two of the horses slipping, and the innumerable inquiries if the "Celerity" had brought any parcels from town.

At ten o'clock at night then, we arrived, and we might truly say in the words of Apollo, in "Midas," "No bones broke but sorely mumbled."

Mr. Smith had sent the pony chaise for me, with an apology it is true, that Mrs. Smith had kept the family coach to take some young ladies home that evening. I shall never forget the sensation which the change of atmosphere produced throughout my whole frame. My knees struck forcibly against each other, my teeth chattered; and the road, a cross one in every respect, was rendered almost impassable by the sudden frost, so that one whole hour was consumed in performing the distance of only two miles; however, I was thankful that I reached the Wold at all, and well could I exclaim with the poet:

"See what delights in sylvan scenes appear,
Descending gods have found Elysium here!"

My reception was cordial; Mrs. Smith made many excuses for being obliged to send only the pony-chaise for me, &c. &c.; but, added she, now that we have at length got you to the Wold,
you will find yourself very comfortable. Your room, Mr. Seymour, is perfectly aired; three of Mr. Smith's nephews left it this morning to make room for you, and as soon as the gentlemen leave the dining-room, supper will be prepared; but, by the way, perhaps you would like to take a glass of wine with them now? This I however declined, assuring her that I should prefer a cup of tea with the ladies.

About twelve o'clock the gentlemen made their appearance; the party was composed of Mr. Danvers, the most desperate sportsman in England; he rented the best moor in Scotland; had carte blanche to shoot all over Norfolk and Suffolk; visited the lakes of Kilmarney for woodcock shooting; the Dart, the Wye, and the Tay, for trout fishing; in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire his sovereignty was acknowledged; and no stud could compete with the one he kept at Melton. The hunting in Gloucestershire was much beneath his notice, and he would not now have been one of the Wold party had not Jack Smith inveigled him with an account of the best horse in England, which might possibly be sold to the lucky man who could "Post the coals," namely, 800 guineas. Two minor sporting gentlemen, Mr. Fairfield and Mr. Hills, disciples of the Danvers school, had accompanied him. There was also a Mr. Heaviside, a literary character, the wit of the party, invited especially to make things go off pleasantly, and to arrange the private theatricals; two Miss O'Bryans, daughters of an Irish baronet lately come to reside near the Wold, very handsome, high-spirited, dashing girls, and up to everything; a pretty little cousin of the Smiths, Mary Hartland, who had just come home for her vacation from an establishment for young ladies at Cheltenham, where she had cultivated her mind, and mortified her feelings for twelve years, being now in her twentieth year; but being a ward of Mr. Smith's, Mrs. Smith very wisely thought that the best place to keep her out of harm's way, and of competition with Euphemia and Dulcibella Smith, was at Mrs. Crampton's, where she might finish her studies and her minorship together.

I was in due course introduced to all these parties, who, with the exception of Mary Hartland, scarcely deemed it necessary to honour me with the slightest inclination of the spinal vertebrae. Mr. Danvers's first care was to desire the footman to bring in the wet towel and the thermometer, and to inquire of Tom Thrustle how the horses were. The thermometer was accordingly brought, it stood at eight degrees below freezing, the rubber was stiff as a board, and Tom Thrustle's message was, "That the horses must be 'put in physic,' for the frost had set in to last a long time."

At this intelligence Danvers and his friends seemed quite crest-fallen, when a pale young man by the fireside announced, that he had foretold a severe winter a month back, for he had seen a woodcock in his own woods. This remark provoked Danvers, who pettishly declared he hated all predictions and croakers about the weather, and that the frost would not last long, for he had brought his best hunter with him.

"Oh, but" retorted a young Smith, just fresh from Westminster school, "Moore's almanac has foretold it too!"

"D—n Moore's almanac!" ejaculated Hills, "Danvers don't believe it, and he knows more about the weather than anybody."

A round game was now proposed, in which all joined except the sportsmen, who quietly intrenched themselves in the various arm-chairs and sofas about the room, and by the occasional double-bass and serpent tones which we had the benefit of enjoying, we were soon made acquainted with the manner in which they intended to wile away the evening.

We played at different noisy games till I could not discern one card from another, when, luckily for me, supper was announced. I was now not a little amused with the alacrity with which the three sportsmen roused up, to partake of broiled bones, deviled biscuits, and smoking punch.

The young ladies, who had not enjoyed much of their society or conversation during the evening, made a desperate attack, en masse, on Mr. Fairfield for a song. He defended himself for a long time, exhausting all the usual excuses on such occasions, of cold, hoarseness, want of practice, &c. &c.
Mr. Fairfield, in consequence, withdrew a little from the table, threw himself into an easy posture, fixed his eyes on the corner of the room, and having cleared his throat, with two or three hems, began as follows, in a most stentorian voice:—

THE FOX-CHASE PRE-EMINENT.

Of the joys and the sports of this world full of fun,
But one should be noted, but one should be sung,
'Tis worth ev'ry other, whate'er it may be,
And in England best flourishes, all must agree,
Then give me three cheers while I, merry, careen,
My theme's worth the praise of a patriot Queen.

I need not declare what my subject is now,
If you've follow'd the sport, you may guess it I trow,
'Tis second to none, to a Briton as pat
As quaffing his goblet, or wearing his hat.
A bumper, no daylight, charge well all your glasses,
The fox-chase all others in science surpasses.

I was once at the Pole, and hunted a bear,
(1'd as soon been at home and follow'd the hare!)
In Afric I've watch'd by a jungle all night,
To catch at the sun-rise a tiger first sight;
But those can't compare with the joys of the chase,
When a fox leads the field at a rattling pace.

I have hung in the Alps for my life, by a twig,
While the chamois slid past me, as gay as a grig;
In India the elephant's foot I have trac'd,
And in Scotland deer-stalking some miles I have pac'd:
All sink into nought when a fox is in view,
With a pack on his scent and a well chosen few.

Some will tell you a jackal, an ape, or baboon,
Are most excellent sport, can you brave the monsoon;
A squirrel, a rat, an American hunts,
The bison, the horse, or the wild boar that grunts;
But still I maintain, that a fox-chase alone
Is the sport to give vigour, spirit, and tone.

See the booby who watches a fly on a line,
As he waits for the prey on which he's to dine;
Was the Doctor so wrong, when on passing the pool,
He liken'd the sight to a rod, fly, and fool?
The sportsman who follows this old English sport
Need never expect this uncourteous retort.

I tremble to think of the dangers of some
Who go out with a friend, when he carries a gun,
If the sport's not propitious, and brings on discussion,
A false step may decide, with the aid of percussion!
No chances like these to the hunters accrue,
They may break their own necks but they can't injure you.
Do you venture an arrow to shoot from your bow,
Will your aim not mislead you, too high or too low?
Or you o’ershoot the mark, while a wag from the throng
Hints ’tis always your custom to shoot very long:
The fox-chase invites not this foul aspersions,
Here all are allow’d to make free in assertion.

Mark the ruddy hue glowing on that youngster’s cheek,
His bright eyes the calm of his passions bespeak,
He can rise from his couch with a heart full of mirth,
While the sluggard receives no repose from his berth.
It can friendship cement, and old hatreds dissolve,
Then to give it support let us firmly resolve.

I defy all the world this sport who traduce,
A pastime more healthful or gay to produce,
When good fellowship follows the toils of the day,
Who shall dare to condemn, or a slighting word say?
Give me three hearty cheers, while I lustily sing,
Success to the fox-chase, of sports ’tis the king.

At the conclusion of this spirited effusion, acted as well as sung with energy, the applause* was immense, and the shyness of the performer having quite subsided, he volunteered to sing another of his compositions. As I now saw no chance of the party breaking up till a late hour, I quietly slipped away to rest my weary limbs, leaving the sportsmen at the commencement of their third bowl of punch, which they appeared thoroughly determined to finish ere they parted for the night.

My bed-room was immediately under the roof—one of that description generally termed the bachelor’s. The house had been built in the reign of Elizabeth, and had undergone very little repair in the intervening time.

The comfortable appearance of the living rooms which hitherto I had only seen, led me to expect that the same attention had been extended to the sleeping apartments. What was my dismay when, after many windings of a narrow steep staircase, I found myself landed in a room in the eastern turret of uncommonly small dimensions—the casement windows I verily believe were the original. The wind began to howl, and they began to rattle; and, for the first time in my life, I had the novel sight of a pretty considerable fall of snow in my bed-room.

* As might be expected. We should not wonder if this song were to supplant Jim Crow, in all refined sporting companies.—Ed.

As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter’s bleak uncomfortable reign
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep.
And first the mountain tops are covered o’er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
But with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright white haze hides all the works of men.
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fœsces as they fall.

Shutters there were none; ‘tis true there were some dark blue Cafoy curtains, but whether they had been transferred from shorter windows, or had, by the ravages of time, curtailed themselves, I know not, but they did not reach the floor by three quarters of a yard. The door had shrunk considerably, and the list, which had been nailed on to remedy the evil, was partially torn away. The sand had run out of the bag placed at the bottom. The fire-place was high and very narrow, and much addicted to smoking, as the mantle-shelf testified—but at the present moment this fact could only be conjectured, as the few embers it contained had long ceased to produce any. I cast a fearful glance at my bed—the sight was not more consolatory; it was a tall narrow four-poster, with short scanty dark-green stuff curtains—the mattress resembled a pancake—the blankets were threadbare, and partially dropped from beneath an oldyellow satin embroidered counterpane, a wreck of former days of grandeur. Every
other article of furniture in the room was in strict keeping, comfortless, scanty, and worn-eaten. I was, however, determined to keep up my spirits and preserve my temper, which, under all the circumstances, was no easy task. I now felt the full value of my kind Martha's foresight. Being well aware that the house was too full to allow of spare blankets, it was useless to ask for any. I again put on my Welsh wig, over which I tied my comforter, drew my worsted stockings over my legs, heaped my great-coat and Mackintosh, &c., even to a piece of bedside carpet, on my bed, trusting that, under this weight of clothes, and of the fatigue which I felt, I might enjoy a few hours' repose. The hope proved fallacious. A large mastiff, which was chained in a court-yard beneath my windows, pinched severely by the cold, howled throughout the night as if in concert with the wind; and if occasionally a momentary pause occurred, the screechings of the owls which inhabited the turret above my roof, banished the little sleep with which I might have been visited.

Whom Thomson thus describes—

'As insidious in this bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song.'

At day-break the jackdaws commenced their discordant notes, so that, I confess, I never anticipated with greater satisfaction the approach of my usual hour for rising. At length the housemaid appeared with coals, sticks, &c.,—it was half-past eight o'clock; the family breakfast hour, she informed me, was ten, but, in consequence of the coldness of the morning, she did not expect they would be down before eleven. I thought I would rise as soon as my fire burned up, and read for an hour or so before breakfast, for I soon perceived that a walk round the grounds would be impracticable, as the snow had fallen, during the night, mountains high. The maid having performed her duty, left my chamber. The smoke began to descend in clouds. I peeped from my curtains, when lo! I beheld the shovel placed upright before the grate, the poker laid across the fire, and the maid's apron pinned before the long narrow fire-place at the top! I instantly sprang from my bed, not to read, but to dress myself as quickly as I could, and make my escape from the risk of suffocation, fully determined to render back my apartment to my friend Smith's three nephews; and if no better lodging could be afforded me, to return to London by the first conveyance, light or heavy coach, van or broad-wheeled waggon, that offered itself.

My appearance in the lower regions was very unexpected; there I met with little more comfort. It is true I had escaped from suffocation, but not a fire was as yet lighted, and the maids were busily engaged in cleaning and scouring the house to have it neat and clean 'ere the long revels of the Christmas time. Thus thwarted, I knew not where to take refuge. At length I was relieved from my dilemma by the arrival of Mary Hartland—she took compassion on me, and led me to a small sitting room appropriated to the exclusive use of her cousins, named the young ladies' study. There she kindly invited me to partake of her breakfast, adding that I had no chance of any elsewhere for at least two hours. This tête-à-tête afforded me an opportunity of judging more particularly of the amiable character of this apparently sweet-tempered girl. She entered most feelingly into all my little miseries, and positively insisted that I should remove to her own room, which, although much smaller than the one I occupied in the eastern tower, called by the family the clock-room, where, indeed, I forgot to mention, there was a large clock, which had chimed the quarters with precision, and struck the hours with the greatest regularity, as if he were prince of the apartment, the coldness of the atmosphere, to my cost, not having had the slightest power to accelerate his movements or put an end to his going. This new chamber was, she earnestly assured me, free from some of the torments which I had endured, and she would sleep with Mrs. Partington the old housekeeper, being in the habit of sharing her couch on similar occasions; for she never knew any guest, save Mr. Smith's three nephews, repose in the clock-room more than one night. I combated this plan for a long while, but at length finding that I should occasion her pain by refusing, I yielded.

We chatted together for some time, which afforded me an opportunity of
judging of her good sense and the solidity of her acquirements.

I then looked over the Miss Smiths' library; it consisted of a few fashionable poems and novels—Shakespeare well thumbed, in the tragedies of Romeo and Juliet, and the Othello and Ophelia's scenes in Hamlet; a few modern plays and farces; the Court Magazine, or La Belle Assemblée, and a few copies of the Lady's Magazine and Museum. But though her library was scanty, she had adorned the walls of her chamber with the portraits of the celebrated women which had from time to time been published in the latter work. These were arranged in neat maple-wood frames, some three or four in each to suit the several parts of the neat chamber, and the great brilliancy of the colouring, the variety of the costume, and the excessive beauty of the ladies, formed altogether as "sweet" a collection as a half frozen beau would care to gaze upon. If I remember rightly, she informed me that there were upwards of fifty, and that she expected more. In the centre, in a superbly gilt frame, was the full-length coloured portrait of Elizabeth, and other queens of England were here and there more prominently displayed than their companions, who were ranged according to the various eras in which they flourished, and held almost sovereign sway over the hearts they fettered.

The walls were also decorated with other drawings in very splendid frames, chiefly copied from prints, of the watering places in the fashionable continental tours. In the room was a guitar suspended by a red riband, a pianoforte very much out of tune, and a harp with almost every string broken. I loitered about the room for sometime, when, conceiving that the apartments must be ready, and that I trespassed on Mary's time and good-nature, I proceeded to the breakfast room.

The pale-faced young man, whom I now learnt to be Sir William Temple, was seated close to the fire, deeply immersed in a volume of Virgil, and seemingly perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him, of being snowed up at the Wold. The young Smiths began to drop in, and soon voted that breakfast should be called for. The fare was plentiful and substantial, the fire was large, the room comfortable and warm.

I began to think that with a better sleeping room, I should pass my time comfortably enough, and determined not to annoy Mrs. Smith with my past grievances, concluding that she had given me the best apartment she had at that time to spare. By two o'clock the meal was finished, the three sporting companions having arrived after the rest of the company.

Danvers was out of spirits, and so consequently were Fairfield and Hills. What was to be done? If the frost had set in so severely in Gloucestershire, it would be nearly, if not quite as bad, in Leicestershire; it was no use then, to leave the Wold, besides which, the hunters could not travel. It was too cold, and the snow too deep to admit of shooting.

"All done, and nature's various charms decay;  
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!  
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,  
Their faded honours scatter'd on their bier."— Pope.

Strange to say that there was not a pair of skates in the house, and they could not possibly obtain any before next day by the postman. As to reading, that was never hinted at, and therefore quite out of the question. "Well," cried Miss Euphemia, after a doleful pause, "to-morrow you will have your skates, and then you can whirl the ladies on the ice, but pray do let us devise some amusement for to-day: I vote for getting up a play, I'm for the Stranger!"

"O gracious," exclaimed Miss O'Bryan, "what a dull play! let's have something merry: what say you to the Clandestine Marriage, and High Life Below Stairs, for the farce?"—"I'll not act in anything, but Romeo and Juliet," interrupted Miss Duleibella, "and I know Mr. Danvers will make such a beautiful Romeo!"

Miss Florence O'Bryan decided in favour of Hamlet, as she knew the part of Ophelia well, and Sir William Temple was formed for Hamlet; here the conversation became very animated, each suggesting a different piece, and each of course reserving the part of the hero or heroine for himself; at length Mr. Heaviside, who had long sat fuming, exploded; and in no very measured or poetical language, pronounced, that he should take it as a very great incivility, to say the least of it, if the petite piece,
which he had prepared, were not performed. All were silenced, until they anxiously requested to be favoured with their respective parts. Mr. Heaviside produced the manuscript; and after having cast the characters as he had intended them to be represented, proceeded to read his play. The circle for some time were extremely attentive, but by degrees I could observe symptoms of discontent and anger, on every countenance.

The part of the heroine had been written expressly for Mary Hartland, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of all the ladies; and, worse than all, the premier rôle d’amoureux had been assigned to Mr. Danvers! What could Mr. Heaviside have been thinking about? it was a complete want of taste on his part, not to pair the different characters in his drama, as they had paired themselves in their own imaginations.

A very warm discussion now began, in which all spoke at once; all declared they could not perform the part assigned to them, and that Mr. Heaviside had not consulted, or written for, their different talents, and powers of acting.

Mary Hartland was not admitted to the coterie of a morning, so that her feelings were therefore spared the harsh and uncivil remarks which were made on her account by the ladies, who were much exasperated, by the manner in which the gentlemen undertook her defence. Mr. Heaviside, with every mark of offended authorship, crammed his play into his pocket, and rushed from the room, leaving the party under the conflicting passions of envy, wounded pride, and disappointment. Things having arrived at this pass, I thought it advisable to withdraw till dinner-time, when I hoped that the parties might be a little more composed. I made an excuse of having letters to write, and a wish to take a run round the garden, where I perceived a pathway had been made.

Mr. Heaviside was to have been stage-manager and director, and the more humble, but not less arduous task of prompter, had been assigned to me, when fortunately the schism in the corps dramatique relieved me from all my anxiety and confinement.

I now settled myself as comfortably as I could in my kind young friend's apartment. It did not in appearance promise more luxury than the one I had vacated, but I saw that the small grate drew well. Here then I perceived I should be domesticated for an indefinite period. We met at the dinner table, where all the guests did ample justice to the meal. Miss Smith made great play at Mr. Danvers, who answered her, when unable to avoid it, in half-suppressed yawns. Miss O’Bryan tried to insinuate herself into Sir William Temple’s good graces, but his ears and eyes were evidently devoted to Mary Hartland, which being perceived by the young ladies, sundry angry glances were cast at her.

The evening was passed much in the same way as the preceding, with the addition of a romping quadrille, valse, and galloppe, and a new combination of waltzes called the Kaleidakousticon, which had just been published as a commemoration gift in honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which one of the beau’s had brought from London, and had intended as a present to Miss O’Brien. Accordingly, as an interlude to our dancing, we were all set busily at work to compose (!) waltzes by an ingenious and easy contrivance. And here was soon a battle of skill.—Smith called it a drama battle, as he took the several waltz cards out of the case, and harmoniously arranged them according to his fancy. The task of performer at the piano was assigned to Miss Maitland. The charming manner in which at first sight she fingered the keys, and gave life to the music before her, seemed to delight every one, but sensibly touched the heart of Sir William, and there arose new feuds. To break the spell by which Sir William was bound, it was cunningly proposed that each of the ladies should in turn compose (!) a waltz, and herself perform it on the instrument, which done, each of the gentlemen was to select lots by whose fair fingers the waltz he had composed should be played! for the act was accessible to all who could put twenty-one pieces together: as change would have it, the lots of Sir William and Miss Maitland were cast in the same mould, so that it became necessary for Mr. Smith by a

* We have had occasion to speak of this curious and pleasing amusement for those who secure agreeable and light practice, and have mind enough to make a good composition out of the inexhaustible store which the box contains.
new device to draw off the attention of the party from this incipient strife, by making the interest more general. To his counsels he called in the aid of Mrs. Smith, who proposed that the box, with its soul (strife) stirring contents should be the property of the individual, who should in three selections make a waltz which should be admitted to be the most strikingly agreeable, and that she herself would order another next morning by the coach, to supply its place. For a full hour the whole party was chopping, changing, sorting, humming, thumping, strumming, twisting, and trying valse.

—During this comparative cessation of hostilities I gained leave to escape. It was not then much more than half-past nine, but I said I wished to retire early, as I intended to walk to the parish church next morning, which was at a distance of two miles. Hearing this, Mrs. Smith announced that the family coach, and pony chaise, would be in readiness for the ladies, and that the gentlemen would walk. The following day, the carriages were accordingly in readiness, but not so the company, for at the proper time for our departure, of all the inmates of the Wold, Mary Hartland, Sir William Temple, the Westminster school-boy, and myself, were the only persons who proceeded to church. The day was uncommonly bright and exhilarating, and the recent fall of snow, still in all its pristine whiteness, gave an air of gladness and purity to every surrounding object, which accorded well with my feelings on this day of holy commemoration. I was charmed with the simple beauty of the sacred edifice; the sun shot his rays through the delicate tracery of the windows, and playing amongst the luxuriant branches of evergreens, with which it was decorated, imparted an air of hilarity, peculiarly suited to the sacred day. The service was performed throughout, with a degree of unaffected devotion, which sensibly aroused and touched the finest feelings of the heart: the clergyman was verging on the winter of his days; his manner was fervent and sincere, his voice musical and sonorous, and I shall never forget the impression which his simple and pathetic discourse, upon the text, “For unto us this day a child is born,” made upon me: it has been lasting, as it was strong. The congregation, chiefly labouring people, was very numerous; and it was gratifying to witness the attentive respect with which they listened to their instructor and friend.

“...At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn’d the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail’d with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain’d to pray.”

GOLDSMITH.

A circumstance trifling in itself, struck me forcibly; a robin, which had taken shelter in the church, from the severity of the atmosphere, occasionally joined his voice with ours, and although I confess in itself an incident of little importance, it led my mind back most forcibly to those descriptions of the heavenly choirs, singing “Hosannahs to the Highest,” on this day of rejoicing and thanksgiving!

On our return to the Wold, we found the party at breakfast. Various excuses were urged, as reasons, for not going to church: colds, headaches, over-sleeping themselves from the fatigues of the preceding night, the coldness of the morning, &c., &c., &c. No excuses were advanced for making a most voracious déjeuné a la fourchette, after which the whole party adjourned to the pond. Mr. Danvers now condescended to take an active part in the amusements. His figure was tall and well formed, and he displayed all the graces of the outside edge; his satellites followed in humble imitation, with equal satisfaction to themselves, but not with equal success, for in cutting the figure of eight, Hills unfortunately attempted to pass over a hole which had been broken in the ice to admit air for the fish, which had again slightly frozen over, when he instantly disappeared. A loud shriek escaped from the ladies. The men rushed to the spot, and in a few seconds succeeded in dragging him from his cold bath, with no other harm, besides a good ducking, than having his clothes literally covered with mud. This mishap cooled the ardour of the skaters, and put an end to the day’s amusement. We all returned to the house, dressed for dinner, and renewed our attack on the Christmas fare of my friend, for on every occasion of this kind I remarked that the guests seemed to feel a better appetite.

C. F. B.

[Our readers may anticipate the further recital of our friend’s adventures in the country in our next.]
LOVE SONNETS.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

I.

Oft have I seen him in the morning prime,
Look like a god whom faith might deify;
The living type of a divinity,
Bright as Hyperion, in the eastern clime.
The beauty and the promise of the time
Dwelt in him;—and as Hope's great effigy,
He stood, and mock'd at cloudy destiny,
Th' embodied form of Truth, and as sublime.

He did eclipse the pure, unshadow'd light,
And set a new-born glory in the day;
So Genius clad in Beauty's awful might,
Steals, thro' the eyes, the senses all away.
Vainly against him had my bosom strove,
For all the air was fill'd with him and Love!

II.

He looks; his eye surpasses eloquence
To tell the thoughts that in his bosom beat;
He speaks; his words, like flowing streams that meet,
Distil a music grateful to the sense.
To see him is past sorrow's recompense.
He breathes; the breath of heav'n is not more sweet:
He sighs; his sighs the airy winds repeat,
And waft, with amorous zeal, their riches hence.

And when he smiles,—ye sky and earth! it seems
Like op'ning day-dawn in its early pride;
When, full of glory, brimful of its beams,
The fount of light breaks out in one rich tide
So many graces all his ways possess,
Graces that love may see, nor words express.

III.

Oh would I were the angel of his dreams,
The soul of thought, the spirit of idea,
Heart of his heart, still to be ever near,
Life of the mind and native of its beams!
For peace and truth are everlasting themes
To sweeten time;—then be the thought still dear,
That wins a smile and wipes away a tear;
For all is only,—only what it seems.

And thus he should be happy:—when he died,
Then, in his bosom's deepest, secret cell,
Like a pure nun, more welcome than a bride,
There would I take my latest, last farewell.
In Hope's bright form would chase away his sighs,
And lead him blissful to immortal skies.
THE DISCOVERY.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

In presenting to our greatly enlarged circle of readers a further portion of this tale, it is necessary to state, that the prominent personage, Ellen Blake, is the maid girl, the friend of Fairy Fanny, who has excited the reader's sympathy in other pages of the past year's Magazine, and that the Dragoon is the Bold Dragoon, the hero of a tale, entitled, "Greenwich Fair;" and for the rest, we must refer the curious to some other numbers of the Lady's Magazine and Museum, where in such-like entertainments a record of their doings beguiled pleasantly perhaps, the reader's fancy.

On the same evening, when the red flush in the stars gave intimation of the burning of the Rose Tavern, some other scenes were passing in the vicinity of the haunted house.

It must be remembered that in our description of Counsellor Lewistone's residence and the one adjoining, they were depicted as two dwellings built together, but otherwise detached, surrounded by narrow passages of outlet, and flanked by a court that led to the back premises. This court was the nightly sojourn, and, indeed, the place of rest for the watchman, of whom report says nothing, but that he was sleepy and sullen as are the rest of that wise race of men, performing his somnambulous travels in dreamy seclusion, and gifted with powers of ventriloquism every way convenient to the purposes of his profession. It has been stated that he made himself one with the watchbox during the night; but sometimes, for pleasant recreation, at sound of the clock, would start out of his slumbers, yell forth a dissonant repetition, hastily retreat, and be seen no more till sun-rise the next morning. But we learned more of him than if he were living he could well guess.

As evening closed in, he went to his station as heretofore: but when darkness followed, and during his first dream, a figure approached through one of the near alleys, and halted awhile where he slept. It was wrapt up as if to shun observation. After careful survey of every avenue around, it advanced cautiously towards him. "The thing sleepe," said she, "as if there were neither sin nor sorrow in the world; as if he were paid for sleeping. Is all safe?" she asked, in an under but distinct tone, and she repeated the question, "Is all safe?"

The great-coat and hat moved in token of assent, and an almost inaudible "Yes, to be sure," escaped him; the girl smiled in mockery of his slumbers, and turned round the shade of the lantern. "Has there been any one this way?" said she; "quick and speak then." "No, not none, anyhow," he answered, half drowsily, half carelessly. "Is he, is he there?" she whispered, drawing nearer. "He is; go on," said the sleeper; and she cautiously gazed about before she ventured, blew out the light of the lantern, left him in darkness, and went on. The closed-in archway of the court now rendered it almost impossible for her to perceive her way.

Guided by chance, or, perhaps, intimate with its locality, she felt along the blank wall, groping with secret silence as she went, and at last she stopped, leaning with the palms of her hands against the bricks, and raising her feet downwards on the pavement, as if measuring some certain distance of the ground before she could venture further: the true calculation was shortly made, and she glanced once more about, and stooping down bent her ear to the earth, but nothing approached, and now was the moment. She inserted a short bar of iron edgeways against one of the stones, and using it as a lever, presently raised it up, and felt anxiously beneath it for something which she expected to find there. The search, however, was useless, and replacing it as easily as if it were an every-day action, she leaped up, trode it carefully back into its place, and thought awhile ere she proceeded.

"I might have spared myself the trouble," she murmured, "there is no money there, and they begin to fear me. They fear! he fears; but he shall tell me the secret for all that."

Thus, in wayward humour, she paused. "But I wonder whether he's there tonight," said she, and she turned to a
The Discovery.

COURT AND LADY'S

door in the brick wall, and lifting a rusty latch, it opened. This seemed to increase her astonishment and perplexity, but she entered quickly into the paved yard, and closed the door, and locked it with the key she found inside.

Here again the heavens met her view; and the full rays of the moon poured full upon the scene; and the walls and the pavement were moss-grown, and shone grey and ghastly beneath its beams—but the sight suited her fancy far too well. She went forward till she came to a kind of raised skylight, projecting from the further end of the yard, and originally intended to answer some purpose of convenience to the under premises of the household—but, of late years, it had been converted to other uses.

She drew it aside and looked below into the open space. At length, the faintest beams of a light burning beneath, and in the distance, was discernible, and she stepped downward with caution, standing on the top ledge of the ladder—fixed there. She closed the opening as she descended, and presently reached the ground; but now she rested to watch the movements of the person upon whom she had intruded.

The place where she alighted had the appearance of a large vault or cellar, while the space beyond was of yet more doubtful aspect. It would have puzzled the imagination to divine whether it were some subterranean cavern, cut out by nature in the solid earth, or excavated hollow where rough-hewn labour had worked at will and random; but the latter suggestion had been more rational, considering its shapeless proportion, which might indicate that it was produced by repeated efforts of misguided industry. The entrance was through a narrow hole, easily concealed and covered in by the bricks and rubbish scattered about; but on a nearer approach to this aperture other signs of human habitation were discoverable.

On one side there burned a charcoal fire, and suspended by a chain from the roof was a huge iron caldron, beneath which the clear yellow flames burned brightly. This vessel contained base metal in a state of fusion; and around, on the ground and elsewhere, were scattered the implements and little instruments of coining, which singular art was here practised in all its variety and cunning. The master of these singular machines was seated on a low stool near the caldron, as if brooding over his work, though the speech that escaped him apparently belied the supposition.

"We shall not be done—not be done," he twice asserted, "so let it end at once. No, no, not that,—no price will pay it—none;" but the noise of the mad girl, as she struggled through the aperture, now interrupted him, and he turned round, holding up the pincers that he had lately used, as though they were fitting and able weapons of personal defence.

"So—frightened again, are you?" said she, as she rose from her stooping position. "You pay prettily for your tricks every day and hour; but there—no harm is near—be still."

"I thought—guessed, you were not in the house," he replied, in some confusion; and added, slowly, "how, when, did you come?"

"You will be taken some time," she answered. "Come! through the court, the yard, the skylight,"—but her companion started like one in mortal fear of bondage, and glancing round him, fixed his looks in the direction of the entrance.

"Am I taken?" said he, slowly but decisively; and perceiving nothing, he went back to his occupation.

"There is the key of the door, safe," said she, and she threw it on a deal table raised about a foot and a half from the floor, and seated herself on the ground opposite her companion.

"I had bun now," said he, "yer huvn't talked for nothing, but yer'll give un up to the fellows, Nelly, some un o' these days, for fun mayhap?"

"No, indeed," said she; "I came to see if you had some money for your friends, for they are waiting."

"Yer're a rare errand girl," said he, and never lay finger on the kine, gould nor siller—it's all un wi' yer—but I knows another to match wi' yer, any how."

"An honest penny is a happy one," said she, so there's one of Hal's own sayings for you—it's just like him."

"Hal! that's Harry Burrell, that goes to the Rose!" said the man hastily, and forgetting his late reserve;—"he who
writes so well—you know you told me; but she did not reply, and seemed doubting whether she would do so. "I should guess shrewdly he had been crossed in love, or some great misfortune happened," said he,"—but she stooped her head in her lap, and answered nothing.

"I huvn't huv believed it," continued he, resuming his singular phraseology, "that a living creature cud live without bread and be honest; but he's the un for it, sure enough. Ner food, ner sleep, ner drink; but as kind as a child, and clever and honest too! but it's a rare un, and I'll see if harm shall happen to un."

"Crosed in love, indeed," cried the girl, as if not hearing this soliloquy, "and he the son of Sir Andrew Watchell—very likely too!"

"What do you say?" said he, "that he's the son of that man?"

"Yes, and his mother was murdered, and he's to have a fortune, and more beside," said she, frightly; "but that's when his old father shall take him home and acknowledge him."

"So, that's it, is it?" said the man, "then I'll not touch him, not I!"

"Touch him! How? What do you mean?" cried she.

"Nothing," was the reply, and they were both silent—he, wrapt in new and singular cogitation—she, beguiled by an old design on which she was intent.

In fact, Goblin Goffe, by this last turn of discourse, now knew enough of the boy, his connexions, birth, and circumstances, to guess both the object and cause of Mullin's design upon his life. He felt that there were powerful reasons at work against him. He was himself also in this man's power, so much so, that he dare not openly demur or revolt, refusing to undertake any or the least part of such schemes as he might have in contemplation. What was to be done? Should he seek for safety in flight, or betray him, and confess the truth? Another and better expedient occurred, and to this he resorted.

"Hav'n't I been to his garret and seen um wid all his wire wits about um, and starving too? I huv! I huv!" said he, "and what hud I see more! But wid or w/it a crust, ner kine cud tempt um. He's a heart o' honour; yus, yus, he beats Gregory Goffe every inch on um." At the close of these words he pondered deeply and long.

"You are doing no work to-night, Goblin," said the girl; but he did not answer.

At last, and suddenly, he arose from his meditative position, and grasped the iron caldron by the handle. The heat of the furnace below was so intense that it scorched the skin from his hand as he held it; but Goblin Goffe neither flinched nor drew it away, but calmly passed through the ordeal.

"I be not the man to leave go," said he, quietly, and, as if braving some third person whom his fancy had conjured up, "I huvn't said that I'll do't and won't do't. But let un see who is master now!" Thus saying, he let go his hold, and stood inanimate, as though the burning heat had made no impression either on mind or body.

"There, have done with your gibberish," said the mad girl, "for you had better speak plain at once. You talk of Hal Burrell, and you'll not touch him, not you; and what have you to do with him, pray?"

The menace of her manner was utterly unheeded, and Goblin Goffe was quiet and inexpressive as ever. Indeed, to have conversed with a statue might have appeared almost as rational as to address one evidently so insensible and indifferent of human feelings; but the mad girl took her tone from his behaviour.

"Some one has employed you against his life!—You know it!" said she, in suppressed but entreating accents. Goblin Goffe nodded emphatically, and with deep meaning.

"You were to do away with him secretely and unseen?" and he nodded again, while she smiled strangely in return.

"You were to murder him? Oh Heaven! oh Heaven!" cried she, and he nodded for the third time.

"Who?" she gasped out, after a lengthened interval, but the rest of her sentence was lost in her agony of emotion.

The man held himself up, and fixed his gaze firmly upon her; and then he began to motion slowly with his fingers, and twine and twist them into certain signs and forms, emblematic of the let-
ters of the alphabet, and of common use among the vulgar, when words are not deemed altogether convenient. She watched every motion of his hands, till these signs made up the name of Giles Mullin; but, at their close, she was sunk in agitation, and lost in such intensity of feeling as to be incapable of utterance.

"How was it to be done?" at length she whispered; and he replied by drawing the hand along the throat in the precise gesture of Mullin, while describing the deed as it was to be committed. She faintly waved him away, like one sick with grief and terror.

"I'd not be the man to do it," said he, "so don't yer be downcast. If I cud huv loved un in the world it had been lie. I huv been queer ever since as how we met. It must have been summot more nor chance, howsomever."

"Ah! Heaven is at work," said the girl, with pretended composure; "but don't suppose I care for him, not I!"

"Well." But Goblin Goffe searched well the caldron and the charcoal fire, and from thence, round this hollow in the earth, all the utensils and instruments of his trade; and, lastly, he scrutinized himself, as though expecting to have something new from this earnest observation. His doubts ended in certainty and decision.

"This is the night," said he, at last, and casting aside his assumed dialect, "and now you shall know the secret; so listen."

She gathered herself up in an attitude of attention, but ere she had well done so, she perceived some wavering and hesitation in her companion, seeming to imply that he was not so determined as his words might seem to express. It is doubtful whether cunning madness or true knowledge of his character led her to speak as follows:

"I am to keep the secret close like a secret of my own," said she, "or if I tell it, to tell it as my own. You are not to be mentioned or exposed, and it shall not be done. There, you have my word!" but now she laughed wildly, and added—"so, now let us hear who murdered poor Hal's mother."

"I shall not tell you that," said Goblin Goffe, "but enough without it."

"Oh bless you! you know it, and give me the proof," cried she.

"I have not haunted this house twenty years for nothing," said he, gloomily; "but hear what I have said to myself, I will tell you."

"Will it be something that we may hang him at last?" whispered she.

"Whenever you please," said he; "go up above stairs, take thirty stairs from the hall below, and ten steps forward to the door to the right—enter the room, turn to the left, keep close to the wall as you can stand, tap against the wainscot panels as you go, and one will sound hollow to the touch. Then slide it gently, open it, and the prize is your own."

So quiet was his tone, that it roused no expectation in the listener, and the sentence fell dead on the hearing, as something entirely worthless and vain. The mocking laughter of the mad girl ended it.

"Is this the secret, forsooth?" cried she.

"Is this all you know? But you shall tell much more before I have done with you;" and she eyed the place around, like one who knew and said that he was in her power; but he remained immovably serene.

"The prize is your own—the prize!" she murmured; and added in an under tone, "will it show—point out the murderer?"

"It will show that there has been blood shed," said he, evasively.

"You told me, Gregory Goffe, you promised," cried she, wildly, and with energy, "that, for all my services and risk, you would give up the man."

"And I will—to you," he answered, slowly, "then you may do anything—all in your power."

"Shall I know it to-night?" said she quickly.

"You may find it out if you please," he replied, quietly; "and, you know, it is not my fault if you discover him. The chance is your own."

Aye, come along," she whispered, in smothered triumph; and springing hastily to her feet, she would have led the way.

"I'll not be the un to do it," muttered he, resorting to his old style of speech. "If so be ye be fund out, let un be fund out. I huv nothing to do wid it—none o' un shall say I huv."

"I shall not go alone," she answered, miling wanly. "Perhaps it's hr
leading body that we shall find, and little things frighten me. Besides, it's Hal's mother, and awful to look on."

"Keep you your wits," said he, sternly, and forgetting all feigned language. "The poor woman's bones are withered, white and fleshless, in the churchyard by this time; and it's something else, but not that."

"Come along—come as you are," said she; and she took an iron vessel filled with oil, and lighting the cotton-wick that floated on its surface, crept through the opening in the wall as she spoke.

"Yes, Gregory Goffe, you're afraid to play the ghost now, since Master Lewis-teme bruised you so famously; but it's all quiet—then let's be stirring,"—and the man followed her with noiseless motion, gliding through the low archway and across the wine-cellar with echoless footsteps, which custom had rendered skilful to that degree that silence itself heard nothing of his whereabout.

"I hav'n't given un once to justice," he whispered, as he went after her, "ut's only keeping un's promise wid the 'oman, and if un thinks un's wronged un, and blabbed o'un's doings, he ut'n hvw set un to murder that generous cretur, und ut's a end in 't—a end on't, any how."

Thus, speaking this almost unintelligible dialect, which singularly enough, though an acquired faculty, had now become so habitual, that it was an instinctive method of speech, whenever he was engaged in concealed designs with others, he pursued his guide through the under and subterranean passages of the house, till they arrived in the lower hall of entrance, where they listened if all were still. "It is all safe," said he, "so creep on and be careful." These words were uttered in momentary forgetfulness, or perhaps, with watchful memory that some third person might be near, who accidentally might note down, or remark any peculiarity of expression used by one under such suspicious circumstances.

With equally stealthy but swifter progress, they mounted the first flight, when, just as they were about to enter the room that he had pointed out, the appearance of a light in the opposite apartment, indicated the presence of some one else but themselves, and warned them to retire. The mad girl suddenly drew aside, and transferred the iron lamp to the care of Goblin Goffe, who kept carefully in the back-ground. They halted breathlessly, but their eyes discribed.

At length, she advanced some steps forward, and peeping through the crack of the door, discovered a man seated with his face towards them, and apparently involved in pleasing meditation. A bottle of wine and eatables were on the table, and altogether, from the ease of his position, it might be fairly supposed that he had taken up his abode for no short period. That which she knew, she kept to herself, and beckoned Goblin Goffe to approach and behold.

He did so, with considerable caution; and having eyed this need intruder with keen but careless observation, he held another argument of looks with her as they proceeded. This ended by a seemingly silent inquiry on her part whether they should enter; but Gregory Goffe, with a quiet motion of the hand to demonstrate his own bodily weakness in comparison of the powerful and muscular proportions of the other man, gave a decided negative and rejection of her proposal.

On her attempting to urge him further, he suddenly retreated, and striding three stairs at a step, precipitated himself downward in hasty flight, with speed so noiseless, swift, and fearful, that his ghostly figure, and rapid vanishing, left an impression of something demon-like and super-human, which momentary idea even she could not overcome, till waiting awhile, she knew that he had been and had gone.

As he departed, some other thoughts engaged her. He would certainly quit their retreat below, even before she could follow him; by this accident he might suppose that she intended to betray him; he might also pursue his destructive designs against Harry Burrell. In truth, in her distracted and half insane state, she scarcely knew her own purposes, and did not trouble herself to question them; she wanted, besides, to make this great discovery—to have some one to aid her in the search; and moreover, some faint idea intervened that another witness might yet be necessary. It might be all or none of these, but only the wayward temper of her malady; still however, she determined to enter
the room, and yet delayed, for she was
wrapt in many and fast throging mem-
ories.

While this scene was passing, and
about the hour of supper, the family of
Counsellor Lewisteme was interrupted by
the request of a stranger to see him.

On his admission, the old gentleman
was somewhat surprised, and his daughter
and wife startled, by the dark plume of
a helmet, as it swept the lofty door-way;
but astonishment changed to something
else, when the majestic figure of the
Dragoon was presently revealed. The
ladies glanced significantly at each
other, as ladies will do when handsome
men appear; and the Counsellor invited
him to be seated, in pleasure of his bene-
volent exterior, and in compliment of
that dignified mien which not even
he could fail to admire.

"Ladies, your servant. Sir, my
name is Hugh Doyle," said the soldier,
and as he proceeded a smile lighted in
his aspect: "I come upon a singular
errand. Mr. Astel fancies we shall dis-
cover something in the house next door
—the haunted house as they call it.
May we request the use of the key for
one night at least?"

"I have been perplexed myself
before," said the Counsellor, "I mean
by the strange events that have
happened there. Rely on it, sir, you
will meet with nothing, and yet, had
better beware too."

"There is some trick practised—
nothing else, sir," said the Sergeant,
"I am not likely to be imposed on,—
and for ghosts—ha, ha!"

"We will find you the key however," said the Counsellor, "and we will go
so far with you and see you safe," but
Edmund Lewisteme now entered, and
shaking hands, protested that he would
be one other to watch for the coming of
the spirit, if only for amusement.

"Don't you know, sir," said Doyle,
laughing, "that spirits never come when
you seek them; it is as the imagination
conjures them, then only they are fa-
miliar,—but save us from their visits
say I!"

Then, Sergeant, you have one vulner-
able point at all events," said Lewisteme,
"a ghost may make a coward of you."

"I don't know," said the soldier,
"but if ever such shadows visit me, the
notion of my own madness would be
stronger than my belief of their exis-
tence. "It is all an utter delusion."

Edmund Lewisteme smiled at his past
folly, yet almost in chagrin that one
simple word of common sense should
thus overthrow the fabric of all his
singular fancies. Under some feeling
of shame, he undertook to show Hugh
Doyle the private entrance to this dwell-
ing of imaginary horrors, and when the
ladies had furnished him with means of
refreshment, he prepared to bid them
adieu for the night.

"Take care, sir," said one of them,
"that no harm happen to you."

"Trust me, madam," said he; "fear
nothing and fail nothing, and venture
the rest. This is pretty child's work,
however."

So saying, he took up his residence in
the haunted house, whither he was ac-
companied by Lewisteme; but whether
it were the profane jokes of the Ser-
geant, or that sleepy happiness overcame
him, or that he feared to scare away its
female visitant, this has not been ascer-
tained, but shortly he retired to rest,
the soldier promising to rouse the family
by urgent shouts and vociferation in case
of danger or bodily distress.

"When a man can't help himself, he
calls for help," said he, "and cowards
call loudest of all. I'll rouse you with
a 'larum fit to shatter the house-top, be
sure," and Lewisteme retired, while the
soldier broached his bottle, and was wrap-
ted in sweet thoughts of Fanny Lynne, just
as the mad girl with Goblin Goffe emer-
ged from their under recess in the cellar.

One passing glimpse of his strong-built
frame was enough to satisfy her compan-
ion, who, as we have seen, sped swiftly
away, leaving the ballad-singer to follow
or not as she might think fit, but his
own instinct taught him not to remain
to argue the question.

After some delay, therefore, the girl
held up her finger in applause of her
secret thoughts, and then she rapped light-
ly and but once against the door, in polite
apology of her presence. He bade her
enter, in tones of unperturbed calmness;
but under some idea of alarming him,
she repeated the movement, but only his
deep laughter replied to this second ci-
vility.
“Come in, in the devil’s name or your own,” said he, “and let’s see what you are, whether man, woman, or child,” but finding that nothing further ensued from these words, he arose and came forward, but was not half way as she glided into the room. He started with the sudden thrill of something more nearly resembling surprise than any other emotion; for, ere a moment elapsed, and before he could observe her further, he had recovered his usual equanimity and calmness of manner. Nevertheless, as she passed along, he watched her intently, with steady decision of sight, like one not inclined to be betrayed into mistake. This ended with one of his good-natured smiles, yet dashed with considerable doubt and perplexity, and an earnest desire of civil explanation.

“No spirit nor phantom, but a true woman,” said he, blunfly, “and one who is known to me. You smile wanly, my girl; but be seated.

“You look as pale as I do, however, Sergeant,” said she, “and I’m a poor creature too; but here’s good wine for comfort,” and drinking some, she poured forth a fresh draught.

“Good wine is ever welcome,” said he, “but while whole armies are seized with panic, fear in the brave man is not without excuse. Be content, I have finched at so slight a thing as you; but now, what is all this about, for remember, you are my prisoner.”

She pointed to the other seat, but being overcome by some sudden sensation, faintness of heart or incapacity of intellect, hesitated; and then drew to the table and began to partake of the provision, like one fully entitled to this privilege, nor owing aught to the master of the meal. The soldier in considerable kindness attended her in the capacity of host, waiting till the repast were over before he troubled her further.

“Here ends the search after spirit and spectre,” said he, at last. “What, done so soon, my girl? A poor appetite for one so thin and wan; but little water sucks tender plants. But why play the ghost to frighten us?”

“There are more people here, Sergeant, than you imagine,” said she, mysteriously, “and perhaps a dead body is one amongst us.”

He gave no reply, for he regarded her as labouring under some fresh delusion, and yet was anxious to learn how she came there, though fearful of saying anything that might agitate her further.

“You live in this house of course?” said he, cautiously.

“I have taken this food here,” she replied, “because my nature often fails at utmost need; but now I can go about my work with bravery.”

“What is your work?” asked he, “to wander about, terrify the neighbourhood, distract yourself and others? My poor girl, you need some protection, for much ill must happen to you in this condition.”

“You shall see what will happen,” cried she. “They tell me in this room we shall find something that will hang Giles Mullin.”

“I wish by my word you may do so,” he exclaimed; “I mean if it will save an innocent man from wrong and infamy.”

“Oh! there are no innocent men,” said the mad girl, “don’t believe it;” and rising solemnly, “now,” she added, “I am fit for terror and death in any shape; a broken heart is the worst ill of all.”

Hugh Doyle was in strange doubt, but still more so, when, reaching the door, she turned to the left of the apartment, according to the instructions given by Gregory Goffe. When there, she passed close along the wainscot, rapping against the panels as she went, and listening attentively at every stroke. At first, he watched the action, but after several repetitions, regarded it as some insane mischief to amuse him, which could never end in any advantageous result; but she continued nearly to the end, when she suddenly halted and stood still, and rapped many times again.

“Snuff the candle, Sergeant,” said she, “there is no hearing in the dark;” and though the Sergeant thought that these words sounded like nonsense, yet, by reference to some internal code of sensation, he felt there was meaning in them. He trimmed the light, but there she remained, striking the panel, now slowly and then with wildness of energy, as if summoning some remote individual to her presence.

“Why rap so loud and long?” said he, gently; and she turned round at his words, her pale countenance lighted into terror, and marked with the passing expression of agitated surprise.
"Do you hear nothing?" she whispered, pausing, and she struck the wall again—a hollow sound echoed to the touch. "Do you hear?" she repeated, and Hugh Doyle rose up and went to the place.

"There are no bricks here," said he, "'tis some recess of guilt, no doubt. Ellen, stand back, we shall find something now."

"It may be—oh, Hugh Doyle, what can it be?" cried she, in suppressed tones; but her silent glances of inquiry ended in her drawing on one side, while he exercised his skill and strength to open the panel, but all in vain.

"Try it the other way, and slide it gently," said she; and, moving it thus, it passed inward, opened, and the recess was exposed to view. It was deep, dark, and apparently empty. The girl shuddered, and gazed into the vacant space, where nothing was beheld; but she continued her intent survey as though almost expecting some hideous creature to start from its confines. The soldier was like one who had anticipated little, and therefore was in no great degree disappointed. He then took the light and searched inquiringly into its depths; from whence, after some delay, he drew forth a bundle of dusty and moth-eaten attire, and this he threw to the ground, with an expressive shrug which implied that it was worthless. Before the mad girl could stoop to examine it, he hurried once again over the dark vacancy, and straightway closed the panel.

"That will tell something, doubtless," said he, and followed her to the table; but on near inspection, there was something suspicious about it, some certain signs which she could not understand; and in her anxiety, she relaxed her inquiries, and gazed coldly on Hugh Doyle.

"It is strange, what is it?" whispered she. "It feels—yes—horrid."

"You have not seen so many fields of battle as I," said he, surveying it closely. "There, after one night perhaps, the blood frosts on the wound, and it looks like this. Here has been foul play to a certainty."

"It is blood, I thought so," she gasped, and he undid the thong or cord that bound it up; the mass of clothes was stiff and hard with its encrusted stains, but he stretched them out and pulled them into form, when his hand was entangled in something which clung to the garments and would not be torn away. It was a man's vestment, and about the buttons and bosom were hanging, dried and blood-stained, masses of human hair—the dark and long curls of womanhood.

"This is a love-lock of a fearful kind, well may it cling so closely," said the soldier, "and in this dress he murdered her!"

"It is a small short coat enough," whispered the mad girl, "there, unfold it all. Will it fit a dwarf or giant?" But Doyle was not the man to judge hastily, and he spread them to their full amplitude before he answered.

"Those clothes never belonged to Herbert Astel," he cried at last, and he spoke like one relieved from great anxiety. "These bear no proof, none that man or demon can bring against him. But yes—ah—indeed," he muttered at intervals, and his examination terminated in one other inquiring appeal to the mad girl.

"What? who?" cried she, and a pause succeeded.

"They might belong to him, likely and not improbable," muttered he, and he held the raiment up before him.

"It is, oh heaven! yes, it is Giles Mullin!" she shrieked, and clapped her hands in hasty triumph; and there she stood, gazing at the disproportioned form of each article as these were displayed in succession, till she almost imagined that she herself could swear to their identity.

"They are too like him, certainly," said Doyle, "but we may be deceived, nevertheless; and what new folly, Ellen?"

But she heard not his words, but sunk down on her knees dissolved in tears.

"Yes, all things are clearing up," she faltered, "and the innocent shall find happiness at last. I thank the Almighty for his great goodness, that his poor child shall depart speedily, and lie down in peace, and be seen and heard no more. Oh sir! any—the least comfort is death to me."

But Hugh Doyle lifted her up, and, though amazed at her emotion, made an effort to console her, and would have withdrawn the garments from her further observation, but she motioned that they should remain where they were,
and checked the passion of mingled grief
and joy in which she had indulged.

Ah! this is a happy night, sir," said
she, faintly smiling. "I know now who
murdered poor Hal's mother, and will
go to Sir Andrew with the news. Per-
haps he will pay me so far as not to let
his dear son die of want; and besides, a
bad man will be brought to justice."

But as Hugh Doyle considered that
this speech originated in some other men-
tal deception, he remained silent; his
thoughts being engaged by this last ac-
cident, and its probable influence on
Mr. Astel's affairs, in the confirmation
of his guilt or entire justification. She,
meantime, was oppressed by some pass-
ing dream of reason, for where sorrow is
worked into insanity, oblivion becomes
another name for peace. Her last thought
rested on Harry Burrell, and all that
Goblin Goffe had revealed; she trembled
lest these infamous projects should now
be completed.

"I dare say you would like to know
how I come and go, and all about it," said
she, after a time, "and it would be
something worth knowing, if I chose to
tell—what say you?"

"You must be kept prisoner till you
give us some account, Ellen," said he,
"and for many reasons I wish any other
man had found you here. How, my girl,
did you manage all this?"

"You are strong," she hinted, "you
are brave, bold, and quiet, but you might
be conquered by many surely."

"Many spears will strike down the
lion at last," he answered, "but there is
nothing in this dwelling to overcome
me;" and she sat beside him in whis-
pering discourse, devising and arranging
some project by which Goblin Goffe was
to be delivered into the hands of his
enemies. In fact, she feared to trust
the fate of Harry Burrell in his keeping,
and knew no other means to save him
from inevitable death.

"Let us go now, we shall find him
there," cried the soldier, rising, and eager
for the prey; but she held him to his
seat, and continued her explanation, till
some passing strange expressions showed
that her faculties were imperfect as
heretofore, and not to be trusted. Many
times he considered whether she were
deceiving him, but ultimately resolved
to be there to her appointment.

"After this," she continued in an
under tone, "we will see Giles Mullin
hanged, poor Harry a rich man, you and
Fanny married, and me in my winding
sheet—a pleasant sight on the whole,
only let there be rue enough strewed
over the corpse."

"You have seemed lately at times so
entirely yourself," he remarked, soothe-
ingly, "that Fanny entertains better
hopes, and——

"You never told her all?" she asked
eagerly; but, perceiving his embarrass-
ment, added, "no, certainly not, I know
you better. As for my wits, when they truly
return, my death hour is come, heigh ho."

He perceived that she was more ra-
tional and less excited, and wondered if
this prophetic divination could end in
truth; but while debating this uncer-
tainty, the heavy-sounding wheels of an
engine came from the distance, and they
recognised its appearance, and rushed to
the windows just time enough to be-
hold its picturesque career, urged by pur-
suing multitudes with flashing torches,
and sparks flying from the wheels, as it sped onward, and was lost in dark-
ness. Their thoughts pursued it, but
Hugh Doyle gazed out upon the night,
wished he could join in the wild work of
rescue, and traced the red colour of the
sky, now beaming dark and fierce, in the
direction of the Rose.

"Where can it be?" said he, and his
heart fled away into the distance; and it
might be accident, or mischievous mad-
ness, or a desire to open the way to her
own escape, but the mad girl answered
according to her fancy.

"I shouldn't wonder; it's perhaps the
jolly Rose being burned to the ground,
for what we know."

The Dragoon thrilled cold to the very
narrow, and watched the fiery beams of
the flames till he could scarcely bear to
behold them, and protested and vowed
deeply that, for so strong a man to be
mewed up on such an occasion, was abso-
olute infamy, and nothing less—not to
speak of the degradation. At last,
through the counsel and the goading of
his imagination, he could delay no longer,
but hastening away, left her to the per-
secution of her imperfect schemes; and
stealing along through the sleeping house-
hold of Counsellor Lewistene, drew the
bolts of the street door, and, gazing to the
heavens to guide him, ran forward, in hopes
of giving timely protection and assistance.
A LOVER'S STANZAS.

Translated from the German of Matthison.

By John Jordison.

Ellen! I see thine image everywhere,
By hill and stream, by rock and rolling river;
I hear thy voice in earth and sea, and air,
For thine ethereal spirit haunts me ever.

Through the tall cedars on the breezy mountains
Thou comest to me in thy robes of light,
Through the green willows by the moss-clad fountains
Thou smilest on me in the moonbeams bright.

I view thee in each sunny glance of morning,
And mid the valleys clothed in purple flowers;
Thy silken locks with roses white adorning,
Like some fair spirit from Elysian bowers.

Thy name is murmur'd in the lightest motion
Of viewless winds that journey from afar;
I hear thee in the ceaseless songs of ocean,
And in the anthems of the morning star.

Ellen! thou'rt with me in my dreams of night,
And bid'st me welcome to a happier shore,
Where all is peace and joy, and calm delight,
And those that love will meet to part no more.

The moon may sink in darkness, and the sun
Like to an oilless lamp may die away,
The earth may vanish when its race is run,
But Love shall live for ever and for aye,
Beneath the heaven-born light of Truth's eternal day.


BALLAD.

By Mrs. Turnbull.

As young Love and Hope together were roving,
And boasting of those they fondly were loving,
The sky was all sunshine, earth full of fair flowers,
And Joy with old Time danced away the bright hours.

But Cupid was always a changeable boy,
And the hearts he once played with he longed to destroy,
So he parted with Hope with a petulant air,
And took to his councils her rival Despair.

With such a companion, it soon became known,
That dimples and smiles from his godship had flown,
And young hearts were withered, and bright eyes grew dim,
As they gazed on the spectre so different to him.

But Love became tired of sighs and of tears,
And recalled back the friend of his happier years;
From that moment, whenever the god spread his snare,
The net-work was woven by Hope and Despair.
OUTLINES OF BRITISH FEMALE COSTUME.

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME, IN A SERIES OF PAPERS FROM A GREAT VARIETY OF ILLUMINATED MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

No. I.

Anxiety for an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of our fellow-creatures, whether we find them in the unexpanded bud of simple nature, or blooming forth in all the richest colours and finest forms of nurtured civilization, is a principle deeply imbedded in our hearts. Still more strongly has this principle ever existed with relation to remote ancestry, considered either nationally, or in particular instances: and, as regards its demonstration at the present day, a recent writer well remarks, that "the true spirit of the times is in nothing more perceptible than in the tone given to our most trifling amusements. Information of some description must be blended with every recreation, to render it truly acceptable to the public. The most beautiful fictions are disregarded, unless in some measure founded upon fact."

The days have gone by when archeological pursuits were little more than harmless, but valueless recreations of the aged and the idle. The research, intelligence, and industry of modern authors and artists, have opened a treasure-chamber to the rising generation. The spirit of critical inquiry has separated the gold from the dross, and antiquities are now considered valuable only in proportion to their illustration of history or their importance to art.

Not one of the least important parts of the history of manners and civilization, is the history of costume. The dress of a people is always in some degree an indication of the progress they have made in wealth as well as in taste, and in the useful as in the truly elegant arts. Nor can we call up in imagination any lively picture of a past age, without a knowledge of its prevailing forms of attire, and of the distinctions in this respect that marked the different classes of the community. Ignorance of this subject will prevent us from entering perfectly into a feeling of the spirit of the period, and of the condition of society in regard to matters of themselves of much more consequence; and false notions here may falsify our conceptions as to many other things.

They who consider fashion in dress as altogether contemptible, or at best but a passing variety, observe but very superficially the events of the epoch in which they live. There is sometimes a very serious shade under which to contemplate the most futile of fashions, and after having visited them with our contempt, we are quite surprised to perceive that they have led to some important result. It seems as though fashions, like little children, had the privilege of making themselves obeyed, because one thinks oneself free to resist them; and this it is which frequently gives them more empire over the multitude than the most eloquent discourse ever penned.

The rude costumes of past ages are as minutely described by old writers, as is the finished elegance of dress in our times by any contemporary arbiter of taste; and it is, therefore, lamentable to perceive in many quarters an intention to mislead accompanying the profession to instruct. For equal gratification may be derived from a contemplation of the peculiar characteristics of any age, if truly depicted; whether it be that of the skin clad and painted Briton in his forest hut, or, when the jewelled attire of his more polished successor marked the luxurious civilization of the later days of the Plantagenets.

In this reprehensible inaccuracy, the stage, the modern school of historic painting, and even the novelist—historical par excellence—have all more or less participated. Hence it will be felt

* Sir W. Scott, the great master of this department of fiction, according to Mr. Planché, was not always to be relied on for details of costume.
as a consequence, that but an indefinite knowledge must necessarily prevail amongst those who, very naturally, have adopted those as unquestionable models (as indeed they ought to be), for their guidance in such matters. On consulting some of our best authors, students have also been much perplexed by a want of methodical or strict chronological arrangement:—from which latter fault even the indefatigable Strutt stands not exempt.

It will be the object of the present papers, to exhibit illustrations of British female costume in divided periods, centuries, and reigns, as closely as the subject, sanctioned by the most accredited authorities, will admit; and, in the selection of our specimens we shall be rather guided by popular interest from their being peculiar to celebrated individuals by such as concern a very large portion of our readers, than by any choice of matters of elaborate research or antiquarian dispute.

The history of British costume properly commences with the Saxon period, but a few specimens selected from the scanty materials we possess, wherewith to illustrate the obscure ages immediately prior to the invasion of the island by the Romans, down to its conquest by the former people, may prove interesting, we therefore commence with the Dress of the Ancient Britons.

b. c. 55.

Clothing, both for warmth and ornament, is, as has been before observed, one of the signs by which the degree of civilization among an early people is indicated. The half naked savage shivering amidst the storm of the elements, with no better defence than a loose coat of skins, betokens a human being in the lowest stage of helplessness, whose intellectual capacities are in a great part dormant. The adoption of a single pin or button, by which his garment is rendered more comfortable, indicates an advance in intellect that will operate equally upon all his other arrangements; and as one piece after another, for convenience or decoration, is added to his attire, we may commonly trace the progress of his general civilization. Mere expediency was at first his standard; but as his wants increase and his tastes improve, the narrow limits of necessity are soon overstepped for those of decency, gracefulness, and splendour.

All nations that wear but little clothing shew their ostentation, by having the exposed parts of their bodies highly tatooeo. Julius Caesar, who, fifty years before the birth of Christ, landed on these shores, tells us that the scanty clothing of the Britons consisted of untanned skins; and that the parts of the body left exposed were not tatooeo, but stained with an azure colouring matter, extracted from a particular herb, the vitrum, glastum or wood. Solinus, however, represents the process as a laborious and painful one, but permanent in its effect, and speaks of the painting as consisting chiefly of the figures of animals that grew with the growth of the body. Herodian says, that on their bodies they punctured strange resemblances of hideous animals, and went naked lest this beauty, as they supposed it, might be hid. This account of Herodian agrees with what Dio Nicceus has related of them. Isidore is still more explicit, for, in speaking of the Picts, whose name he derives from their coloured skins,* he tells us that the painting was done by squeezing out the juice of certain herbs upon the body, and puncturing the figures with a needle. Here, then, we have the same process of tatooeing, which is performed in the present day by the natives of the South Sea islands. Caesar supposes the Britons to have coloured their skins for the purpose of terrifying their enemies; but such could scarcely have been the object with a people among whom the practice was universal, and whose wars

* Sir William Betham, conceives the term Britannia to have been formed from the Celtic Brit daoin, that is, painted people—the name, he says, which “the Phcenian Gallic Colony,” on their arrival, bestowed upon the wild natives of Scandinavian extraction, whom they found in possession of the country. Whitaker adverts to the application of the word Brit in the sense of painted; it is the same word, he observes, with Brik or Breichan, the name still given to his tartan plaid, by the Scotch Highlander, and signifying properly a garment marked with divided or variegated colours. The anonymous author, also, of the lately published volume entitled, “Britannia after the Romans,” strenuously maintains the derivation of the name Briton from a Welsh, and, as he conceives old British, word signifying painted. Perron, he observes, although his authority is of no weight, has, nevertheless, the merit of supplying this true etymology.
were international. Probably this skin-painting was the national dress, and
existed in its highest state of perfection at a period considerably prior to the
Roman invasion, when the clothing of the people was more scanty than in the
days of Cæsar. They might attempt by the operation, also, to indurate the skin
more effectually against the inclemency of the elements. But a still stronger
motive for the endurance of such pain
and labour as the practice occasioned
is to be sought in that love of ornament
so natural to mankind at large, and so
especially powerful in the savage. The
ancient Briton, in the absence of other
distinctions in the way of clothing and
decoration, would find, in these fantastic
ornaments, his badge of rank in society,
and his chief attraction in the eyes of
the other sex. As the process also was
performed in early youth, it was a pro-
bation, among a rude people, for a life
of hardship; and by the profusion of
its lines and figures, the wearer evinced
his contempt of pain and power of en-
Durance. But when the body began to
be covered, such a profusion was found
superfluous; and as the articles of raim-
ment were increased, the blue figures
were proportionally decreased, so that
the practice gradually declined, and was
at last wholly abandoned. It is there-
fore, that we hear no more of this tatoo-
ing in the South after it was subdued
and civilized into a Roman province;
though it still continued among the rude
tribes of the North, where it lingered
until it was banished thence also by the
full attire of civilization.* It may be
observed, that by the same gradual pro-
cess this practise is on the wane in New
Zealand, and probably in the course of
a century will be recorded among the
things that have been.

There is not any one circumstance
relating to the ancient Britons which is
better attested, or more frequently men-
tioned by the Greek and Roman writers,
than that of their body painting. Pliny
speaks of it as consisting of one uniform
colour, spread over the whole body.
"All the Britons in general stain
themselves with woad, which makes
their skins of a blue colour. The
British women, both married and un-

* We shall find however, that it reappeared
among the Saxons,
marrried, besmear their whole bodies with
the juice of the herb called glastum, and
so appear quite nude at some of their
religious solemnities, resembling Ethi-
opians in colour." The operation of
rubbing or besmearing the entire body
with the juice of one herb, is so simple,
that it hardly deserves the name of art.
But other writers, as we have just re-
marked, represent this body painting of
the ancient Britons as performed in a
more artificial manner; and consisting
of a variety of figures of beasts, birds,
trees, herbs, and other things, drawn on
the skin, or on the above colour as a
ground. We learn from other authors,
that this body painting was a distinct
trade or profession in those times; and
that these artists began their work,
by making the intended figures upon
the skin with the punctures of sharp
needles, that it might imbibe and
retain the colouring matter. This is
said to have been a very painful oper-
ation; and those were esteemed the
bravest fellows, who bore it with the
greatest fortitude; who received the
deepest punctures, and imbibed the
greatest quantity of paint. When these
figures were made on the body in child-
hood, as they commonly were, they
grew and enlarged with it; and con-
tinued upon it through life. Persons of
inferior rank had but a few of these
figures, of a small size, and coarse work-
manship, painted on their bodies; but
those of better families had them in
great numbers, of larger dimensions, and
more elegantly executed, according to
their different degrees of nobility. As
both sexes painted, we have reasons to
suppose that the British ladies would
not be sparing of these fine figures on
their bodies, which were at once es-
teemed so honourable and ornamental.
"Have you not seen in Thrace," (where
the practice of body painting prevailed,)
says an ancient writer, "many ladies of
high rank having their bodies almost
covered with figures? Those who are
most honourable, and descended of
the best families have the greatest
number and variety of these figures." Some writers have been of opinion, that
several royal and noble families derived
their family names from those animals,
and other things which their ancestors
had painted on their bodies."
The partner of the less civilized Briton, then, passed her time in basket weaving, or in sewing together with leather thongs, or vegetable fibres, the skins of such animals as had fallen victims to her husband’s prowess, employing for that purpose needles made of bone, exactly similar to those used for the heads of arrows. Yet fashion had its sway even in these antique days; for clad, by preference, in the skin, if to be procured, of a brindled ox pinned together with thorns, ornamented with a necklace formed of jet* or other beads, and with the wild flowers entwined within her long but twisted locks,† she attractively became the soother of his toils. Such, remarks Sir S. Meyrick, did the Cimbrian inhabitants of these isles appear to the wandering Phoenicians, and nearly such appeared the South Sea islanders to Captain Cook. These garments, however, in the most ancient times, did not consist of several skins artificially sewn together, so as to form a commodious covering for the body; but of one skin of one of the larger animals, which they cast about their shoulders like a mantle, and which left much of the body still naked. It required, however, some art to make these skins tolerably soft and pliable, and fit for wrapping about the body. For this purpose they made use of various means; as steeping them in water, and then beating them with stones and sticks; and rubbing them from time to time with fat to keep them pliant. But these skins, after all this preparation, afforded so imperfect a covering to the body, that we may reasonably suppose our British ancestors would content themselves with it no longer, than until they became acquainted with one more comfortable and commodious. They must, during summer, when not used, have been frequently destroyed, or at least disfigured by insects, the next improvement would be to separate the fleece from the skin, and the hair from the hide, and manufacturing vestments of the latter only. The new garment thus obtained was called Ruchen, i. e. a cloak of skin or leather, and although some advantage in durability was obtained, yet the coldness of the material must have considerably detracted from the value of the article itself. The wool and the hair were next therefore viewed as likely, if manufactured, to form a more warm and agreeable species of clothing. Bodies clothed in garments made of hair have been dug up in Britain, and Ireland, and the inhabitants of the latter island, had in the reign of Tigernmus, acquired the art of weaving, and dying blue, green, and purple.

There is no doubt that the clothing arts were introduced before the first invasion; for at the same time that Caesar describes the attire of the Britons of the interior, he tells us that there were two sorts, and that he found the inhabitants of Cantium (Kent), and that line of coast much more civilized and modest than the rest, and these latter we are expressly told, were not clothed in skins; from which we may infer that they had garments made of woollen cloth, or some other woven or manufactured material. Indeed, we have direct evidence that the Gauls and Britons excelled in the art of dyeing cloth, and possessed some valuable secrets in it unknown to other nations. Pliny enumerates several herbs used for this purpose, and tells us that these people dyed scarlet, purple, and other colours from them alone. The peasantry in Wales have the knowledge of several indigenous plants, valuable for imparting colours, and use the leaves of the fox-glove and sorrel as preparation for that purpose. They extract a beautiful yellow from tansy, brown from nut leaves, and other colours from lichens. The dyes which the Britons used for their cloth, were probably extracted from the same plant from which they obtained those with which they marked their skin, namely, the iatris tinctoria, or woad. “Its colour,” says a late writer, “was somewhat like indigo, which has in a great degree superseded the use of it... The best woad usually yields a blue tint, but that herb, as well as indigo, when partially de-oxygenated, has been found to yield a fine green... The robes of the fanatic British women, witches, or priestesses, were black, (vestis feralis), and that colour was a third preparation of woad, by the

* See a curious necklace in the Archeologia,— and a string of beads as worn by a British female.
† See the female heads on the British coins: the women of the South Sea islands do the same.
application of a greater heat.* Woad is still cultivated for dyeing in France, and also, to a smaller extent in England.

Of the several kinds of cloths made in Gaul, one, according to Strabo, was made of a coarse harsh kind of wool, which being woven very thick, was rendered extremely warm, and consequently was the fabric of which the winter cloaks were manufactured. The Romans themselves, when they were in cold, northern climates, wore this cloth on account of its warmth. Another kind was made of fine wool, and dyed several different colours, and being spun into yarn, was woven chequer-wise, which made it form small squares, some of one colour, and some of another. In this we may not improperly contemplate the tartan of the Highlands, and of this the Gauls and Britons made their summer garments.

It was sometimes worked in stripes, and sometimes in chequers; examples of both are to be seen at this day in the gowns, petticoats, and aprons of the Welsh peasantry, and more particularly of the latter, in the Highland plaids. It is a singular fact that, in the South Sea cloths, manufactured from the bark of trees, we have not only the stripes and chequers, but the very identical patterns of the Welsh; doubtless, therefore, they must have been those of the ancient Britons.

Pliny† also mentions a kind of felt which they made merely by pressure, which was so hard and strong, especially when vinegar was used in its manufacture, that it would resist the blow of a sword.

Though the hair and wool of animals were probably the first, they were not long the only materials that were used in making cloth for garments. The attention and industry of mankind soon discovered several other things fit for answering that purpose, particularly the long, slender, and flexible filaments of flax and hemp. The manufacturing of cloths of the inner rind of trees split into long threads, which was practised by the Britons, as well as the modern inhabitants of the South Sea isles, probably led to the use of these vegetable substances, if the art was not indeed acquired from the Gauls.

That the Irish were early skilled in this manufacture, we learn from the peculiar terms in their language expressive of its various concomitants; and we gather from Pliny, that the art of making this beautiful kind of cloth prevailed not only over all Italy, but also in Spain, Gaul, Germany, and Britain. They also knew the art of bleaching and washing linen; and the same author tells us they put certain herbs, particularly the roots of wild poppies, into the water to make it more efficacious in bleaching. For the purpose of washing, they made soap of the fat of animals and the ashes of vegetables (the modern pot-ash), the invention of which this author attributes to the Gauls.

The yarn, as before observed, was dyed in imitation of the brindled oxen’s skin, and the cloth manufactured from it in stripes and chequers was called breach, as well as brycan, by the ancient Britons. The utility of this manufacture, and the dazzling effects of a variety of colours, rendered it so much esteemed by the chieftains, that it was not long confined to one garment. The hair was turned back upon the crown of the head, and fell down in long and bushy curls behind. On the head was placed the Irish capa or caba, the British cappan, i.e. cap, which derived its name alike from the Irish caban, a cabin; and the British cab, the hut—which was made in the form of a cone, with wattles stuck in the ground, and fastened together at top, a shape preferred by the Egyptians, and adopted by many nations. It is somewhat singular, that the form of this ancient-pointed cap is to this day exhibited in what the children of the Welsh peasantry call capan cymicyll, the horn-like, or conque cap, made of rushes tied at top, and twisted into a band at bottom, exactly in the form of a cone, and like the ancient cabins. The form of this ancient cap was long retained by the Irish under the denomination biorraid, and was the prototype of their helmets; but the Britons seem to have made an improvement in it, in lowering the top, and making a projecting poke over the forehead to protect the eyes, and this they termed peugmuck. In process of

---

* Britannia after the Romans, p. 56.
† Pliny Hist., Nat. Lib. viii. c. 49, and Diod. Sual Lib., v.
time, however, the peugwoc'h seems to have been discarded by the men, and worn solely by the women, as in a MS. entitled Héc do levand, or old customs, the following passage occurs—"A yellow peugwoc'h used to be worn by a woman newly married." The men next adopted the hatyr, at, or hat, of which many with convex crowns appear in the British coins.

On the feet were either the Esgidian, shoes, (so called from Es-cid, protection from hurt, similar to the brog of the Irish, which were made of raw cowhide that the hair turned outwards, and coming up to the ankles), or the britais or butis, the more modern buskin.

This kind of dress was, however, worn only by the chieftais of the British isles, and ladies of rank; their dependants were still clothed in skins or leather. Historians have been studious to preserve a particular description of Boudicca, Queen of the Iceni, and consequently the dress of a British female of rank at the period of the Roman invasion, may be ascertained from the habits of our great British heroine, Queen of the Iceni. Comparing, therefore, the accounts of Strabo with those of Dion Cassius, and by carefully examining the dresses of the Celtic females, or the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the basso-relieves found in this country, and the coins of Carausius, there is little difficulty in delineating the costume of this princess. Accordingly, Dr. Meyrick has represented her as a full-grown handsome woman, but of a stern countenance, with long yellow hair flowing over her shoulders. She wears the pais much longer than what was worn by the men, hence that word is now confined to designate the petticoat. It is woven chequer-wise of many colours, which, according to Strabo and Pliny, were purple, light and dark red, violet and blue. Over this is the shorter garment, open on the bosom, and with short sleeves exposing the arms, termed gow, the gavaucem of Varro, and the origin of our gown, which reaches as far as the knees—also of interwoven colours. On her shoulders was thrown her cloak, fastened by a fibula or brooch, and from her neck depended a golden torque. Bracelets ornamented her arms and wrists, and rings her fingers. This was her usual habit, says Dion; but when she went to war she bore in her hand a lance.

The ornaments of the Britons consisted, like those of the Gauls, of rings, bracelets, and armlets of iron, copper or brass, silver or gold, according to the rank or means of the wearer, and that peculiar decoration the torch or dorch, Latinized torques, which was probably a symbol of nobility or command. When the captive Caractacus, says Tacitus, was led through the streets of Rome, several of these chains, the spoils which he had taken from his conquered enemies in Britain, were carried in the procession. It was a sort of necklace or collar composed of flexible bars of gold or silver, twisted or moulded like a rope or wreath, and hooked together behind. Sometimes the torques were formed of bronze; and Herodian says that those of the northern part of the island wore torques of iron, "of which they were as vain as other barbarians were of gold." Specimens of them of gold, silver, and bronze, have been frequently found both in Britain and Ireland. Two splendid specimens of gold torques found in the county of Meath, have been supposed, from their size, to be meant for girdles instead of collars, as Herodian mentions they were worn round the waist. From the hook of one proceeded a gold wire a quarter of an inch thick, and eight inches long, terminating in a solid knob, an appendage never before seen in any specimen. The weight of the whole torque was twenty-five ounces. Jornandes mentions them as substitutes for diadems. The ring, Pliny tells us, was worn by the Britons and Gauls upon the middle finger.

The British women, says Fosbroke (Eney, of Antiq.) wore amber-necklaces strung as beads. In one barrow were found sixteen beads of green and blue opaque glass, of a long shape, and notched between, so as to resemble a string of beads; five were of canal-coal, a jet, and the remaining twenty-seven were of red amber, the whole forming a most beautiful necklace; some were of amber and jet beads, and others of the amber were of large size. At Sydney, county of Gloucester, was dug up a Roman necklace, made of parallelograms of brown wood, strung together.
THE POET’S DEATH-SONG.

BY JOHN JORDISON.

I.
O dig me a grave, where the green boughs wave,
   And the gentle gales are sighing,
In some lonely spot, where care comes not,
   For I feel that I am dying;

II.
And there let me sleep, in the woodland’s deep,
   Where no earthly sound is heard,
Save the heather-bees, and the forest-trees,
   Or the hymn of the singing-bird.

III.
Let me lie ’neath the sod, where nought hath trod
   Save the goat and the wild gazelle,
Or fairies that dance, ’neath the moonbeam’s glance,
   In the depths of the mountain-dell.

IV.
The sailor hath joy in the billowy seas,
   And the storm as it rolls o’er his head;
And his last hope is that his grave may be
   Far down in the ocean’s bed.

V.
The soldier hath joy in the trumpet’s sound,
   And the stormy cannons rattle;
Nor fears he to die, when he knows he shall lie
   With the brave on the field of battle.

VI.
And the poet hath joy in the echoing hills,
   The groves, and the deserts dim;
And the cataracts wild and warbling rills
   Have music sweet for him.

VII.
But greater, far greater, his joy in the thought
   That when from the world removed,
When life’s dreams have gone, he shall slumber alone
   Mid the scenes he so much hath loved.

VIII.
And there let me sleep, in the woodland’s deep,
   Where no earthly sound is heard,
Save the heather-bees, and the forest-trees,
   Or the hymn of the singing-bird.
CHARLOTTE MARGUERITTE DE MONTMORENCI,
PRINCESS OF CONDE, AND SISTER OF THE GREAT CONDE.
A TALE OF THE FRENCH • CHRONICLES.
BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

[The readers of the Lady's Magazine and Museum will remember the full-length coloured portrait of this great beauty, which was published on the 1st of December, 1836. The readers of the "United" Series, as well as the readers of the former work, will doubtless be equally pleased at the accompanying tale, founded upon the history in question, a "Friendship's Offering," by Miss Agnes Strickland, who has endeavoured to blend fiction with reality, so as to violate neither character nor truth.]

It was the second morning after Charlotte de Montmorenci's first ball; but the enchantments with which that memorable evening had been fraught still floated before her youthful fancy. She had thought of nothing but the Louvre and its glittering pagentry all day; and her pillow had been haunted with dreams of Henri Quatre, and the gay and gallant nobles of his court who had vied with each other in offering the most intoxicating homage to her charms. Charlotte de Montmorenci was the most beautiful girl in France, and the sensation produced by her first appearance at court was enough to dazzle the mind of a damsel only just emancipated from the sober restraints of a convent education. She had danced the pavon with Henri himself, who had been lavish, on that occasion, of the seductive flattery which he was so well skilled to whisper in a lady's ear. Charlotte had found this incense only too agreeable; but the pleasure with which she was disposed to listen to the compliments of royalty, received something very like a check from the impertinent espionage of a pair of penetrating dark eyes, which, whenever she raised her own, she encountered fixed upon her with looks expressive rather of reproof than admiration.

How dared any eyes address language so displeasing to the reigning beauty of the evening, especially when her affianced lover, the sprightly heir of Bassompierre, appeared highly gratified with the brilliant success that had attended her presentation at court? Bassompierre was the handsomest and most admired of all the peers of France. He stood very high in the favour of his sovereign;

* Miss Agnes Strickland is not the authoress of our series of "French Chronicles."
† Or peacock dance, an ancient minuet.

and so generally irresistible was he considered by the ladies, that his choice of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had entitled her to the envy of half the females of the court, who had vainly endeavoured to fix his roving heart.

Charlotte, in accepting him, had driven a hundred lovers to despair; for the beautiful and wealthy daughter of the most illustrious peer of France, from the moment she quitted her convent, had been surrounded by suitors. The provoking dark eyes, whose impertinent observations had annoyed and offended her in the royal salon de danse, did not belong to any of these luckless gallants. It would have been difficult, perhaps, for any lady, however fair, to reject the addresses of a man with such a pair of eyes, if their owner had rendered them as eloquent in impassioned pleading as they were in reproof. These unauthorised monitors, too, pertained not to the grave and stately Sully, or any of the elder worthies of the court, whom wisdom, virtues, and mature years might entitle to play the moralist, but to a pale, melancholy striping, who engaged the attention of no one in the glittering circle but the neglected queen. With her he appeared to be on terms of affectionate confidence; and it was from behind her chair that he directed those glances which excited the surprise and displeasure of the fair Montmorenci.

The expression of those eyes, to say nothing of their singular beauty, haunted Charlotte after her return to the hotel de Montmorenci; and she regretted that she had not asked Bassompierre who the person was that had conducted himself in so extraordinary a manner. She had thought of propounding the inquiry more than once during the evening, but was unwilling to call her lover's attention to a circumstance that was mortifying to
her self-love. She fell asleep with the determination of amusing Bassompiere, when he called to pay his devoir to her the next morning, with a whimsical description of the pale dark-eyed boy; trusting that her powers of mimicry would elicit from her sprightly lover the name of the person she sketched, without betraying her curiosity.

The following day, at as early an hour as courtly etiquette permitted, the salons of the Duchess de Montmorenci were crowded with visitors of the highest rank, all eager to offer their compliments to her beautiful daughter. He of the mysterious dark eyes, and François Bassompiere, were however not among the visitors. Charlotte was surprised and piqued at this neglect on the part of her lover, and resolved to punish him by a very haughty reception the next time he entered her presence; but he neither came nor sent to inquire after her health that day.

The next morning the Duke de Montmorenci, after his return from the king's levee, said to his daughter:

"Charlotte, the king has forbidden your marriage with young Bassompiere."

"Vastly impertinent of the king, I think! What reason does he give for this unprecedented act of tyranny?"

"That you are worthy of a more illustrious alliance."

"I wish King Henri would mind his own business, instead of interfering with mine," said Charlotte angrily.

"My dear child, you are ungrateful to our gracious sovereign, who has expressed his intention of marrying you to his own kinsman, the first prince of the blood."

"And who may he be?"

"The young Prince de Condé, the illustrious descendant of a line of heroes, and, after Henri's infant sons, the heir presumptive to the throne of France. Think of that, my daughter!"

"I will not think of anything but Bassompiere," replied Charlotte resolutely. "It is very barbarous of the king to endeavour to separate those whom love has united."

"Love!" repeated the duke. "Bah! you cannot say that you seriously love young Bassompiere."

"I think him very handsome and agreeable, at any rate; and I am determined to marry him, and no one else. Ah! I comprehend the reason of his absence now. He has been forbidden to see me by that cruel Henri."

"You are right, Charlotte; it is in obedience to the injunctions of the sovereign, that Bassompiere has discontinued his visits to you. You will see him no more."

"Have I not said that I will not resign him?"

"Yes, my child, but he has resigned you."

"Resigned me!" exclaimed Charlotte, starting from her chair with a burst of indignant surprise: "Nay, that is impossible; unless, indeed, you have told him that I am faithless, or that I wish him to sacrifice his happiness in order to contract a nobler alliance."

"On the word of a Montmorenci, he has been told nothing, except that it was the king's pleasure that he should relinquish his engagement with you, and marry the heiress of the Duke d'Aumale."

"How, marry another? But I know Bassompiere too well to believe he will act so basely."

"My poor Charlotte, you are little acquainted with the disposition of men of the world and courtiers, or you would not imagine the possibility of your hand being placed in competition with the loss of the royal favour. Bassompiere, instead of acting like a romantic boy, and forfeiting the king's regard for the sake of a pretty girl, who cares not a whit more for him than he does for her, has cancelled his contract with Charlotte Margueritte de Montmorenci, and affianced himself to Mademoiselle d'Aumale."

"The heartless minion!" cried Charlotte, with flashing eyes; "would that I had some means of evincing my scorn and contempt of his baseness!"

"The surest way of doing that, my child, will be to accept the illustrious Consort whom the king has been graciously pleased to provide for you."

"I think so too," replied Charlotte, after a pause; "but what sort of a man is the Prince de Condé?"

"He is said to possess great and noble qualities," said the duke; "but he is at present only in his minority, and is withheld of a reserved disposition. There
is, however, no doubt but the companionship of a wife of your brilliant wit and accomplishments will draw out the fine talents with which this amiable prince is endowed, and render him worthy of his distinguished ancestry."

"I confess," observed Charlotte, "that I should prefer a man whose claims to my respect were of a less adventitious character. I should like to be the wife of a hero."

"So you will, in all probability, if you marry Henri de Condé. He is the last representative of a line whose heritage is glory, and of whose alliance even a Montmorenci might be proud," returned her father.

He then hastened to communicate to the king the agreeable intelligence that his daughter had offered no objections to a marriage with his youthful ward and kinsman the Prince de Condé.

"It is well," replied the monarch; "I will myself present the Prince de Condé to his fair bride, and the contract shall be signed in my presence this evening."

The Duke and Duchess de Montmorenci were charmed at the idea of an alliance that offered to their only daughter no very remote prospect of sharing the throne of France. As for the fair Charlotte, her pride alone having been wounded by the desertion of Bassompierre, she took the readiest way of dissipating any chagrin his defection had caused, by making une grande toilette for the reception of the new candidate for her hand. So long was she engaged in this interesting occupation, that a pompous and continuous flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the royal cortège at the hotel de Montmorenci, before she had concluded the arrangement of ruff and fardingale to her own satisfaction.

Her entrance was greeted with a suppressed murmur of admiration, and the graceful manner with which she advanced to offer her homage to the sovereign, excited fresh applause.

"Ah, my cousin," cried the enamoured monarch, turning to the Prince de Condé, "what an enviable man am I not about to render you, in uniting you to so charming a bride! By the mass, if I were a bachelor, I must have kept her for myself, and laid my crown at her feet; and, even as it is, I feel more pain than I am willing to confess in bestowing her upon another."

Henri Quatre felt the hand of the youthful beauty, which he had retained in his own, while addressing this high-flown compliment to her future husband, tremble in his grasp. Charlotte was conscious that her sovereign was availing himself of this opportunity of pressing her fairy fingers, with more ardour than became the paternal character he had assumed. A deep blush overspread her countenance as the question suggested itself to her mind, "Wherefore has he taken so much pains to separate me from François Bassompierre?" and, at the same moment, she stole a furtive glance at him whose destiny was, from that hour, to be so closely connected with her own, and encountered the dark penetrating eyes whose scrutiny had so much disturbed her at the Louvre. They were still bent on her face with the same grave mournful expression, as if intended to pierce into her very soul. Those beautiful but searching eyes belonged to Henri de Condé. Scarcely had she made this startling discovery, when the king, assuming the imposing characteristics of majesty, which so much better became his mature age than the light and reckless tone of gallantry in which he had before indulged, presented the Prince de Condé to her in due form. Then, putting her hand into that of his pale thoughtful kinsman, he pronounced the patriarchal blessing of the suzerain on their approaching union.

Charlotte started, and impulsively drew back from the icy touch of the cold hand that then faintly closed on hers. There was nothing of tenderness, or encouragement, in the sternly-composed features of Condé; no trait of that silently expressive homage, which is so dear to the heart of woman; nothing, in fact, to compensate for the absence of manly beauty and courtly grace in a very young man. Though the habits of politeness and self-control, which are so early impressed upon the daughters of the great, prevented the fair Montmorenci from betraying her secret dissatisfaction, she ventured to direct an appealing look to her parents, as if to implore their interference; but her mother turned away, and her father gave her a glance
which intimated that it was too late to recede.

The marriage contract was read, and subscribed by the king in his threefold capacity of suzerain, or paramount liege-lord of the contracting parties; and also as the next of kin and guardian of the illustrious bridegroom, who was an orphan and a minor. It was next witnessed by the parents of the bride. The pen was then presented to the Prince de Condé. He paused, and appeared irresolute; darted a glance of suspicious inquiry at the king, and bent one of his searching looks on the face of her to whom he was required to plught himself. Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was unconscious of his scrutiny. Overpowered by the strangeness and agitating nature of the scene, she stood, with downcast eyes and a varying colour, leaning her clasped hands for support on the shoulder of her only brother, afterwards so celebrated in the annals of France, as the illustrious and unfortunate Henri de Montmorenci. Never had she appeared so charming as at that moment, when the feminine emotions of fear and shame had lent their softening shade to beauty, which was, perhaps, too dazzling in its faultless perfection, and calculated rather to excite wonder and admiration, than to inspire tenderness. The stern expression of Condé's features relaxed as he gazed upon her, and observed the virgin hues of "cestial rosy red," and "angel whiteness," that came and went in her fair cheek. His countenance brightened, he took the pen with sudden animation, and, with a firm hand, and in bold free characters, subscribed his name to the contract.

"Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci, your signature is required," said the duke her father to the evidently reluctant damsel.

"I have a great mind not to sign," said she, in a confidential tone aside to her brother, who was two years younger than herself.

"Are you minded to offer an un- provoked affront to an honourable gentleman, and to afford a triumph to a recr- eatant lover?" was the whispered response of the youthful heir of Montmorenci.

Charlotte advanced to the table, and signed the instrument. She received somewhat coolly the congratulations with which her friends and relations over- whelmed her; and when the folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the king gave his hand to the Duchess de Mont-morenci to lead her into the banqueting-room, where a sumptuous entertainment had been laid out in honour of the occasion, she took the offered arm of the man to whom she had just affianced herself, with an averted head, and a sigh escaped her.

"I fear," said he, in a low voice, "that you have been compelled to do violence to your feelings in signing that contract."

These were the first words that Condé had ever addressed to his beautiful fiancée; and there was a deep and tender melody in the rich but melancholy tones of his voice, that thrilled to her heart not less strangely than the penetrating glances of his fine dark eyes had previously done.

"I shall not hate him quite so much as I thought I should," was her mental response to this considerate question; but instead of answering the prince with reciprocal frankness, she replied with some hauteur—

"I am not accustomed to do anything on compulsion, Monsieur."

It was now Condé's turn to sigh—he did so from the bottom of his heart; and Charlotte felt angry with herself for the perverseness which had prompted her to repel his first advance towards a confi- dential understanding.

A ball succeeded the banquet. The Prince de Condé did not dance, though reminded that courtly etiquette required that he should at least tread one measure with his bride elect; and Charlotte found a more gallant, if not a more suitable partner, in her admiring sovereign, with whom she once more danced the graceful pavon, and bounded, with flying feet, through the light courant, heedless of the grave looks of disapprobation with which her vivacious enjoyment of her favourite amusement was regarded by him to whom her hand was now plighted.

An early day had been fixed by the king for the nuptials of Bassompierre and Mademoiselle d'Aumale. Charlotte expressed a wish that her marriage should precede theirs, and, in the mean time, the Prince de Condé availed himself of the privilege of a betrothed lover, in passing much of his time at the hotel de Mont-
morenci; but when there, his attention appeared more engrossed by the parents and the youthful brother of his fiancée, than by herself. In conversation with them, the "shy reserved boy of Condé," as Henri Quatre was accustomed to call his studious cousin, could be eloquent, graceful, and even witty. He possessed talents of the finest order; his mind had been highly cultivated, and there was sound sense and beautiful morality in everything he said. Charlotte, seated at her tapestry frame, beside her mother, could not help listening, at first with girlish curiosity, but, by degrees, with profound attention, to the observations which he addressed to her brother on the course of history he was reading; and when she saw his pale cheek kindling with the glow of virtuous and heroic feeling, and his dark penetrating eyes beaming with intellectual brightness, she blushed at the thought that those eyes should have witnessed so much vanity and frivolity in herself.

Sometimes she felt mortified that he addressed so little of his conversation to her; and then, without reflecting that she had chilled and repelled him in the first instance, she was piqued into a haughty imitation of his reserve, when alone with him; and when surrounded by the gay crowd of her courtly admirers, she endeavoured, by the exercise of coquetry, to shake his equanimity, and provoke him either into a quarrel, or an acknowledgment of love.

She was convinced that he had ceased to regard her with indifference; for she had more than once detected his lustrous dark eyes fixed upon her with that intense expression of passionate feeling, which can never be mistaken by its object; yet he had resolutely refrained from giving to that feeling words; and it seemed hard to the most beautiful girl in France, that she should be wedded, unwed, by him of all others, from whom she most desired to hear the language of love.

"If I could but once see this youthful stoic at my feet, I should feel prouder of that triumph than of all the homage which has been offered to me this night by 'him of the white plume,' and his gallant peers," sighed Charlotte to herself, as she was returning from the last ball at the Louvre at which she was to appear as Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

It was the most brilliant she had ever attended; and though on the eve of her bridal, Charlotte ventured on the hazardous experiment of exciting the jealousy of her betrothed. She succeeded only too well, and Condé, unable to conceal his emotion, quitted the royal salon at an early hour. All the interest that the beautiful and admired Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had taken in the gay scene, departed with the pale agitated stripling, whom every one present suspected of being the object of her aversion; and pleading a head-ache to excuse her from fulfilling her engagement of dancing a second time with the king, she retired almost immediately afterwards.

On entering her own apartment her attendant presented her with a billet. It was from the Prince de Condé—the first he had ever addressed to her.

To every woman of sensibility it is delightful to see her name traced, for the first time, by the hand of the object of her secret regard. Who can describe the sweet suspense of that agitating moment which must intervene ere the seal can be broken, and the thrilling mystery unfolded? Alas, for Charlotte de Montmorenci! Her recent conduct rendered her feelings on this occasion the very reverse of those blissful emotions. Her colour faded, her knees shook, and it was with difficulty that her agitated hand could open the letter. It contained only these words:

"Charlotte de Montmorenci,

"Late as it may be when you receive this, I must see you before you retire to rest. You will find me in the east saloon.

"Henri de Condé."

"Not even the common forms, unmeaning though they be, which courtesy requires, observed in this his first, his only communication to me!" thought Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, as she crushed the paper together in her hand. She turned her eyes upon the dial that surmounted her tall dressing-glass—it still wanted five minutes to midnight. Those five minutes decided her destiny. She took the silver lamp from the toilet, and dismissing her damsel, repaired to the appointed trysting-place; then, unclosing the door with a tremulous hand, she stood before Condé with a cheek so
pale, that when he caught the first glimpse of her deeply-shadowed reflection in the cold glassy surface of the mirrored panel, opposite to which he was standing, he absolutely started; so different did she look from the sparkling animated beauty whom he had left, scarcely an hour ago, leading off the dance with Royalty in the glittering salons of the Louvre. Condé had, in fact, neither anticipated her early return home, nor the prompt attention she had paid to his somewhat uncourteous summons; far less was he prepared for indications of softness and sensibility, where he had expected to encounter only coldness and pride. He advanced a step—one step only—to meet her; then paused, and silently awaited her approach. The glance which Charlotte ventured to steal as she placed her lamp on the marble table at which he stood, revealed to her the air of stern resolve with which his lofty brow was compressed; the only trace of the passionate emotion that had so recently shaken his firm spirit, was a slight redness about his eyes.

"Charlotte de Montmorenci," said he, addressing her in a low deep voice, "I hold in my hand the contract of our betrothment. That contract was signed by you with evident reluctance, and it will cost you no pain to cancel it." He paused, and fixed his dark penetrating eyes on her face as if to demand an answer.

Charlotte tried to speak, but there was a convulsive rising in her throat that prevented articulation. The glittering carcanet that encircled her fair neck appeared, at that moment, to oppress her with an insufferable weight, and to have suddenly tightened almost to suffocation. She drew a deep inspiration, and raising her trembling hands, essayed to unloose the clasp, but in vain. It seemed to her that the hysterical emotion that oppressed her was occasioned by the weight of this costly ornament and its rich appendages, and that her life depended on her instant release from their pressure; and, after a second ineffectual attempt to unclasp the jewelled circlet, she actually turned an imploring glance for help upon the real cause of her distress—her offended lover. Condé's assistance was promptly accorded; but, either through the intricacy of the spring, or his inexperience in all matters relating to female decorations, or, it might be, that he was at that moment not less agitated than his pale and trembling fiancée, his attempts to unclasp the carcanet were as unsuccessful as her own. When thus employed, her silken ringlets were unavoidably mingled with his dark locks; and more than once his brow came in contact with her polished cheek: and when at last, by an effort of main strength, he succeeded in bursting the fastening of the jewelled collar, she sank with a convulsive sob into the arms that were involuntarily extended to receive her. For the first time, Condé held that form of perfect loveliness to his bosom, and, forgetful of all the stern resolves that had, for the last few hours, determined him to part with her for ever—forgetful of pride, anger, jealousy, and reason itself, he covered her cold forehead with passionate kisses, and implored her, by every title of fond endearment, to revive. Those soothing words, those tender caresses, recalled her to a sweet but agitating consciousness; and when she perceived on whose breast she was supported, a burst of tears relieved her full heart, and she sobbed with the vehemence of a child that cannot cease to weep even when the cause of its distress has been removed.

"Speak but one word," cried Condé. "Have I occasioned this emotion—these tears?"

Charlotte could not speak, but her silence was eloquent.

"Nay, but I must be told, in explicit terms, that you love me," cried Condé; "it is a point on which I dare not suffer myself to be deceived."

"Mighty fine!" said the fair Montmorenci, suddenly recovering her vivacity, and smiling through her tears, "and so you have the vanity to expect that I am to reverse the order of things, and play the wooer to you, for your more perfect satisfaction, after you have informed me of your obliging intention of cancelling our contract of betrothment."

"Ah, Charlotte! if you did but know how much I have suffered before I could resolve to resign the happiness of calling you mine!"

"Well, if you are resolved, I have no more to say," rejoined Charlotte proudly, extricating herself from his arms.
“But I have,” said Condé, taking her by both her hands, which he retained in spite of one or two perverse attempts to withdraw them. “Fie, this is childish petulance!” cried he, pressing them to his lips; “but, my sweet Charlotte, the moment is past for trifling on either side. These coqueteries might have cost us both only too dear.” His lip quivered with strong emotion as he spoke, and the large tears stole from under the down-cast lashes of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. “We have caused each other much pain for want of a little candour,” pursued he. “Why, then, did you not tell me that you loved me?” whispered Charlotte. “Because I dared not resign my heart into your keeping before I was assured that I might trust you with my honour.” “Oh, heavens!” exclaimed Charlotte, becoming very pale; “and is it possible that you could doubt?”

“Charlotte, I was too well acquainted with the king’s character to behold the undisguised manifestations of his passion for my affianced bride with indifference. The attentions of a royal lover were flattering, I perceived, to the vanity of a young and beautiful woman. The complacency with which they were at times received, and my knowledge of the motives which induced the king to break your first engagement with Bassompierre, were sufficient to alarm a man of honour,” said Condé, with a darkening brow. “You are talking in enigmas, Henri de Condé,” rejoined Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. “If you are ignorant of the fact, that Henri of France separated you from his handsome favourite, because he feared that such a husband would be a formidable rival to himself, no one else is; for Bassompierre has made the particulars of his sovereign’s conversation with him on that subject too public for it to remain a matter of doubt. ‘You look incredulous, Charlotte, but you shall hear the very words in which the king made this audacious declaration—‘I am, myself,’ said he to Bassompierre, ‘madly in love with your beautiful Montmorenci.’”

“Ha! did he, a married man, dare to make such an acknowledgment?”

“Yes, Charlotte; and, moreover, impudently added: ‘If she loves you, I shall detest you. You must give up either her or me. You will not of course risk the loss of my favour. I shall marry her to my cousin Condé.’ Yes, Charlotte, the plain ‘shy boy of Condé,’ as he generally styles me, was designed for the honour of being this husband of convenience; but had I known his guileful project at the time when he required me to sign the contract, not all the power of France, nor even the influence of your charms, should have bribed me to subscribe that paper.”

“It is not now irrevocable,” said Charlotte proudly. “It is if you are willing to accede to the conditions on which I am ready to join in its fulfilment.” “Name them.” “You must see the king no more after our marriage.” “That will be no sacrifice; and, after your communication, I could not look upon him without indignation. How little did I imagine that such baseness could sully the glory of him of whom fame has spoken such bright things!”

“Charlotte, it is his prevailing foible. The sin that was unchecked in youth, gained strength in middle age, and now amounts to madness. There will be no security for our wedded happiness if we remain in his dominions; but can I ask you to forsake friends and country for me?” said Condé. “Shall I not find all these things, and more also, in the husband of my heart?” returned Charlotte, tenderly. “Ah, Charlotte, can you forgive my ungenteel doubts?” said Condé, throwing himself at her feet. “Yes, for they are proofs of the sincerity of your affection; and had you been less jealous of my honour, I should not have loved you so well,” said she. “From this hour we are as one; and it will be the happiness of my life to resign myself to your guidance.”

“Then, my sweet Charlotte, I must, for the sake of the fading roses on these fair cheeks, dismiss you to your pillow, without further parley, returned Condé. They exchanged a mute caress, and parted. The marriage was celebrated with royal pomp on the following day, at high noon, in the church of Notre Dame. Condé received his lovely bride from the hand of his royal rival; but the king’s exultation in the success of the deep-laid
scheme, by which he had separated the
object of his lawless passion from her
first lover, to unite her with one from
whom he vainly imagined he should have
little to fear, was of brief duration. The
nuptial festivities received a sudden in-
terruption on the following morning, in
correspondence to the disappearance of both
bride and bridegroom; and what was
stranger still, it was soon discovered that
they had eloped together. The good
people of Paris were thrown into the
most vivacious amazement at an event
so entirely without parallel, either in
history, poetry, or romance, as the first
prince of the blood running away with
his own wife; and their astonishment
increased, when the circumstances of this
lawful abduction transpired, by which it
appeared that the Prince de Condé, ac-
accompanied by his illustrious bride, quitted
their chamber an hour before dawn, and
that he had actually carried her off,
racing behind him on a pillion, disguised
in the grey frieze cloak and hood of a
farmer's wife.

The enamoured king, transported with
rage at having been thus outwitted by
the boy-bridegroom, gave orders for an
immediate pursuit. The wedded lovers
were, however, beyond his reach. They
had crossed the Spanish frontier before
their route was traced, and Philip III.
afforded them a refuge in his dominions.

The refusal of that monarch to give
up these illustrious fugitives, produced
a declaration of war from Henri. He
was, in fact, so pertinacious in his at-
ttempts to obtain possession of the object
of his lawless passion, that it was not
till after his death that Condé ventured
to return, with his lovely wife, from the
voluntary exile to which they had de-
voted themselves as a refuge from dis-
honour. The splendid talents and noble
qualities of Henri de Condé have ob-
tained for him so distinguished a place
in the annals of his country, that the
title of the "Great Condé" would un-
doubtedly have pertained to him, if the
renown of his illustrious son, by Char-
lotte de Montmorenci, had not, in after
years, transcended his own.

History has, with her usual partiality,
passed lightly over this dark spot in the
character of the gay, the gallant, the
chivalric Henri Quatre, without bestow-
ing a single comment on the lofty spirit
of honourable independence that charac-
terised the conduct of his youthful kins-
man on this trying occasion; and has
left wholly unnoticed the virtue and con-
jugal heroism of the high-born beauty,
who nobly preferred sharing the poverty
and exile of her husband to all the pomp
and distinctions that were in the gift of
a royal lover.

---

SOLITUDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

BY JOHN JORDISON.

Tief in der Dästere des Waldes, &c.

Deep in the darkness of the wood
The mourner walks in solitude,
Sad is his heart, his tearless eye
Is fixed upon the cloudless sky,
As if he dream'd of happier bowers
Than those that deck this earth of ours;
And to the scenes that round him lie
He tells the cares, the woe, and pain
That burn his breast, and rack his brain.
Long had he sought, alas! in vain
Lines.

For one to love, for one to bless
His wanderings through life's wilderness;
Long had he sought for happiness,
And yet, 'tis strange, he found it less
Among the creatures of his kin
Than those that dwell the woods within;
No friend he found, so he hath come
To make the rocky hills his home,
And to the scenes that round him roll
He tells the sorrows of his soul,
While Echo, in a mournful strain,
Repeats them o'er and o'er again.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF H. H——, ESQ.

Thy mother's eye is dim, sweet babe!
Thy mother's heart is sad;
Thy spirit rests with Him! sweet babe
In halls where all are glad:
But from this earth, and with thy earth
So soon to pass away.
Her spirit must mourn o'er thy dust,
Or else her throbbing breast would burst.
Thou wert her lov'd, her only one, her first,
Her living miniature, her breathing bust,
In whom a Father's eye could trace
The budding beauty of thy Mother's grace.

Thy cradle was the palace of her heart!
And is its tomb——ah, why didst thou depart?
Why leave thy gentle home, her glowing breast?
Thou hadst not tasted of the world's unrest,
Thou hadst not felt its venom, nor its gloom;
For thy young spirit never did commune,
During the darkness of thy earthly doom,
Save by a smile.

Say, midst the mirth of thy new birth,
Remember'st thou the clay?
The pangs thy little spirit felt,
That made thy mother's heart to melt,
And cast her own away?
Canst thou spare moments from delight,
And with an eye of heaven's light,
Look on thy mother? Say!
On her who suffer'd more than thou,
Ah, dost thou think upon her now?

T. B. B.
AMELIE, OR THE LOVE TEST.

AN OPERA IN FIVE ACTS, COMPOSED BY W. T. ROOKE. COVENT GARDEN.

It was a dictum of Socrates (and upon his authority it is still in daily repetition) that the arts are merely an imitation of nature. This axiom, the truth of which is self-evident in sculpture and painting, but less palpable in architecture, cannot, however, be admitted in music without restrictions so numerous, that, we fear, the general rule is not strictly proved by the exception.

If we seek to reascend by means of the imagination to the origin of music, it will be difficult for us to conceive that the primitive melodies have had for their object, imitation either of the gentler murmurs or the grander sounds of nature, either the cries of animals or the notes of birds. What we know of the songs of savage races, although exceedingly varied, ridicules all notions of reproduction whatsoever. Musical painting, except in cases infinitely rare, is never exact to the point of seizing literally, by its striking truth. It is necessary to comprehend the difficulty to be overcome to enjoy the imitation. Many animals are very sensitive to music, and greatly delighted is the infant with the songs of its attendant. We do not think that this sensation of pleasure has relation to the sentiment, or rather to the instinct of anything belonging to the imitative. Music has, therefore, an evident tendency to give birth to, or awaken sensations as well of the most pleasing as the most terrific nature; but the means are too vague and too restricted for the sentiment, to borrow from it that exact and evident expression produced by the arts above-mentioned, in the strict acceptance of the word.

Nature has made us sensible to melody: naturá ducimur ad modos, says Quintilillian; the means of expression are also essentially the springs of melody. Harmony greatly increases the expression, but does not create it. If a composer seek in the reverse of these fundamental principles extraordinary and unexpected effects, he risks, in the pursuit of originality, falling into pretension and quaintness. On the other hand, it behoves him to avoid the opposite extreme—the style, rife with fugues of squared and symmetrical repetition, upon which the eye of the geometerian alone, “that dwells with rapture on a surd’s cold brow,” can feed with delight—would be considered to be tame and arid, either in the theatre, the temple, or indeed anywhere. For public entertainment, such exercises may be favourable to the development or facility of any given style when confined to the academy, but they are as a leaden bow to the violin; nailed shoes to the dancer; the heavy foil in the hand of one “cunning of fence,” and of which the professor who wishes to excite pleasure or emotion quickly rins himself.

Does it not also tend to diminish the power of music, the restricting it rigidly to a programme determined beforehand? Would not the musician only impose upon himself hurtful shackles wherewith to cramp the flight of his genius; and would he not promise himself more than it is possible to accomplish? Would he not be more frequently forced, for the sake of imitation, to sacrifice the happy development elicited by a melody—to lose sight of the essential conditions of all musical composition, only in order to make his productions ridiculous? This would, as it were, too designedly, be the end of premeditation, and disfigure a fine set of features which need only expand themselves to their natural contour to enliven and please. Let us, therefore, leave to music its vague and indeterminate character;—like love and poetry, it loves a veil; it courts the mysterious; too much light is less favourable to it. A tendency to paint, to enunciate, to analyse, to comprehend everything, would infallibly engender a materialism alike contrary and pernicious to the true and providential ends of this enchanting art, as that which is opposed to the immutable laws of morality.

There are two ways therefore of writing music to dramatic words. The composer may embrace the subject in its widest scope and contour, and seek in the language proper to his art the most
sympathetic, bold, and touching expressions. He may also, less absorbed by
the great conceptions of the ensemble, lavish all his freshness, energy, and eleva-
tion upon the details, working out the words, step by step, in vivacity, profun-
dity, or terror. In adopting the latter method, the composer, in our opinion,
finds the few advantages to be far outbalanced by inconveniences too numerous
and difficult to avoid. For, in the search of every species of originality, does he
not risk meeting effectually with some
worthy the name—of producing a work
without unity—of, at best, but achieving
a succession of pieces, superb, perhaps,
when taken isolated, but wanting cohe-
sion among themselves?
In the new opera of 'The Love Test,'
which has induced us thus to theorise,
and which we conceive admirably illus-
trates the foregoing opinions, Mr. Rooke
has, we think, most wisely based his
style on the former method. He is a man
of genius, and 'that genius is essentially
honest' is a truism of which few are
ignorant; consequently, though often re-
minded of the profundity of Palestrina,
especially in the choral parts,) happily
contrasted with a considerable portion of
the vivacity of Rossini, there is nothing
approaching the mannerism of either.
He has traced for himself an independent
path, along which his name will shine
by its own light. A composition of such
high pretension, and of a style so varied,
requires to be heard twice or thrice to be
properly appreciated. And we trust,
tere the publiction of another Number,
to have had many opportunities of at-
tending its repetition, and dwelling more
in detail upon the many striking parts
with which it abounds. The air of
'My Boyhood's Home' is a good specimen
of the purity of melody peculiar to the
composer; it is likewise sung with ex-
quise taste and feeling by Mr. Phillips.
The duet between that gentleman and
Miss Shirreff, 'A Happy Maid am I,' is
strikingly beautiful, and will doubtless
acquire an immediate popularity among
amateurs, from the facility of its execu-
tion, coupled with the brilliancy of effect.
The chorus of 'Under the Tree' is bold,
racy, and characteristic. The effects,
generally, of the concerted pieces are
novel, expansive, striking, and original.
Fully developed and most complete as
are the harmonies by which his melodic
conceptions are 'seconded, yet there is
no sacrifice of inspiration to science,
no music made with compass in hand,
worked out with equations and arithmeti-
cal figures. He shows a secund imagina-
tion, joined to great facility of writing,
neither being overburdened by its own
excess. A certain graceful profusion
also in the activity of his orchestra gives
a charm to whatever he writes.
One great condition towards the suc-
cess of an opera depends upon the salient
morceaux being found distributed through
each of the acts in such a manner that
the emotion and pleasure of the audience
may be excited in periodical order, and
with an ever-increasing force. Such a
happy result has been effected by ad-
hering to this method in the composition
of Amelie. The attention and pleasure of
the audience do not languish for a
single instant. An increase of energy,
however, is still desirable in the canta-
trice, as well as the chorus, to be main-
tained to the end of the representation;
and relative to certain imperfections in
the fillings in of the accessory parts, it
behooves us to be indulgent; indeed,
young ought to be looked upon as inevi-
table, considering the difficulty of find-
ing an eligible second tenor, or a second
bass, a by no means trifling disadvantage
with which a composer has to contend.
A word or two upon the libretto. In
it the dramatic art is reduced to its most
simple expression; it embodies no strik-
ing talent, such perhaps is not expected;
there is a singular absence of esprit. It
really contains nothing but situations,
and the dramatis personae express only
passions upon which little or no comment
or explication is given. Yet with the
indices merely of love, sorrow, wrath,
hated, &c., exhibited by the different
personages vocally, to guide us through
the drama, the tale is clearly told. This
excellent quality in a libretto of omis-
sion, for so we deem it in the absence of
a better, widely prevails in that of Mr.
Haines, and the groups of natural pas-
sions form an admirable canvass-sketch
whereon to embroider such a style of
music as that of which Mr. Rooke has
happily shown himself master.
The success of the opera was complete,
unanimous, brilliant, and enthusiastic.
It promises alike to the management and
the frequenters of Covent Garden Theatre
a long and reciprocal satisfaction.
THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—The rival nationals have at length entered the lists in right earnest. Strange that they should put forward woman as their champion, but such is the order of the day. Joan of Arc, the famous maid of Orleans, is the heroine of Mr. Balfe's opera. The adaptation of Southey's beautiful poem has, alas, been most miserably dramatised. There is scarcely an air throughout the whole piece which at all appeals to the feelings, and good music must awaken feeling to be appreciated. This would appear strange, for some parts of the libretto are better than the general productions of Mr. Fitzball's muse. For instance, the words of the solo in the first act, sung by Miss Romer:—

Ere the purple cornflower
Faded in our vallies lie;
There must many a gallant heart
Stain the earth with deeper dye!
Ere the autumn poppy's leaves
Clothe with gore-like spots the plain,
There the patriot's breast must shed
Blood that yields a holier stain.

Perhaps the greatest credit in this opera is due to the scene painter. The shrine of St. Catherine, at the end of the first act, is very beautiful.

Another of the better pieces of music is the trio between Guibilei, Seguin, and Balfe:—

Hark! 'tis the soul-exciting drum!
The martial trumpet sounding!
With glory wreathed, the conquerors come;
Each heart with triumphs bounding!
Hark, &c.

Peace to the souls of the brave!
In brighter spheres rewarded—
Sweet Pity's tear bedew their grave,
Their deeds by Fame recorded.

Hark! with the fluttering wings of joy,
Where banners wave, where war-steam
—prance,
The trumpet sounds, the drum exclaims,
Vive, vive la France! vive, &c.

CHORUS.
Hail, Joan of Arc! vive, vive la France! &c.
Orleans is free! the foe is gone!
Victoria!
The fight is fought, the battle won!
Victoria!

The air commencing "Be this helm with laurel braided," sung by Mr. Anderson, is pretty, and was encored.

Again, the duet (of which we affix the words) between Miss Romer and Balfe, is, perhaps, the gem of the opera:—

DUET.

O'er shepherd pipe, and rustic dell
Love can shed a brighter spell
Than ever gilded banner'd wall,
Or sounded sweet in princely hall.
The rose of beauty may decay,
From memory, dew-like, melt away,
But love's first music, from the heart,
Can only with our souls depart.

Then ne'er forget the silent hour,
The fragrant bank, the moonlight bower,
The vows so pure which then we swore
And bright-winged saints to heaven bore;
The music of thy gentle sigh—
The tear which glitter'd in thine eye.
Forget? oh, no; from out the heart
Such transports but with life depart.

There is also an air sung by Mr. Templeton, beginning "Dear maid," which we presume is a codicil to the opera, as we do not find the words in the book: it is extremely pretty, but commences very much like "I love her, how I love her," in Gustavus. Balfe's song, "The peace of the valley," is also an imitation of his own "Light of other days." And, altogether, the music is too noisy.

In conclusion, we must point out two more beautiful scenes, the "View of Orleans," and "Rouen market-place." The performers do their utmost to make the opera attractive; but to speak the truth, it will neither add to Mr. Balfe's fame, nor put many golden pieces into Mr. Bunn's pocket.

The Daughter of the Danube is, indeed, a first-rate ballet. Wieland might easily be mistaken for the "old gentleman" he represents, had any one ever seen him; but as most assuredly we have not, we can only say his performance is uncommonly clever. The scene of the combat is a master-piece. Again (as in Joan of Arc), such tickling the public taste; the scenery is most beautiful, the
representation of the caverns of the deep, haunted with naiads, is exceedingly good. Gilbert, and his young wife (Miss Ballin), are the leaders of the English school of dancing; indeed we do not think Gilbert is excelled by any of the foreign artists. The piece has already had an extensive run, and we think is likely to give satisfaction for some time to come.

Her Majesty has honoured this theatre with her royal presence.

Covent Garden.—The popular theme Joan of Arc has been adapted for this house by Mr. Serle. It is a spectacle! Is this, Mr. Macready, your pledged support of the legitimate drama, of which you talked so much? Of a variety words and actions are different things, and like your neighbours you are ready to spread your sails to a favourable breeze, little caring whether it be for the Slave Coast direct, or not, so that you ultimately reach that all-to-be-coveted haven, the Gold Coast. Had you held your tongue we should not have said a word on the subject, but we regard your address at the commencement of the season as a challenge. Behold! Here is the finest theatre in London—the best tragedian in England—the man who has talked most about the legitimate drama; and yet, save on Monday nights, (instead of perhaps, by way of change, every Monday,) one might as well look into Covent Garden market for legitimacy, as into Covent Garden Theatre. True your spectacle is one of the most splendid productions of its kind. Its "Shrine of St. Agnes," its "Siege of Orleans," and its "Ambuscade," are next to real, but is it the sort of thing expected from the man who cried Wolf! Wolf!! so loudly before he became a lessee, that the expectation of the whole town was raised to the highest pitch of expectation. Do you not see people will say it is all nonsense to talk about the drama being in a state of rottenness, when the very person who ought to be its greatest support revels among its ruins. Reflect for a moment: suppose you were merely an actor, and not a lessee, and your friends Talfourd and E. L. Bulwer, and the author of the "Provost of Bruges," (who may perhaps be so) were poor men, how would you and they like a lessee to act as you are doing? It's a simple question. Again—

if you have any wish that your name should be honoured by posterity—what honour can a generation yet unborn give you for what you have done since you have been a lessee of a national theatre. You have produced a very poor attempt at a comic opera, called "The Barbers of Bassora," "The Novice," a very bad translation of a very bad French piece; "The Afrancesado," a worthless melodrama; "The parole of Honour," a middling ditto; "The Original," a merry farce; and "Joan of Arc," which is worse than a pantomime. Here is your grand effort to restore the powers of Shakspeare in pristine force! the Garrick Theatre in Goodman's fields has done more than you have! Never then talk to us more about spectacle being the fashion, and that the doors of Covent Garden Theatre would have been closed, had you not pleased the palate of the many with such trashy lollipops as "Joan of Arc." Look at the "Love Chase," now performing for its eightieth time, and blush! Knowles has given the lie to all such twaddle. Rely upon it the only way to honourable and ultimate success is through man's reason, and not his vices. Arouse from your lethargy, remember young Kean is about to appear on your rival's boards, throw down the gauntlet, and let us see the hero of Virginius and Macbeth once more upon the field!

Turn we now to a more pleasant subject. A new opera, called "Amelie or the Love Test," was produced on Saturday, the 2nd of Dec. The music is by Mr. W. T. Rooke, and although the plot has not been well worked out by Mr. J. T. Haines, the author of the words, it is throughout extremely pleasing. There is no attempt at anything grand, but occasionally some very sweet airs. The plot of the piece is laid in the Valley of Eysach Tyrol. Emilie (Miss Shirlreff) is an orphan, she is betrothed to Anderl (Manvers) who is supposed to be absent, and she is also beloved by Jose (Wilson) who is captain of a band—half hunters—half brigands. We cannot afford space for a detail.

Among the melodies we may mention with satisfaction, a pretty air sung by Lelia (Miss P. Horton) the hostess of the "Golden Grapes," commencing "Come to the vine-feast, come, pretty maids."—Recitative and air by Phillips.
My boyhood's home, oh welcome sight!
Green spot, in memory ever dear,
In youth my subject prayer at night,
In age a joy no time can tear;

The thunder of the battle ne'er
Could drown thy yellow cornfield song—
My heart has often dream'd twas there,
Tho' death came on the breeze along.

AIR.
My boyhood's home! I see thy hills,
I see thy valley of changeful green,
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills
Tho' years have roll'd since thou wert seen!

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule,
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,
I feel I am a boy again.

To the war-steed adieu, to the trumpet farewell,
To the pomp of the palace, the proud gilded dome,
For the sweet scenes of childhood, I bid ye farewell,
The warrior returns to his boyhood's loved home.

"The Yager's mountain chorus" is another beautiful production—we allude to the music.

To the mountain;
To the mountain;
To the mountain away.
The sunbeam is gliding the haunts of our prey.
Living echo!
Living echo now answers our cry,
And bids us be gone, or the chamois will fly!
Now gird on each side, each wallet prepare,
And away to the hill top, the eagle is there.
Now mark ere the ice clift—the torrent may roll,
But naught brings dismay to the brave hunter's soul.
The avalanche may fall, and bring death in its course;
We shrink not, but boldly evade its dread force.

As down to the valley it thunders below,
We gather again with a brave hillo, ho!
Now mark we each staff point, the storm hurries on,
And the snow must our bed be till rises the sun.
To the mountain, &c.

"What is the spell, that in manhood's dawn," sung by Phillips, is good; and an air by Manvers was deservedly encored.

Under the tree, 'neath the merry green tree,
I'll spread a leaf couch for my bride and me,
And there while we're shadow'd by hawthorn
And berry,
We'll love and we'll laugh, and be right merry, merry.

Our faces we'll stain
In the brown nut's sap,
And my self locks she'll train
As I lie in her lap.

My heart shall bask in her black eyes' light,
I'll love her by day, and I'll love her by night,
I'll make the green forest her palace of pride,
Then who'll be the wandering gypsy's bride!

Miss Shirreff was encored in a very pretty little Tyrolean air.
When the morning first dawns, we will seek the green hill,
Before the cow-horn from each peak wakes the plain,
And list to the hum of the sweet mountain rill,
Or join with pure hearts on the lark's thrilling strain.
Hail the fresh morn—list the chirp of the birds,
Hark! the pipe of the shepherd—the low of the herds,
While the distant and dying sweet echo brings near
The sound of the cow-horn the village to cheer.

Auhee! Auhee!

The weight of the opera falls upon Wilson and Miss Shirreff, to both of whom the authors ought to be grateful. Phillips sings with his usual beauty, makes a noise intended to be talking, in his throat, and walks on and off very gentlemanly, in the identical coat and cap, and leaning on the same white-headed stick, as when he was introduced to us under the name of Capt. Ankerstrom in Gustavus. Hammond, who takes the character of the Count's valet, is quite out of his place.

We find a paragraph in one of the papers to the following effect, said to have been uttered by an Italian lady while listening to the music of "Amilie." "If Rooks in England produce such sweet notes, you need not complain that nightingales are scarce." We agree with the lady's sentiments, and only hope it will not be long ere our English Rook again turns his pipe in a good cause.

Her Majesty has honoured Covent Garden with her royal presence.
OPERA BOFFA, LYCEUM.—During the past month Her Majesty frequently visited this fashionable establishment.
Rossini's opera of L'Innamorato Felice (the happy deception) has been revived; Catone and Sanguirico were the props of the opera; but we do not think much
taste has been displayed in the selection of the piece.

*Il Campanello* (The Bell), a farce of Donnizetti's, full of mirth and fun, has been acted for the first time in this country. The music is very sweet, and the acting very admirable.

**Haymarket.**—Our first opinion of the merit of Sheridan Knowles's comedy of the *Love Chase* has been fully verified. On Tuesday, the 5th of December, it was performed for the fiftieth time, on which night it received the fitting compliment of a renewal of the dresses and decorations. It is still acted every evening to crowded and highly respectable audiences. The truth is now out. It was not the taste of the town that was bad, but the viands—and we sincerely hope that the gingerbread now sold at the two great nationals will give place to better food for the Christmas holidays; if not, many of the children will go back to school in very bad condition.

Pierre Bertrand, a domestic drama from the pen of Mr. Lawrence, has been a failure, owing, that gentleman states, to Mr. Ranger, who takes the character of a Frenchman, having entirely altered the language.

**St. James's.**—Mrs. Sterling is very good as Angeline, a kind of feminine Monsieur Jaques. The piece is truly sentimental, but it contains nothing of sufficient novelty to detail here.

 Wanted a Brigand, or a Visit from Terracina, has been produced at this house with considerable success; but we have expended so much space on the Leviathans, that we have no room for the plot. There is some exceedingly pretty music in it from the pens of Messrs. A. Beckett and Stansbury.

**Olympic.**—Madame Vestris's *parlour* has been nightly well attended. *The Ringdove*, an exceedingly amusing burletta, produced on the 1st, is likely to be a stock-piece. *Sir Harry Ringdove* (F. Matthews), an old gentleman who has forsworn the sex, nevertheless becomes enamoured of a young lady, and suddenly casts off his prejudices against marriage, and offers her his hand. To this proceeding, however, he is mainly urged by the suggestions of the young lady's aunt, Miss Longclackit, who, though professing to be a woman of few words, has an uncommonly lengthy tongue. The time for the marriage is appointed, when the nephew (to whom the uncle's property descends in case he dies without issue) arrives at the most unexpected moment. A laughable scene ensues between young Ringdove and Miss Longclackit, who tells him of the intended marriage; and he, mistaking the old lady for the bride, abandons all idea of his own interest, and gives his consent, thinking that the marriage is likely to add to his uncle's happiness. *Young Ringdove*, however, soon discovers his error, and what is worse, finds that the intended bride is the very young lady with whom he is himself enamoured. The sequel, as may be imagined, is, that the nephew outwits the uncle, and gets married before him. The two Matthews's, one with two ts, the other with one, take their different characters to a t, and, together with Brougham as Mooney, an Irish servant, abounding in wise saws, manage to keep 'the little room' in a continual roar.

Vestris has also produced two new burlettas, the *Ladder of Love* and the *Bengal Tiger*; both are good in their way.

**Adelphi.**—*Valsha and Rory O'More* continue to make this little house as good as a warm-bath. A Mr. Lyons, during Power's temporary absence, took the part of Rory very respectfully.

Another trashy spectacle, entitled *Victoire, or the Fall of Constantina*, has been produced for Mad. Celeste, who takes the character of a dumb girl. Mr. Yates assuredly knows how to get up a gorgeous spectacle.

**Victoria.**—*The King's Wager*, from the pen of our prolific contributor, Mr. Wilks, has been one of the attractions of the last month. It is founded on one of the adventures of Charles the Second, of merry memory. It is supported by Mrs. F. Mathews, Miss E. Lee, Oxberry, Wrench, Hooper, and Salter. The plot exceeds our limits to mention.

This house is announced for sale.

**Norton Folgate.**—Mrs. Honey has been trying to persuade the good folks of the east that she is seventy years of age in Mr. Dance's capital farce of *Seventy and Seventeen*; but her 'honied' looks prevent her succeeding. The house has
been well attended. There is a talk of Mrs. Honey seeding from the management; we hope it is not the case, but fear it is too true.

STANDARD THEATRE, NORTON FOLGATE.—This little house is about a stone's throw from Mrs. Honey's, but much below it. From a bird's-eye peep we can give the manager a bit of advice gratis, viz., the sooner he shuts up the better. The pieces were "The Dumb Man of Manchester," "Othello according to act of parliament," "Jonathan Bradfورد." The person who took the part of the dumb man is the only performer who deserves praise; yet perhaps we are too hard, we forget the pale young female who kept her hand in her apron pocket all the night.

THE PANTOMIMES.

At the late season of the month that these Christmas flowers bloom, it is impossible for us to give more than a hasty sketch of the productions of each house.

COVENT GARDEN has always been renowned for its early blossoms. Peeping Tom of Coventry; or Harlequin bewitched by the Lady Godiva, is the holiday sight. The subject has been but ill chosen.

DRURY LANE tickles the youngsters with Harlequin and Jack-a'-Lanter; or the Witch of the Dropping Well.

THE HAYMARKET brings forward the old story of Whittington and his Cat.

The St. James's treats the westenders with a version of Pascal Bruno, in which Mrs. Sterling bears the belle.

The Adelphi adds to its treasury Harlequin Silver Sixpence; or the Gigantic Penny and the World of Coins.

The CITY OF LONDON, or, as we call it, NORTON FOLGATE, for it is not in the City; appropriately (being a foggy neighbourhood) introduces a Will-o'-the Wisp; or Harlequin in a Bog; by-the-by, it is likely also the fair widow will leave a will of her own, as we understand that the arrangements on the topia are likely to out Cockerton in favour of our fair pet. Mrs. Honey also takes our advice, and appears in a new musical burletta, entitled The Page of Palermo.

SADLERS WELLS.—Here Little Jack Horner sits in a corner eating a Christmas pie.

QUEEN ELIZABETH's* MARRIAGE.—The 25th Januarie, 1598, the Parliament began, the Queenes Majestie riding in hir Parliament robes from hir Palace of Whitehall unto the Abbeye-church of Westminster, with the Lords spiritual and temporal attending her, likewise in their Parliament robes. Doctor Coxe, sometime schoolmaistre to King Edward, and now lately returned fro parts beyond the seas, where during the dayes of Queene Marie he had lived as a banished man, preached nowe before the estates then assembled, in the beginning of the saide Parliament.

In this Parliament the first-fruits and tenths were restored to the Crown; and also the supreme government over the state ecclesiastical, which Queene Marie had given to the Pope. Likewise the book of Common Prayer, and administration of the sacraments in our mother tongue were restored.

In this Parliament a motion was made by the Common House that the Queenes Majestie might be sued unto to grant Her Graces license to the Speaker, knights, and citizens, and burgesses, to have access unto Her Graces presence, to declare unto hir matter of great importance concerning the state of this Her Graces realme. The which motion being moved to Hir Grace, she most honourably agreed and assigned a daye of hearing. When the daye came, the Speaker of the Common House resorted unto Her Grace's palacie at Westminster, called Whitehall; and in the great galerie there Hir Grace most honourably shewed herself ready to heare their motion and petition; and when the Speaker had solemnly and eloquently set forth the message (the special matter whereof most specially was to move Her Grace to marriage), whereby to all our comforts we might enjoye, as God's pleasure might be, the Royal issue of hir bodie to rayne over us.

The Queenes Majestie, after a little pause, made this answer following:—

"As I have good cause to doe, I give to you my heartie thanks for the good zeale and care that you seeme to have as well towards mee as to the whole state of your countrey. Your petition I gather

*The full-length portrait and memoir of Queen Elizabeth was published in the Lady's Magazine and Museum, January 1, 1837.
to be grounded on three causes, and my answer for the same shall consist of two parts; and for the first I say unto you, that from my yeare of understanding, knowing myself a servitor of Almytie God, I chose this kind of life in which I do yet live as a life most acceptable unto him, wherein I thought I could best serve him, and with most quietnesse doe my duette unto him from which my choice of either ambition of high estate offered unto mee by marryage (whereof I have records in this presence), the displeasure of the Prince, the eschewing the anger of mine enemies, or the avoiding the peril of death (whose messenger the Princesse indignation was no little tyme continually present before mine eyes, by whose meanes, if I know or do justly suspect, I will not nowe utter them, or if the whole cause were my sister herself, I will not now charge the deade), could have drawne or dismissed mee, I had not now remained in this Vergin’s state wherein you see mee. But so contant have I always continued in this my determination that although my words and youthe may seeme to some to hardly agree together, yet it is true that to this daye I stand free from any other meaning, that either I have had in tymes past, or have at this present, in which state and trade of living wherewith I am so thorougly acquainted, God had hitherto so preserved mee, and had so watchful an eye upon mee, and so guided mee, and led mee on by the hande, as my full trust is, he will not suffer mee to go alone. The maner of your petition I do lyke, and take in good part, for it is simple, and conteyneth no limitation of place or person; if it had been otherwise, I must have mislyked it verie much, and thought it in you verie great presumption, being unfitte and altogether unmeete to take upon you to drawe my love to your lykings, or to frame my wil to your fancies. A gyrdon constraineth and a gift freely given can never agree. Nevertheless, if anye of you be in suspect that whencesoeuer it may please God to incline mine heart to that kinde of life, my meaning is to doe or determine anye thing wherewith the realme may have cause to be discontented, put that out of your heads (what credence my assurance with you may have I cannot tell, but what credit it shall deserve to have, the sequel will prove), I will never in any matter conclude anything that shall be prejudicial to the realme, for the weale and safety whereof as the good mother of my countrey I will never shunne to spende my life, [and whosoever my chosse may lyght upon, he shall be as careful for the preservation of the realme as you. I will not say as myself, for I cannot so certainly premise of another as I doe surely know of myself, but as any other can be. And albeit it doth please Almytie God to continue me still in this minde to live out of the state of marryage, it is not to be feared that hee will so work in my heart and in your wisedome that as goode provision may be made in convenient tyme whereby the realme shall not remaine destitute of a fitte governoure, and peradventure more beneficious to the realme than such offsping as may come of mee. For I be never so careful for your welldoings, and mynde ever so to be, yet may my issue prove out of kinde and become ungracious. And for me it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a Queene, having reigned such a tyme, lived and dyed a virgin. To make ann end, I take your coming to me in good part, and give unto you my heartie thanks more yet for your zeale, good will, and good meaning, than for your messuge and petition.”

EATING AND DRINKING.—It will rather take the reader by surprise, we think, to be told, that in a life of 65 years’ duration, with a moderate daily allowance of, say mutton, he will have consumed a flock of 350 sheep, and that altogether for dinner alone, adding to his mutton a reasonable allowance of potatoes and vegetables, and a pint of wine daily, for 30 years of this period, above 30 tons of liquors must have passed through his stomach.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.—Friday afternoon, Mrs. Kemble of King-street, Gravesend, was put to bed with three children; two of them are now living, and doing well. This is the second lady, within six months, who has given birth to three children; but, humorously adds the Maidstone Gazette, in reporting this occurrence, it is hoped the fact will have no unpleasant influence over the minds of the visitors of the town.
QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

November 27.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Hill. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Bishop of London, Duke of Devonshire, Earl and Countess Granville, Earl and Countess of Surrey, Viscount Sydney, Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Hon. Miss Lister, Lady Barham, Marquis Headfort, Colonel Cavendish, Hon. C. Murray, and Col. Wemyss. This being the birthday of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, some of the members of the royal family visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. In the afternoon, H. R. H., accompanied by Prince George, Princess Augusta, and Mary of Cambridge, visited the Duke of Gloucester. Her Majesty, attended by Lady Barham and the Hon. Miss Pitt, joined the royal party at Gloucester House.


November 29.—Wednesday. The Queen gave audience to Marquis Conyngham, Lord Hill, and Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included the Duke of Wellington, Earl and Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, Earl of Ilchester, Lady Caroline Strangways, Earl and Countess Mulgrave, the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice Chamberlain, Lord Byron, Sir F. Stovin, Hon. C. A. Murray, and Colonel Wemyss.

November 30.—Thursday. The Queen gave audience to Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty honoured the performance of the Opera Buffa, at the Lyceum, with her presence, shortly before nine o'clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Barham, Lord Byron, the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and Sir F. Stovin. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, dined with H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, at Kensington Palace. The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knesebeck and Colonel Cornwall, went to Richmond and returned in the afternoon.

December 1.—Friday. The Queen gave audience to the Earl of Minto, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Howick. Her Majesty took a drive in the parks for an hour, in an open carriage and four, attended by the Hon. Miss Cocks and Baroness Lehzen. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of
Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duke of Cleveland, Earl and Countess of Mulgrave, Earl and Countess of Surrey, Lords Melbourne and Glenelg, Mr. and Lady Augusta Fox, Lady Mary Barham, Lady Mary Stopford, Hon. Miss Cocks, Hon. Miss Dillon, Lady C. Barrington, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, Miss Kerr, the Lord Steward, Lord Byron, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Sir F. Stovin, Hon. C. A. Murray, and Colonel Wemyss. The band of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards performed several pieces in the ante-room during the evening.


December 3.—Sunday. Her Majesty attended divine service in the morning. The service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Short and the Dean of Chester.

Lady Barham, Lord Byron, Sir F. Stovin, the Hon. Colonel Grey, and other ladies and gentlemen of Her Majesty's household, were present.


December 4.—Monday. The Queen gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The Princess Sophia Matilda visited her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Caroline Lennox, the Duke of Leinster, and Lord Melbourne.

December 5.—Tuesday. The Queen gave audience to Lords Melbourne and Russell. Her Majesty honoured the performance of the opera of Joan of Arc at Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, at a quarter before nine o'clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady C. Barrington, and the Hon. Miss Cocks. In a second carriage were, the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Hon. Col. Grey. The royal visit was quite private. Lord and Lady Barham, Lady Mary Stopford, Hon. Miss Cocks, Hon. Miss Dillon, Lady C. Barrington, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lilford, Sir H. Wheatley, the Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Cavendish, Miss Cavendish, Colonel Armstrong, Lord Byron, Sir F. Stovin, and Hon. Colonel Grey. The band of the first or grenadier regiment of foot-guards attended during dinner. Her Majesty's private band afterwards attended, for the first time, at the palace. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr and Col. Cornwall, honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

Cambridge, and Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, honoured the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury with their company at dinner. In the evening Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Cornwall, visited Covent Garden Theatre.


December 8.—Friday. The Queen gave audience to Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty had a small dinner party. Amongst the company were H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord Melbourne, Lord and Lady Ashley, Lady F. Cooper, Countess of Charlemont, Lady Mary Stopford, Hon. Miss Cocks, Hon. Miss Dillon, Lady C. Barrington, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, the Lord Steward, the Treasurer of the Household, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Sir F. Stovin, and Hon. Col. Grey. The band of the grenadier-guards was in attendance.

December 9.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Misses Cocks and Dillon, Lord Byron, Sir F. Stovin, and Hon. Col. Grey, honoured the performance of the Opera Buffa at the Lyceum with her presence. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, were also present at the performance. The Duke of Sussex gave a grand dinner at Kensington Palace to the Cabinet Ministers.

December 10.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the private chapel of the New Palace. The church service was read by the Dean of Chester, deputy clerk of the closet in waiting. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Short. Lady Barham, Lord Byron, Sir F. Stovin, and Hon. Col. Grey, were in attendance upon Her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service at the chapel royal St. James’s. Baron Gersdorff, the Saxon Minister, Count Bille Bruche, the Danish Chargé d’Affaires, Sir Brook Taylor, and a select party, dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

December 11.—Her Majesty held a Court and Privy Council at the New Palace. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, member of his late Majesty’s Privy Council, was re-sworn of the Queen’s Privy Council. Her Majesty honoured Mr. G. Hayter with a sitting in her robes of state for his great picture for the city of London. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Earl and Countess Minto, Lady Barrington, Lord Melbourne, and Lord and Lady Barham. The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

December 12.—Her Majesty took a drive in an open carriage and four in the parks, attended by Baroness Lehzen and the Hon. Miss Cocks. H. R. H. Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Duncannon, Hon. Miss Ponsonby, Lord Melbourne, Lord Holland, Lord Vernon, Lord Lilford, Lady J. Russell, Miss Lister, Mr. and Lady M. Stephenson, Lord Byron, and the Hon. Col. Cavendish. The band of the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards attended during the evening. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Duchess of Glou-
chester, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knersbeck, and Col. Cornwall, honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.


Dec. 15.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Countess of Surrey, Lord Surrey, Lords Melbourne and Glenelg, Miss Mulgrave, Countess of Mulgrave, Lady Mary Stopford, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Cocks, the Baroness Lehzen, Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Lord Falkland, Col. Cavendish and Grey, and Mr. Rich. Her Majesty’s private band attended in the evening.

Dec. 16.—Her Majesty, attended by her august mother the Duchess of Kent, honoured L’Elisir d’Amore at the Lyceum with her presence, as well as their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Melbourne and Glenelg.

Dec. 17.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the private chapel of the New Palace. The Bishop of Salisbury preached the sermon, and the church service was read by the Dean of Chester. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess of Mulgrave, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Cocks, Lord Falkland, Col. Cavendish, Mr. Rich, and the Hon. Col. Grey. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor chapel, South Audley Street.

Dec. 18.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty honoured the performance of Macbeth at Covent Garden Theatre, a little before eight, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess Mulgrave, Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Falkland, and the Hon. Colonel Grey.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knersbeck and Colonel Cornwall, went to Kew for a day’s shooting, and returned to London in the evening. H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. The royal party, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, afterwards honoured the Haymarket Theatre with their presence.


Dec. 20.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council this day at two o’clock, at the New Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Hill, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Minto, Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, the Earl of Albemarle, and the Marquis of Conyngham. Lord Falkland and Mr. Rich were
the lord and groom in waiting. A beautiful etching of Her Majesty’s portrait was submitted to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, at the New Palace, by Mr. G. F. Moon. The royal dinner party included the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Marquis of Headfort, Earl and Countess of Euston, and Lady Louisa Fitzroy, Earl of Radnor, Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay and the Hon. Miss Stuart, Lord and Lady Ashley, Lady Fanny Cowper, the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Vice Chamberlain, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish. The Duke of Cambridge had a grand dinner party. The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

December 21.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lord Melbourne, the Right Hon. R. C. Fergusson, and Lady Howard of Walden. The royal dinner party included Lords Palmerston, Melbourne, Holland, John Russell, Lady Russell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Rogers, Hon. Col. and Miss Cavendish, the Treasurer of the Household, and the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey.

December 22.—Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Conyngham, the Earl of Albemarle, Lords Melbourne and Hill. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Lady Howard of Walden, Lords Palmerston, Melbourne, Barton, Mr. and Lady Mary Stephenson, the Lord Steward, Lady Mulgrave, Lady Mary Stoppard, Hon. Miss Cocks, Hon. Miss Dillon, Baroness Lehzen, Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Miss Davys, Lord Falkland, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Mr. Rich, and Hon. Col. Grey. Her Majesty’s private band was in attendance. Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knersbeck, and Col. Cornwall, honoured Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday evening. Their Royal Highnesses Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, accompanied by Princess Mary of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty at the New Palace.

December 23.—Her Majesty went in state to the House of Lords, to give her assent to the Civil List Bill. The royal procession consisted of five carriages, each drawn by six horses. In the state carriage Her Majesty was accompanied by the Master of the Horse and the Duchess of Sutherland. Her Majesty was conducted from the state rooms to the coach by the Marquis of Conyngham and Lord Charles Fitzroy; her train of crimson velvet and ermine being borne by Lord Kilmarnock and Master Cavendish, pages of honour. Her Majesty wore a splendid circlet stomacher and ear-rings of diamonds, with the riband and star, and an armlet, having the motto of the most noble order of the garter. The dress was white satin with deep bullion fringe. In the carriage Her Majesty wore a long tippet of ermine. The state procession was escorted by a detachment of the life-guards. There having been no external preparation, there was scarcely any concourse of spectators. At one o’clock the Queen’s approach was announced by the firing of cannon; soon afterwards the royal procession entered the House in the following order: four herals in their tabards, two mace-bearers in full costume. Sir Augustus Clifford, gentleman usher of the black rod, in a most superbly embroidered state dress, carrying his insignia of office; the Duke of Norfolk bearing his baton of office as hereditary Earl Marshal of England; the Marquis of Lansdowne, as Lord President of the Council; Lord Duncannon, as Lord Privy Seal; the Earl of Shaftesbury bearing the cap of maintenance; Lord Melbourne carrying the sword of State; the Duke of Somerset carrying the imperial crown on a cushion; the Queen was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, mistress of the robes, and the Countess of Mulgrave, lady in waiting; Her Majesty’s train being borne by six of the royal pages. Her Majesty looked exceedingly well. Her Majesty’s magnificent train and mantle were of crimson velvet. Being seated on the throne, and having in almost a whisper desired their Lordships, who had risen on Her Majesty’s entrance, to be seated, Sir Augustus Clifford was directed to summon the Commons to attend their Lordships’ bar. Mr. Speaker Abercrombie, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms [bearing the mace, and followed by a great many Members of the House of Commons,
appeared at the bar in a few minutes, and addressed Her Majesty as follows:—

"Your Majesty's faithful Commons approach your Majesty with dutiful respect. In making provision for the support of the dignity and honour of the Crown, we have acted in a liberal and confiding spirit, trusting that that which has been freely granted will be so administered as to conciliate the favour and command the respect of your Majesty's people. We now beg leave to tender to your Majesty a bill entitled 'an act to support Her Majesty's household, and the honour and dignity of the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland,' to which we humbly pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to give your Royal Assent. Her Majesty rose and courteised in acknowledgment. The title of the act was then read and the Royal Assent given in the usual form, the chief clerk turning towards the Bar and announcing 'La Reine remercie ses loyal sujets accepte leur benevolence et aussi le veut.' The Royal Assent was then given to the Slave Compensation Bill and Municipal Officers Declaration Bill, the Juries at Sessions Bill, the House of Parliament Bill, the Prisoners' Conveyance (Ireland) Bill, and three Private Bills. Her Majesty then left the house.

In announcing the royal assent to the second bill, the clerk made a mistake which occasioned a breach of that decorous gravity and silence which had previously prevailed in the house. Instead of "La Reine le veut," he uttered in his usual full sounding tones, "Le Roi le veut." This sudden metamorphose of Her Majesty excited a loud burst of laughter, and Her Majesty seemed by her smile to participate in the joke. The clerk, however, immediately corrected his error, and the correction was productive of as much merriment as the lapsus.

Her Majesty returned to the palace at two o'clock. Her Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Conyngham. The royal dinner party included the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Melbourne, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Lord Chamberlain. The band of the royal regiment of horse-guards attended in the evening. The Duchess of Gloucester dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and afterwards accompanied their Royal Highnesses and Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge to the Lyceum Theatre.

December 24.—Her Majesty attended divine service at the private chapel of the New Palace. The church service was read by the Dean of Chester, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. The Countess of Mulgrave, Hon. Misses Cocks and Dillon, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and the Hon. Colonel Grey were in attendance upon Her Majesty.

December 25.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The music service was Kings in C, Sanctus, and commandments; the Athanasian Creed was chanted, and also the grand chant for the Psalms. The sermon was preached by the Rev. James Anderson, from the 12th Chapter of Isaiah, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd verses. The Anthem was "the Lord is King." (Arnold), Sir George Smart presided at the organ. After the service Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent received the sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Vivian. Her Majesty and suite left St. James's Palace, in three carriages, shortly before three o'clock, for the New Palace.

Colonel Jones and a small party dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge on Christmas day. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duke of Sussex. Their Royal Highnesses visited Marlborough-house in the afternoon.

Departure for Windsor.

December 26.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Melbourne, Glenelg, and Hill. Shortly after three o'clock Her Majesty and her august mother, attended by the Countess of Mulgrave, left the New Palace in a carriage and four, preceded by outriders in scarlet liveries, and escorted by a party of Lancers, for Windsor Castle. Her Majesty's suite followed in two carriages and four, and included the Hon. Misses Cocks and Dillon, Barones Lehzen, Miss Davys, Hon. Col. Grey, Equerry in waiting upon H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

* The Duchess of Gloucester, Baron Gerdsdorf, Lord F. Fitzclarence.
SONNET TO THE QUEEN.

When some fair bark first glides into the sea,
Glad shouts of thousands echo to the sky,
And as she leaves the land, fond hearts beat high
With hope and fear; and prayers are heard, that He
Who stirs and calms the deep, her guide may be;
That over sunny seas her path may lie;
And that she still may find, when storms are high,
Safe anchor underneath some sheltering lee.
Even so thy subjects’ hopes and prayers, fair Queen!
Go with thee:—clouds above thy bark may brood,
And rocks and shoals beset thine unknown way;
But thou in virtue bold may’st steer serene
Through tempests; England’s glory and her good
The load-star of thy course, and Heaven thy stay.

BLACKWOOD’S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAKING RUBIES.—The academy of
Paris having appointed M. Becquerel
to examine into the merits of this discovery,
the report was conclusive, and the
thanks of the academy were presented
to the author, M. Gaudin: process,
aluminum, with a small quantity of chromate
of potash, previously calcined, is
submitted to the influence of a powerful
oxyhydrogen blowpipe, by the action of
which the material is melted, and on
cooling, the material presents all the
characteristics of the ruby.

SKINNING EELS ALIVE.—This cruel
practice should be avoided by first cutting
off the animal’s head. Dr. Marshall
Hall has asserted that the subsequent
motions arise, not from sensibility, but
from another principle, as distinct from
feeling as the irritability of the mere
nervo-muscular fibre. The doctor
proposes shortly to show that there exists
in mortal frames a distinct nervous sys-
tem from that of sensation and voluntary
motion, and from that of secretion, which
subject he justly observes is of great
interest, not only to the physiological,
but to the practical physician.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR!—A new
locomotive engine has been constructed
by Messrs. Stephenson of Newcastle, to
be called the North Star, for the use of
the Great Western Railway Company:
it is calculated to do nearly fifty miles an
hour with fifty tons burden attached,
and with the tender only at the immense
speed of eighty.

EFFECTS OF THE CHOLERA AT
ROME.—Out of a population of 150,000,
of whom 20,000 quitted the city, 10,000
are supposed to have died.

GAS FIRE.—This method of heating
was discovered by the late Dr. Duncan
of Edinburgh, many years ago, and has
again been brought into use by Mr.
Cook. If, however, parties wish to add
a more cheerful look to the fire than it
otherwise possesses, a few small pieces
of lime about the size of a bean, such as
those found around the base of a cone of
shaked lime, when riddled, if laid on the
wire gauze, will soon become of a bright
red.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN AT NORWICH.—
The members of the Mechanics Institute
have represented to the town council the
advantage of a school of design as a means
of improvement of the staple manufactu-
res of that place.

FINE ARTS, PARIS.—There are one
hundred and twenty-six students in
painting and statuary, and thirty-six
students of architecture, inscribed on
the lists of the school of fine arts.

FUNERAL OF HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF HOLLAND, Oct. 26.—The
crowd attending the funeral was immense,
but the most becoming silence remained,
and all present seemed to participate in
the affliction of the king and royal family.
In the line of procession seats in the
houses were let at large prices.

GRANT TO THE MARQUIS WEL-
LESLEY.—The East India Company on
the 2nd ult. voted the sum of 20,000l.
to the noble marquis on the taking of
Seringapatam. During thirty-six years
an annual sum of 5000l., making a total
of 180,000l., had it seems been paid; but
in consequence of the pecuniary obliga-
tions incurred by the marquis, the money
had afforded his lordship little benefit.
Mr. Sweet, a proprietor, stated that his lordship’s creditors had been settled with: the sum in question was to be placed in the hands of the chairman and deputy chairman of the East India Company, and two other persons as trustees.

Magisterial Home thrust.—One John M’Nagland, a serjeant-major in the rifle brigade in the service of the Queen of Spain, applied to Mr. White, of the Queen-square police-office, for his advice, how to recover arrears of pay from Colonel Fortescue, upon his being sent home to England, in consequence of losing his arm in service before Saint Sebastian.

Mr. White.—“You must apply to an attorney.”

Applicant.—“I have lost my arm and am helpless.”

Mr. White.—“Why did you go to Spain?”

Applicant.—“I went with General Evans and the Spanish legion.”

Mr. White.—“Did the Spaniards ever do you any harm?”

Applicant.—“No.”

Mr. White.—“Then why did you go to injure them?”

This question appeared very much to astonish the applicant, who seemed to hesitate in replying to it.

War.—Taking of Constantine. By the French accounts it is admitted, that 1000 men were killed and 2000 wounded in the French army!

Cock and Bull Story.—A sportsman was accused at Paris of killing a rabbit, and felt indignant at the charge; he then excused himself, saying, he had won it at play, and that he had gained a cock also at picquet. Plaintiff. By-and-by we shall hear of your gaining an ox; get along, then, with your cock and bull stories! He was, however, obliged to pay 16 f. It is curious that the offender’s name was Lelièvre.

National Education in a Christian Country.—At a highly respectable and most numerous meeting at Cheltenham, on the 27th October, the Rev. the Incumbent leaving the chair, Davis, amongst other resolutions, put forth the following most wholesome doctrine; “That any system of education which does not recognise the supreme authority of the word of God, which givespro-

minence to human rather than to divine knowledge, which aims at cultivating the mind, rather than renovating the heart, is unsuited to the state of man as a sinner needing a Saviour, and is unworthy the support of a Christian people.” Would that the dissenting world would again unite with the church itself! We venerate dissenters for their zeal, which has perhaps tended greatly to promote a more ardent worship, to purge the church of many of its less refined principles of conduct; but we do earnestly ask the dissenters whether, if at the present moment it ceased to dissent, he would not promote greater good-will amongst men, and the greater glory of God?—At the conclusion of the business of the meeting, thanks having been voted to the Rev. Mr. F. Close, it was agreed that an address should be signed to the Queen exclusively by the female inhabitants, none of whom should be younger than her Majesty.

Proposed New Road into London.—The town of Brentford has made far less advance in the way of improvement than any other town in the kingdom; the commissioners of the metropolis turnpike roads are about to avoid this line altogether, commencing a road from Gunnerbury-house on the London side of Kew, and running to the north of the present road, into which it will enter again opposite Sion College, on the west side of Brentford.

The Jura.—The body of a young Englishman, named Henry Herbert, a medical student, aged 25, has been lately found in a reservoir, near a chalet, on Mont Tendre, one of the points of the Jura. It is believed he was in search of some natural curiosities, and had accidentally fallen in.

Wreck of the Don Juan.—This fine steam-ship, on her passage to England, was wrecked at Tarifa lately, only a few hours after leaving Gibraltar. She went on shore in a thick fog, and soon sank. We are happy to state, the crew, passengers, mails, and specie, were all secured and saved. The vessel cost about 40,000l. building, during the present year, and was one of the finest merchant steamers in the kingdom.
MONTHLY CRITIC.

Private Education; or, Observations on Governesses. By Madame Beraud Riofrey. Longman & Co.

The present treatise on private education is distinguished from all others, by being illustrative of the choice and duties of a governess; it comprises likewise the duties of parents towards the person in whom they confide a trust of such inestimable importance; and we must own that the mutual injury or benefit the conduct of each produces in forwarding or marring the great work of forming the minds of good and intellectual young women, is discussed with great ability united with good feeling. It is truly an admirable book, written in a religious spirit, without sectarian bias; it is a practical work, giving instruction and creating rational deductions, as well as giving theoretical advice. It is a just book, for it shows the wrongs that unconscientious persons may do both in the capacity of parents and teachers—if there is any partiality it is to the weaker side, but not more than is consistent with right feeling. The treatise is chiefly applicable to the affluent classes, whose children are often perilously neglected, owing to the round of pleasures in which their parents are occupied. Most truly has the author shown that governesses, who are capable of teaching the various accomplishments now demanded in modern education, ought to receive salaries far higher than are usually given; yet it is certain that every genteel family cannot afford to give 200l. a-year! to a governess. What then? Are girls to remain uneducated whose parents cannot afford to give that price? Not so; but ought not the expensiveness of ornamental accomplishments to be a signal that those who cannot afford to have them well taught ought not to suffer their daughters to aspire to a mere semblance of them. A lady who is capable of teaching music, drawing, dancing, and languages, in a masterly manner, must have laid out from 800l. to a thousand pounds on her own education, and how is she to be remunerated for this outlay of capital with a salary of 50l. per annum? Madame Beraud Ríofrey sets this truth in a forcible light, and we would recommend all our readers who have the welfare of their children sincerely at heart, to listen to her reasonings. Let them consider that the fair human being who has bestowed all the energies of her life in practising sounds, or drawing marks on paper, can neither teach their children to live nor die; the acquisition of languages may, indeed, inform the mind, as dancing unquestionably improves the body: but drawing, alas! unless it increase a fondness for the arts, and music, unless in harmony with the soul, are but idle amusements, harmless ways of killing time, the playthings of grown-up children. A little girl tossing about her doll is quite as usefully engaged as one of greater growth imperfectly imitating a ten times copied drawing; and if the little child can but make her doll’s clothes, she is, indeed, much better occupied. As for music, no martyrlogy can furnish a thousandth part of the victims that have been sacrificed to the forced music mania of England. If young ladies feel an ardent wish to excel in these ornaments, they will request permission to learn them, and will accordingly take upon themselves a responsibility which will ensure a voluntary application that advances a pupil tenfold; in this case masters can be obtained who have devoted all their attention to one point of education. But let not parent look for a professor of the mere ornaments in a governess. If she unite them with the elegant bodily and mental accomplishments, she must have laid out a large capital, which must be highly remunerated, or she must have neglected her moral and rational faculties during the intense practice these lighter attainments required to gain excellence. It is just possible that some genteel families may mistake the meaning of Madame Beraud Ríofrey, and suppose that it is requisite to engage a governess on the terms of 200l. per annum. If they require a practical professor of five or...
six arts and sciences, they ought to re-
numerate her thus, but it is unwise to 
require these things; and fortunately 
mental graces, bodily elegance, sound 
information, and Christian temper, may 
be obtained in an instructress at a much 
lower rate, if English gentlemen would 
be but content with adornments; but 
no, no! a teacher must pay solid gold to 
obtain skill in those arts which neither 
benefit mind nor body, and for the sake 
of these false jewels how many excel-
rences are sacrificed! Music, which 
may accompany dancing, marching, or 
singing, possesses, it is true, great fasci-
nation, and some virtue, where a kindred 
spirit is evinced; yet if we had the power 
to ascertain by vote how many persons 
of the present fashionable world are 
bores by elaborate instrumental music, 
which Dr. Johnson wished impossible, 
we should find two-thirds of a London 
drawing-room confess themselves in a 
pitiable state of ennui during its execu-
tion; and falso, or mechanical sing-
ing, is nearly as tiresome. If, there-
fore, influence is expected from the cul-
tivation of merely instrumental music, 
unaccompanied by a genuine voice, the 
end of so much expense and trouble is 
not attained; neither is drawing, with-
out the power of original design, worth 
any very heavy expense. A graceful 
mien, however, a richly stored mind, and 
the power of self-government, are happy 
possessions, whose influence is far beyond 
any mechanical skill of the hands. Let 
not then the superficial things, which are 
so early laid aside, be preferred by par-
ents in the choice of a governess to the 
precious attainments, which, when once 
they are imparted to her, last the pupil 
through life. Let them, instead, listen 
to this eloquent writer, and be convinced 
that these excellences cannot be united 
with several professorships of the arts in 
one person, either in the teacher or the 
taught. Madame Berard Riofrey truly 
says:—

"From the general view taken of educa-
tion, it would seem that we were born only 
for pleasure, that our path through this world 
was to be strewn with roses, and that 
twenty or thirty years of our existence could 
pass, without any event occurring that re-
quired the exertion of our judgment, or 
called for any strength of mind or the as-
sistance of religion."

The chapters entitled Intellectual 
Education, and the Conduct of a Gover-
ness, possess distinguished merit: we 
wish to draw the attention of the reader 
to these hints on exaggeration of words 
and manner:—

"One of the most important duties to 
children, is to correct their failings; in the 
first instance it merely requires a little judi-
cious management; but if early attention 
be not given, and care taken to prevent their 
growth, they become habitual, and it is very 
difficult to arrest their progress. Many 
girls who would be shocked at the thought of 
telling an untruth, by a constant habit of 
perverting the use of language, become so 
accustomed to it that they are frequently 
guilty of deception and injustice, without 
being in the least aware of it. Governesses 
should exhort their pupils to be upon their 
guard, and to use every exertion to prevent 
the increase of so great an evil as exaggera-
tion. Parents have better chances of combi-

cating this error, and would strive to correct 
it, if they could but be convinced of its 
baneful consequences; but, unfortunately, 
many things entirely escape their notice, 
while an observant governess quickly per-
ceives all that passes; and she should call 
for the interference of mothers, when cer-
tain that her pupil can benefit by their as-
sistance; for example, a child having com-
mitted some trifling fault, and been mildly 
reproved for it, if used to exaggeration, 
will, without meaning to deceive, say she 
had been dreadfully scolded; an over-indul-

gent mother pities the little injured being; 
tells her not to mind what is said; and easily 
finds some excuse for keeping her from the 
school-room till she supposes the occurrence 
forbidden, without reflecting that she causes 
the remonstrances of the governess to be 
treated with contempt, and teaches her own 
child to disregard the commands she should 
be made to obey. As a parent has always 
the power of granting indulgences, the con-
sequences arising from such injudicious con-
duct are obvious; the child seizes the ear-
liest opportunity of doing wrong, in order 
that she may be caressed and pitied; thus 
indulgence is associated in her mind with a 
willful dereliction from duty.

"Let the matter now be viewed in a dif-
ferent light; a child complaining that she 
has been shockingly scolded; the sensible 
parent not only expresses her sorrow that 
causes been given for serious displeasure, 
but also observes, that a grievous fault must 
have been committed to necessitate such se-
vere reproof, and that some indulgence must 
be withdrawn until signs of repentance are 
given, and that the governess has reason to 
believe that every effort will be made to alter 
the conduct complained of.
"What will be the natural result of these different proceedings? The child who has met with mistaken indulgence, will undoubtedly give way to her evil inclinations, and from being allowed and encouraged to misrepresent, will gradually become so habituated to falsehood, that she will not even be aware of the error she is committing, and merely consider what best answers her own purpose; a regard for truth will be wholly out of the question, and the lamented results of ill-judged affection will be lasting; while on the other hand, the child, made to feel the uncomfortable effects of misrepresentation, will not easily fall into a similar error.

"Governess! ow to their pupils to give no bad example; they cannot hope to correct exaggeration if they are constantly guilty of it themselves, and use expressions which they should blush to hear repeated: how absurd, shallow, treacherous, how abominably impertinent, are exclamations that would be improperly applied by any lady, and which are certainly more reprehensible in governesses, who ought never to lose sight of the responsible situation they hold, and sedulously guard against any error that may diminish the respect with which they should inspire their pupils. It is an undisputed fact, that the manner of proving at all times, a high regard for truth, is to relate everything that occurs in the plainest manner possible: 'You break my heart,' 'you make me wretched,' are exclamations frequently used in a school-room: they may be well meant, but are undeniably ill-judged, for children accustomed to such exaggerated language, pay but little attention to it, or think it quite natural to break the hearts of their fellow-creatures, if, indeed, they think at all on the subject; for it is probable that from hearing the same thing so often repeated, their poor child's mind will receive any impression whatever, even though the heart of their dearest friend be broken."

The observations on the Art of Teaching will save many a small victim from well-intentioned mismanagement, equally grievous to teacher and pupil. Here is a scene, which, slightly varied, occurs many hundred times in the course of every day in the civilized world:

"Nothing is difficult that is clearly understood, and most people conceive that others should comprehend what they do themselves; it is, therefore, very common for persons teaching arithmetic to lose their patience. 'How can you be so stupid?' said a governess to her pupil, 'why do you not do your sum properly? it is very easy, and you don't try to do well. My sum was right at first, and now I have done it over so many times, I really cannot understand it,' replied the child. 'I shall make you finish it,' said the governess, 'and not allow you to have any recreation till it be correct.' The child burst into tears, saying she did not know how it was, but she felt so stupid; she, however, sat down, and once more began the sum, but this time every figure was wrong; the governess grew very angry, and said, the naughty girl should not only begin it again, but do two more as a punishment for such obstinacy; the child made another attempt, and was desired to do it aloud. 'Four farthings make a shilling,' said the child: 'What!' said the governess, 'four farthings make a shilling—how dare you be so stupid? you do it on purpose. I shall certainly complain to your mamma.' 'Indeed, indeed,' said the child, 'I will try to do it properly. I see am wrong, very wrong: I meant to say, twelve farthings make a penny.' The governess could bear it no longer; she rose, and was about to threaten some severe punishment, when Mrs. Y. entered the room, and seeing the child in tears, exclaimed, 'What is the matter with my good little Emma? seven o'clock, and lessons not finished; I am going to dinner to-day, and you will not be ready for dessert.' 'I am not to go down stairs this evening, I cannot do my sum.' Miss H., the governess, till then silent, said, 'I cannot allow Miss Emma any recreation;' and drawing out her watch, added, 'it is now seven o'clock, she has been five hours with a slate in her hand, and has not yet done her sum; I am sorry to say she is very obstinate, and persists in asserting that four farthings make a shilling, and that twelve farthings make a penny.' The child stared vacantly, did not contradict her governess, but looked as if not conscious of the mistake she had made; the mother, evidently suffering at seeing her child's mortification, and convinced of the maimangement, merely said, 'I am, indeed, sorry to find Emma has given cause for displeasure, and beg she may be sent to bed immediately; to-morrow, I trust, she will endeavour to be more attentive.' The child obeyed, sobbing 'Good night, mamma.'

"As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Y., an excellent and judicious parent, pointed out, in gentle language, the error committed: 'You will probably think, Miss H., that a mother's feelings mislead me, but I must candidly say, I do not think Emma has been so much to blame; you have shown ill-judged severity in keeping her so long at the same lesson; I give you credit for your good intention, but believe me, you are mistaken; the attention, fixed for such a length of time on the same object, loses its power, and I am persuaded that Emma will do her sum right to-morrow morning, provided on
threats are made; but if her thoughts be occupied with the punishment she has to dread, it is not probable she can give undivided attention to any study, much less to arithmetic, which admits of no error. I do not think Emma deserved to be punished, she had no power of doing better; it is evident from her saying four farthings make a skillful, and twelve farthings make a penny, that she was much puzzled, and I beg another time, that under similar circumstances, she may be made to leave off her lesson. When I sent her to bed and appeared displeased, it was to uphold your authority; I should not have had the courage to inflict any other punishment; but the child was so fatigued, I thought it could do her no harm, and hope she is already asleep, as I fear she has been over excited." The governess made no reply; she felt the truth of the observations, and was grateful for the manner in which they had been conveyed; the following morning the little girl, refreshed by sleep, and recovering the use of her faculties, did her sum without a single mistake, and begged, as a reward, that she might be allowed to go and show it to her mamma."

How often is physical inability mistaken for obstinacy, by those who do not unite the reasoning and perceptive powers? The poor little girl, eight years old, who, knowing all the words of Racine, and yet was so méchante as not to be able to explain the combined sense of them, and was beaten by the governess, who had the power given her of personal correction, is a true instance of the manner in which ill-judging persons destroy the tempers of those under their care.

We think the author is wrong in quoting the story of the stable and the rats, without more evidence than that of the suffering child. Stables in London are not commonly approachable by females, and there are, besides, many other discrepancies in the narrative. Few people, when they take the voluntary evidence of a child, are aware how lively and correct the dreams of some children are, and that they often find it difficult to distinguish between the visions of the night and the transactions of the day—this is a matter worthy the attention of an educational physiologist, but we never saw it alluded to except in a German fable. This is, however, a small flaw in a very perfect production, and not injurious to the character of the work, which is replete with mercy and benevolence; and is certainly calculated to do great good.

Three Sermons on Marriage, by W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., Minister of Portman Chapel and Curate of All Souls.
—Cleave.

The late alteration in the Marriage Act has given rise to these discourses, which are written and preached by one of the most eloquent and enlightened clergymen in the metropolis. The Rev. Mr. Bennett is remarkable for that perspicacious style, to attain which Paley said "he spent so much time in making his sermons short." But Bennett has a spiritual warmth which Paley wants. He generally leads his hearers to a climax of great power, his discourses are often touching, and always improving. He is accordingly well calculated to do much good in his particular quarter of the town. Mr. Bennett's name is to be found in the lists of gospel "preachers of all denominations" which are published for the information of church-goers in London—a high honour to one who so earnestly defends the ritual of the church to which he belongs, and who certainly does not preach the peculiar doctrines of the Calvinistic division of it, by whom those lists are published.

His sermons on the Marriage Act are unquestionably the best we have seen on the subject, but certainly not the best we have heard from Mr. Bennett. Yet we think that all which was requisite on the subject could with advantage have been condensed into one sermon, considering the proportionate number of his congregation who might have matrimonial intentions. We have nevertheless read them with pleasure, and are able to add to our stock of information that the Dissenting husband does not require any promise of obedience from his wife!

The following passage ingeniously, as well as piously, alleviates the notions of personal property in the wife, raised by the giving the lady away, as well as the vow of obedience, and the ring, to which in the time of the Franks a long chain was attached and given to the husband:—

"The minister asks, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' and then the rubric directs that the minister 'shall receive the woman at her father's or friend's hands.'"

"Now I beg you to observe the peculiar beauty of this. You may not observe, un-
less pointed out to you, how strictly this is in accordance with the original institution of marriage. The friend or father of the bride (as it is commonly said) gives her away.—To whom? Not to the husband, but to God. God's minister stands there ready to receive her at the hands of her father or friend, in the name of God and for God. He then, in the name of God, and for God, gives her to the man. Just precisely as God in the original institution created Eve, and gave her to be an help-meat unto the man,—so now God's minister delivers her into the possession of the man.

The Cry of the Poor. A Poem.—Hughes.

The subject of this poem is one of engrossing interest at the present time, and it is certainly treated by the author with considerable ability. The little book certainly captivates the attention of the reader, though its chief reliance is on the earnest sincerity of its moral and religious reasoning, for the author has sternly kept all imaginativeness in the back-ground. How sincerely do we wish that we could conscientiously accuse the excellent author of giving way to ideality in the following picture:

"The long sought way to wealth at length is found!"

Was this the shout exulting heard around? Oh! no; the plain, the naked truth to hide,
In specious phrase the slaves of Mammon cried,

"Fresh fields are opened out for enterprise;"
And eager hurrying crowds, with glistening eyes,
Set forth, each striving in the dizzy race,
Each to outrun and gain the foremost place:
Then, as by waving of magician's wand,
What Mammon Temples rose on every hand!
What peaceful vales whose quiet no'er was stirred,
Save by the milk-maid's song, the warbling bird,
The ploughman's whistle, or the hum of bees,
Or zephyr's rustle in the leafy trees.

Still lured by hope of wealth fresh vot'ries came
On Mammon's shrine to feed the growing flame;
New temples rose yet larger and more high,
With spirel chimneys that assailed the sky,
Wherefore, as from huge volcanic craters, broke
Incessant volumes of impervious smoke,
Which rolled, like storm-clouds, with portentous scowl,
And filled with vapour pestilient and foul

The light glad breezes sent those vales to cheer,
So lovely ere the frowning Piles rose there.
Another triumph Art had gained, at length
Machines which but required an Infant's strength,
An Infant's skill and care to tend, she brought,
And victims for the duty straight were sought,
And ah, alas! too easily obtained,
To this new Juggernaut were promptly chained.

Dwellings deserted through the live-long day,
Soon bore the marks of ruin and decay;
Fled now for ever were domestic joys,
For Father, Mother, Children,—Girls and Boys—
From day's blest dawn to sunset's hour of peace,—
Alas! e'en then their labours did not cease;
A thousand lamps supplied unnatural light,
Toil to protract till near the noon of night,—
Alone within the Factory walls immured,
Breathed its foul air, its drudgery endured,
Till worn-out Nature to the utmost tried,
At length the heart-sick group, exhausted, hied
Brief slumber in their cheerless home to take,
Till dawn, to toil renewed, should bid them wake.

Onward advancing still with giant stride,
"Improvement's march" inventions new supplied,
With curious skill arranged, that children then
Might do the tasks before assigned to men;
A change the manners of the land came o'er,
A rapid change,—the hills and vales no more
The rustic youngsters showed from school set free.
In noisy play at joyous liberty,
Breathing Heaven's balmy breeze, and drinking health
From its pure fount,—their birth-right and their wealth,—
Till childhood passed, and they with strength prepared,
Their parents' simple occupation shared;
For now, scarce from their swaddling bands released,
Ere yet the days of infancy had ceased,
Their drudgery began, that toil to close
Only in death, their last,—nay, sacrilege would
With minds untutored left, like deserts drear
The noxious weeds and thorns of sin to bear;
Without a hope to cheer life's future gloom,
Without a thought of life beyond the tomb,
Dragged to the pest-house, and to labour's
Fast bound, like slaves, to be released no more.

Sighing for freedom as the captive bird,
Yet sighing 'midst the grating noise unheard;
Of knowledge void, untaught the God to own,
Ev'n to their ears that Holy Name unknown,
Save when from some blasphemer's tongue it fell,
Linked with an oath too horrible to tell:
Oh, wretched lot! how awful e'en to hear
The future man must rise to manhood there;
For souls immortal what a fearful state,—
Dread thought—my spirit faints beneath its weight!

This poem is an awakening appeal to the good feelings of England. The inquiries into the present administration of the Poor Laws instituted last session by Mr. Walter and other paternal legislators, have evidently roused the author to write with so much benevolent energy. He alludes, but we think he does not bring the fact out in such powerful relief as he might have done, to the celebrated statute of Queen Elizabeth which expressly enacted that no country cottage should be built without half an acre of land being annexed to it.
The deep wisdom of this law considered in connexion with the Poor Laws established by the Maiden Queen, must strike every reflective mind. The manner in which these "half roods" were reft in this century from the country cottages is well touched by the author; though we think he might have enlarged upon this fact in connexion with Elizabeth's Poor Laws, in a more concentative manner.

Enlarged possessions narrowed every mind,
And plenty leanness on each soul did bind;
Each kindly impulse of their nature gone,
Men looked to self, and wrought for self alone;
Houses to houses adding, lands to lands,
Length'ning their stakes, and stretching forth their bands,
Still more they sought, and sought with quick'ning zest,
For this they rose up early, late took rest,
Till in their lines so wide a space was gained
Scarcely for the poor a biding-place remained;
One sole possession now, their vineyard mean.
They held, the gift of England's maiden Queen,
And e'en on this with avaricious eye,
Those Ababs looked—because it was so nigh,
And all so plain from forth their own to view,—
They coveted poor Naboth's vineyard too.

We cannot forbear adding an anecdote on this subject, to which we ourselves were witness. A country gentleman had two cottages on his estate, which had probably occupied the same site ever since the days of Elizabeth, for to each of them was attached the exact "half rood," commanded by the Maiden Queen. When the arable-land madness was at its height, the farmers of the parish, who had robbed their under-tenants of all their half roods, sent to this gentleman a sort of deputation, humbly requesting that he would take away his land from his cottages and lot it to his farm. "Do you know," said this gentleman, "that my cottagers entirely pay their rent from their gardens?"

"Oh yes, sir, but they would pay you as much as they do now if you threw the acre into your farm, and you would get a high rent for that rich made land."

"And what concern is that of yours, as it would not be let to you?" asked the gentleman.

"Because, sir, it is a nuisance to the parish as it is, and that, sir, is why we want it suppressed."

"A nuisance to the parish!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking through his trees at his cottages, then hung with thousands of monthly roses from the ground to the thatch, "what does the man mean? My cottages are never chargeable to the parish."

"Oh sir, it is not the cottages but the land, for all the gentlemen farmers in the parish have taken away the land from the other cottages, and yours, sir, makes them discontented." "Get about your business," said the gentleman, "and tell the farmers that if I live, I will build six more nuisances on my estate, and to each shall be attached the half acre according to good Queen Bess's statute."

He did not live to build them, and if he had, the Ahabs of the parish would not have employed the Naboths who rented his vineyards; that is, if they could have avoided it.

To all our fellow subjects who are not blinded by the gold dust and cotton dust of Mammon, do we recommend the perusal of a poem which, with no little ability, draws the attention of the public to such startling abuses as these.

We congratulate the public that they have yet another work to read by their lamented favourite Inglis, one, perhaps, that may be considered as his best, combining as it does, in a most delightful way, imagination and wit with the usefulness of a topographical tour. How intimately do we become acquainted with the minuteness of Spanish pastoral life, led, as we are, step by step, over the ground traversed by Cervantes! What curious and instructive comparisons Inglis draws between the domestic manners of the times of Charles V. and the present state of Spain, which seems, indeed, to be anything but progressive in improvement. With what fire and adroitness the stories are introduced which are so closely illustrative of the pursuits of the lower orders of Spain. That of Lazzaro is a judicious selection from the celebrated work of the fierce Viceroy of Sienna, Charles V.'s great general, Don Diego de Mendoza. We prefer, as our extract, part of the episode of Polinario, the police brigand now in existence, to whom the reader was introduced in the recently published work of Inglis's Spain:

"I have not much to boast of in my pedigree. A rogue, as likely as an honest man, might spring from it; though indeed, the profession followed by my father, which was no other than that of gaoler and executioner in the city of Seville, is not a profession very favourable to the increase of rogues. It must be confessed, however, that he did not bring up the heir of his house in that strictly moral way which might have been expected from a man, whose sole business it was to keep down the number of rogues, and rid honest men of their neighbourhood. I was master of my own time, and was allowed to do whatever was agreeable to me, so that I early learned to be wilful, the first evidence of which was seen in my determination to have no share in my father's business, which was not at any means to my liking.

"I had scarcely attained my fourteenth birthday, when one day, my father, who chanced to have just then a great press of business on his hands, and who up till that period had never concerned himself in what manner I disposed of my time, tapping me smartly on the head with the key of the gaol, from which he had just returned, said, 'Pol, boy, I have been thinking, that thou't an idle rogue, and don't earn so much as thy gazpacho. Business so increases upon me, that I have need of an assistant: three rogues are to be hanged to-day, and three to-morrow; and I have just received an order to hang that notorious brigand Campo, the day after. What with looking after the prisoners, and minding my ropes, and going to mass, I've scarce time to eat my puchero; and I'm resolved that thou shalt never eat another, unless thou earn it.'"

"I had already some time resolved upon leaving Seville, and pushing my fortune, for I had to suffer a good deal of unsavoury jesting in regard of my father's profession; so that my father's harangue made no difference in my determination, excepting only that I resolved not only to go myself from Seville, but that Campo, who would otherwise have been the day after the next, should accompany me; for Campo, who had been some time in prison, amused and interested me with relating his exploits, and I determined to enter the world under the guidance of so experienced a hand.

"To all my father said, I made answer, that nothing would be more agreeable to me, than to take some part of his duties off his hands; and that although I was not yet able to use his rope adroitly, 'this key,' said I, 'I am able to turn in the lock; and if you will look after your rope, I'll undertake to look after those for whom it is intended: so, dear father, take your pleasure; eat your puchero in peace; go to mass, if so be you are inclined; never stay at home on a Monday, when all the world's after the bull-fight; and I'll warrant you'll find all snug when you return home to your gazpacho.'"

"'I don't doubt it, lad,' said my father; 'there's a peseta for thee; I'll see the bull this afternoon, God willing; and meanwhile look thee well after the rogues.'"

"'Trust me for that,' said I; and when my father was gone to the bull-fight, I took the key of the gaol, and went in search of Campo, who was no way loth to profit by the disguise I brought him; and we were soon trudging together, at a round pace, in the direction of Cordova."

"'Youngster,' said Campo, after we had left some leagues between us and Seville, 'though thou hast saved me from hanging for the present, I mean that thou shalt earn thy own puchero; and I'll tell thee how to go about it.'"

"'That's all I want,' said I; 'I long to eat a puchero of my own earning.'"

"'Thou need'st not long a great while,' said Campo; 'judging by the state of my own stomach, thou wouldst not object to sup?'

"'No indeed, said I, 'I want but to be shown the way to the pot.'"

An empty pot would furnish an indif-
ferent supper,' said Campo; 'what we want is something to put into it; but thou'rt yet but a simpleton; did'st thou hear any noise just now in that ilex wood on the left?'

"Nothing but some grunts," said I, 'and a squeak or two.'

"That's the noise for us," said Campo, rubbing his hands. 'Come, my lad, be stirring; bring thither a squeaker; thou hast done a bolder deed than that this day.'

"As this may be considered my entrance into the world, I am particular in my relation; I had no difficulty in capturing the materials of our supper, and before another half-hour elapsed, we were in a deep hollow worn by a little brook, lying beside a blazing fire, and a steam saluting our nostrils that would have been grateful to a bishop.

"This," said Campo, as he stuffed one huge piece after another into his mouth, 'this is better than hanging: what thinkest thou, little fellow?'

"I think," said I, 'my father's pucheros are not fit to be eaten.'

"Thou shalt never fare worse," said Campo; 'only take this into thy account, that hanging sometimes turns out to be the decay, and hark'ee, young one, I would rather not burden my conscience farther; it has need about as much as it can conveniently carry. I'm a man of honour, and a good Catholic; and would not return evil for good. Thou hast saved my neck for the present; and I'd rather not put thee in the way of standing my substitute. We are not yet six hours' walk from Seville; go back to thy father; better taste a rope end, than dangle at the end of a rope; 'twill cost thee but a beating, and scare that; for he knows Campo, and will conclude that I helped myself to the key, and am indebted to no one but myself.'

"But Campo spoke in vain. I told him I was resolved to follow him; and that I would never be of a profession that forced me to take part against honest men like him.

"Well, well," said Campo, 'if such be thy determination, here's my hand; I'll make a man of thee; and we were soon clear of the wood, and passing quickly through the meadows that lie along the side of the Guadalquivir, Campo striding first, while I followed at a little trot.

"We had not gone far, when Campo stopped, and said, 'Now youngster, we must cross the river,' and although I was a bold lad, I glanced with some uneasiness at the broad river that glided smoothly by. But Campo knew what he was about; a little boat lay close under the bank, and we were speedily transported to the other side of the river, and making all speed towards the Sierra Morena.

"It was yet scarcely sunrise, when, having turned a defile in the mountains, I saw before me, in a deep and wide hollow, between thirty and forty horses saddled and bridled, the saddle-girths loose, and the bits covered with foam, and beside them, as many men, who appeared by their gait and dress to be so many cavaliers of distinction. No sooner did we emerge from the defile, than in reply to a signal from Campo, a loud shout of welcome resounded far and near; and Campo, advancing, presented me to his comrades, as an honest youth who had done him a good turn, and who wished for the society of gallant men.

"I will not dwell upon you, senores, either the particulars of my reception, or the life which I led during all the time that I was associated with the company of Don José, who took especial notice of me, and often told me that I should one day be his successor.

"That Don José," said the barber, interrupting Polinario in his narrative, 'was a very devil.'

"He was not all devil," said Polinario; 'I've known him do many generous and good deeds.'

"They've never reached my ears," said the barber.

"One just now comes to my memory," said Polinario, 'and by your leave, I'll give the memory of Don José the advantage of it.'

"By all means," said the barber.

As for the story of Don José, it is truly well worth reading; but if our readers wish to become acquainted with it they cannot do better than send for the book, and then they will be over and above delighted with some of the cleverest designs we ever saw by the pencil of George Cruikshank. As for that representing the Bishop of Jaen bestowing his blessing on Polinario, it rises to historical dignity, it is masterly. "The curate feeding Lazaro through the crack in the door," and the Monk laugh ing over Don Quixote, are first-rate. In short the book possesses every attraction that a book can possess, and will be eagerly cowed over as a most delightful attraction at the present season of Christmas.


The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh numbers, on examination, fully confirm our former favourable opinion. It will be a most useful book of reference for the possessor of all small domains, whether suburban or not. We cannot
but admire Mr. Loudon’s mind where he directs his readers to make the best of the most unfavourable situations; even in the heart of the metropolis some sorts of plants may be cultivated, he shows, with advantage; and he brings an instance of a gentleman of the legal profession who had in a greenhouse warmed by the back of his parlour stove a fine collection of succulent plants, though he was so much engaged in business that he could only cultivate them by candle-light.

We value Mr. Loudon as a director to those guiltless pleasures, which pursued, tend to make the hearts of his fellow-creatures less hard, and keep their spirits free from restlessness.


We have examined the Architectural Magazine for December, 1837, and are struck with its progressive utility and ability. The miscellaneous intelligence is particularly valuable, and will at some future time form a complete history of our national architecture of the present age. The paper entitled “Lowland Cottages of England and France” is a capital literary article, and the “Summary of Improvements in the last Year,” from the pen of Mr. Loudon himself, conveys much interesting information.

On the Advantages of Exercise in some Spinal Deviations. By A. M. Bureauad Riofey, M.D. Causton.

We are glad to see this subject attracting the attention of the most enlightened and liberal of our medical men. Dr. B. Riofey here gives us simple and effectual directions for curing spinal deviations when caused by wrong habits or injudicious treatment during education. We are particularly pleased that he had furnished one case among the many, of the ill effects produced by harp practice. The positions of the harp learner are peculiarly cramped and uneasy, and even ridiculous, when the performer is not singularly elegant and pliant in person. The first of Dr. B. Riofey’s plates shows the dreadful deformity produced by the unnatural attitude in which the learner has to place herself. No girl ought to touch a harp till she has attained length of limb fully to command the needful moves of her body, and if mothers doubt this assertion let them look at this picture, and strike a fair balance between the attractions of the harpist and the non-attractions of the deformed. In nine cases out of ten, two years’ harping would do more irreparable mischief than an hour’s racking.

A Catechism of Chemistry. By Hugo Reid. Oliver and Boyd.

We have reviewed from time to time several cheap and excellent digests of science in the form of dialogue, published by Oliver and Boyd; the Catechism of Chemistry is one of the same series. The Table of the Chemical Elements is luminously arranged, and is particularly serviceable in the attainment of clear ideas on the subject; simplicity and intelligibility are the leading principles of the work, which is by no less an author than Hugo Reid, a great man in his profession. We direct the attention of the reader to the information on the nature, experiments, and uses of hydrogen and oxygen, which, while it can instruct a child, is highly amusing to the general reader.


The important and amusing history of the oak is finished in the July number; we are informed that the cork tree, familiar to most readers as a natural production of Spain, is to be seen in majestic growth in England and Ireland, and even bears acorns at Muswell Hill; there is an enormous one of unknown antiquity carefully preserved near Cork, in Ireland, and is, perhaps, the origin of the name of the city. The illustrations belonging to this section of the work, particularly the portraits attached to the text, are useful and valuable in a high degree. This may be considered as the general character of the work. The reader will be astonished at the universality and variety of the family of the oak in every part of the
world, when collectively viewed in this work of extraordinary research, and at the beauty and diversity of form in the construction of acorns whose figures are here shown. The oaks of Hindostan merit the closest attention of the naturalist. Other families of the corylaceae, as the beech and chestnut, are discussed in these numbers. The name of the great chestnut of Etna, called Cento Cavalli, thus originated. "Joan of Arragon, on her voyage from Spain to Naples, visited Mount Etna, attended by her principal nobility, and was caught in a heavy shower, when the queen and a hundred cavaliers took shelter under the branches of this tree, which completely covered them, and saved them from the rain."

The remainder of the numbers are occupied by the important tribe of the coniferae, and embrace firs, larches, pines, and spruces. Part of the letter-press is devoted to the commencement of the table of contents. The wood-cuts possess their usual excellence.

Finden’s Ports and Harbours. Parts 9 and 10. Tilt.

Plymouth and Chatham are both beautiful and efficient plates, full of truth and reality. The aerial tints of the sky and river in Chatham are in the first style of art. Plymouth is the best design by Harding we have seen for some time, if the outline of distance had been softened. Mount Edgcumbe, on the contrary, is a downright failure, and we would counsel the withdrawal of it as a blot in a very excellent collection. Southampton is a fair plate, but the features of the scenery are tame and uninteresting. The vignette of Folkestone has a good deal of pretty Flemish sketching in the foreground, but it wants harmonious toning with the distance.

The tenth number completes the first volume of one of the most useful and beautiful works ever published in Great Britain; this last number is truly perfect. Brighton, by Creswick, is the frontispiece, and it well deserves to lead the way; though perhaps it is surpassed by Cowes, from the pencil of the same highly-gifted artist: this plate is toned and worked in Finden’s most magical style. Dover Cliff and Castle, by Harding, though a little hard, is altogether good. Yarmouth and Harwich are fac-similes of those places. One of the peculiar Yarmouth cars is seen on the beach; this is most appropriately brought in, and deserves the attention of the purchaser, as antiquarians suppose the form of the Yarmouth car has remained unaltered since the days of the aboriginal Britons. We do not gather this information from the letter-press, which has been of late remarkably barren, especially so in regard to Cromer and Yarmouth; and there is much to tell regarding the latter place, which is left untold, as the singularity of the leaning steeple, and the curious arrangement of the streets, called Rowsdown, which these antique cars, guided by their standing charioteers, tear with surprising velocity: these and many other particulars, certainly, deserve mention wherever Yarmouth is discussed. How very strange it is that the publishers of these superb works are so reckless as to the intrinsic merit of their literature! and hence arises the most ruinous failure in works of the greatest cost, for the public is a judge of clever writing, if they are not.

Elizabeth Woodville, the Lady Grey in Henry the Sixth, is a beautiful and characteristic figure, one of Stephanoff’s best and most effective designs; it has been well supported by the engraver. We cannot afford much commendation to the two companion plates, Helen from Troilus and Cressida, and Portia from the Merchant of Venice. Helen’s figure is in vile proportion and out of drawing; she is besides in person and expression as ostentatiously disagreeable as most modern painters make Venuses and Helens and other professed beauties. Portia is an inelegant figure, with arms much too small and short: the engraving is coarse, and the background inexplicable to the eye.
The Scenic Annual, for 1838. Virtue.

A resplendent imperial quarto, embellished with no fewer than thirty-six beautifully engraved and most accurate views taken from various parts of Europe and America. This annual is a re-chaussée (being a selection from the illustrated works published, or in course of publication, by Mr. Virtue). That which is good need not be better, and he has fortunately obtained the editorship of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," so that the descriptive prose and verse may be reckoned upon as being far above the common order of topographical comment. Mr. Campbell has, moreover, contributed several pieces from his own pen. The accompanying verses are worthy of his ancient fame.

CORA LINN.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep! In trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep, All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke as if his noise Bade earth be quiet round; And give his loud and lonely voice A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light Of noon, came down like one Continuous sheet of jaspers bright, Emblazoned by the sun.

Dear Linn! let lofier falling floods Have prouder names than thine; And king of all, enthon'd in woods, Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts With recking thunders far, Extended as the array of hosts In broad embattled war.

His voice appalls the wilderness; Approaching thine we feel A solemn, deep melodiousness, That needs no louder peal.

More fury would not disenchant Thy dream-inspiring sin: Be thou the Scottish muse's haunt, Romantic Cora Linn!

T. C.

The view of the hospice, Mont St. Bernard, and the Swiss scenes generally, are most faithfully depicted; and our opinion is fully confirmed by a native of that land of wondrous sights. The view of the pass of Balsille during the attack, is a congenial subject whereon to exercise the editor's nervous and graphic prose; and the more credit is due to him for what he has done for this annual, considering the brief time afforded him when his aid was solicited in its behalf. This publication deserves indeed a place in our choicest libraries. In itself, it is extremely beautiful; and excellent taste is exhibited in the external covering, as well as the internal getting up of the work. We are highly delighted with it.

The English Bijou Almanac...

A. Schloss.

The lovers of the extremely curious in small matters of this nature will find sufficient to awaken interest. It is indeed surprising at how great cost Mr. Schloss has got up his little tasteful Bijou Almanac, and until by three years' succession we had become familiar with such things, the credulous could hardly be imposed upon to think that such things could be. This year Mr. Schloss has accompanied the Almanac with a magnifying glass of considerable power, so that we have been enabled to pry into the substantial merits of the artistical designs. Accompanied with this we have to acknowledge a case of album tablets, illustrative of the poetry of L. E. L., in the Bijou Almanac. Need we say more than echo—Bijou Almanac, as handsomely encased as any diamond, in which neither pains nor expense have been spared to render it acceptable to the public. By-the-bye, the illustrations to the tableaux are stated to be the first attempt of the kind, "by an English artist," which is a new and just ground for public patronage.


We doubt not the assertions of the publishers, that the success of "the New Edinburgh Almanac for 1837," exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its projectors, and we agree with them in confirming what they affirm, "that they have spared neither labour nor expense in adding to the value of the Almanac for 1838." We have sought in vain to
find any thing absent from its place. Here is the army at full, the navy also, the House of Lords, the Peers of Scotland and Ireland, and the chronological order of the creation of the dignities, faculty of advocates, the W. S.’s; Act of the General Assembly of 1837; Income of the English and Irish Prelates; Statistics of Commerce and Trade of the United Kingdom, Climate and Geology of Scotland; Sacramental Fast Days, &c. &c. &c. It would indeed be perfectly ridiculous for us to attempt even to enumerate the principal heads of the matter contained in nearly 600 closely printed small type pages of letter-press; suffice it to say, that for Scotland, every thing (or nearly so) that can be wanted is given, and much of England that will render the book a treasure to both countries. Nowadays, a new principle has arisen, and even works of a local character have a diffused circulation; but we do remember, that less than fifteen years ago, we asked in the Advocate’s Library to see “a London Directory,” or “Court Guide,” and such a book was not to be had which caused us much inconvenience. We trust, however, for our own sakes, that the new Edinburgh Almanac may be forthcoming when required, at every extensive public library in the United Kingdom; its large advertising list is a pretty solid proof of the estimation in which the work is held in both countries.


This number abounds in owls. The eagle and snowy owl are our particular pets, they exhibit, moreover, splendid instances of woodcutting. The little Scops owl is a fascinating imp. We are pleased with the characteristic resemblance of the lady and gentleman looking at the owl on its perch in the Zoological Gardens; they are as complete specimens of the higher metropolitan inhabitants, as the animals on which they gaze are of their native districts. A perceptive naturalist would at a glance pronounce them indigenous to the refined division of the English capital.

We doat on the owls in this delightful number—droll creatures; we cannot look at the comical earnestness of their visages without infinite amusement.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

1. 1st, 2nd, and 3d, Reading Books for the use of schools.

2. A Series of Lessons in Prose and Verse, progressively arranged. 7th edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound.


These first books form an excellent course of progressive reading for children of from three to thirteen years of age; but No. 3 is a profitable manual for more advanced youth. It contains lessons in an elliptical form, upon the Italian method, which must prove an admirable exercise for, as well as test of, a child’s retentive powers.

Greek and Latin Primitives, entering as they do so extensively into our language, form a very useful feature in the fourth and last parts of the series, particularly for those not destined to a course of classical reading. The terms of art and science, from the “dead” languages, are in italics, and are capable of immediate analysis; and by the tyro’s turning to the appendices, he can at once extract the root, and trace out the branches. This is better exercise for the memory than giving the derivation in a note or parenthesis. The Greek words have their equivalent sounds in English characters, and can be pronounced by those ignorant of the Greek orthoepy. This method of analytical reading must obviously further the attainment of a sound knowledge of practical etymology; a department of English grammar too often very culpably neglected in private schools.


This is a compilation of well-chosen colloquial phrases and paraphrases,
Mr. Lilley’s Portrait, and Mr. Scott’s Mezzotint of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Boys.
We know not when a work of art, independently of the subject, (for who can gaze on the hero of Waterloo without mixed feelings of veneration and pleasure,) has given us more real satisfaction. We beg the public to be particular that the portrait we speak of, bears the names of the parties above-mentioned; since our criticism were vain if applied to any other. Were the painting itself, beautiful in execution and perfect in resemblance, never to be seen, which will be the lot of the many, Mr. Scott’s Mezzotint might satisfy the cravings of an eager public. We understand the public demand for it has been exceedingly great.

St. Bernard’s Well and Dean Bridge, Water of Leith. Grieve.
This drawing from nature, and on zinc, by A. R. Grieve, is stated to be presented to us to show the capabilities of zinc for book illustrations, &c. It presents an appearance of considerable softness, and we doubt not may be made available in many cases.

Panorama of New Zealand. Burford.
This is a peculiarly interesting exhibition, and we doubt not will be found amply to reward the indefatigable zeal and industry of Mr. Robert Burford. The drawings were taken by Augustus Erle, Esq. We confess that we are wholly ignorant of the pictorial appearance of New Zealand, and must, therefore, place implicit reliance as reviewers upon the talent of Mr. Erle; and if that which he has given be true, no part of the world can boast of greater natural beauties than the magnificent islands of the southern hemisphere, which compose New Zealand. The bay of islands, the largest, best known, and most frequented of the many harbours of this immense tract, furnishes the subject of this highly-interesting Panorama. In the year 1769, Captain Cook sailed round them, and visited them several times afterwards. Whether gazed at solely as a country abounding in beautiful and strikingly picturesque scenery, or as an object worthy of the best con-
consideration of the philanthropist, this exhibition, and the little history published with it, must give full satisfaction. A New Zealander was present, and an object of great interest with a numerous and genteel company.

Univerzoramas. Bond-street.
This is an exhibition of great merit. The views comprise the Commerce-

square Lisbon, Paris, Gibraltar, the interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, which, as thus depicted, is, without exception, the closest approach which art can effect of St. Peter's itself; Havana, the new Marine Volcano, and the Spanish exhibition. It is really delightful to see the daily progress towards perfection in the panoramas, dioramas, and universoramas.

Miscellany.

Diseases of the Ear.—So great is the prevalence of deafness in the metropolis, that 125 patients were lately admitted into the Royal Dispensary in one day. The Lord Mayor has become a subscriber, and Miss Burdett Coutts, Sir George Carroll, and Sir Moses Montefiore, have each made handsome donations.

Marriages within the Degrees.
—At the council held on the 17th ult., the Queen's Advocate was heard in "Sherwood v. Ray," in which the appellant had married the sister of his deceased wife. Sir John Nicoll notified that their lordships would further report to her Majesty in Council that the marriage between Mr. Sherwood and Miss Emma Sarah Ray ought to be declared null and void. The lords present were Lord Brougham, Mr. Justice Bosanquet, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, and the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy.

A Bedstead Will or Codicil.—At the council held on the 14th ultimo, a model of the bedstead on which the Right Hon. and Rev. John, Earl of Scarborough, died, was produced in the case of "Castle and Harley v. Torre and others," in the goods of the said nobleman, relative to a will or codicil found under his lordship's bedstead.

A Rival Maiden Court at Workseat Manor.—It is rumoured in idle gossip in the fashionable circles that an amiable and very unpretending lady, Miss Angela Coutts, is arranging the purchase of this princely property, intending to hold her maiden court in Nottinghamshire, in rivalry of that of our youthful Queen in Middlesex. There is a certain piquancy in the pretended contrast which places the highest personage in the realm in emulation with the richest commoner.

Interesting Invalid.—It appears that the cold climate of Paris is decidedly unfavourable to the more sensitive species of quadrumanous animals. Poor Jack, the Oorang Outang, died last year, after a short residence in the Jardin de Plantes; and now Jacqueline Chimpanzee is attacked with a spitting of blood, and apprehensions for her life are entertained by the attendants.

Taglioni.—The admiration excited by the exquisite dancing of Taglioni at St. Petersburg continues unabated. A recent letter mentions that the Grand Duchess had presented to the charming Sylphide a pair of great beauty, composed of some of the jewels which the Sultan Mahmoud sent some years ago to the Imperial family. Another splendid present—a sledge has been sent to Mademoiselle Taglioni by Prince D——. The wheels of the sledge have silver spokes, and the equipage is altogether a specimen of true Asiatic splendour.

Perseverance to Preserve Life.—An avalanche of snow, buried a man alive, on the 18th of November, a little distance from the Devil's Bridge, Canton of Uri, Switzerland; the whole of that day, and greater part of the next, seventy men worked until they had delivered him; he was still living. During the twenty-one hours in his icy grave, he was perfectly conscious of his awful situation.

Her Majesty's Clemency.—The kind feelings of our young Queen are truly gratifying; in a recent sentence on an officer of the 51st light infantry, the Court having found Ensign C. T. Dick-
son, guilty of the charges preferred against him of drunkenness, and whilst in that state, firing-off loaded pistols, to the imminent risk of his brother officers' lives, sentenced him to be dismissed; but on her Majesty taking into consideration his youth (only 16!), his previous excellent character, and the strong recommendation to mercy from the Court, was graciously pleased to remit the punishment, and order him to be restored to the service.

Goods Left in Inns, liability of innkeepers.—The house divided on Capt. Pechell's motion, for taking away from innkeepers the liability at present existing.

For the motion . 32
Against it . 97

We have two words to say on this subject. For property left in bed rooms, the innkeeper should be liable, as in the case of lodging-house keepers, and also for property deposited at the bar, about which few persons can have any question. But for property left in the coffee-room, or the commercial room, we have this to remark, that the goods are merely left in the room, without any charge whatever, or direction of ownership. It is therefore hard to make the innkeeper liable, under such circumstances.

The Orange Society of Ireland has been re-established.

Harbours of Refuge.—Mr. G. F. Young has given notice, that on the 1st of March he would move for a select committee to inquire into the expediency of constructing harbours of refuge on all the dangerous and exposed coasts of Great Britain. We humbly conceive that the public money cannot be expended upon a better object.

Private Bills.—Petitions are not to be received after Tuesday, March 20th. 1st reading limited to March 26th, and no report of such bills be received after Monday the 30th of April.

Soirées at Paris.—The most magnificent soirées in Paris, since the commencement of the gay season, have been given by the Russian Princesses Lieven and Bagratian, the Polish Princess Czar- toriski, and the Countess Granville, whose weekly re-unions have been resumed since her return from London. The approaching carnival is expected to be distinguished by a succession of brilliant fetes. Madame Persiani, the new soprano, has made a successful début in Donizetti's opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Law of Coverture.—Captain Pe- chell moved for leave to bring in a Bill to alter the Law of Coverture. It may be remembered by our readers that Captain Pechell was some time ago urged by the inhabitants of Brighton to devise a plan by which they might be protected against the pleas of "ladies whose husbands were absent," when application was made to them for payment of houses occupied by them and their families, and for goods and necessaries. Considering the great hazard to which tradesmen are exposed, and the frequent frauds practised upon them, it appears, at first sight, singular that credit is so readily given; but persons conversant with genteel society must be aware that a tradesman might as well shut up shop as refuse to supply an applicant of respectable appearance, even if he had time to waste in making necessary inquiries. There is some difference, however, with respect to the letting of houses, where more caution can be used, but not to the full extent of affording the protection which is required.—The Attorney-General said that this subject was at present under the consideration of the Lord Chancellor and the Judges. He therefore suggested the propriety of waiting until a Bill was introduced on the subject by those who, from their avocations were better acquainted (such as Mr. Espinasse !! and others,) with the operation of the law, than the gallant Captain could be!—Captain Pechell said he could not listen to the suggestion, unless the honourable and learned gentleman would pledge himself to bring in a Bill early in the present session. Finally, at the urgent request of Sir E. Knatchbull and Mr. Goulburn, Capt. Pechell delayed bringing forward his Bill for a fortnight, but the Attorney General said that the mischiefs were not caused by the law, but by tradesmen's want of caution in giving credit, an evil which he had endeavoured to mitigate by a Bill he had introduced last session, and hoped to carry into a law.—There are few persons but must admit that there is some error in the present system, but we have often thought that if each contractor, without the clear concurrence
of a principal (as is the case with wives in France) were liable for the debt, such a measure would greatly tend to the public security, and we feel satisfied do much good in securing the peace and well-being of families. This subject we have admitted to be of extreme utility when properly handled, and of great importance in its consequences.

The Death-clock.—It is not perhaps generally known, that in the Chateau of Versailles, is a clock termed "l’Horloge de la Mort" having but one finger, which at the death of a king of France, is set at the exact moment at which he has breathed his last, and remains unaltered until the demise of his successor.

Chinese Choice of a Grave-stone.—At the coronation of the Emperors of China, it was customary to present them with several sorts of marbles of different colours, by the hands of a mason, who was then to address the new Emperor in these words:—

"Choose mighty sir, under which of these stones, Your pleasure is, that we shall lay your bones."

These patterns for his grave-stone were brought to him, in order that the prospect of death might occupy his thoughts, and restrain him within the bounds of moderation, in the midst of his new honours.

The First Theatrical Benefit.—Mrs. Barry is recorded as the first performer, male or female, who ever had what is now understood by the term "a benefit." This privilege was procured for her through the influence of James II., and she alone possessed it, until just before the commencement of the 18th century.

The Will of the late Earl of Egremont bequeaths to the present Earl the ancient family residence, Orchard Wyndham, in Somersetshire, and 16,000l. per annum; to his eldest son, General Wyndham, the Cumberland estates, with Cockermouth Castle, worth 15,000l. a year; to George Wyndham, Petworth, and the estates adjoining, in cash, 60,000l. to his third son, the whole of his funded property, 220,000l., 3 per cents.; to each of his daughters, 45,000l.; nor did Lord Egremont for-get old friends, and artists that he patronised, and their families; to his domestics his Lordship also gave liberally. His Lordship, it appears, caught cold, on visiting Brighton, to pay his duty to the Queen, and returned indisposed to Petworth, on Thursday, the 2nd of November. On the following Tuesday, his lordship became seriously indisposed, when Sir M. Tierney was sent for, who, although himself suffering seriously from gout, nevertheless attended. Sir Matthew attended closely, until his lordship's death, at a quarter past eleven o'clock, p.m., on Saturday, the 11th ultimo.

Lord Egremont was a fine and handsome man, and although at an advanced age in life, from his general appearance, might have been expected to have lived to a great age.

Queen Elizabeth Musical.—Besides the lute, poliphant, and virginal, it is conjectured that Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the violin; for an instrument of singular construction, with the arms of England and the crest of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, engraved upon it, was purchased at the sale of the late Duke of Dorset's effects. The date of its make was 1578; and from the arms being engraved upon it, it has been conjectured that her Majesty was the original possessor.

Fifty-three Sabbaths in the Year 1837.—The past year (1837) began, and also terminated, on a Sunday. The year 1838, and also the 1st of the month, commenced on a Monday—the month and the year will also end on a Monday—consequently divine service will have been performed fifty-three times in all the churches and chapels of Great Britain, and on the first and last day of the year.

An Invitation.—The following is posted up at a furnishing ironmonger's in Rathbone-place:—"If the absent gentleman, who took away, by mistake, a few days since, a shovel and tongs, will apply within, lie will be presented with a poker to match. They are a set, and one will be comparatively of little value to him without the other."

Baron Munchorson.—The King of Hanover has appointed the Baron to be minister at the court of our most gracious Queen.

Royal Talent and Benevolence.—The Princess Amelia, of Saxony, has
sold a collection of her musical compositions for the sum of two hundred and seventy-five thalers, which she sent immediately after receiving them to the Société des Dames, instituted at Leipsic for the relief of the poor.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE THEATRES.—
Her Majesty's example in visiting the theatres so frequently, has already produced a great deal of good, in giving tone to these, our national houses. Many have been induced in consequence to make parties at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, who of late years seldom dreamt of doing any such thing. The court, however, having set the example, all classes will no doubt follow it.

POMPEII.—A discovery of a novel description and much interest has recently been made among the ruins of Pompeii. Near the street of the tombs, where the excavations are carried on with much industry, the vestibule of a house has been exposed, with four mosaic pillars, five feet in height. Relics so curious excite great expectations of what the house itself may contain.

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.—The following is at this time handed about the Blue circles just now, (we know not with what foundation) as a genuine copy of a note from a distinguished authoress, to her printer, who is engaged on the novel entitled "Love," announced by Mr. Colburn:—

"Dear Sir,—How comes it I have had no proofs * of Love from you since Saturday, I have waited with the utmost impatience.

Yours, &c., C. H."

[* Proofs amongst printers and authors, mean corrected impressions in type.]

WILKIE has removed his picture of the "First Consul at Buckingham Palace" from the palace to his own studio, where it will be finished in time for the ensuing exhibition.

CHESTER'S GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.—There is in the venerable church of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, a curious instrument, presented to the parish more than 200 years ago, by a person of some consequence at that period, whose name was Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex who had been guilty of defamation, and whose tongues engendered mischief. It is of singular construction, and when fixed, a part enters the mouth, which prevents the possibility of articulation. It bears the following inscription:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues who talk too idle.—1633."

Its presentation arose from the circumstance of the individual whose name it bears losing a valuable estate through the instrumentality of a gossipping, lying, woman.

The approaching "Carnival at Venice", promises to be most brilliant. Three composers, among whom the two great living masters of Italy, Donizetti, and Mercadente, are to furnish each a new opera. The elite of all the singers procurable, with Mademoiselle Ungher at their head, are engaged. Three grand ballets d'action are also in active preparation.

DEAD.—There was a duel fought, we perceive by the newspapers, in Battersea-fields on the 14th ult., between Lord Edward Thynne, and a gentleman named Passmore; the former attended by Mr. Ford, the latter by Captain Higgesley. The report adds, that a young lady was the fair cause of quarrel; and that after exchanging three shots each, the parties separated without a reconciliation. Thus were six Misses employed to avenge the cause of one.

GRAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY MEETING.—About 800 ladies and gentlemen from the northern and western parishes around London met on the evening of the 26th ult., at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to commemorate the establishment of the West London Auxiliary Branch of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. Tea, coffee, and eatables were provided at 1s. 6d. a head. The apparent health of the company was in every respect such as is likely to promote the objects of the society. There were several very good speeches on the occasion, and one by a Captain Hudson, who, with his crew, had sailed during eight months and a half without tasting, or wishing to taste, spirits. The Captain further informed them that many foreigners had become members. When indeed our attention is awakened by the horrid yells and out-breakings of spirit by nightly drunkards in our streets, the oaths of blasphemy
uttered, and abominations committed in a state of intoxication, we are almost tempted to ask ourselves why we remain idle, and lend not a helping hand. But if we ourselves move not, and we are half inclined to become members, why are the great body of the magistracy so visibly indifferent to the subject; and, as they are so, why the Government? Alas! the calls of the public treasury demand supplies, and from this source the professedly most Christian country in the world derives, directly and indirectly, its largest revenue. Would that there would spring up amongst us another Poynder, who could put down this idol abomination for revenue, and the extravagances thereof, as he has in a great measure diminished the number of the once numerous immolations of the East. But, alas! those who have the power never have had the will. The more than midnight revelries of our public entertainments break in upon, or destroy, habits of soberness. And Britain’s cold and care-worn sons swallow the poison, they know not why; and thousands are the willing attendants who, encouraging them in the draught, partake also, and then seize upon them as their prey, thence to pass into the tents of the wicked. Far be it from us to say how much the careless governor will have to answer for, who has neglected the “talent” of “millions of people” “entrusted” to his care. But we have taken as yet a very limited view of the wickedness of this revenue-making system. It has been the moving principle in our nascent colonies, and in the new lands which cession or conquest have brought into our power. Instead of a virtuous government and a stern governor preventing the introduction of spirits, the worst spirits of hell have been let loose amongst them, as “the best commodity in which a Christian country could traffic” with savages, slaves, convicts, and persons of the like description, who have at the hands of the British received the first iniquitous and deadly draught. Men may make fortunes, and a government may make money, but the substantial happiness of the people is sacrificed at this unhallowed shrine, and though thousands be the “books of life” which are afterwards circulated in the several countries, and though they be “deluged” with innumerable tracts, the tract of the evil spirit out-tracts them all. We thought we understood that Mr. Barber Beaumont, a very zealous and worthy magistrate, when his thoughts are diverted from the politics of the present day, had given a notice for a control of houses in restricting the sale of ardent spirits, and that the Middlesex magistrates had sanctioned his proposals. We should be glad indeed if his efforts could in the least stop the progress of this demon spirit who walks in such strength throughout the land. As Mahomet weaned the nations of the east from idol worship by a system founded in fact in most particulars upon the Christian scheme, so would we propose that the duty upon malt and hops be wholly taken off, and beer allowed to be sold by a license for orderly conduct. Thus we would fain hope that in due time there would be less evil spirit worship. On a future occasion we may perhaps say a word more upon this subject.

Animal Magnetism.—Of all the multitudinous isms which engage the attention of the most learned of mankind at the present moment, the most absorbing ism is that by common consent denominated animal magnet-ism. The Baron Dupotet and his enlightened colleagues have been long endeavouring to illuminate Europe on this interesting subject, assorted by the students and philosophers of the whole circle of European society. The learned Baron and his compeers are hitherto completely in the dark as to the full tendency and capabilities of that mysterious ism. Not so our Transatlantic brethren, however. It has been reserved for Young America, as usual, to get the start of old Europe, and turn the unfinished labours of the learned of other lands to her own practical advantage.—The following account is from a Philadelphia paper, just received:— A Mr. Lincoln, of Hoboken, a gentleman well acquainted with all that has been written on the phenomena of animal magnetism, from the days of Deslon down to Baron Dupotet, suddenly took it into his head, or, to use his own words, “the thought came upon him like an avalanche of hot wood-ashes,” that the science might be made productive of infinite agricultural prosperity. He repaired to the Worces-
ter (Pen.) cattle-show, and commenced his operations publicly upon a large lean pig. He began by inserting the fingers of his right hand almost imperceptibly amongst the bristles on the left side of the pig's dorsal vertebrae; and though at that moment engaged in crunching a terrapin, the pig instantly manifested strong susceptibilities—dropping the half-crushed terrapin, turning his eyes towards the operator, and uttering a faint grunt. Mr. Lincoln then withdrew his fingers, and introduced a fragment of a live-oak rail among the bristles, moving it gently to and fro among them. The susceptibilities were increased. The pig appeared to be listening attentively, relaxed its tail, half-closed its eyes, granted very satisfactorily, but more and more inaudibly, slowly bent the joints of its legs on the side opposite to the operator, and eventually rolled over upon that side with a heavy sigh. The pig appeared to sleep, and the application of the fragment of live-oak rail being continued gently, it soon sunk into a state of profound repose. The operator then withdrew the fragment of rail, and introduced a section of an iron hoop among the bristles, a little above the left flank, and energetically magnetised the part therewith. Joint expressions of delight were in a few seconds heard to issue from the pig, and it became highly probable, in the opinion of all present, that the pig was in imagination revelling among green corn-cobs and squash melons, and only needed articulation to describe the ecstasy which he felt. The operation was discontinued, and they left him alone in his glory. He slept long and soundly, and when he awoke, he went to sleep again without asking for his supper. Next day he appeared quite a new pig; and after a slight breakfast of peas and butter-milk, the operation was renewed with decidedly the same results. Unfortunately, the committee had not time to await the further prosecution of the experiment, else Mr. Lincoln would have had the satisfaction of convincing them that pigs will fatten on animal magnetism, quite as well as upon barley-meal.” It is said, that when Lord Spencer first heard of the above discovery, he threw himself back in his easy chair and exclaimed, “Oh! that Jonathan will be the death of me!”—But we understand his lordship and the Duke of Richmond have since very seriously recommended it to the attention of Lord Harborough, whose pigs produced such a sensation at Smithfield cattle-show last month.

Bad Effects of Box Motts.—Monsieur Lehon, Belgian Minister at the French Court, is said to have declared, that he would never appear at the Tuileries again, if Prince Talleyrand were received there. The cause, on the part of the ex-book-stall keeper of Brussels, against the ex-Bishop of Autun, is a very innocent bon-mot of the latter. Some person asked, whether the Belgian ambassador were a man of great capacity? “Of great volume,” said Talleyrand; “but though newly-bound with gilt edges, I should be sorry to put it into my library.” This jest, indifferent as it is, is said to have discomposed the ambassador so much, that a change in the corps diplomatique is expected.

Public Saving.—By the death of the Dowager Lady Cockburn, aged eighty-eight, the public are relieved of a pension of 555l., which having been paid during fifty-three years, amounted to 29,415l.

Steam Communication with India through the Red Sea.—This project has been successfully accomplished; the last communication was effected in forty-three days, including the stoppage at Alexandria! The Atalanta left Bombay on the 2nd of October, and arrived at Suez, October the 16th, at Alexandria, the 20th; whence the mail was dispatched by her Majesty's ship Volcano, November the 7th, and arrived at Malta the 11th, at Gibraltar, by her Majesty's ship Fire Fly, November the 16th, and here on Monday, December the 4th.

City of London Literary and Scientific Institution.—The first stone was laid last month; the new building will cost four thousand pounds. The members comprise between eight and nine hundred persons: a gratifying fact, for those who view the importance of the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people.

Female Lavalette.—The Albany (New York) Journal, mentions a case similar to that of the intrepid Lavalette; when the wife of Clark aided the es-
cape of her husband, by an exchange of clothes, and allowing herself to be locked up as a prisoner, in her husband’s stead.

Love Death.—Rose, living in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and a young cabinet-maker, had been brought up so much together, that they formed an irresistible attachment for each other. Though earnestly intreated, their parents would not consent to their union; but it was decided, they were to wait until the maiden was more experienced, and the youth had passed the period for being forced into military service. Rose became silent, and listened with interest only to narrations of suicide, at the same time inquiring the certain modes of accomplishing the fatal act. Hearing that a neighbour had killed himself by drinking for a wager, half a litre, she bought a whole litre, and returning home, drank it off entirely, and retired to bed. Her groans awoke her parents, medical aid was called in, but the unfortunate victim expired the next day, Wednesday, Dec. 20. On her bed was found a letter, addressed to her lover, written in the most passionate terms, and signed with her own blood, announcing the desperate resolution to which she had brought her mind. Here then is another fit subject for Mr. Sergeant Talfoord, when he is on the relations of parent and child, ‘Whether there ought not to be some redress for a child bent upon marriage,’ (for all parents are not considerate, and many are selfish,) not requiring provision at his hands, under circumstances of a long and faithful attachment. Or whether a parent’s consent, subject to some slight appeal, might not be dispensed with, if a reasonable cause be not shewn to the contrary, at the age of eighteen; for if a child can be given at sixteen in marriage, obedient to her parents’ will, with scarcely a choice of her own to take advantage of some match, it seems hard, if having formed an early attachment, she must wait until the age of twenty-one years, before she is free to follow her own choice, when perhaps her Edward or her Henry has flown away in despair. Such melancholy instances of self-destruction, are indeed very frequent.

Her Majesty did not leave the Castle the day after her arrival at Windsor. On Thursday the 28th, Her Majesty took an airing in the Park in an open pony phaeton.

Proposed New Rates of Postage.—Penny franks we hope soon to see issued by the government; and we beg to suggest four-penny General Post covers, which would we think produce an equal if not a greater revenue with greatly increased advantage to the public.

Meeting at Devonport in Favour of the Poles.—A more than usually animated meeting took place at Devonport last week in favour of this cruelly oppressed and mutilated nation, and we think it probable that the cause in England will gain ground.

Rebellion in Lower Canada.—The French settlers and discontented are at this time at open war with Her Majesty’s troops, and there have been many killed and wounded on both sides. The earliest intelligence given to the public and to Her Majesty’s Government, was published in the Times newspaper. Parliament will in consequence met on the 18th of January.

Monument to Wickliffe.—This monument, by Mr. R. Westmacott, Junr. has recently been affixed in the church, at Lutterworth. The great reformer is represented in the act of addressing a group of his countrymen, and directing their attention to his translation of the Holy Scriptures, which is lying open by his side. Two Roman ecclesiastics are present; one looking angrily at him, while the other appears attentively listening to his address, and is grasping the wrist of his fellow, to prevent his striking him.

A Bill to Provide for the Access of Parents, Living Apart from each other, to their Children of Tender Age.—Whereas it is expedient to make provision for the access of parents living apart from each other to their children of tender age; be it therefore enacted, by the Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that when any
child, being under the age of twelve years, whose parents shall be living apart from each other, shall be in the custody of one of such parents, or of any person by his or her authority, and complaint shall be made by the other of such parents of the want of proper access to such child, it shall be lawful for the Lord High Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice Chancellor, or any judge of either of the courts of law at Westminster, to hear such complaint, and either to dismiss the same, or to make order for the access of the complainant to such child, at such times and in such manner as he shall deem right, until such child shall attain the age of twelve years, and that it shall be lawful for the Lord High Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, or any judge of either of the courts of law at Westminster, to vary or discharge any such order. And be it enacted, that on all complaints made under this act it shall be lawful for the Lord High Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, or the judge before whom such complaint shall be preferred, to receive affidavits sworn before any judge or commissioner authorized to administer an oath; and that any person who shall depose falsely and corruptly in any affidavit so sworn shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and incur the penalties thereof. And be it enacted, that all orders which shall be made by virtue of this act by the Lord High Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, or the Vice-Chancellor, shall be enforced by process of contempt of the High Court of Chancery; and that all orders so made by virtue of this act by a judge of any court of law may be made an order of such court, and enforced by like process of such court. And be it enacted, that this act may be altered, amended, or appealed by any act to be passed in this present session of Parliament.

The Silent and Separate Systems and Prison Discipline.—During the months of October, November, and December last, we published in the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" a tale entitled "The Mutilated," in which was exhibited a poet whose tongue had been cut out, and hands cut off, so that he could express his thoughts neither in writing nor by words. The Mutilated had a fair partner, Gætana, the songstress, who possessed, together with captivating elegance of manner, great refinement of taste. As if that tale, which some readers, perhaps, thought was not half mutilated enough, were written as evidence against the horrible effects of a long-continued forced silence upon some minds, it made its appearance at a peculiar and important time in our pages. The subject has of late been much before the public, and let inconsiderate men pause and tremble at the weight of suffering which unconsciously on their parts may have been heaped, or is about to be heaped, upon their fellow-creatures. Let them, we say, read that tale, and see well its bearings. Therewith was exhibited the effect on one mind which could not give intelligible vent to thought; and on another debarred by circumstances from all Society, who herself the utterer of all that was said hearing never a word in reply, and forced into a state of taciturnity, became melancholy and ultimately met a premature death.

The visiting Justices of the House of Correction, Cold-bath Fields, have just made a special report, dated Dec. 20; in answer to a letter, addressed by Lord John Russell, to the Bench of Magistrates for the County of Middlesex, in August last, on the subject of the 'silence' and the 'separate' systems of prison discipline, Lord John accompanying that communication with a desire, that the Bench would take the matter into their serious consideration, with a view to the permanent adoption of the latter, (the separate system), in preference to the former, (the silence system), in the metropolitan prisons. There have been some very heavy whispers abroad, against the silence system, which may perhaps have reached the ears of Her Majesty's Secretary of State; but the justices seem by their report to have given a milder version for the public; yet it is difficult, as the saying goes, 'to learn the secrets of the prison house.' We think therefore, that the tale of the Mutilated, will be read with very great interest by his lordship, their worship, and a philanthropic public.

We reserve some suggestions for a future number.
DESCRIPTION OF THE TWO FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 1. Walking Dress.—Manteau of a rich silk called Styrienne. This new-fashioned cloak is made much in the style of a loose wrapping gown. (See Plate.) It is cut entirely in one piece, and without any confinement at the waist. The sleeves are immensely full to just below the elbow; from thence to the wrist they fit the arm tightly; at the lower part they are sufficiently sloped to cover the back of the hand. The long cape, cut in form of a palatine, reaching to the bottom of the cloak (see Plate), as well as a small falling collar, is of velvet; the manteau is fastened down the front by three bows of velvet ribbon. Hat of pink velours épingle, the front large, and a little turned up round the edge; the crown is not very high. The trimming consists of a rich satin ribbon, twisted round the crown of the hat, and brought to the right side, where it is finished by a bow. On the left, four short feathers are placed in a drooping position over the front of the hat. Hair in ringslets. The second figure has, over a wadded satin dress, a short mantelet of satin, lined and trimmed with swansdown. Grey muff. Bonnet the same as the one just described. Black shoes, silk stockings.

No. 2. Ball Dress.—Dress of white crape, over white satin. Corsage à pointe, ornamented with bouffants (à la Sévigné). (See Plate.) Short sleeves, quite tight at the shoulder, with three sabots formed of the same net-work as the bouffants, and finished at the elbow with a deep ruffle, forming a long point at back, in the style of a Venetian sleeve. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a deep flounce of thread lace, and the robings at each side (see Plate) are of the same. At the spot where the robings unite with the flounce is placed a bouquet of full-blown roses, attached by a bow of wide pink satin ribbon. Hair in ringslets, à la Mancini; the back braided simply en couronne, but very low. A wreath of roses (intermixed, large and small), goes entirely round the head, but is worn much off the brow in front. Necklace of cameos, brooch to match, half-long mittens of fête. White satin shoes, silk stockings à jour.

The dress of the sitting figure is of pink satin; the sleeves with a single sabot, and a wreath of full-blown roses trimmed with swansdown.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th ult., at Rushbrook Park, Bury St. Edmunds, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Eyres, Grenadier Guards, of a daughter.

On the 29th, at Nethersole-hall, Leicester, the lady of the Rev. Sir W. Nigel Greasley, Bart., of a daughter.

On the 9th ult., in St. James’s Square, the lady of John Macrane, Esq., of a daughter.

At Walthamstow, 24th., the Honorable Mrs. George Massey, of a son.

On the 23rd, in Upper Wimpole Place, lady Parry, of a daughter.

In Somerset Street, Portman Square, on the 29th Nov., the lady of Dr. Harris Dunsford, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th ult., at St. George’s, Hanover Square, Sir Walter Rockcliffe Farquhar, Bart., to the Lady Mary Octavia Somerset, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Duke of Somerset.

On the 7th, at Streatham, by the Rev. Frederick Borradil, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln, the Rev. James Betts, M.A., of Ellingham, Norfolk, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Richardson Borradil, Esq., of Bedford Hill, Surrey.


At Bath, on the 7th ult., by the Rev. Sir G. Prevost, Bart., W. H. Robinson, Esq., Captain in the 72nd, or the Duke of Albany’s Own, Highlanders, only son of the late Sir W. H. Robinson, K. C. H., to Georgiana, 3rd daughter of Rear-Admiral Buckle.


DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., at Scone Palace, Louisa, Viscountess Stormont.

At Paris, on the 26th, Isabella Maria Bar- rington, only daughter of the late Honorable Russell Barrington, aged 4 years.

On the 14th ult., at his seat Brymknoll, North Wales, Viscount Duncairn, in the 75th year of his age. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his only surviving son, the Honourable Arthur Trevor, M. P. for Durham.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en Velours épingle avec de tete de plumes des Mlle d’Amadore; de Nichelieu, 61.
Manteau en Nygargue garni de velours des Mlle d’Auriche et Mouillard, 171, St. Denis, 9.

LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Coiffure en boue d'une guirlande exécutée par M. A. Herrmann, Passage Choiseul. 19.

Robe en capé avec bouffants en fil et garnitures de dentelle de fil de M. Larcher, St. Vivienne 8.

Dentelles de Violard, rue de Choiseul. 2. bis.

LOUISE DE SAVOIE.

Regent of France & Mother of François I?

Born 1473. Died 1532.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the court & lady's Magazine and Museum united.

Vol. XIII.

1832.
FEBRUARY, 1838.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY CRITIC,

AND

LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF LOUISE OF SAVOY,
REGENT OF FRANCE, AND MOTHER OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, drawn and coloured from an original, by
Janet Corni, painter to Francis the First.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

Louise of Savoy had the affliction of wearing the white cloth frontlet and widow's hood, which forms her headdress, from her early widowhood, at eighteen, till she died, at the age of fifty-four. The rest of her dress, though black, is not in the rigour of widow's costume. Her gown is of cut velvet; it is square in the corsage, edged with sable fur round the bust and train; the sleeves of the same are straight on the shoulder, and widen into the large re-bras sleeves of rich sable fur; beneath these are seen scarlet velvet close sleeves and white cambric ruffles. The waist is as low as in the preceding age of the reign of Charles the Seventh. The termination of the close bodice is defined by a trimming of fur, and a heavy gold chain tied round the body; one end hangs to the feet, finished by a gold ornament like a strawberry leaf. According to the law of widowhood, Louise wears no jewels.

The name of Louise of Savoy must always bear high historical interest, as the mother of a son and daughter who rank among the most illustrious of European sovereigns. Every one who is familiar with the characters of Francis the First and Marguerite of Navarre, will follow us with pleasure while we narrate the events which chequered the life of their parent. Fluctuating in principle, and idolizing in her maternal fondness for her son, much of the evil which we find in the conduct of Francis may be traced to the influence of this mother, who, as his only surviving parent, had the rearing and guidance of him from the early age.
of twenty months until the period of her death.

The father of Louise was Philip, Duke of Savoy; her mother was a princess of the house of Bourbon, sister to Peter of Beaujeu, Duke of Bourbon. She was born September 14, 1476. The events of her childhood could not be very extensive, for she was married at the infantile age of twelve to the Count d'Angoulême, a younger son of the Orleans' house of Valois. This prince was grandson to Louis, Duke of Orleans, who was barbarously murdered by John, Duke of Burgundy, in the Rue Barbette. Louise gave birth to Francis the First in the year 1494; and this great event of her life she has fondly recorded in her journal in these words:

"Francis, by the grace of God, now king of France, and my pacific Caesar, first saw this world's light at Cognac about ten o'clock after mid-day, 1494, the 12th day of September."

Never was the term pacific more unluckily applied to any sovereign than to Francis the First, whose belligerent qualities kept Europe in a flame from the hour of his coronation till his death. Perhaps his mother meant that he was easily ruled by her. In many instances, indeed, he was so, to his sorrow.

But at the time of his birth, far and distant were the hopes of royalty from the son of the Countess of Angoulême. Like most younger branches of a royal house, his father, the son of a youngest son, was poor, in comparison with his high blood, and lived in honourable retirement on his own appanage at Cognac, seldom visiting the court of his relative, the King of France, by whom he was regarded with jealousy, because he had been the favoured lover of Mary of Burgundy; but Louis the Eleventh had interfered to break the match, and never forgave his cousin for the injury he had done him in preventing his union with this great heiress. Had the Count of Angoulême been permitted to marry the heiress of Burgundy instead of Louise of Savoy, the great inheritance of that princess would have devolved peaceably to the throne of France, instead of being the bone of contention for nearly a century, which involved Europe in tremendous wars. But this was not to be; the Count of Angoulême married Louise, whose son and the descendant of Mary of Burgundy were at deadly strife during the chief portion of their lives.

The moral virtues of Louise shone in the retirement of private life, but faded before the court temptations which afterwards beset her. As the wife of the Count of Angoulême, her conduct was most exemplary, and her union happy. She was not beautiful, but her person in her youth extremely attractive, and she possessed entirely the heart of her husband during the few years of their marriage. This prince, like the whole of the line of Orleans-Valois, bore a very high character, and well deserved the adoration with which his young wife regarded him, and the veneration with which she always cherished his memory. During his last moments she paid him the most unremitting attention; he died when she was but eighteen, leaving her with two infants; a son who had not seen his second, and a daughter who had not completed her third year.

The conduct of Louise in this early widowhood and maternity was so excellent, that if she had died before the brilliant prospects of her son were developed, she would have been entitled to have been here quoted as one of the most perfect instances of female goodness, for at a time when temptations most easily beset a young female, she seemed proof against every snare. But the fact is, her besetting sins were avarice and pride, neither of which has much room for action at the early age in which this princess was bringing up her infants at a distance from the Court of France, its glories, and its luxuries.

The guardianship of these princely children fell to their father's nearest relative, Louis, Duke of Orleans, afterwards so celebrated under the title of Louis the Twelfth, Father of his People. This great man treated the young Francis, Count of Angoulême, as a nephew, though he was but his third cousin. He provided him an excellent tutor, Gouffier Boisy, a gentleman of great learning, and far beyond his age in literary acquirements. Louise was herself a learned princess; and, as an encourager of genius, she set her son and daughter an example in the constant pursuit of intellectual employment, and was no mean judge of their proficiency.

Till this period in her history, Louise of Savoy passed through life without a
stain on her character: a different scene soon, however, opened for herself and her children. Charles the Eighth died without heirs, and the friend and guardian of the infant Francis ascended the throne of France under the title of Louis the Twelfth. The friendship of this prince as Louis of Orleans, was no recommendation at the Court of Charles the Eighth, who looked coldly on the whole line of Orleans-Valois, and had actually imprisoned Louis for some years out of jealousy, not only for his proximity to the throne of France, but on account of his queen, Anne of Brittany. A glorious prospect for her infant son now opened before the eyes of Louise of Savoy. Louis the Twelfth was entangled with his cousin, Jane of France, daughter of Louis the Eleventh, in an unhappy marriage; he had no children, and Francis of Angoulême was his nearest heir. He invited his young wards and their mother to Court, gave Louise high rank as a princess of the blood, and for a few months she herself received all the homage the courtiers could pay to the mother of the heir-presumptive.

These gay prospects soon, alas! faded in hopes of a very different hue. Louis the Twelfth was divorced from his cousin, and married the object of his ardent passion, the queen dowager, Anne of Brittany. This innot brought him a fine young family, of whom two were princes. Again Louise fell back to the rank of the widow of a younger kinsman of the throne of France; the king, however, always treated her with great distinction, and continued to watch over the education of her son with paternal affection. Not so the Queen Anne of Brittany, who disliked Louise, and regarded her son with no little jealousy. It is scarcely possible to trace which was in fault, or who first began the enmity that always rankled between Anne of Brittany and the mother of Francis; but this is certain, that the quarrels of these great ladies occasioned no little unhappiness to the excellent Louis the Twelfth.

During the first years of the reign of Louis, this hatred was kept in abeyance by Louise of Savoy, who was perfurc oblige to receive in silence every mortification the Queen of France chose to inflict on her; but in 1503 the death of the two heirs which Anne of Brittany had borne, again changed the prospects of the family of Angoulême, and the son of Louise was once more the hope of France. Then the triumphant mother, proud of the grace and early prowess of her young son, returned some of the scorn with which the queen had treated her. This enmity made no difference to the invariable kindness of the King of France to the Countess of Angoulême and her children; but the time soon arrived when these broils forced themselves on his notice in a public manner.

Louis the Twelfth had confided the military education of young Francis to the Maréchal de Gié, a brave but audacious warrior. This nobleman fell passionately in love with Louise, and seems indeed to have been influenced more by personal attachment than ambition; he offered her his hand when she was first a widow, and his great possessions, military renown, and high birth, rendered him in the eyes of France a proper match for a young widow, whose riches were by no means commensurate with the lofty contingencies of her family. Louise refused the maréchal out of respect to the memory of the father of her children, but the lover always remained her firm adherent, partisan of her family rights, and protector of her son. He was, however, doomed to meet with an evil return for all this devotion.

Louis the Twelfth was seized with an alarming illness in the year 1504. Anne of Brittany, his queen, nursed him with an attention and devotion never exceeded in private life. Her cares for his life did not, however, make her forget that she was an independent sovereign. Her husband had always permitted her to govern her own domain of Brittany without reference to the crown of France, and the queen resolved, if she were left a widow, not to remain at the court of her rival Louise of Savoy, but retire to her own patrimony; and as a preliminary she sent all the regalia of Brittany and valuables she considered her own property, as Queen of France, up the Loire in barges, meaning to secure it in case she should have the misfortune to lose her husband. The Maréchal de Gié, as he asserted by the orders of Louise of Savoy, had the audacity to seize upon this property, and detain it under the pretence that the
queen was sending away the crown jewels of France. We may suppose how
certain Louise and her coadjutor were of the
decease of the king, when they ven-
tured on such a step as this:—to their
consternation the king recovered, and
the personal attentions of the wife he
adored rendered her yet the more influ-
tial, that we may readily suppose how great
were the apprehensions of those who
had taken so bold a step. At this crisis
the true character of Louise of Savoy
first displayed itself. Soon after the
convalescence of the king, an arrest was
issued against the Maréchal de Giè, and
his life was in danger on account of the
afront he had offered to the queen;
although the principal cause of offence
was kept in the background, and the
delinquent was prosecuted for certain
ribald and offensive speeches he had
made in his hours of conviviality reg-
arding the influence that Anne of Brit-
tany exercised over her husband. He
was confronted with many witnesses: he,
nevertheless, treated their deposition
with the greatest disdain; but when he
found that the Countess of Angoulême,
for whose love he had risked so much,
appeared against him, he addressed her
in the words which Wolsey afterwards
made use of in his fall:—

“Si j’avois toujours servi Dieu, comme je
vous ai servi, madame, je n’aurois pas grande
compte a rendre a la mort.”

“If I had served God, madame, as I
have served you, I should not now stand in
peril of death.”

He laid aside all his ferocity, and
respectfully repelled the charges that
Louise brought against him, in which
she had the baseness to seek the favour
of her incensed sovereigns by betraying
the private opinions she had tempted De
Giè to express to her regarding the
queen. He declared he had no recol-
lection of having used words of a lady,
to a lady, which he should be ashamed
to repeat, of any woman, and to any
woman, how low soever her station in
France. The keen edge of this satire
we may suppose was not lost on his trea-
cherous and ungrateful accuser. The
sentence passed on the maréchal was by
no means commensurate with the expec-
tations of the queen. He was acquitted
by the court of the high crime of lèse
majesté, but deprived of his office of
governor to the heir of France, and sus-
pended for five years from his office of
marshal. This sentence De Giè did not
heed; he retired to his great estates in
Anjou, where he lived in princely splen-
dour, and weaned himself by absence
from a passion which had been repaid by
Louise with such ingratitude.

The next step taken by Anne of
Brittany to the injury of Louise and her
son, was to enter into a secret negotia-
tion for the marriage of the Princess
Claude, her eldest daughter, with the
Prince of Castile afterwards Charles
the Fifth. As the young princess was
heirress of Brittany in right of her mo-
ther, this project would have been a fatal
blow to the hopes of young Francis, as
an important part of France would have
been severed from his sway, and a fertile
source of civil war provided against him.
The mother of Francis exerted all her
influence on this occasion with the people
of France, and the result was, that the
States presented a petition praying that
Louis the Twelfth would prevent so seri-
ous an injury to his country, as to suffer
Brittany to be again dismembered from
the French monarchy. Louis, who was not
in vain appealed to as the father of his
people, saw the justice of this represen-
tation, and forswore over-ruled the
queen’s objections so far that the young
Princess Claude, aged four years, was
married to the son of Louise of Savoy,
aged twelve. This young prince, whom
he loved as his son, he created, on the
occasion of becoming his son-in-law,
Duke of Valois; and from that time
Francis is frequently mentioned as the
dauphin.

In these events we may consider that
Louise of Savoy gained the advantage
over her powerful adversary; and the
increasing popularity of her son, and the
fame of his early valour in the wars of
Italy, gave frequent triumph to his float-
ing mother. The death of Anne of
Brittany in 1514, relieved Louise of
Savoy from an enemy who unceasingly
studied how best to mortify her, but at
the same time made her tremble for the
hopes of royalty in which her son had so
long indulged. Louis married a young
queen, Mary Tudor,* who might have
produced an heir to France. The death
of the king a few months after this mar-
riage, realised the hopes of Louise, and

* See this portrait and memoir, July, 1837.
Copies can be had at the office.
set at rest her fears, by placing the crown of France on the brow of her beloved son.

On the 25th of January, 1515, Francis was crowned at Rheims. The first act of his reign was to make his mother Duchess of Angoulême, and his tutor, Gouffier Boisy, prime minister. It is certain that whoever nominally held that high office, his mother, in point of fact, in reality exercised it.

One of the first steps taken by the duchess, and which may be considered as a very proper exercise of female power, was the introduction of ladies at the French court. In the preceding reigns they only made their appearance on days of religious solemnity and high festivals; but the female royalty of France then consisted of Louise (who might be considered as a very influential queen-mother), at that time not past the prime of life, being under thirty-five years of age; an amiable young queen of fifteen; and the Princess Marguerite de Valois,* the beloved sister of Francis, who was reckoned not only the most accomplished princess, but one of the wisest and most amiable women in Europe. It was scarcely then possible that such females could wish to pass their time without the society of their own sex. Louise used every means to draw to the court of her son the wives and daughters of the great provincial nobility, who seldom appeared more than once in their lives in the presence of royalty. The Court of France from this time became the scene of splendour of the rivalry of female beauty and gallantry which did not always observe the strict rules of propriety, and began to occasion no little scandal to the sober provincial nobility.

The king, who had not given his heart with his hand to the amiable daughter of Louis the Twelfth, now fell passionately in love with the beautiful Countess of Chateaubriand.† His mother’s jealousy took the alarm; she was enraged at the notion of a counter-female influence, and she exercised the whole powers of her diplomatic spirit in order to oppose this favourite, or rather her rash ambitious brother Lautrec, for the fair favourite herself was too gentle and too limited in intellect to concern herself with any political intrigue, excepting under the recommendation of her brother, to the notice of her royal lover; but with that brother Louise of Savoy commenced hostilities, which never ceased during their lives.

Before the "pacific Caesar" of Louise of Savoy had reigned one twelvemonth, he engaged in a hot war in prosecution of the long-contested claim on Milan; which dukedom he certainly inherited from his great-grandmother, Valentina of Milan. He began this campaign so triumphantly, by gaining the great battle of Marignano, that all Europe beheld his military prowess with alarm. Soon afterwards he triumphantly entered Milan, and received the investiture of that dukedom. To the indignation of his mother, he left Lautrec, the brother of the Countess of Chateaubriand, with viceroyal powers in Milan. Previous to this campaign he had invested his mother with full powers, as regent of France; and that kingdom, which denies to women the capability of mounting its throne, saw, as it had often before, the supreme regal authority vested in a female. Francis never missed a day without writing an affectionate and familiar letter to his mother. Before he left the bloody field of Marignano, he wrote a hasty announcement of the event to his parent, leaning on a cannon; and the spirited description of the battle which he wrote to her after his entry into Milan is still extant. It is written in a spirit of wild gaiety, natural enough to a conqueror only just of age; he tells his mother that when the night parted him from his enemies, that he made a mark to know where to begin in the morning, as if he had been reading a book. He speaks of the valour of "Mon frere Le Connétable" with great enthusiasm; and concludes with, "Madame, I pray that your life may be long and happy. Written at the Camp of St. Bridget, Friday, Sept. 14, 1515, by your very humble and obedient son," FRANCOYS."

We have come to the name of the man who occasioned the great stigma which has rendered Louise of Savoy the most unpopular princess in history, "Mon frere Le Connétable," as Francis calls him in his letter to his mother, was the celebrated Bourbon, whose desertion of his native country has been attributed
entirely to the persecutions arising from the disappointed love of Louise.

Bourbon was situated in regard to the dukedom of Bourbon, nearly as King Francis had been in respect to the crown of France; but with this difference, that the rich domains of the dukedom could be inherited by women. Charles of Bourbon began life as Count de Montpensier, with a very narrow appanage to support the dignity of a prince of the blood royal; in fact, he possessed nothing but his high birth, the handsomest person in France, and a sword, whose early prowess had been proved by the side of Gaston de Foix, the boy-conqueror of Ravenna. When Charles de Bourbon presented himself at the court of his kinsman, the Duchess of Angoulême distinguished him with peculiar favour, and after a great deal of flirting, according to the most established rules of chivalry, Louise prevailed on her son to confide the bâton of France to the hands of the handsome and valiant Bourbon. From this circumstance Francis calls his kinsman "my brother the Constable." By virtue of his high office, Bourbon led the van at Marignan, and by his experienced valour the victory of that hard-fought battle was secured. Fairer fortunes now opened on this prince: he received several pensions from the king, and report whispered that he was to receive the hand of either the king's mother, or his sister Marguerite. It is probable that Bourbon would at that time have married Louise, if it had not been for the attractions of his cousin, the Princess Marguerite of Valois. It was of no use thinking of this lady, for though a king's sister, she was as poor as himself. His passion for the accomplished Marguerite was by no means so violent as to carry him into any freaks of romance; yet she is supposed to have been the only woman for whom he had any affection. It is needful now to mention another lady, this was the Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu, who had married the head of the Bourbon family; she was the eldest daughter of Louis the Eleventh, and will be remembered by the reader in the romance of "Quentin Durward." This princess had ably and honestly swayed the sceptre of France as regent for her young brother Charles the Eighth. She had talent and spirit enough to have governed half a dozen kingdoms; but she had now nothing better to do than to hate Louise of Savoy, and manage the vast inheritance of her only child Suzanne, an amiable but deformed little girl of thirteen. La Dame de Beaujeu, as the Princess Anne was called in France, had several very good reasons for detesting Louise. In the first place, that princess was swaying the regent sceptre which she, the daughter of a king, had held with great glory in difficult times. Her line extinct, the crown had passed to the issue of Louise; moreover, this Louise was the niece of her late husband the Duke of Bourbon, being the daughter of his sister, and by all law and justice next heir to her infirm daughter the Princess Suzanne; and by the Dame de Beaujeu she was hated with all the cordiality of family enmity. On the death of the father of Suzanne, the title of Duke of Bourbon fell to the Constable de Bourbon, who became duke, but with no accession of property, which all centred in the heiress. While Bourbon was deliberating whether he should consult his interest in marrying Louise of Savoy, or his inclination in taking her charming daughter, the Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu offered him the hand of the heir Suzanne, and Bourbon, apparently swayed entirely by interest in marriage, accepted the young lady. It is prejudice alone in any one to suppose that Bourbon deserted Louise of Savoy, a fine woman, and a very few years older than himself, to marry this child because of preference, who was, moreover, sickly, dwarfish, and greatly deformed. It was really an abhorrent marriage for a man of thirty-two to marry a sickly, deformed child, on account of her great dowry. Suzanne appears, however, to have been of an angelic disposition, and to have regarded her husband with perfect adoration. We may suppose that the Duchess of Angoulême was enraged at this marriage, the splendour of which she resolved to eclipse, by giving her daughter Marguerite instantly in marriage to the Duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood, who stood nearer to the throne than Bourbon, but much inferior to him in person and talents. From being the object of her fondest regard, Bourbon was directly a mark for her enmity; and, indeed, he seems to have given her reason, for he raised a scandalous story of the strong
resemblance the king bore to a miller at Cognac: an insinuation still more injurious to his friend and benefactor the king, than to the object of his calumny. Till this circumstance, the king took no notice of the quarrels between his kinsman and his mother. He had given his consent to the marriage of Bourbon with Suzanne, and he had stood godfather for their son, who died soon after his baptism. Meantime the court rung with the quarrels of the Duchess of Angoulême and La Dame de Beaujeu, who, as Bourbon’s mother-in-law, fiercely championed him whenever he was attacked or injured by Louise of Savoy. Bourbon, who was then possessor of an immense property, carried his magnificence of equipage and appearance to an excess which surpassed royalty. He seemed to be raised too high and prosperous to be hurt by the rage of Louise, when the death of his excellent little wife in 1521, and of the children she had borne him at the hazard of her life, deprived Bourbon of all his riches, and reduced him again to the condition of a penniless soldier of fortune, with the worse mishap of having, in a season of prosperity, incensed those who had before advanced him to the first honours in France.

There are a great many readers of history who firmly believe that out of jealousy of his martial prowess at Marignan, Francis suffered his mother to revenge herself for her disappointment in love, by reviving an obsolete claim of the crown on Bourbon’s property; but the mother of Louise of Savoy was sister to the father of Suzanne, and consequently the property of the heiress, who died childless and under age, fell, by every law human and divine, to the next in blood, who was first cousin to the wife of Bourbon. The statement of this simple fact would have acquitted the memories of Francis and his mother from the most undeserved obloquy. The Duchess of Angoulême demanded of him the restoration of les forêts d’Auvergne, La Marche, and Clermont, all which seignories came by a female heir to the house of Bourbon. This female heir was the beautiful Dauphiness of Auvergne.* The lordship of La Marche came by an heiress to the Dauphiness of Auvergne; and the Bourbonnais itself, to which the duke set up

* This biography and portrait will shortly appear.

a right, as if it were subject to a Salique law, came by an heiress of the house of Dampier to an elder house of Burgundy, and again by a woman to the elder line of Bourbon, of whom Louise was the representative, as the niece of Peter, Duke of Bourbon-Beaujeu. Surely modern historians ought to have traced these genealogies before they condemned Francis the First for unheard-of tyranny to Bourbon. In fact, the indulgence which suffered Bourbon to retain all the wealth and domains that belonged to his wife’s heiress till this clear matter was settled by a lawsuit, for a nearly despotic sovereignty, was a rather remarkable piece of forbearance. The only excuse which Bourbon had for retaining them was a claim invented by himself, to the exclusion of female heirs, likewise a deed of gift, which his young wife, an infant of thirteen, had executed in his favour, just before their marriage; but whether such a title would give any husband a claim to take, even in these times, an acre of land from the natural heiress of a minor, we leave every one of common sense (without knowledge of law) to determine.

And why should Louise of Savoy have given up her birthright to a man who had hypocritically made use of the affection she bore him to gain the highest honours in France, who had trifled with her love, and endeavoured to play the same part with her daughter? The brilliant intellect of Marguerite seems never to have stooped to the level of this showy, but unprincipled man. She treated him in a friendly, conciliating manner, but there was no appearance that his insidious courtship had ever touched her heart: his homage was offered to too many to be acceptable to the high-minded Marguerite.

It is said that while the suit was pending, Louise of Savoy offered to compromise the matter by marrying Bourbon, and that he rejected her with scorn, and cast imputations on her character. He was the only man that ever threw a slur on the fame of Louise of Savoy; and although these imputations have been repeated incessantly by historians, we must doubt their justice, since a woman, left a widow at eighteen, who passes through life till thirty-five with an unblemished character, is not likely to act unworthyly at that age. This princess had a claim prior to his on the estates of her uncle,
the Duke of Bourbon, and he had made use of her partiality to raise himself by obtaining the office of constable of France, and then betrayed her affection. These seem to have been the true causes of his hatred to her. Louise of Savoy is a character by no means attractive to a biographer, but a common feeling of justice obliges every writer who conceives that he knows the truth to state it.

Bourbon was so unjust as to be malcontent with his sovereign, on account of the probable surrender of his wife’s property. He entered into a reasonable correspondence with Charles the Fifth, the natural enemy of his country, and fomented a rebellion among some of the great nobles of France.

Francis acted on the occasion with a nobility and candour for which he has never received due praise. He obtained proof of all Bourbon’s intended treasons, yet hearing that he was ill and confined to his bed at the castle of Moulins, the stronghold of the Bourbon domains, he turned out of the road where he was conducting his detachments to Italy, and, with scarcely an escort, rode to Moulins, to try if he could not regain his lost friend by means of gentle remonstrance. Francis went to his bedside, took his hand, and said—“They tell me you are vexed with the circumstances that have recently happened, and I conceive you are so not without reason. I am told, too, that you have forgotten your allegiance to France, and that you are in treaty with the Emperor Charles. This I will not believe, any more than that you can think that I will see you deprived of your property. Serve me only as you have served me before—he but faithful to your king and to your own reputation, and you shall have no cause to complain, whatever the result of the suit now before parliament.”

Bourbon kissed the hand he held, declared it was true that the emperor had made him overtures, which he had rejected, of which he meant to inform his sovereign. He said that he longed to join Francis in his Italian campaign, and that he would as soon as he could rise follow his king to Lyons, even if it were in a litter. The generous Francis left him, fully convinced of his sincerity. In a week he sent word to the king that he was well enough to follow him, and Francis published this news with no little pleasure at his levee. He had waited for Bourbon, expecting him to be well enough to march, and now he left Lyons and proceeded to Italy, expecting his cousin to follow; instead of which, Bourbon, directly the country was clear of the king’s troops, escaped to the emperor, and never met his injured sovereign again, till he saw him prisoner after the disastrous fight at Pavia.

Louise of Savoy and Bourbon never saw each other again. The parliament of Paris, soon after the flight of Bourbon, decreed the family possessions of Peter Duke of Bourbon to be the right of his niece, Louise of Savoy. How could they do otherwise? And yet modern history is full of exclamations on the venality of the judges and this infamous act of partial oppression. The Duchess of Bourbon-Beaujeu, mother-in-law of Bourbon, died soon after this decree. It is said to have hastened her death. By her will she left her claim on the contested property to her son-in-law. The property consisted of vast recovered mortgages, of which, by her prudence, she had discharged her husband’s property. She was likewise very wealthy in money and jewels, which she left to her self-exiled son-in-law, who, if he had done his duty as a loyal subject, would have found that fortune had still many benefits in store for him; but all the bequests of his mother-in-law he forfeited by his desertion to the enemy.

Meantime a current of unpopularity set in against Louise of Savoy, which has borne down her memory with ill-favour to all posterity. Bourbon was the military hero of France, and the people hated the king’s mother, because her right to her family inheritance had, they said, driven him into rebellion. The French have never, from that day to the present, forgiven Louise for this unconscious wrong, although they have forgotten plenty of her evil deeds, where she was wilfully a misdoer. Her worst action was the death of Semblançay, a minister of finance during her regency, while her son was absent in his first Italian campaign. It is supposed that, either from her abominable avarice, or from hatred to Lautrec, the brother of the king’s favourite mistress, who, through his sister’s influence, had been left governor of the conquered dukedom of Milan, Louise stopped all the supplies that should have
paid his troops. The army mutinied, and Lautrec lost Milan. When he returned, of course the cause of his failure came out: the king called Semblançay to a severe reckoning; the minister declared he had paid the 400,000 crowns to her highness the regent; she declared she had only received her own savings from her property for many years, which she had entrusted to Semblançay. It does not appear that the unfortunate minister had any proof to offer to the contrary, and a violent war of words ensued, in the presence of the king and Lautrec, between the king's mother and Semblançay. Francis told Lautrec that he was now convinced the blame of the loss of Milan did not rest with him, and then, turning to the contending parties, said—"Be silent, and let us try to understand our own interests better than to turn traitors to each other."

After this magnanimous speech the storm, at this crisis, passed harmless over the head of Semblançay, and he was even continued in office, much against his inclination, till the year 1524, when the long-delayed vengeance of Louise is said to have worked on the king, who inquired into his accounts, and he was condemned to be hanged for the alleged embezzlement of 300,000 crowns, which he positively swore on his trial, and at his execution, he had paid into the hands of the duchess-regent, who had not accounted for them to the king. The people of France, enraged at the death of this popular minister, whom they declared to be honest and loyal, their hatred against Louise of Savoy rose to a pitch of fury. It appears certain that if Semblançay had paid the money, his respect for the royal station of the king's mother had somehow prevented him from taking proper acknowledgments of the sums he disbursed to her. This was the general opinion; but whether Louise was capable of thus selling the life of a minister for whom she had previously professed the highest esteem in her letters, which are still extant, whom also the king addressed by the venerable name of father, is one of those mysteries which can only be cleared up at the day of judgment. It is just possible that there was some dark unsuspected agent in the transaction, like the woman De la Motte, in the affair of the "diamond necklace," which for many years ruined the character of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.* We cannot, however, find trace of such an agent; but the dimness of centuries has veiled the events which brought the venerable Semblançay to an ignominious death. If Louise was innocent of secreting the money, no wonder at her indignation at being charged with the receipt of it. Both parties bore themselves like innocent persons; and it is the remembrance of the treacherous perjury of Louise during the prosecution of her faithful adherent, Maréchal de Gié, that assists the memory of those who condemn the part she apparently bore in this mysterious business; for we conclude, and naturally, that the perpetrator of one treachery will be guilty of another when a suitable opportunity presents itself.

France passionately mourned for Semblançay's disgraceful death, and declared it was the felonious avarice of Louise which had brought his hoary head to the gibbet. Clement Marot, the great poet of that day, whom Louise herself had patronised, wrote some verses on the undaunted demeanour of Semblançay at his unjust execution. The lines are entitled "Du Lieutenant Criminal et Semblançay"—

"When Maillard like the infernal judge
Led Semblançay to death. Which of the twain
Bore the best mien, think ye? Now I can tell ye,
That Maillard seemed as if his end drew near,
While Semblançay, that firm old man, was calm,
As if by office, leading to the gibbet,
The criminal judge to die at Montfaçon."

Clement Marot was some time afterwards imprisoned four or five years at the Chatellet, ostensibly for having eaten some bacon in Lent; but the Parisians guessed that his imprudent verses were the true reason of his doing such long penance for having consumed a few mouthfuls of savoury meat, and Louise got the credit of having inflicted this private vengeance on her poet. Marot wrote a petition in verse to Francis, who burst out laughing on reading them, and let him out of durance.

Before Francis set out on his next expedition for the recovery of Milan, he named his mother regent of France. The second Louise, though not a consci-

* See this portrait and memoir, August, 1836. Copies can be had.
entious person in word and deed, although she appears to have possessed a wonderful degree of political foresight, and to have had the talents of a great monarch. When she found that her son was undertaking a campaign so late as October, 1524, she was struck with a foreboding of the disastrous result which would attend an army ill-equipped for a winter campaign. She set out at full speed to overtake her son, with the intention of persuading him to postpone his expedition, and when she found that he travelled too quickly to permit her overtaking him, she sent a letter by an express, entreating him to stay till she could confer with him. Francis, who anticipated her objections to his campaign, made no other answer than confirming her authority as regent; and notwithstanding she sent him the news of the death of Queen Claude,* his excellent wife, yet Francis was pernicious in proceeding with his army across the Alps. Louise then returned to the capital, and before four months had passed, the disastrous battle of Pavia verified her worst anticipations. Francis, her gallant son, after performing miracles of valour, was a prisoner to her recreant lover and his rebellious subject, Bourbon. France was in a state of the greatest consternation; her monarch a captive, and the best and bravest of her nobility dead on the field of Pavia. At this juncture, Louise of Savoy found herself in her proper element, and by the wisdom and firmness of her measures, saved France from the anarchy that had afflicted it when King John was captive to Edward the Third. She assembled the princes of the blood and the governors of the great provinces, and consulted them on the best means of maintaining order, and ransoming the king. She conciliated the parliament which had shown signs of turbulence, made some wise ordinances in conjunction with its members for the better regulation of the finances, hired galleys to transport from Civita Vecchia the remnants of the fine French army broken at Pavia, and ensured the attachment of the soldiers by paying their arrears, and providing for their comforts when they should land. She pensioned Wolsey, in order to secure Henry the Eighth in the interest of her son; and defeated a tumultuary invasion of fifteen thousand German Protestants, who joined with the Vaudois, and invaded France at this critical juncture. A most calamitous event was this invasion for the infant Protestant church in France, since it afforded an excuse for the infernal persecutions which raged against them for upwards of forty years. The first religious persecution commenced under the regency of Louise, but it does not seem to have been by any wish of hers, but the immediate effect of this most rash and ill-conducted invasion, which was suppressed by the valour of the Duke of Guise; and the persecuting sword of the house of Lorraine was never sheathed from that hour, the chief part of the sixteenth century.

Louise, among her other faults, has been accused of being a bigot: but her daughter Marguerite, whom she had educated and always retained near her, was decidedly a Protestant. Louise did not love this daughter with the adoring affection she bestowed on her son, but still Marguerite* had great influence with her mother. This princess was left a widow a few months after the battle of Pavia; her husband, no wise worthy of her, having either through stupidity or poultroonry, occasioned the loss of that battle, died of trouble of mind, caused by the reproaches heaped on him by his countrymen. Marguerite felt more grief for the disasters of her country and her brother, than for the loss of a husband she had never loved. As soon as propriety would permit, Louise sent her daughter into Spain to visit Francis, and concert measures with him for his speedy liberation. Here Bourbon, then a mere soldier of fortune in the pay of the enemy of his country, offered to undo all the mischief he had done, and do his best to restore Francis to his liberty, if he would forgive him and bestow upon him the hand of his sister. How Louise of Savoy would have borne the sight of Bourbon as the husband of her daughter, was never known. Marguerite, Francis, and Bourbon, had secretly agreed to this arrangement, but Marguerite was so bold in plotting schemes for her brother's escape, that Charles the Fifth threatened to imprison her, and she had to escape out of Spain at great personal risk; and she must, in

* See this portrait and memoir, October, 1833. We can supply the portrait, but all the books have been sold.

* See this portrait and memoir, September, 1837. Copies may be had.
Memoir of Louise of Savoy.

was concluded by the exertions of Louise of Savoy; and she received back her grandsons, and, at the same time, a wife for her son, Elenora, sister of Charles the Fifth. This peace bears a title honourable to the female sex; it is called, in history, the Ladies' Peace.

Another measure of great political merit originated with Louise of Savoy; this was finally annexing Brittany to the crown of France: through her management this proposal came from the States of Brittany themselves, by which arrangement, the dukedom was for ever to be incorporated with the crown of France, independently of female heirs. In the course of only forty years the line of Anne of Brittany failed, as well as that of the male descendants of Louise of Savoy; therefore, this providential union with the crown of France, suggested by the political wisdom of this woman, prevented a fierce succession war. From the time when, by the agency of Maréchal de Giè, she laid the embargo on the regalia of Brittany and other valuables, with which Queen Anne of Brittany meant to withdraw to the duchy, we find the union of France and Brittany was the cherished wish of her heart. She must have foreseen that, by cutting off the female heirs from the duchy, she took away half the chance of its sceptre remaining in her family; and this really occurred in two generations, for Henry the Fourth had no children by her grand-daughter, Queen Marguerite of Valois, and the dukedom was inherited by his son, Louis the Thirteenth, who was neither related to nor to Anne of Brittany. We may, therefore, suppose that, in this instance, Louise of Savoy, by preferring the general good of the kingdom to the interest of her family, possessed the greatest virtue that a sovereign can show.

Louise of Savoy ranks high among female sovereigns of ability, but as a woman her character is not attractive. Her claim on her lawful inheritance is the principal crime which general history has brought against her; but had she been free from other unjust actions as she was from wrong in this matter, she must have ranked as high for worth of character as

* See this portrait and memoir, November, 1883. The portrait can be had, but the magazine is out of print.

† See the portrait and memoir, January, 1836. Copies can be had.
she does for sagacity in political government.

Among her weaknesses was a strong belief in judicial astrology. She had a lively desire to retain in her service Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated conjurer, that she might always have her fortune told whenever she had a mind. Cornelius, on further acquaintance, detested her, and to plague her, told her all the ill fortune which he could invent against her. She consulted him as to what would become of the Duke of Bourbon; out of malice, the perverser conjurer predicted the highest good luck to the unfortunate duke; and when he found after all this disagreeable intelligence Louise of Savoy was still desirous of his professional assistance, he wrote a bitter satire on her, in which he compared her to Jetabel. Enraged at such an outrage, Louise resolved to punish her impertinent magician, but Cornelius Agrippa betook himself to flight without waiting for her decision on his destiny.

And what did become of the Duke of Bourbon, perhaps, some readers are as desirous of knowing as was Louise of Savoy. No such good fortune as was predicted by the recusant conjurer befell Bourbon. He was slain in the year 1526, at the celebrated siege of Rome, in the act of scaling the walls of the city. Leader of a band of German mercenaries, his soldier-like habits and conduct made him as much beloved by them as he was by the French armies. He who had ever affected so much profuse magnificence and luxury, now fared no better than the commonest of his black bands, and in his dress was no wise distinguished from them, excepting by the cloth of silver sartout he wore over his armour. This prince is commemorated in one of Lord Byron's most spirited lyrics, which we transcribe from the "Deformed Transformed:"

The black bands came over  
The Alps and their snow,  
With Bourbon the rover  
They passed the broad Po.  
We have beaten all foemen,  
We have captured a king:

We have turned back to no men,  
And so let us sing!  
Here's the Bourbon for ever!  
Though penniless all,  
We'll have one more endeavour  
At yonder old wall.  
With the Bourbon we'll gather  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and together  
Or break or climb o'er  
The wall: on the ladder  
As mounts each firm foot,  
Our shout shall grow gladder,  
And death only be mute.  
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er  
The walls of old Rome,  
And who then shall count o'er  
The spoils of each dome?  
Up, up with the Lily!  
And down with the keys,  
In old Rome the Seven-hilly  
We'll revel at ease.  
Her streets shall be gay,  
Her Tyber all red;  
And her temples so hoary,  
Shall clang with our tread.  
Oh the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
The Bourbon for aye!  
Of our song bear the burden!  
And fire, fire away!  
With Spain for the vanguard,  
Our varied host comes!  
And next to the Spaniard  
Beat Germany's drums;  
And Italy's lances,  
Are couched at their mother;  
But our leader from France is,  
Who warred with his brother.  
Oh the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
Sans country or home;  
We'll follow the Bourbon  
To plunder old Rome.  
Bruntome has preserved the song of Bourbon's bands, who were free companions, only paid with what they could steal. In this song may be found the germ of this grand historical lyric. Byron has given us literally the facts of Bourbon's fall, and as it is briefer than any history and as true, why should we not give his words.

*Bourbon sets his foot again on the ladder, but falls.*

Arnold! I am sped.  
Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!  
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon.
Let not the soldiers see it—
Death is upon me. But what is one life?
For Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
Keep them yet ignorant that I'm but clay,
Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.
Caesar. Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross?
We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead—it did the same for Bayard.
Bourbon. Thou bitter slave, to name him at this time.
But I deserve it.
Arnold. Oh! those eyes are glazing, which o'erlook'd the world,
And saw no equal.
Bourbon. Arnold, shouldst thou see
France—But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer—
Oh!
For but an hour, a minute more of life,
To die within the wall. Hence, Arnold, hence!
You lose time, they will conquer Rome without thee.
Arnold. And without thee!
Bourbon. Not so; I lead them still
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe.—Farewell.
Up! up! the world is winning. (Bourbon dies.)
Caesar. Good night, lord constable! thou wert a man.

Caesar. Why, Arnold! hold thine own; thou hast in hand
A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
'Twas he who slew the Bourbon from the wall.
Arnold. Aye, did he so?
Then he hath carved his monument,
Benevento. I yet
May live to carve your betters.
Caesar. Well said, my man of marble! Benevento,
Thou hast some practice in both ways, and he
Who slays Cellini will have worked as hard
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

A year after the death of Bourbon, Louise presided at the marriage of her daughter Marguerite with King Henry of Navarre, a handsome and noble-minded prince, every way worthy of the admirable Marguerite.

Louise of Savoy survived Bourbon five years: she was seized with illness at Fontainebleau, the favourite hunting-palace of her son, and suffered a lingering consumptive malady during the greater portion of the year 1531. At last she believed that her illness had entirely left her, and she set out on a journey to Rome, to meet the king at Grès en Gatinois: she was seized with a relapse, and was forced to stop there and take to her bed. Awaking in the night, she saw an extraordinary light in her chamber, and began to scold her attendants for lighting a fire when it was so hot. They told her it was the reflection of the moon. She said it was no such thing, and snatching back her curtains, saw the great comet of that year glaring through the window. She insisted that it had come for her, and sent forthwith for her confessor to prepare her for death. It was in vain that her physicians assured her that she was much better, and that her disease had taken a favourable turn. She replied, that was true, and that she felt better; nevertheless, the comet predicted the death of some great person, which she was sure was herself. Had she supposed herself of less consequence in the scale of creation, and had no faith in astrology, she might have lived some years longer, as it was, she died Sept. 22nd, 1531: more regretted by her son and the learned men she pensioned, than by the rest of France.
PRECAUTION.
I will not trust thee, artful boy,
Tho' banded be thine eyes;
I'll not so dearly buy the joy,
That ends in years of sighs!
Tho' childish in thy sportive hours,
Unguarded I'll not be,
At pleasure thou hast wisdom's pow'rs,
And none can quicker see.
Experience shall not come too late,
Thy want of sight's pretence!
'Tis safest I should not debate,
Go! take thy quiver hence!

C. F. B.

STANZAS.
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.
By the Author of "The Cry of the Poor."
Talk not to me of sumptuous halls,
Luxurious banquets, wealth, and state;
Talk not of splendid midnight balls,
Where fairest beauties congregate.
I have no pleasure in the crowd
Who sport in Fashion's airy train,
In noisy revels, pageants proud,
Nor Bacchanalian's boisterous strain.
No; give to me the cottage neat,
With jasmine twining round its door,
It's windows deck'd with blossoms sweet,
It's walls with ivy mantled o'er;
A garden, where my grateful care
May tend the bright unfolding flow'rs;
A streamlet flowing gaily there—
Aye, prattling to the passing hours;
And meads where I may rove and see
The sportive lambs, the grazing herds;
Or, stretched beneath some shady tree,
May list the joyous song of birds.
And give me one, my home to share,
Of gentle spirit, kindred mind,
Content with me, for me, to share,
Whate'er is to my lot assigned.
Possess'd of these, and blest with health—
That gem of all life's transient things—
I would not change them for the wealth,
The honours, pomp, and might of kings.

W. H.
THE HEADSMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

"Don't go near the house—it belongs to a Paria. The whole affrighted troop immediately exclaimed. —A Paria! a Paria!"—St. Pierre's Indian Cottage.

Some thirty years ago I was studying for the bar, at Aix, near Montpellier. A case of extraordinary interest had just been tried. The prisoner was a man sprung from a family of wealth and importance, which had taken a sanguinary part in the factious outbrevings of the republicans, and crimes the most revolting were of frequent occurrence. A father had murdered his own son, and others of the family met with violent deaths, until by mysterious disappearance a large family was reduced to the number of two sons, the elder of whom stabbed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and was now in his turn condemned to suffer by the guillotine. The affair excited a lively interest throughout Aix: the trial lasted five days, during which time the court was crowded to excess. Although I always arrived too late to hear the proceedings, I once caught a glimpse of the prisoner, a tall, stupid, ill-looking fellow. Between the brothers there was a strong attachment, they were ever together; he who was free accompanying his brother daily to court, and endeavouring to sustain his sinking courage: this devotion was the theme of general admiration; nevertheless, when overcome by his feelings, and compelled to quit the court, each individual shrank from his approach, as if fearful of some contagious influence. When sentence of death was recorded, the two brothers locked in each other's arms returned to the prison. The condemned having refused to appeal against the verdict, his execution was fixed to take place at Marseilles (where the crime had been committed) the next day but one.

Strolling on the "Cours" with some fellow students, when the news reached us we agreed to go, not through a desire of being present at the fatal tragedy, but to see the people, who would congregate from every part of the country to witness the sad spectacle. We agreed to meet where we then were, at five in the morning, and hire a Char-à-bâches, which would bring us back the next day. Unfortunately having slept too soundly, it was six o'clock ere I reached the "Cours," and I felt assured that my companions had started. Vexed that they had not taken the trouble to awake me, I determined to set out on foot.

It was April, and the weather delightful, for spring time was more than usually advanced. The enamelled fields were covered with verdure, and the hedges interspersed with lovely spring flowers, diffusing around the most delicious odours. The mulberry trees which lined the road on either side were already in leaf, and the birds warbled sweetly. Animated and refreshed by the pure morning air, I pursued my way gaily along, feeling more than usually happy, although I could find no cause for being so. On a sudden the object of my journey presented itself to my "mind's eye." "I thought a few hours since, the unhappy wretch whose doom will in brief space be sealed for ever, passed this same road." Though fully aware that he merited the fate which awaited him, still I could not divest myself of a sentiment of pity for him. "Alas!" I continued, "had it not been for the violence of his passions, he might still have enjoyed years of happiness in a world from which he is now about to be torn by a violent death!" These and similar thoughts crowding upon my mind in rapid succession, at length completely unnerved me. I no longer enjoyed the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the warbling of the birds, but quickening my pace, in order to escape as it were from my own thoughts, I ran hastily onwards, and would at that moment have given the world for a companion. In vain I sought for some chance passenger; the few I met were either waggoters or drivers of carts, whose capacity for conversation was restricted to a simple "good day," in return to my unceremonious salutations. At length a little before I reached the inn of Inas-du-Velu, I espied a man habited in black, walking with slow and measured pace, a short distance before me.
Hastening nearer I scrutinized first his dress, and then his person, as we walked side by side a considerable time; but he heeded me no more than if I had been ten miles distant. He was about fifty years of age, and rather above the usual standard height. Large round green spectacle glasses totally concealed his eyes, and his chin was completely buried in the folds of a loose cravat, which was so carelessly knotted, that its long ends floated in the breeze. A black coat, of a peculiarly antiquated cut, covered his figure; and speckled silk stockings, with shoes, ornamented with large silver buckles, gave him the finish of singularity. The little I could distinguish of his countenance, from that portion which was visible between his spectacles and cravat, bore an attractive expression of calm benignity. Upon further scrutiny, I was convinced that I had already seen either him or his image, though I could not then recall when and where. At length I thought of the prisoner and his brother at the assizes; and this was certainly that brother—his height—his figure—his dress—all corresponded in completing that identity. This discovery was for a moment productive of feelings rather unpleasant in their workings; I cannot say that I shrank back with horror, but I certainly slackened my steps, sufficiently to remain at least a dozen paces in the rear. Prompted at last by great curiosity, arising from my surprise at meeting him on such a road, and such a day, I resolved to accost him, and with this intention hastened forward to overtake him; when near him my courage seemed all at once to have forsaken me, and I again fell back; still, however, bent on my purpose, it seemed so extraordinary that he, who had never quitted his brother, should now, on the morning preceding his execution, be walking leisurely with his hands crossed behind his back, and on the very road leading to Marseilles. Again I moved onwards, fully determined to pass him, and then accost him as soon as he had reached me, hoping even that he might be the first to speak. In this respect I was disappointed; he not only reached the same spot where I was, but passed me without taking the slightest notice. In this manner we performed a quarter of a league: one while I was in advance, at another in the rear, but my fellow pedestrian continued his way, seemingly alike unconscious of my presence and my manoeuvres. Curiosity at length getting the better of every other feeling, I determined upon making one bold effort to effect my purpose, by entering into conversation with witlessness worthy of the veriest school-boy: at length I stopped, and asked if he could tell me what o'clock it was. The words had, however, no sooner passed my lips, than I felt conscious of their folly and impertinence. The stranger fortunately seemed not to regard them as I had, and drawing a handsome gold watch from his pocket, politely replied, but without looking at me,

"It wants a quarter to eight, sir."

"I need not hurry then," I continued, resolving not to lose this slight advantage, gained with so much trouble and perseverance: "I need not hurry," I repeated, "at a slow pace one may hope to reach Marseilles by twelve o'clock. What a delightful morning, sir."

The stranger bowed his head in token of assent. Finding, however, that he seemed unwilling to enter into conversation, I still continued, with a wicked pertinacity, the recollection of which has since often astonished me:

"Yes, the weather is delightful, I feel quite invigorated by the freshness of the air; in a long walk like this, sir, one gets tired at last of one's own thoughts—such at least is my case, and I am very happy at falling in with a passenger bound, no doubt, for the same destination."

He stopped, and looking in my face, said, with an accent and manner in which dignity and melancholy were strongly blended,

"I suppose you know me, sir?"

This question put an end to all my doubts.

"Yes," I answered, "I recognised you instantly."

I now thought the opportunity of making some allusion to his present trying situation too favourable to be lost, and willing at the same time to make a display of my learning, I continued with emphasis—

"Crimes beget disgrace, not the scaffold! I am without prejudices, sir, arising from a sound education; men should be unprejudiced."

"Ah!" said he feelingly, "how few think as you do."
"The world is absurd," I continued, proud of displaying my philosophical reasoning, "men forget that the great principles of justice and equity are—

I stopped short, fearing to lose myself in some grand tirade, in the very beginning of which I was getting entangled. So making an abrupt transition to the subject which had previously occupied my mind, I cried—

"How I pity you, sir! To-morrow! What a dreadful day for you!"

"Enough, sir," interrupted my companion, in a voice of emotion. "Enough! In pity, forbear."

I now found nothing more to say, so absorbed was I by this one fatal subject, to which, of course, I dared not again allude. We walked for some time, silently, side by side, his head bent down; and though I could not see his eyes, owing to his large green spectacles, I fancied them brimful of tears. After a long interval, turning toward me with a tranquility and resignation of manner that appeared to me the sublimest effort of philosophy, he exclaimed,

"How rich, how extensive is this landscape; the air too, how balmy, how refreshing."

"You love the country?" I observed.

"Yes, I love to see nature in all her glory—I love to see the green fields: my only happiness is in solitude.—A cottage where all around is calm and still—there alone I seem to breathe. My happiest days are those passed in the bosom of my family, in my own little nook of earth, where I cultivate my flowers and my fruit trees."

"You are married then?" I said inquiringly.

"I am," was his reply, "for the second time a widower."

"But you have children?"

"My first wife left me a daughter, who is now nearly twenty years of age;—the second, a boy, a lovely infant."

"They must be a great consolation to you?" I said, in tones of commiseration.

His only answer to this common-place observation, was a sad shake of the head. After a short silence I again hazarded an observation on the forbidden subject.

"Of all persons," I said, "I should have least expected to have met you on this road—alone too. May I ask what could have decided you to go alone, and on foot?"

"I am fond of walking," he answered, "and I am not alone." So saying he stopped, and turning round, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looking back along the road added, "my people and equipage are following."

At the word equipage I turned too, and looked in the same direction, but saw nothing. The stranger then slackened his pace, so as to permit his people the sooner to overtake him.

I broke the long-continued silence by hazarding another observation.

"You talked of flowers, are you fond of cultivating them?—have you any rare species in your garden?"

"I have some beautiful species," he said, "though not rare ones. My tulips and my ranunculuses are fine. I have also many varieties of the rose,—'tis my daughter's favourite flower; we shall have a great quantity this year, the buds are already much advanced."

I was completely puzzled even to stupefaction at these remarks, as I recalled to mind the trial—the purport of his present journey—the dreadful morrow! What! I mentally ejaculated, has he had inclination or time to visit his rose trees? Meanwhile he still spoke of his flowers and his garden; the subject seemed inexhaustible with him—all his observations were full of feeling and simplicity, and his remarks in exceedingly good taste. He gave the name of "Hermitage" to his little country dwelling, which he mentioned contained only a few rooms: he spoke also in ecstacies of his aviary; and told me the names of his tame goats which were milked usually by himself. Occasionally he paused amidst his glowing description of a country life, and shading his eyes, as before, looked back expectant for his equipage and servants.

I was much pleased with a conversation in which were both originality and good feeling. Gardening and botany were then duly descanted upon, of both which I must admit my ignorance. Matters of history were next handled, beginning with the local history of his country, with which he seemed to be thoroughly conversant, and he related many interesting and curious facts.
"Where," I asked, "have you learned all these curious particulars?"

"In the archives of the courts of justice," was his reply. "My father usually took me with him; but I had not courage to remain in the courts; as soon as I heard the prisoners come in, I ran away, and went and hid myself in one of the upper chambers of the tower of St. Mitre, where I remained until all was over." He paused and shuddered, then resumed. "During the time I amused myself reading a heap of old manuscripts and odd volumes, which the mice had been gnawing for the last hundred years. I assure you I found many curious things in them."

Although much interested in the conversation, I still began to feel that I had not yet breakfasted; my limbs also began to be weary as we arrived at the little inn of the Pine.

"If you have no objection," I said to my companion, "we will stop here till your equipage arrive. I feel hungry, and if you will give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast, we will have the best that this house affords."

"Sir,—I am most sensible—it is an honour which I did not expect—" stammered my companion, evidently much surprised.

I interpreted this mode of acknowledgment to my companion's astonishment at finding me so much above the common prejudices of the world, and I confess I admired my courage and self-complacency in being devoid of shame at inviting a man to breakfast with me whose brother was just about to suffer an ignominious death. Had I expected to have met an acquaintance at the inn, I might, perhaps, have followed a different course.

Miserable, indeed, was the appearance of this place, over whose portal was fixed the significant sign of a pine branch. Upon entering the kitchen, the hostess conducted us into the "dining room," which was but a miserable closet, pitch dark, furnished with four old straw-bottomed chairs and a rickety table.

"It is impossible to remain here," I exclaimed, vexed at having invited any person to breakfast in such a kennel.

"I thought it was a better house." At the same time turning to my fellow-traveller, I proposed going to the Porte-rouge, where we were certain of better accommodation, and which was not far distant.

"We shall be better here," said my new friend, seating himself; "besides, if you please, I would rather not go to the other."

Seeing I was about to insist on changing quarters, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "excuse me, but I would rather not go to the Porte-rouge, especially on your account, sir, I believe I am known there."

"Well, as you please," I answered carelessly, at the same time not sorry to be spared the delay. "As I have already told you, men are, I think, wrong to give way to prejudice. In my opinion no man is obliged to answer for the company he may choose to keep."

My companion looked at me, but without replying; and whilst the hostess was preparing breakfast, went to the door to see if his people were in sight. Just as a smoking omelet was placed upon the table, he returned, saying, "Here they are, at last!"

Although seated, curiosity led me to look out for the livery of a person who preferred a fatiguing walk, followed by an empty carriage, to taking the same journey in comfort. A vehicle stood in the middle of the road, with a sort of scaffold surmounted by two red painted blocks. At first I knew not what to think—but in a moment the truth flashed upon my mind that I had mistaken him for another.

Here also was the guillotine. My companion—was the headsman! I took instant flight, and never ceased running until I arrived at Marseilles.

* * * * *

We met again at Marseilles; and the meeting was, indeed, of my own seeking!

Shortly afterwards I returned to Aix, where a month was occupied in my professional studies. With feelings of horror I often thought of my walk to Marseilles; but time wore off those painful impressions, and I experienced an eager desire to see and to converse again with that man from whom I had fled, as if from the most fearful contagion. As soon as the hurry of business permitted, I set about the means of carrying my project into effect.

In the vicinity of Aix, there is a place called locally "Lei Baumettos," signifying "small grottoes." They consist of
deep cavities dug in the sides of an enormous pile of black, sterile, and naked rocks, between whose narrow fissures only a stunted fig-tree is here and there to be seen. The poorest of the neighbouring peasantry lead their goats to browse upon these uncultivated heights, whose scanty vegetation is almost entirely burnt up by the first heats of summer. I had learned that the little country dwelling of the headsmen was situate amidst those rocks, where was the little nook of earth whose cultivation had "formed his sole enjoyment—the spot where alone he found peace and happiness."

Having procured a lodging hard by, one afternoon I set out upon a stroll, with the intention of reconnoitring the neighbourhood. Little more space than a month had elapsed since my visit to Marseilles. With feelings of embarrassment I trod the narrow and solitary winding path leading to the top of the mountain, which bore not the slightest print of human footsteps, but closely resembled the bed of a once dried-up torrent. The higher I ascended, the more barren was the appearance of everything; naked rocks were towering above each other in steep and rugged masses, and their summits exhibited no sign of verdure, except of the Spanish broom, whose yellow blossoms waved in the briskly-blowing breeze.

Here I was forced to seat myself upon a ledge of rock. A vague sort of feeling agitated me, as if I was about to penetrate into the dwelling of some mysterious being, or witness some formidable apparition. My heart beat, and cold drops of water bedewed my brow; I trembled all over, and yet I felt happy. At that moment I would not have exchanged my agitated feelings to gain an empire.

I had not yet reached the mountain top. My eye followed the windings of a path to a spot where it all appearance was lost between two of the highest rocks, leading to a road beyond. These formed a kind of regular breach, similar to the two supporters of a large archway, and through them I could clearly distinguish the red blossoms of a number of pomegranate trees. I determined passing, to satisfy my curiosity whither the path conducted, and quitting my seat gazed around, and in the opposite direction I perceived a group advancing, whose appearance chained me to the spot.

I instantly recognised the foremost of the party as the headsmen. He walked slowly, stooping forwards with his hands crossed behind, his back and his costume was precisely the same as on the day we had previously met. Following close upon his footsteps, was a young girl, whom I was not mistaken in supposing to be his daughter. She wore a large round straw hat, beneath which fell in luxuriant clusters, a quantity of light brown ringlets, shading her glowing cheeks and fair throat. Her sylph-like form was clad in a dress of India nankeen; a silk handkerchief was carelessly knotted round her neck, and, with a short black apron, completed her costume. The third and last person of the party was a man bearing a lovely infant in his arms. This person appeared to be considerably older than the headsmen: he wore a black coat, an otter's skin cap, a pair of wooden shoes, and a bright-coloured satin waistcoat; but each article of clothing was either too long or too large, and had evidently been made for some other person. From his appearance, it would have been impossible to have defined the class to which he belonged, and the excessive plainness of his countenance must have almost astonished every beholder. He had small round eyes, a flat nose, a mouth reaching from ear to ear, with teeth long, white, and pointed, resembling those given to the "ogres" in the fairy tales, and constantly displayed. The caresses of the infant were responded to him with a hideous grin. To crown the whole, his head was ornamented with a plentiful crop of dark red hair, which fell in long straight locks about his face and ears.

When these three persons arrived within a few paces of me, they stopped in the utmost surprise, undecided whether to advance or recede. The headsmen had recognised me, and he seemed the most embarrassed of the party. I arose and advanced boldly, re-possessed at the instant with wonderful sang-froid. "Good day, Coquelin," said I, addressing him by name; "you are returning to your hermitage."

The young girl regarded me with an air of surprise; and the child, either through shyness or terror, hid his face upon the shoulder of his strange-looking nurse-maid.

"I did not expect to have had the pleasure of seeing you again, sir," said
Coquelin, quietly, in reply to my salutation.

I felt abashed. No earthly consideration could have induced me at that moment to have explained my error to him, and I endeavoured to assume a coolness of manner which I certainly did not feel, while I answered,

“You did not expect to see me again? Wherefore not? Was it because I quitted you so abruptly the other day? It was not from you I fled; but I was not master of myself. I was afraid—a afraid of the ——.”

I paused, my voice faltered.

Coquelin sighed as he answered,

“It was natural enough, sir.”

“but I regret it. I acted like a madcap. I need not indeed have looked. I repented afterwards having quitted you in such a manner; but you see that I am come freely to seek you. You are not sorry, I hope, that we have met again?”

“Not in the least, sir. And now that you are here, will you come and see my little domain?” and he made room for me to pass before him.

“I shall be happy,” I answered; “but let us not hurry, see, your children are a long way behind.”

“My daughter dares not approach,” returned Coquelin, sighing; “this is the first time in her life she has seen a stranger address me. She has never yet spoken to any person excepting one of my assistants. Ah! sir, what a dreadful barrier lies between that innocent girl and the rest of the world! I’ll venture to affirm, that there is not a recluse who lives more apart from all commerce with mankind.”

“The ties of family,” said I, “must to her supply the place of every other. You are, I am persuaded, a good and indulgent father.”

“True,” he answered, despondingly; “but when I look upon my children, and think of their fate in this life, I regret having had them. I should not have married, sir—I should have remained single; but I had not the courage! Life is a burden when deprived of its affections! Those who live in the world have friends, intimate acquaintances; they have but a step to make, and they are surrounded by their fellow-men; but with us, how different! I therefore married, wishing for a family. Whom have I to love, to whom speak, had I not these children? But it is for my own sake that I am happy in having them, not, poor innocents, for theirs!”

His voice faltered, and a tear rose to his eye, which he wiped hastily away, as if ashamed of his weakness. He then continued with greater calmness, “Excuse my weakness, sir; you must find such sentiments very ridiculous in a man of my age and of my ——.” He stopped, as if a word which he could not utter would have choked him.

“Far from it,” I answered, “I feel both interest and sympathy for your position, and thank you for the confidence you evince towards me.”

He did not offer his hand in acknowledgment, but smiled gratefully. Then, turning towards his daughter, who was still at a little distance,

“Come on, Julie,” he said, “come on, and show your collection of roses to this gentleman.”

She took her father’s arm, and without looking at me replied,

“The moss-roses will shortly be in blossom; the buds are already forward. Perhaps this gentleman has never seen any, I have read that the species is very rare.”

At this moment we passed through the opening formed by the rocks already mentioned. I paused, astonished at the view which presented itself. A narrow, fertile, shady valley, crowned with vegetation, ran through the bosom of these barren rocks. It was as though the bountiful hand of Spring had scattered a profusion of her loveliest blossoms over the cold and arid flints. A little winding path conducted to a cottage built at the base of a sloping rock, sheltering it completely from the winds. The cottage front was entirely covered with ivy; and at each side, planted in a semicircle, were the most flourishing accacias I had ever beheld.

“This is a paradise!” at length I cried, giving vent to my admiration in words.

“The paradise wherein it hath pleased God to place us in this world,” said the girl, with a melancholy smile. “You, sir, are the first who has ventured to follow us hither.”

These few simple words were uttered with an accent whose tones fell upon my heart. I was about to reply, but I felt how ill placed would have been the language I was going to use. There was in Julie’s words, in her manner, in her
smile, a something that convinced me that the language of the world was not suited to her ear—a purity like hers would not have understood it.

I therefore remained prudently silent.

A man was at work in the little garden. His dress was somewhat similar to that of the person I had seen carrying the child—"a thing of shreds and patches."

"You are not positively alone," I observed to Coquelin.

"Not positively," he answered; "these two men are my assistants; they take care of the house, and assist in the cultivation of my garden. They are our only servants. My daughter has no attendant of her own sex. Who—" he continued with a heavy sigh, and after a lengthened pause, "who would serve us? The most abject creature, a wretch in tatters, perishing with cold and hunger, would shun all commerce with us. No profit, no advantage, would induce her to better her miserable condition by becoming an inmate of our dwelling."

"This is my garden," said Coquelin's daughter, opening a small side gate, and giving a new turn to the conversation, I entered. The spot was a square, thickly planted with rose-trees, in full blossom, and containing every species of that lovely flower, from the purest white to the darkest crimson. In the centre of this "garden of roses" a few young cypresses, planted round a well, reared their gloomy heads on high, forming a defence against the intensity of the sun's rays. We seated ourselves close by. My brain was bewildered, an indefinable sensation, a something between perplexity and astonishment, or partaking of both, had taken possession of my mind. Everything I saw was so entirely different from the ideas which I had formed during the past month. The young girl in particular, so unlike what my imagination had pictured. I had, indeed, fancied her to be beautiful, but dark, with strongly-marked features which constituted that severe though perfect style of beauty which awes, rather than inspires affection; whereas, the countenance I now beheld was one of those beaming with almost infantine loveliness. The purest carnation mingled itself with the lily upon her cheek, and the soft lustre of her mild blue eye shed the sweetest, the calmest expression over her whole features. The child, then playing on her knee, he too was fair and lovely; and as she bent over him in play, I felt that Raphael must have been inspired by a similar scene to have been enabled to produce his chef-d'oeuvre of the Madonna caressing the heavenly babe.

"She seems happy," I whispered to Coquelin.

"Julie is happy—happy as yet. Twenty summers have scarcely passed over her head—happy as yet that I am spared to her; but the future," and he shuddered, "I dread the future for her."

"The future!" I cried earnestly; "who knows what time may bring forth?"

"Nothing—nothing, sir, for her. Her position is one which human power cannot alter—the stain imprinted upon her name is indelible."

"Her name! she may change it!" I cried, interrupting him.

"Aye!" responded the unhappy father, in a voice of despair; "she may, as you say, change it; she may exchange the name of her father, the headsman of Aix, for that of the wife of the headsman of Grenoble."

These words rang a knell that chilled me to the very heart.

"What!" I exclaimed, indignantly, "what, you would give your child—one so pure, so lovely, so innocent—to such a wretch!"

I had no sooner pronounced these words than I was stung with sorrow to the quick.

"To whom else could I give her? who would marry her if not he?" And the wretched man writhed with anguish. I hung down my head. Coquelin ceased speaking. Julie at this moment advanced towards us.

"Monsieur," she timidly said, "are you not fond of flowers? will you not gather a bouquet? Here are some of my favourite Capuchin roses, have you ever seen any more beautiful? These buds will blossom in water. Will you not gather them?" And she pointed to the tree, but without venturing to touch the proffered buds.

"I will accept them willingly from your hand, if you will gather them for me."

She bent over the tree to hide the blush that suffused her cheek, and collected a lovely bouquet, which I received
not without emotion. I felt the deepest sympathy, a mixture of pity and respect, in the presence of those persons so abused by misfortune, so utterly destitute of hope, and yet so resigned to their trying situation.

Coquelin remained close by me. I observed an hesitation in his manner, as though he had something to communicate. Twice he commenced.

"Monsieur," he at length said, "you invited me once to breakfast; dare I now venture to request your company at supper with us?"

"Most willingly," I instantly replied.

The table was spread at the entrance of a small vestibule, the walls of which were ornamented with engravings and badly-painted pictures. The furniture consisted of a curious mixture, part antique, and all richly carved. The table was covered with a quantity of massive plate; and the linen was of the very finest description. Coquelin perceived my surprise.

"I am rich," said he, "very rich, comparatively to my wants and the life I lead. We reside almost entirely at this little hermitage; my daughter loves it, and it is indeed the only place where I myself feel happy. I rejoice greatly that the means of embellishing it are in my power. Our town-house is so gloomy, we detest it: on one side the ramparts; on the other the cemetery! It has been the residence of our family for the last hundred and fifty years; none but ourselves would live there. I call this hermitage our place of refuge. I have much valuable furniture, some fine paintings and books; in short, an excellent library.

We sat down to table. The two assistants before mentioned, who now performed the office of domestics, stared with wonderment at seeing me their master's guest. They were perfectly conversant with the duties of the table; and I never, I may say, saw servants more civil and attentive. Coquelin and his daughter spoke to them with kindness, free from familiarity. Unaccustomed to their appearance, and heart-sick as I thought of their wonted employment, I scarcely dared look upon them; and an instinctive shudder passed over my whole frame each time they advanced towards me, or stretched forth their great bony hands to supply my wants. No doubt their young mistress perceived my repugnance to being attended by them, for she soon contrived to help me herself. Seeing that her attentions were received with pleasure, she grew more courageous. Poor girl! she was sensible of the difference I evinced towards her and her father's assistants. Alas! to what cruel suffering must this sensitive girl have been exposed to have felt thus grateful for so mere a trifle!

My presence had at first evidently embarrassed her; but once recovered from her surprise, she was perfectly at ease. She had lived too long in a state of absolute retirement to feel much timidity. She had never been accustomed to calculate the effect of her words or of her countenance, and was neither skilled in the arts of coquetry nor of display, and at the end of two hours we seemed as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. I have lived long, and travelled much, yet I may truly say that I never, either in my own or any other country, met a woman who resembled Julie. There was such a mixture of character—so much variety of expression of mind and countenance. Her conversation was that of a person who had read and reflected much, and learnt to think and speak from books alone. She possessed a gentleness of spirit not to be equalled, the most feminine delicacy of mind, added to the most fascinating playfulness of manner, displaying, at the same time, the artless credulity and curiosity of a mere child, and all the sound reasoning of a man accustomed to judge his fellows more by profound observation than by fellowship with them. The sentiments of this charming girl were great, noble, exalted, generous, wholly free from the petty prejudices incidental to an intimate contact with mankind; and she possessed all that true greatness of soul that soared far above the vulgar passions of the world.

The duties of the supper table ended, Coquelin conducted me over his house. The furniture, as I have already stated, consisted of the most heterogeneous mixture, a medley of the rarest as well as the most ordinary articles. On a stone mantel-piece stood a splendid antique clock of Florentine bronze, flanked on either side by a large dried gourd, serving the purpose of spill-boxes. The vestibule was at once the saloon and dining-room;
The Headsman's Daughter.

the library, leading from it, contained a collection of the rarest and most valuable books, interspersed with some of the merest trash that was ever printed. The little picture gallery likewise exhibited chef-d'œuvres and the merest daubs. At the end of the library was a door, partly concealed by an ill-painted curtain, resembling that of the drop-scene of a village theatre. I was about to draw it aside, when I was arrested by Julie's light touch upon my arm.

"That is my chamber," she said: I receded instantly, though I would have given half my property for one peep into the forbidden sanctuary, where the foot of a stranger had never yet penetrated.

Hours passed like minutes in the presence of Coquelin and his daughter; yet it seemed to me that I knew more of actual living, more in the course of that one day, so fertile in emotions, than in all the preceding years of my life. The hour of midnight sounded ere I had quitted the hermitage. Coquelin and his daughter accompanied me to the limits of their little domain. When parting from them, I said to Coquelin—

"A sentiment of commiseration and of curiosity led me hither, permit me to return, that I may improve an acquaintance already become dear to me. Farewell! we shall meet to-morrow!"

I scarcely slept one hour during the whole night, and early the following morning was seated at the breakfast table of my new friends.

From the period of my first visit to the "grottos," I felt that I loved Coquelin's daughter; nor had I any reluctance in owning the passion to myself. Before I became acquainted with Julie, I experienced that kind of sensation, to which the French give the very opposite name of ennui, or désexcurement: a mental tedium of myself and my own pursuits, and at the same time a want of interest in surrounding objects. Existence was a blank—a void. Life boasted not of a single charm for me, and the "heart wanted something to be kind to." But now that I had found an object of interest, this barrier to happiness seemed removed. I had discovered a hidden treasure, a powerful incentive to break in upon the monotonous of my mundane impressions. I had now something to warm my heart, and engage my imagination; and in this vortex of happiness I bestowed not a thought upon the future; abandoning myself wholly to the warmth of my affections, and the delightful emotions which the present moment afforded.

Every succeeding evening was passed at the "hermitage:" the more I knew of Julie, the more deeply, the more ardently I loved her. Two months had nearly elapsed, and although I was certain that I was in my turn beloved, I had not yet ventured to acquaint Julie with my sentiments. True, no opportunity for such a confidence had hitherto presented itself; for Coquelin never quitted us an instant. I felt, however, no impatience at this restraint; I loved too truly, too honourably, to calculate upon the chances of a seduction.

One evening on my arrival at the hermitage, upon entering the little garden, I perceived Julie seated on the bank, her head leaning upon her hand, and she herself seemingly much out of spirits. On hearing my footsteps she rose and advanced to meet me. At the first glance I judged by her pale cheeks and tear-swollen eyes that she had been weeping. Coquelin, too, seemed more than usually dejected: he extended his hand to me, as was his wont, and pointed to our accustomed seat.

After an effort at conversation, he relapsed into silence, sighing frequently. I could easily perceive that there was something wrong.

"What has happened? what is the matter?" I asked, unable longer to witness the apparent unhappiness of my friends, without at least endeavouring to make an attempt at affording them consolation.

"Tell me what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Nothing!" replied Coquelin, with an effort at composure. "Our situation is one which no untoward event can change. My God!" he added with increasing bitterness, "what have we done to merit such a fate?" He hid his face in his hands. Julie burst into tears.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" I cried impatiently, repeating my question, "in the name of Heaven tell me what has occurred!—keep me not in this cruel suspense—has any one dared to insult?"

"Alas! no! nothing of the kind," returned Julie, almost suffocated with tears, whilst applying her handkerchief to
her eyes and mouth, in order to conceal her sobs; "I am a silly girl to weep thus—father, forgive me," and seizing her parent's hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed it repeatedly. Her father drew her towards him, and pressed her tenderly to his bosom, stroking down her long bright tresses with his hand.

"Be calm! be calm! my child," he said. "Why this agony—is it not time for us to have learnt resignation to our fate? It is not our fault, but our situation, that we have to deplore; we are to be pitied, but not blamed."

I was dreadfully distressed. It was the first time I had seen Julie weep at her situation. What could have occurred to have brought it all at once thus vividly before her eyes?

I felt a delicacy in further questioning either Julie or her father, and awaited some communication from them, but they made no further allusion to the subject which had caused to both so much anguish of mind. It seemed after a little while that my presence had the effect of consoling Julie a little, or at least in some degree of calming her affliction; Coquelin, too, seemed less depressed, and the evening passed away much as usual.

With a heavy heart I took my leave at the accustomed hour; for I could not divest my mind of the notion that some untoward expectancy was discomfiting my friends; and I was no sooner on my road homewards, than I regretted not having questioned Coquelin more closely. It was evident that something was passing which they would fain have concealed from me. I recalled to mind what he had once said of the headsman of Grenoble becoming the husband of his daughter, and this thought maddened me.

I passed a sleepless night, and at an early hour the following morning set out for the grottos, where I sauntered about for some time in the hope of meeting Coquelin: I was disappointed; and at length a prey to disquietude, I decided upon entering the little dwelling, some hours before the usual time at which I made my daily visit. As I entered, I glanced around—the avenue and the terrace were alike deserted; the cottage windows were closed, and the smoke no longer curled from its roof. I advanced tremblingly, casting at the same time a stupified glance around. For a moment I thought that Julie was lost to me for ever.

Suddenly, however, the violent beating at my heart ceased, my knees felt too weak to support me: I clasped my hands in mute gratitude to Heaven, for words were denied me. Julie was there, alone, seated near the well. I advanced. The wind had blown the clustering ringlets off her brow and face, for she was without her bonnet, and I observed the tears slowly coursing each other down her pale cheeks: her eye was fixed with a mournful and tender expression upon her little brother, who was seated at her feet. I advanced quite close to her, yet she perceived me not.

"Julie!" I whispered gently.

She started: a slight flush, which faded away as quickly as it came, was perceptible for an instant upon her cheek. It was doubtful, I thought to myself, caused by her surprise at seeing me thus unexpectedly before her.

"Oh!" she said, "it is you—you are come then?" and she laid an emphasis on the words.

I looked upon her for a moment in silence. At length I whispered, "but you are alone, Julie,—wherefore?—where is your father?—where are the servants?" She hid her face in her hands, whilst she answered in a voice choked with emotion—

"All gone! gone," she said, "to the town," pointing in that direction. "But it is all over now!" and she shuddered.

"You did not know it then?" she asked, "we dreaded telling you of it last night. Oh! my father! what a terrible day for him!"

I shuddered as the truth flashed upon me in all its horrible, glaring colours. I seated myself beside her, and took her cold trembling hand in mine.

"This, then, was the cause of your unhappiness last night?" I said. "Oh! Julie, you know not how I too suffered to see those tears flow, and yet to have been unable to offer you consolation, ignorant as I was at the cause of their flowing. A thought of what was to occur to-day never entered my mind. Poor girl! I would willingly forfeit half of my existence to be enabled to change your lot. Do you not believe me, Julie?" I said, after a pause.

On her countenance rested a melancholy smile as she sadly answered;
You are kind—very kind, thus to sympathise with us in our situation."

"Would to Heaven that I could change it! But, alas! what can I offer, but my deepest commiseration, my unfeigned respect, my devoted affection,—and that, Julie, you must be aware you possess. Courage, my dearest girl! Who can uplift the veil of futurity?—Who tell what is before us? We may yet be happy!"

I felt the hand I still retained in mine tremble violently: she regarded me for a moment with an almost wild expression, as she cried—

"We! did you not say we? Ah! what is there in common between my lot,—depressed, shunned, repulsed by the world, as I must ever be,—and yours, happy, honoured, esteemed, as you are? Use not, I conjure you, such language as this to me; it is too horrible thus to be forced to regard the depth of the chasm that separates us."

She sought to withdraw her hand, but retaining it firmly, I said, "Julie, listen to me. Love—deep, pure, devoted love—has filled up the chasm that you speak of. Am not I your friend, and your father's friend? Have I shirked from your acquaintance? Am I not happy with you? What then imports the opinion of the world to me? Willingly would I relinquish its futile pleasures, its transient successes, for such real happiness as I have enjoyed in this little retreat; and this happiness will last,—aye! for ever, if your affection equals mine."

She leaned her head upon my shoulder, and wept.

"Julie!" I continued, "Julie! my beloved; say—do you love me?"

She raised her head, and pressing my hand convulsively between her own, replied in the affirmative, adding, at the same time, "And now may Heaven grant that I die ere long!"

"Die! thou wouldst die!" I exclaimed. "Die—and I here—near thee—with thee—and for ever!"

She shook her head.

"You do not believe me then," I cried. "Is that I wish an impossibility? I am free, or nearly so. My mother left me, at her death, a large fortune, totally at my own disposal. My father has never thwarted my inclinations; he exerts no authority over me, beyond the direction in certain projects which he considers likely to ensure my future advancement, but which I am in no way bound to follow. "Tis true, that were he to choose a wife for me, he might, perhaps, be tempted to overlook real qualities, in the hope of ensuring the one he considers the most desirable of all,—namely, 'high birth'; but it matters not. I love retirement, and shall remain in the country. Nay," I continued, seeing her about to interrupt me, "say not that I sacrifice my future prospects to you. Julie, we must not part. Oh! if you but knew what I suffered at the mystery last night,—what my fears were; and how certain words I once heard your father use, recurred to my memory! Julie, I am not ignorant that your father thinks of bestowing you upon—"

She waved her hand for me to cease, and exclaiming in a voice of agony—"I marry! never! oh, never! Think you I could bear to bring beings into the world to share the ignominy which fate has stamped upon me and my family? No, never! young as I was when I lost my mother, I remember her sufferings. She, too, was the offspring of beings upon whose name this indelible stain was imprinted, and the affection of the best of husbands could not console her. She died—died of regret for having ever lived, and for having given birth to another victim, branded with infamy like herself. During my childhood I was happier, for then I knew not the greatness of my misfortune; but now that reason has come, existence is abhorrent to me. Cheerfully would I relinquish my remaining years to be free from this stigma but for a single day! but there is no redemption from this cruel fate—no freedom except by death; and even then the stigma cast upon our name remains attached to our memory! My God! my God! Is this justice—is it equity?"

The child, seated at her feet, at this moment stretched forth its little hands towards her.

"And this infant!" she continued, in a voice of despair, "this poor innocent, his fate will be one day to fulfil the same dread task that his father has performed this day! Oh! cursed be the hour on which he first saw the light!"

To describe the state of my feelings during this interview with Julie would be impossible. My heart was bursting, and
the tears rolled down my cheeks. As to Julie, her eyes were dry—her sorrows were too deeply seated to find relief in tears.

A sudden burst of grief might now and then, it is true, mitigate the poignancy of her affliction, as circumstances recalled her situation more forcibly to her mind; but hers was a grief beyond the power of consolation. Neither words, nor friendship, nor time, could effect aught for her.

"How fallacious are appearances!" I said at length, breaking a protracted silence, "How mistaken I was. You seemed so calm and so resigned, that I thought, you were almost happy! Tell me, Julie, is there nothing that can afford you consolation? Nothing—not even my love? Ah! Julie, I now perceive that you never loved me!"

She turned upon me a look full of tenderness, yet replete with despair.

"I never loved you!" she reiterated in a voice of reproach; then changing her tone to one of sorrow, "Oh! I would to Heaven for both our sakes that I did not! You would not then thus vainly persevere in this senseless project of abandoning the brilliant prospects before you; and I should be more resigned to my unhappy situation. The world—the bright dazzling world—your lawful sphere—is closed for ever against me. I see it in the distance; but I see it as the child of perdition sees paradise—without one hope of entering—without the power, the possibility of following you thither. Think you," she continued, after a brief silence, "that I do not envy the happiness of those women, of whose acquaintance you may boast in the world? of whose company you have no need to blush? who dare to meet the eye of their fellow mortals—those whom you are proud to protect, and who are proud of your protection? Oh! I would to Heaven that I may die ere long!"

"No, Julie!" I cried, encircling her slender waist with my arm, "no, thou shalt live—live for him who from this hour swears to live for thee alone. Who for thy sake renounces the world and all its fleeting joys; yes, my beloved, we will shake off this terrible destiny!—How! when!—I know not. The world is wide, and we will flee to some peaceful spot, where unknown we will live for each other, and enjoy that happiness which stern fate denies us in a commerce with our fellows. Julie, say but the word, and ere many days shall have elapsed, Heaven will smile upon our union."

"Oh! use not this language to me!" she cried vehemently; "I might wish—I might hope—Heaven forefend that I should be the destroyer of your happiness. What! consent to your quitting your country! your family! Never, never, will I admit of such a sacrifice! Once the irretrievable step taken, picture to yourself, but for a moment your own regret—your own despair—and then regret would be of no avail! No, no, let us remain as we are—let us bow with submission to the Divine will. Our lots lie widely apart. Yours is far beyond this little spot. Go—that (to me) forbidden world, where you are destined to find happiness, and leave me to seek the only repose from which Heaven has not shut me out—that of the grave!"

Julie's mind was in a state of cruel agitation as she pronounced these words. I threw myself upon my knees at her feet, and painted to her, in the most glowing terms, the strength of my devotion—the ardour of my passion—conjuring her to consent to my proposals, and have pity if not upon herself at least upon me. From prayers and entreaties I proceeded to reproaches, even menacing self-destuction, but all was alike fruitless; Julie was inexorable. The generous girl, more solicitous for my happiness than for her own, was firm in her refusals of injuring my prospects by becoming my wife. She shook her head at each new plan I suggested, and not daring even to trust herself to look upon me, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, in search of that aid of which she stood so much in need, and then covering her face with her hands she sobbed a long while and bitterly. A protracted silence followed, during which we seemed alike absorbed by the intensity of our mutual feelings.

The weather which had been cool and refreshing in the morning, had, within the last hour, become insupportably hot. Not a breath of air was perceptible; and as I looked down into the valleys beneath, I observed the clouds beginning to gather into dense masses; all at once the winds arose, breaking through the misty vapores, which rolled with aspect black and menacing towards the rocks where the hermitage was situated; at the same time that a distant peal of thunder resounded.
“Let us return to the house,” I said to Julie, who had started with terror; “a fearful storm is about to burst over our heads. See, large drops begin to fall already.”

These words had scarcely passed my lips, ere they were interrupted by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by such a deafening peal of thunder as I never remember to have heard. I was so dazzled at the moment, that I thought I had been blinded by the electric fluid. I felt Julie lean for an instant against my shoulder, and from thence slip to the ground. I stretched forth my hands, calling to her in the frenzied accents of despair, for I believed that the flash that had blinded me had likewise stricken her. In a moment I recovered my sight. Julie had fallen upon her knees at my feet, with her head downwards, nearly touching the earth; and the child, which had slipped from her knees, where she had placed him during the latter part of our conversation, had fallen nearly under her. Terrified, I hastened to lift her from the ground: she was stunned, but unhurt; for a moment she looked wildly around, and then recollecting the child, she seized him, and pressed him convulsively to her bosom, while her lips, pale and trembling, moved as if in speech, but no sound escaped them.

“Oh God!” she at length exclaimed. “how near death was to us!” and she pointed to a cypress close by, whose scathed and riven trunk displayed the awful effects of the terrific thunderbolt, and shewed the fearful death we had so narrowly escaped.

The storm, meanwhile, continued to rage with incredible fury: almost blinded by the incessant flashes, and deafened by the roaring of the repeated thunders peals, I succeeded, with difficulty, in dragging my nearly inanimate companion and the infant to the house. On entering the vestibule, she threw herself upon her knees to return thanks to the Great Being who had thus miraculously preserved us. The child, who had likewise been stunned and was now recovered, clung to her as if for protection, while she pressed it with transport to her breast, stifling its cries by her caresses.

She arose from her knees, and as she did so extended her hand.

“How nearly our fate was being united,” she said, with a deep sigh: “for the same arrow would have stricken us—but God hath even rejected us!”

“Say, rather ‘spared us!’ my beloved,” at the same time raising her hand to my lips.

At that moment Coquelin arrived, he was pale, out of breath, his garments penetrated by the rain and dripping with wet.

“Father!” said Julie, “what a dreadful storm! Why did you not stay till it had ceased?”

“My child, I feared for thee, and hastened onwards, thinking thou wert alone. I wanted, besides, to see thee—and my little Louis.”

And drawing them towards him, he held them both locked in his arms for some moments. I approached, and taking his hand, which he had not ventured to offer me as usual, I pressed it between both my own, bidding him “Welcome.” He thanked me by a melancholy smile, whilst he warmly returned the pressure.

That evening, I remained later than usual at the hermitage. The storm had long ceased, and the weather had once more become cool and refreshing: a bright moon had arisen when I took my leave. Coquelin accompanied me to the spot where two months previously we had met. There he paused, and turning to me, said solemnly:

“It pains me to quit you this evening, for we shall not meet to-morrow; I was happy in your society—happy in having found a friend, but such is the waywardness of my destiny, that that which forms the happiness of our fellow-creatures must be productive of misery to us—I dread your presence for Julie!”

“What!” I cried, almost fiercely, “do you suspect me of having dishonourable views towards your daughter?”

“God forbid! that I should suppose you capable of treachery,” in gentle and solemn accents, “but your constant presence may be attended with fearful results for her. I allude not to her honour—to her reputation. Alas!” he continued, vehemently striking his forehead, “what can compromise the reputation of the headman’s daughter? What further stain can her honour receive than that impressed upon it by her birth? But her tranquillity—her peace of mind, may suffer; even the transient happiness she enjoys would be lost, were she unhappily
to love you. You see, then, the necessity of absenting yourself. I ought, perhaps, to have said all this sooner, but I had not courage, and now, if you knew what it costs me——

He paused; overcome by his feelings.

I had long expected an explanation of this nature, and had always dreaded it; now, however, that the subject was entered upon, I shrank not from an avowal of my passion.

Our parting was sad, it is true, but as cordial as each could wish, and we were mutually satisfied with each other. Prompted by the excess of my affection for Julie, I had given proofs of the honour of my intentions. I had spoken of my firm resolution of combatting and finally overcoming every obstacle to our happiness. Coquelin, on his part, was grateful, kind, but firm and resolute; in short, equally inexorable as his daughter.

The following day I returned at the usual hour; my head full of projects, and ready to combat every objection that could possibly be raised against my happiness. Alas! what a cruel disappointment awaited me! The house was closed—the gardens desolate—Julie and her father were gone—and no one was there to tell whither.

My first impulse was anger. It seemed to me that Coquelin abused his parental authority—that he had deceived me, and was about to bestow his daughter upon another. Reason then came to my aid, and these wrathful feelings subsided. I flattered myself with the hope that he had perhaps only conveyed Julie away for the present, to avoid my acquainting her with my projects, my hopes, my love. That he would return, and I should soon succeed in inducing him to bring her back, and finally prevail upon him to consent to our union. In this state of thought I seated myself within sight of the entrance, momentarily expecting his return. I waited till night, but no Coquelin appeared. Disappointed, and unhappy beyond all expression, I retraced my weary steps homewards. During the following eight days I pursued the same line of conduct, hoping at least to see the return of one of his attendants. But no! even this consolation was denied me. On the ninth day, unable longer to endure the state of anguish to which this unaccountable conduct subjected me, I resolved to return to the town, go to Coquelin's house, and ask what he had done with his daughter.

I waited until evening, and about ten o'clock entered Aix, by the "Porte de Notre Dame," walking along the ramparts; not a living soul passed down the street, where the grass was growing between the paving stones, as if they had never been trodden by the foot of man. I reached the house, which I at once knew,—bounded on one side by the rampart, on the other by the cemetery! Three steps led up to the entrance-door. I paused and looked around, while my heart beat almost audibly. I instinctively shuddered as I placed my foot upon the first step—was I really about to cross the threshold of ignominy—to enter the dwelling of the Paria—to seek the presence of a man scorned, loathed, abhorred by my fellow-men? The man whom I had made my friend, whose daughter I was willing even at that moment—for affection had overcome every other consideration—to call my wife in the presence of the whole world? Yes, I was about to do all this—and more too I would have done for the sake of Julie. A total silence reigned throughout the house. The only signal I could discover of its being occupied was the presence of a light, which burned in a chamber on the first floor, the window of which was wide open. I lifted the knocker, and struck a single blow that echoed through the building. Tony, one of Coquelin's servants, opened the door. Nothing could exceed his surprise at seeing me.

"What!" he cried, "it is you, monsieur!"

"Where is Coquelin?" I inquired, closing the door behind me, "I want to see him!" Tony answered by a groan that made me shudder. He laid his candle upon an old trunk that stood in the passage, and seeing me advance, extended his arms before me, as if to intercept my further entrance. A cold shudder ran through my whole frame; I felt alarmed—terrified—though I knew not why. "Where is Coquelin?" I cried again; "conduct me to him instantly—I must see him—speak with him—where is he?" "Up stairs!" returned Tony, with a sob; "up stairs—lying in his coffin—you can still see him!"

I could not credit what I heard.

"Dead!" I cried, interrupting him; "dead! do you say Coquelin is dead?"
"He expired this morning, after an illness of eight days!"

I bounded through the hall, up the stairs, and entered the chamber whence I had seen the light. Alas! the chamber of death! There lay Coquelin wrapped in his shroud. His second attendant was seated by the side of the coffin reading the prayers for the dead.

I descended the stairs.

"And where is his daughter?" I asked of Tony, who waited for me in the passage. "In her own chamber, with the little child," was the reply. "The priest who was here this morning forbade her remaining with the corpse. He seems a worthy man, and has promised to come to see her to-morrow again."

"I too," I repeated, "will call to-morrow."

"Then come early," returned Tony, "for immediately after the funeral she purposes returning to the hermitage. I will go back with her," continued the faithful creature, "and remain in her service. I don't like the business, and would not stay with the 'new one' were he to double the profits."

I gave him a piece of gold, and having commended his young mistress to his care, quitted the house to procure a lodging for the night.

Next day, on Julie's return to the hermitage, she found me in the garden, where I had been waiting above an hour in the anticipation of her return.

To have a notion of the intensity of Julie's grief, one should have been placed in a similar situation to the heart-rending one in which this hapless girl now found herself. She had lost the loved—"the only companion of her sad existence: one from whose side she had scarcely been separated a single day from the moment of her birth. I attempted not to offer consolation, knowing that "Time," the healer of sorrow, could alone alleviate the poignancy of her grief. Having relinquished all converse with the world, even the ties of relationship, I devoted my whole days to cheer and comfort her, and limited my correspondence to brief and hastily-written answers to the oft-repeated letters of my family. I wished, indeed, to be forgotten by the world, for the world was now to me that spot inhabited by Julie; and in my turn I became her idol—the sovereign arbiter of her joys and woes. To him who had once been loved as I was, how vain, how cold, how frivolous would every other have appeared. I gave myself up totally to the happiness I then enjoyed, lulling my fears in the peaceful security which the present moment afforded, nor heeding the apprehensions which she occasionally awakened in my bosom by her fearful forebodings of the future.

Alas! in the midst of my security an event occurred which I should have foreseen, but over which I held no control.

One night, on my return home, I found my father waiting for me. He had arrived in the morning, shortly after I had set out for the hermitage. No one knew whither I was gone, for intimate with Coquelin and his family was not even suspected. I was like one petrified at my father's unexpected, and, I must add, unwelcome visit. Perceiving my embarrassment, "Well," he said, "what is the matter? I might consider myself an unwelcome visitor."

"Surely you cannot think so, father; but the surprise—the unexpected—"

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "I believe you, Léonce; you must be pleased at seeing me after an absence of eight months: but, my dear boy, there are circumstances where—"

I trembled from head to foot, thinking that by some fatal chance he had come to a knowledge of the truth.

Again I hastily interrupted him, dreading at each word he uttered to hear a confirmation of my worst fears, by assuring him no circumstances could interfere with my duty towards him.

"Well, well," he continued, smiling, "you need not stammer out needless apologies; we know the truth: young men now-a-days are less careful than in my time; they fall in love, and they get jilted—such things happen every day; and then they come to brood over their fancied sorrows in the country—they turn hermits, and renounce the world and all it contains, because they had the good fortune to escape the artifices of a coquette before it was too late. But my dear Léonce, these are griefs that pass away like shadows; and, by the way, I think you might have found a more eligible grave for such a mighty load of sorrows than amidst these stupid mountains and break-neck rocks."

I now breathed freely. I understood my father's allusion. It was to a circum-
stance which he must have picked up by hearsay in the little town of Aix, and which had far less truth in it than he seemed to believe. I did not, however, undeceive him.

"You are but an indifferent host for a hungry traveller," continued my father. "Can you not order supper, and tell them to hasten with it, for I am sadly tired. I shall do as much for you when we are on our road to Marseilles. Well, you look as if you were petrified, and as if you wished me upon the top of Mont Blanc! I have decided, my dear boy, upon going to Marseilles; what say you to setting out to-morrow? But in the name of wonder, Léonce, tell me what possessed you to come and bury yourself amidst these rocks? I have been seeking you the whole of the day. Some peasants whom I met pointed out a path which they said they had seen you take. I followed the track a long way, and was at last night falling in with a strange adventure. Only fancy, I was pursuing my way, wondering whether such a solitary path would lead, when a poor woman guarding a few goats browsing amongst the rocks, asked me whether I was going.

"I am going to rest my weary limbs beneath the shelter of yonder lime tree, my good woman," I answered, hastening onwards, for the sun was at that moment intensely hot. To my surprise, the old creature hobbled after me, crying, 'Stop, stop! do you not know that yonder is the 'den' of the headman?' Only think, Léonce, I might have entered the house and asked them to bestow some refreshment upon a wayfaring traveller. What an escape! But, my dear Léonce, what a gloomy neighbourhood you have chosen!"

My father then laughed at his escape, as he termed it, whilst I myself felt the colour alternately rise and forsake my cheeks at his simple but cruel narrative; but my father did not perceive my trouble, having had no suspicion whatever of the situation in which I was actually placed. We then went to supper, and I left him, without the slightest opposition on my part, to arrange our proposed journey to Marseilles, which I clearly perceived I could not avoid. If indeed, my father had spoken with authority, I would have resisted; but he was able to gain obedience without the slightest display of parental authority. At midnight I conducted him to his chamber; he embraced me, and passing his fingers through my hair, as he was wont when I used to climb upon his knee, "Léonce, my boy," he said, "tell me, are you not glad to see me?"

Tears of remorse and shame started to my eyes. I was conscious of guilt towards my father, whom I was deceiving, and devoid of faith towards Julie, whom I was about to quit so suddenly. In an hour after this occurrence I was at the hermitage. Every window was closed except that of the library. Looking through the unfastened shutters I perceived Julie seated in her easy chair. A small lamp burned before her, reflecting its light upon her face, which was bent over a large book, in which she was arranging some dried plants. After a few moments she raised her head, and shaking back the long curls from her face, pressed both her hands upon her temples, exclaiming, in plaintive tones, — "One hour's rest!"

I opened the shutter gently; Julie gave a slight shriek.

"Fear not," I said, entering, "it is I."

"Ah!" she cried in a voice of alarm; "what has happened? why return at such an hour? Say, Léonce, shall I not see you to-morrow?"

I made a sign in the affirmative, not wishing to let her at once know the worst.

"I see," she cried, throwing herself back in her chair, her cheek pale, her eye fixed, "I see how it is—the moment of our separation has come."

I then told her of my father's arrival, his plans, and in fact every thing that had happened. She listened calmly, and when I had finished—

"Léonce," she said in a trembling voice, "refuse not to accompany your father; he is kind; go with him, since it is his wish: I knew how this matter must end—I was prepared for it—but alas! I dreamed not it would have been so soon."

After a pause she continued—

"Tell me what are his views? where will you go? what will you do after our separation? Tell me all."

I detailed to her, as far as I was able, the particulars of the life I was about to lead when separated from her. I wished that in thought at least she might follow me into that world to which she was a stranger. She listened with mute and
deep attention, but without any outward display of grief.

I was not prepared to find her so resigned, and such is the egotism of love, that I even felt a sort of resentment towards her. I should, indeed, have been better pleased had I seen her more unhappy.

Hours passed rapidly; the lamp now vacillating in its socket, was sending forth but a feeble glimmer. I threw open the window; Julie approached.

"Day," she exclaimed, "day already."

She saw me take my hat, and understood that the moment of our separation had really arrived. She passed her arm through mine, and walked with me to the entrance of the valley—to the spot where we had first met. There we paused. My heart was full, and tears rose to my eyes.

I pressed her in my arms.

"Farewell, Julie," I said, "I shall return—you know I will."

She shook her head, and pointed to the road destined for me, which lay straight forward. I looked at her—her cheek was pale, her eyes dry.

"Farewell," I said, parting from her. "Farewell, Julie!"

I ran down the narrow path; when at the bottom I stopped, and looked back among the rocks where I had quitted her. Julie had disappeared.

"Ah!" I cried in stern anguish, "I thought I had been better loved."

Two hours after my arrival my father entered my chamber.

"What," he said, "up already? But how pale and haggard you look. My dear Léonce, if you are ill we will defer our departure."

"No, no, father, to-day, this morning let it be. I long to be far away hence."

No matter of particular moment occurred during the journey, nor, indeed, until our arrival at Marseilles. We took up our abode at one of the best hotels of the Canebière, where I made the acquaintance of an English gentleman and his sister, who had just returned from their summer tour in Switzerland, where they regularly passed six months, and the other six at Marseilles, or elsewhere.

Twenty years' sojourn on the continent had completely frenchified Sir William Neale, who had preserved no more of his English habits than a certain coldness of manner and stiffness of gait. His sister, Miss Anna Neale, belonged to an intrepid class of spinsters guarded by the threefold defence of forty winters, grey hairs, and spectacles. My father and myself took tea every evening with our new acquaintances. An English lady presiding at a tea-table in France was a rarity seldom to be met with under the empire.

One day Sir William said to me without the slightest preamble, his teeth faster closed than usual—

"My dear Debray, I have fallen desperately in love."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed I, for I considered Sir William's years proof against such weakness. "How has that happened? Some new English arrival?"

"No such thing, my dear fellow, but in gazing from morning till night upon the loveliest creature that the sun ever shone upon."

"And where do you see her?" I asked.

"On the terrace of the hotel, through the little grated window of my closet."

I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, to the great discomfiture of my friend; for I pictured to myself Sir William, with neck elongated, perched from morning to night upon a table, hanging from the iron bars of a grated window at least ten feet from the ground.

"I have made every inquiry possible about her," continued the lover; "she is a most respectable person, a widow; her name Olivier. She receives no visitors, and has no acquaintance here; she must, indeed, lead a wearisome life. All this gives me hope. I have hit upon an expedient to make her acquaintance; an excellent one, you will say. I have persuaded my sister to send out invitations to a ball, for we know a great number of persons hereabouts, and have included all in the hotel; Madame Olivier, amongst others, received a card of invitation this morning. What do you say to my plan of opening preliminaries?"

"An excellent one, provided it succeed."

"No doubt it will; besides, Anna has promised to call upon her to-day."

"And you mean, of course, to accompany your sister?"

"That, indeed, would be taking the place by siege. I know better how to manage matters. Anna will go alone. I shall take good care not to show my
face there, for if she suspected I was giving a ball purposely for her, I am certain she would decline coming.”

The eve of the ball Sir William came to me quite discomfited. He said his sister had called upon Madame Olivier, who sent her femme de chambre with a thousand excuses for not receiving her, as she was confined to her room by indisposition.

I was really pained to see my friend so discomfited.

“I thought you were wiser,” I said, “than to suffer yourself to be so ruffled by such a trifle. This invisible Madame Olivier is either playing the coquette, or never noticed you at all; probably she may be some adventuress: don’t make a fool of yourself, my dear friend, by dancing attendance on such a creature; fancy that she is gone, and think no more about her.”

“I tell you,” rejoined Sir William, “that she is no adventuress, but a most respectable person; however, I believe I had better take your advice, and try to forget her;” and he sighed piteously.

The same evening, at tea, Miss Neale observed that she feared Madame Olivier would decline accepting the invitation to the ball: that she appeared to be quite an original, passing her whole time behind the Venetian blind, watching those who come in and go out of the hotel; she has no other employment, no other amusement. Sometimes she sits up all night; she likewise goes frequently down to the garden when we are in bed, and remains there till morning: she is, in fact, quite a night bird, shunning the light of the sun.”

My father also observed that he had seen her, and that she was the prettiest creature in the world, and quite young: yesterday morning he said he got up earlier than usual, and rang his bell, but no one answering it, he went to call some one from the balcony; she was then upon the terrace, but when she saw him, she retired instantly into her chamber.

“What do you think of her?” asked Sir William, in a low voice, turning to me.

“Think! she must be out of her mind.”

We separated at a late hour, and before I retired I entered Sir William’s chamber to ask for a book he had promised to lend me. Whilst there, he went into his cabinet, mounted a chair, and by means of the table peeped through the window.

“Debray,” he said, in a low voice, “come hither—look at her—she is there!”

I hesitated for an instant, thinking how ridiculous we must both appear to any person who might have entered the room. “Well, what keeps you?” he said at last; “are you afraid she will bite you?”

With some difficulty I placed myself beside him upon the table, and looked upon the terrace floor below us. Madame Olivier was there, dressed in deep mourning, leaning on the balustrade in a pensive attitude; the light of one of the reflectors shone upon her whole figure; her long brown hair fell in disordered curls over her shoulders. I regarded her for a moment with an air of stupefaction; was it reality, or was I dreaming? I passed my hand over my eyes, thinking the sight I saw was an illusion. I looked with increased eagerness—the resemblance was wonderful. At that moment she raised her head, and looked in the direction where we stood. Although invisible to her, the rays of the lamp fell full upon her face. I was not mistaken—it was no illusion. There was Julie!—Julie herself!—my beloved, my once adored Julie!

“Well,” inquired Sir William Neale, “now you have seen her, think you I am such a fool when I say that if it be not her own fault she shall be Lady Neale?”

“What!” I exclaimed; “Sir William, you jest: would you really make her your wife?”

“Why not?” exclaimed the baronet, evidently surprised; “she is a widow, and I am in love with her: what is there to prevent my marrying her?”

I made no further remark, but hastening from off the table, wished my friend “good night,” and retired to my chamber.

The next day I found a pretext for remaining at home, whilst my father and Sir William took a ride. I then sent a note to Madame Olivier, with my name, “Léonce Debray.”

A moment after I entered Julie’s apartment. I found her waiting for me near the door, my note in her hand. She was pale, and trembled excessively. As I advanced she turned away her head, as if unwilling to meet my gaze; her knees
The Headsman's Daughter.

seemed too weak to support her, and she would have fallen had she not rested upon the back of a chair. Irritated at such a reception, and a prey to many jealous doubts, I exclaimed coldly—

"How imprudent."

To this cruel word the hapless girl replied with downcast eyes and faltering voice—

"'Tis true—but pardon me, I could not resist following you to the confines of that world from which God has excluded me. I had hoped to remain here unknown, unseen by you. Heaven forbid that I should break in upon your happiness, and disturb your tranquillity. Now I shall depart without a human being ever knowing who I was, or what has become of me."

The sentiments which I had been trying to suppress for the last two months (for so long a period had elapsed since I quitted Julie), were rekindled in my bosom with all their former intensity. Her resignation, her tears, her uncomplaining gentleness again found their way to my heart, and I myself in turn experienced the most poignant remorse at having been led by my unjust suspicions to say aught that could hurt the feelings of the devoted girl who had never ceased to love me. Once again I took her hand in mine, and leading her to a seat, I told her that I lived but for her alone—that no earthly power should separate us. She listened to me with downcast eyes, while her tears fell upon our united hands. All at once a singular animation brightened her countenance, a captivating colour rose in her cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkled with joy. I gazed upon her with raptures. I thought that Sir William himself, in despite of her beauty, would then gladly have offered her his hand and title. And I, who had vaunted of my unbiased principles, who boasted upon her, was yet silent. Such is the inconsistency of human nature—such our deference to the opinions of the world—our anxiety for its approbation! And what gives the world in return? how does it recompense our servile obedience to its mandates? Alas! that man should be so weak!

For some moments Julie remained deeply absorbed by her own reflections. At length with blushing cheeks anxiously looking in my face—

X—VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY.
grottos again. Would you not like to return there, Julie?"

Nodding her head in token of assent, she pressed my hands as she answered—"Yes, very soon."

I quitted her. I dreaded lest my father and Sir William should return, and finding me absent make inquiries whither I was gone. What pretext could I then have given for my visit? The remainder of that and the following day was pursued by Sir William, who teased me to death with his declarations of his hopes, his fears, his intentions. At length the hour of the ball arrived.

Sir William and his sister, who were both rich, had spared no expense to give éclat to the entertainment; and the grand saloon of the hotel presented a most dazzling appearance. It was hung with white silk draperies, festooned with wreaths of flowers; the panels were covered with drapery, and innumerable lamps were reflected in costly mirrors.

By ten o'clock three hundred persons had arrived. I stood near the door with Sir William, who was almost choked with anxiety.

"Well," he whispered, as the clock struck eleven, unable longer to conceal his mortification, "she surely will not come."

I, too, was vexed and mortified. I thought that at the last moment Julie's courage had failed. From an inconceivable feeling of caprice I felt indignant at her conduct for not having dared to accomplish a project, the very mention of which had at first so terrified me, and accordingly seated myself at a card table. In about a quarter of an hour Sir William came to me, smiling.

"She is there!" he whispered in my ear. I re-entered the ball-room; Julie was there, seated next to Miss Neale. I was terrified lest I should have found her timid and embarrassed. At the first glance I felt re-assured: she was calm and smiling, and, in fact, quite mistress of herself. I could, indeed, have fancied that she had passed her life in the world, which she had now entered only the first time; she turned pale, however, at my approach; but soon recovering herself, turned to salute my father, whom Sir William was in the act of presenting to her. Every eye was fixed upon her, for in that assemblage of loveliness she was the most lovely. Her dress was simple, a robe of transparent India muslin, and she wore her beautiful brown silky hair flowing in natural ringlets round her face and neck. The divine expression of her countenance was what it had ever been, excepting that a slight increase of colour upon her cheek added to the brilliant lustre of her calm blue eyes.

The presence of a woman like Julie, so young, so lovely, and seemingly unknown to all, as may be imagined, had created a general sensation. She was surrounded by dancers, all eager to lead her forth. She declared her intention, however, of not dancing. Sir William Neale could not quit her a single moment. He annoyed her by his assiduities and importunities, and seemed proud to be the only man to whom she spoke—the only one she seemed to know amidst the fashionable throng. As master of the house, however, he was forced to divide his attentions, he therefore beckoned to me to approach, and take his place beside Julie.

"Madame," said he, presenting me, "this is my friend, M. Léonce Debray, who is equally sensible of the honour you have done us in appearing here to-night."

Julie replied by an inclination of the head.

I seated myself next her. We both seemed as though we were under the influence of a dream. I felt almost terrified at the strangeness of my position, and I believe I should have fled, had not Julie, who read my mind, turned a supplicating glance upon me.

"Only two hours more," she murmured as the clock struck twelve. After a pause she whispered with faltering voice, "Léonce, will you walk round the rooms with me?"

I gave her my arm.

What a night! what a moment in the life of this poor recluse! She had entered the world—a world hitherto closed upon her—and was surrounded by its admiration, its homage, its devotion. She walked on an equality with those women whose condition she had so long envied—women of fortune, rank, and beauty now alike passed unnoticed, unregarded, in the presence of herself—the child of ignominy and disgrace—upon whose fair brow fate had stamped so vile a stigma, but who at that moment reigned supreme, the acknowledged "Queen of
But Julie was unconscious of the sensation she had created. She saw none other but myself amidst the assembled multitude. I felt her cold hand tremble on my arm as she gazed around with a vague and troubled aspect. Sir William joined us, he had noted Julie's altered countenance, harassed her with questions and attentions. I seized an opportunity, during his brief absence, to entreat Julie, for Heaven's sake, to leave the room; it was too great an effort for her—her violent emotions might prove fatal, since I felt unequal to it myself—my heart, I felt, was bursting with emotion.

"Julie," I said, "have pity on me, on yourself, prolong not this dangerous visit."

She drew me towards an open window, and raising her eyes to heaven sighed deeply.

"Who would say," she said, "that this was autumn? See how dark, how gloomy the night is. Winter approaches with hasty strides; there will soon be neither flowers nor foliage at the grottos, there will soon be nothing left, nothing."

She paused suddenly, and bending upon the rail of the balcony where I had placed my hand, touched it with her lips.

"Farewell, Léonce," she said.

This gesture was rapid as thought; Julie turned round, and plunging a long earnest regard through the brilliant saloons, she seemed to address a mute farewell to a world where, during the brief space of a few hours, she had shown so bright a luminary. Again she took my arm—

"Let us be gone," she said.

I conducted her to the foot of the staircase.

"Come no further," she added.

When I had regained the top she turned round and made another signal of adieu. She then passed into her own chamber.

I returned to the ball-room, and for the first time that night breathed freely. I felt as if a load had been removed from off my heart. The ball lasted till daylight. When I entered my room I looked towards Julie's windows; she had not retired, for the lamp was still burning in her chamber.

I was in bed at twelve o'clock the following morning; it seemed as though a leaden hand weighed heavily upon my eyelids. When I was awoke at hearing my door opened with violence, I looked up, Sir William Neale stood at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, as I perceived the angry expression of his countenance.

"Oh, not much," he replied in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to render calm—"not much; nothing at all of any consequence—merely a caprice of one of that most wayward sex—Madame Olivier quitted the hotel this morning at an early hour. She will not return, for she paid her bills and discharged a young girl, who had served her as femme de chambre since she has been here. Last night, after the ball, she packed her trunks, and this morning at six she got into her post-chaise. But who is she? I cannot discover; she knows nobody, nobody knows her; neither knows any one whence she came nor whither she is gone. I must, however, I will discover it, were I forced to make the tour of Europe for that purpose."

Whilst my friend was speaking I espied a note laid upon my table with my newspapers. Tremblingly I took it up.

"Read it, read it, my dear fellow," said the disappointed baronet, making the circuit of my chamber with hasty strides, "read it; you at least seem more fortunate in your love affairs than I in mine."

I opened the letter, it contained but a few words; they ran thus:

"Upon her knees the unhappy Julie writes these few lines, to bid you an eternal farewell. Be happy Léonce. In this world we shall never meet again, in another, perhaps—I have faith in the justice of Heaven. Farewell! forget not Julie."

"Well," said Sir William, "are you unhappy too—you turn pale."

"You were speaking of Madame Olivier," I said, affecting not to hear his remark; "what did you say? You know that before you can set out in search of her you must discover where she is gone. It may be to a foreign country; in that case she will have passed the frontier by to-morrow morning."

"No such thing," replied Sir William—"she hired a post-chaise which was merely to convey her as far as Aix. I shall wait the return of the postilion to know where she stopped; and then we will consult what plan we had better pursue."
I had great trouble to get rid of Sir William; each five minutes he was changing his plans. At length I persuaded him to await the return of the postillion. The following morning by break of day I was on horseback. At noon I was at the grottos. I experienced the most lively emotion in again beholding the spot where I had first met Julie, where I had been so deeply beloved, where I had once felt so happy. The valley looked solitary and calm as heretofore; the tints of autumn had tinged the foliage, and changed the bright green leaves to a withered brown. The rose-trees had shed both their blossoms and leaves, retaining nothing but their black and thorny branches; and the bright pomegranate blossoms had faded upon their stems; every thing, in a word, bore the sad type of nature’s decay. It was then that Julie’s words—the last I had heard her utter—rose to my mind:

“‘There will soon be neither flowers nor foliage at the grottos; there will soon be nothing left—nothing.’

‘Neither flowers nor foliage,’ I repeated mentally; ‘how true. Nature herself hath put on the garb of woe.’

I quickened my pace. My heart beat as though it would escape from my bosom. Tears filled my eyes. On approaching the cottage I perceived, to my inexpressible surprise, a stranger upon the threshold. A few steps more and I recognised a poor woman whom I had often met tending her goats about the mountains. She was upon her knees, her head turned towards the vestibule; her stick and her basket stood beside her. Coquelin’s little boy was playing upon the terrace, he uttered a cry of surprise at seeing me—he had, it would seem, forgotten me. The old woman turned her head.

“Ah, Monsieur!” said she rising, “have you, then, the charity to come and watch this poor girl with me? God will reward you.”

“What mean you?” I exclaimed, hastily approaching, and struck with a sudden and foreboding terror—“what is the matter? is any one sick? what are you doing there?”

Her pointed finger directed my wandering eyes to the open doors of a gloomy chamber, and there I beheld to all appearance the last mortal remains of a human being. Sensations of giddiness seized my brain. I gazed on, motionless, until the dead gloom of a world of darkness came over my memory, and I was left on a sudden in a state of unconsciousness, such nearly as was that which enveloped the lovely form of my beauteous and idolized Julie, who had been the victim of my caprice, bad faith, and selfish ingratitude.

L. V. F.

THE SUNKEN ISLE.

BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAWS.

There stood an ancient city once, a city proud and free,
Like a palace built by fairy hands, amid the azure sea;
All its streets were paved with marble white, as ever met the eye,
While its temples and its lofty domes rose towering to the sky.

And there a beauteous maiden dwelt, who was right passing fair,
She seemed not one of this frail earth, but a spirit of the air.
Sweet isle, thou wast the brightest gem of that ever sparkling sea,
But ah! more beautiful and bright, was that diamond set in thee!

And a youth came from a foreign clime, a nobler youth I ween,
Was ever before, on this sunny earth, in human figure seen:
They met and loved.—Ah! was it strange, one thought in these hearts should share,

Of the maiden with the soft blue eye, and the youth with flowing hair.

He wedded her, and led her forth, to distant—distant lands,
Far away from where the merry waves danced o’er her native sands;
Far from that fairy country, that knew her childhood’s happy smile,
Far, far away from her much loved land—her lonely ocean isle.
And mighty north-winds sudden roar, both "tyrannous and strong;"
Their rage against the lovely isle, and roaring passed along;
The waves like troops embattled rolled against the sandy shore,
And the mighty waters swept along with loud triumphant roar.

Then from the huts and palace walls, alike there rose on high,
From aged, and from youthful lips, one loud heart-rending cry;
One only cry of misery, one shout of fierce despair,
The waters had o'er-whelmed it all—no island glitter'd there!

Long years roll'd by, and that lady fair returned to view the sea,
Where once her island home had braved the waves victoriously;
And oft she urged her little skiff across the silent wave,
And look'd upon the dismal spot which was her country's grave.

And one calm day, with her lov'd spouse, she left the verdant shore,
She little dream'd, that earth would feel her tiny feet no more;
When lo! beneath the glassy wave, that lucid onward rolled,
They saw the city's columns tall, and its temples starr'd with gold.

"Ah! look, my lov'd one, look!" she cried; "how fair, how beauteously,
My little island home appears, beneath the tranquil sea:
The spirits of my ancestors—they call me from below,
Farewell, my much-loved spouse, farewell! to my own dear home I go!"

"Farewell!" she cried, "farewell!" still the words rang in the air,
He turn'd and look'd for his lovely bride—but the lady was not there;
A ripple only showed the spot where she sank beneath the wave,
And sought, nor sought in vain—in her island home—a grave!

ROYAL BIRTH-DAYS—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S, 24th FEB.

This is a day which has a just claim to be held in veneration by Englishmen; for, in addition to its being the natal day of our amiable Queen Dowager, it is also that of one of the most popular princes of the royal house of Brunswick, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who, having for a number of years filled the high office of Viceroy of Hanover, has, in consequence of recent political events, again come to take up his residence in his native country.

Fourteen years will have elapsed, on the 24th of the present month, since the duke's illustrious consort distinguished the return of the day by one of the most splendid fêtes which had ever been witnessed in Hanover, and which will long continue to live in the remembrance of all who happened to sojourn in that capital during the severe winter of 1822-3.

The entertainment consisted of a ball and masquerade, given at the King's Palace. It is not our intention to make the vain attempt of doing justice, by description, to the splendour and exquisite taste with which the whole arrangements were carried out, under the immediate direction of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge; we well remember the brilliancy of the opening dance, which consisted of four quadrilles of different nations, in appropriate costume, as well as the rich dresses and the brighter beauty of the female dancers.

Her Royal Highness and the Princess Louise, her sister, condescended to take a part in one of these quadrilles (we believe the English one); and their vis-à-vis, if we are not mistaken, were the elegant Fräulein von Schulze, and the pretty little German wife of the French Count Pertuis.

But we hasten to record the appearance of a countryman of our own upon the scene.

A young Englishman, then residing at the court of Hanover, anxious, for the honour of old England, not to be behind hand in evincing, by some means, his loyal attachment to his native prince, assumed the character of a boy on this occasion; and taking advantage of a German custom which authorises the
presenting a bouquet of flowers to any individual on the anniversary of his birth, made a point of procuring one, carefully selected by the court gardener from the green-houses of Herrenhausen, and, at the first favourable opportunity in the course of the masquerade, advanced towards the duke, and presented it to him, accompanied by the following _viva voce_ address:

At the dawn of this day,  
As I slumbering lay,  
Near the Leina's soft wandering stream;  
A voice that was near,  
Saluted my ear,  
With sweet words in the tone of a dream.

"Awake, boy, awake!  
For Britannia's sake,  
And think on the day which has broke;  
Go hasten to bind  
Some flowerets kind,  
For the breast of your high-honoured duke."

I awoke at the sound,  
But looking around,  
And hoping sweet _Flora_ was near,  
Father _Winter_ appeared,  
With his snow-covered beard,  
And thus then I sighed in despair:

"No floweret blows,  
No pretty plant grows,  
And decks the soft meadows with green;  
Not a blossom is found  
On the ice-covered ground,  
Not a lily or rose to be seen!"

When, see! from the air,  
In that beautiful car,  
What prince of the fairy-land lowers?  
And holds in his hand  
That lily-white wand,  
It was Oberon, king of the flowers!

Who said to me, "Boy,  
Let your tears turn to joy,  
For _loyalty_ never decays;  
And Oberon's power  
Shall yet give a flower,  
Your prince's high bosom to grace."

Thus spoke the elf-king,  
And the very next thing,  
Struck an evergreen _oak_ with his wand;  
Which changed in a twink,  
Upon Oberon's wink,  
To the bouquet I hold in my hand!

Then take it, I pray,  
Ah! don't say me nay,  
For I then shall weep sad in despair;  
But when you have press'd  
It warm on your breast,  
We shall feel that our _hearts_ are all there.
Delineations by an Artist.

And ne'er be it said,
Though nature may fade,
That loyalty ever decays;
But lilies still blossom
On beauty's fair bosom,
On each gallant brow flourish boys.

DELINEATIONS BY AN ARTIST.

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FRANCIS HERVE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN TURKEY AND GREECE."

AN ECCENTRIC FAIR ONE.

CHAPTER I.

[We are desired to assure our readers that the several extraordinary events recorded in this series of papers are facts.]

Long before I had emerged from my teens I sallied forth into this world of uncertainty, armed with my spear and shield, but not with the intention of slaying any liege subjects of his Britannic Majesty George the Fourth, nor those of any other potentate; but, on the contrary, with the philanthropic view of immortalising the natives, as my lances, pikes, and other weapons, were comprised in my pencil—my palette formed my buckler—my colours my ammunition, and my paper the fair field for my action. Casting my eye over the map of England, which lay extended before me, I found it difficult to determine which ought to be the favoured spot that should have the first benefit of my transcendent talents, I therefore decided upon consulting my elder brothers on so important a point, they having been experienced campaigners in the same role as that in which I proposed to play my part. I therefore judged it meet to call a cabinet council, at which my eldest brother presided, and delivered his sentiments in the following manner:—"As you have not quite the pencil of Apelles, it is my opinion that you should not seek for Maccenas from the highest nobles of the realm, which after all would be but a confined field for the development of your abilities. Rather should you extend your works and your fame amongst the more numerous and useful classes of society; it therefore appears to me that Portsmouth would be the best theatre for your debut, and the display of your unfolding capacity, as a centre from which emerge our navies to all parts of the world; by which means your performances and your reputation may circulate even to our Antipodes. I also conceive that the subjects which you will there meet, both as regards our own and the fairer sex, are precisely such as will be well adapted to your touch, and prove to be persons who will not attempt to cramp the bursting germs of your rising genius, which might be the case if you practised amongst a class of solid disconnoisseurs. Therefore, without any particular partiality or predilection in favour of Portsmouth, still do I vote that it should have the preference in deriving all the advantages which must accrue from the first free exercise of your taste, convinced as I am how much in harmony are its inhabitants and visitors with your style of painting, which, being of the bold order, will be in such good keeping with the majority of the frequenters of that celebrated port, particularly as regards that portion of its population which is composed of woman." Struck with the penetrating acumen evinced by the above discourse, I at once became a convert to all its axioms; whilst my approval being confirmed unanimously by every member assembled, the measure was carried without a division, and the council dissolved. Bidding adieu to home, and first launched in the barque of my own ostensibility, I hied me to Portsmouth. I shall not fatigue my readers with a description of the physiognomies which came under the castigation of my pencil—of a host of lieutenants, midshipmen, &c., nor of their jovial parties, nor of their favourite nymphs, whose features they wished perpetuated, to preserve the reminiscences
of the enchanting moments they had passed with the loves of Portsmouth. But one fair there was, whose manners and appearance so diverged from those of the common herd, that I shall take leave to introduce her to the public. Anxious that a representation of her countenance should be committed to posterity, she presented herself to me, to invoke the aid of my commemorating art, and for that purpose agreed to become, for the time required, my patient, or rather, I should say, impatient, as she could never sit still an instant. She was in person tall and gaunt, and although only fifty-four, had assumed the matronly title of Mrs. P—, instead of preserving the virginal epiteth of Miss, to which she was entitled, from her days having been ever passed in uncorrupted celibacy. It has been observed that nature is ever bountiful and just, and if in one respect she has bestowed her gifts with a sparing hand, in another she would be proportionably liberal. This remark was powerfully exemplified in the person of Mrs. P——; for although her allowance of flesh had been meted out with stinted measure, yet was she amply compensated by the unusual portion of bone with which she was endowed, for, in fact, she had been allotted a far greater share than has been conferred upon the generality of females. There was an independence in her air, which was conspicuous throughout her whole exterior; even her eyes seemed to disdain any kind of subordination towards each other, so that each had assumed the privilege of looking right or left, as fancy or caprice might dictate, without any sympathetic movement on the part of its neighbour; consequently, whilst one might be contemplating all the glories of a radiant sunset, the other could luxuriate on every softer beauty of the rising moon. About her nose there was a degree of originality which seldom failed to attract attention; the bridge, instead of projecting, was inverted—but again there was compensation, from the bulb at the lower part being wider, more prominent, and altogether larger than the usual dimensions which are awarded ordinarily to human beings. There was a boldness of breadth in her nostrils, such as I have never witnessed in any other person: they were somewhat inflated, whilst being placed perpendicularly, and the cavity singularly capacious, they afforded such an insight into the head that one could fancy her every thought might be seen as it entered and floated therein, giving an openness to her appearance which I have rarely met with, as it might literally be said she was easily seen into, so different from those close characters which are impenetrable even to the most scrutinizing eye.

With regard to her lips, nature had been most munificent, as their massive proportions caused them to advance far beyond the level of her face; whilst her teeth displayed a variety, both as to form and colour, such as perhaps were seldom seen assembled together in the same mouth. Her chin, forehead, and cheeks, were by no means encumbered with too much flesh, consequently the primitive form of the skull still remained discernible beneath the slight covering which only veiled, without concealing, its original proportions. Her complexion, though light, presented not the dairymaid red and white, so taking to the vulgar eye, but, mellowed by time, had softened into a sort of indescribable sentimental dinginess, with which the colour of her eyes in a great degree harmonized, being of a pale grey, intermingled with a slight tint of yellow. She was altogether so constructed as to impress the beholder with no mean idea of her physical strength; above the middle height, broad in the chest, extremely muscular, and bold in her step, there was a manliness in her deportment which gave her rather a martial appearance. At length she placed herself in durance vile, on the stool of repentance, in order to afford me an opportunity of portraying her lineaments, and of contemplating the human form divine. Observing very justly that the most frequent fault in pictures was, that they were apt to look too grave, or as if the original had been sitting under a feeling of restraint, to obviate every chance of that defect in her portrait, she proposed that she should sing to me, adding that it would impart a vivacity to her countenance which she considered would be highly advantageous to the resemblance. I replied, that as I was an ardent lover of vocal harmony, it would afford me the greatest pleasure. Accordingly, she commenced
displaying the powers of her lungs, which were by no means contemptible, and the song she selected was "Little Jenny Wren," which she sung, as well as many other airs in the same style, with so much of gesticulation, that her animation at last became of the most energetic description. Methinks I hear my readers exclaim, "She must have been mad!"—to which I reply in the negative; however, the eccentricities of the lady, which, as a faithful biographer, I have yet to narrate, will rather strengthen the opinion that her conduct was the effect of an aberration of intellect, yet must I correct such a conclusion, by the assurance that she was only superlatively eccentric. She was possessed of a good fortune, the major part of which she expended in ameliorating the condition of such unfortunate beings as came under her observation. She had a most powerful mind, which had been highly cultivated; her reading was most extensive, her fund of anecdote inexhaustible, rendering her a most amusing companion, when the effervescence of her spirits did not cause her to launch out into extravaganzas. She was from Somersetshire, and only came to Portsmouth in consequence of having some property in the vicinity, and had apartments temporarily at Havant, a small town, at about nine miles distance, and thither it was agreed that I was to repair, in order to pass a few days with her and a Mrs. D——, a widow lady, above sixty years of age, who lived with Mrs. P——, in quality of companion. Ever amused with originality of character, I certainly did promise myself a rich store of entertainment, from a visit to so extraordinary a personage. My eldest brother coming to stay a short time with me, gladly consented to accompany me to Havant, to see this notable heroine in whose description I had so excited his curiosity, that he was most anxious to ascertain whether my account of her was faithful to truth, or a most exaggerated representation. As to the portrait, which I had traced upon ivory, of her physiognomy, it amused my brother to that degree, that he could not look at it without laughing to such an excess, that he begged of me to put it out of his way, lest it should cause him a serious fit of hysteric. At length the day appointed for our visit arrived, and we started for Havant, amusing ourselves all the way there with anticipations of the diverting circumstances which probably must arise during our stay with so whimsical a character as Mrs. P——, without ever dreaming of the ridiculous scene, which we were not only doomed to witness, but in which we were also destined to act a part. We were received by our hostess with every mark of kindness and hospitality; the first day being Sunday, passed off in an extremely rational manner; we went to church twice during the day, she being extremely strict in all her religious duties, and particularly in the observance of the Sabbath. The miniature which I had completed for her she highly approved, except in one instance, and that was my having shown her ear, in which I certainly did display my bad taste, and she her good judgment in advising a sort of lace lappets to her cap, which covered both her ears, which were not quite so large as those of a jackass, but might compete with such as adorn a full-grown sow of the true Essex breed. At night it appeared to me, that my brother felt both mortified and disappointed at finding Mrs. P——, so much more like other folks than he had expected, and I myself thought that she was most provokingly reasonable, as if it were out of pure contradiction to what I had stated concerning her. However, a most delectable treat was reserved for us for the next morning, which fully exonerated me from any exaggeration in my narration of her eccentricities. On the Monday we all arose early, and Mrs. P——, proposing a walk before breakfast, we proceeded in a very regular and orderly manner, to a place called Haling Island, which is divided from the main land, by an arm of the sea, but is passable at low water, which was the case when we crossed, the whole way being perfectly dry. When arrived on the island, Mrs. P—— observed an old man mending chairs, who riveted her to the spot: she immediately began questioning him, as to whether he had any wife or family; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, she entered upon so elaborate a dissertation, both moral and theological, that fatigued with her own eloquence, she seated herself beside the chair-mender, upon his bundle of rushes:
my brother took possession of the old chair he was mending; and I reclined upon a grassy bank, till finding that the lady's oratory appeared to promise any thing but an end, I ventured to remark—"That as the tide waited not for Canute the Great, I suspected that it would not tarry for us." "Never mind," said the eternal interlocutor, resuming the thread of her discourse; but time, which puts an end to all things, at last began its terminating operation with Mrs. P——'s harangue, she beginning to tire of talking; the old chair-mender of listening; my brother's patience to wane, whilst I was practising every visible symptom which could demonstrate the ennui I experienced. To compensate for lost time, although we began our march homewards to quick time, and as I had anticipated, we found the tide was up, and three-quarters of a mile of sea lay extended before us; I, who formed the advance, then turned to our pilot, when arrived at the water's-edge, saying—"Now, madam, what is to be done?" "I'll show you," replied the adventurous fair one, and forth she walked into the ocean, with all the confidence of a sea-fowl. "What are we to do?" I demanded of my brother, ever accustomed to appeal to him as my Mentor. "Oh!" returned he, "we must follow certainly;" but I thought he looked very ruefully on the subject. For my part, I felt no inclination whatever to turn a modern Leander, and swim after such a Hero, the more particularly as I did not understand the art of swimming; however, straight into the briny flood we stalked, I feeling thoroughly consol'd with the knowledge that we should not go far; well aware that my brother, from some peculiarity in his composition, if he merely put his feet in a pail of water, immediately lost his respiration; and therefore, as I expected, we had not proceeded many yards upon our aquatic tour, before he called out to me that he was sinking. I flew to his assistance, and with much difficulty bore him once more to terra firma. Our first object was to launch a boat, as the only probable means of rescuing our female Quixote from a watery grave. We begged of some fellows, who by their garb appeared like sailors, and eventually proved to belong to the boats, to assist us in pushing one instantly into the water. Never in my life did I behold such imperturbable indifference as the brutes displayed, alleging as an excuse for their laziness, that the lady must be drowned, and that no powers on earth could save her: at last, partly by threats and promises, and giving them some money at the moment, they began to exert themselves, and by all setting our shoulders to the boat, at length we shoved her off, and got her afloat; jumped into her, and rowing off as rapidly as possible after our enterprising companion. Meantime she was tripping it along, on the light fantastic toe, her head alone visible above the surface of the water; the lace lappets of her cap were still conspicuous, as they kept bobbing up and down, whilst at times they would wanton in the breeze, or at others would dab into the sea. At length it became a regular race, we skudding along as swiftly as oars pulled by lusty arms could convey us, and she pursuing her marine promenade as fast as the immense strides of her long legs could carry her forward; and by all that is wonderful, she beat us by a furlong, and proceeded homewards, without waiting for our arrival. The most amusing part of the affair was exhibited upon her reaching the shore, where a number of persons were assembled, watching with intense anxiety to see what amphibious animal was approaching the coast; some said it must be a mermaid; others that it was some sort of a sea-nymph; whilst a third remarked, that neither mermaids nor sea-nymphs wore caps or bonnets; besides, added a fourth, I always did hear that mermaids and sea-nymphs had very pretty faces, so that we are quite sure that it is none of them. At last, when she did arrive, one person got off his horse, and advancing towards her, made a very low bow, "Hoping she had had a nice cool refreshing walk that morning;" adding, "that he would not have engaged to perform on horseback what she had done on foot for five hundred pounds." "Nor I neither," replied the dauntless heroine, "but I would do it for nothing, any time it pleased me so to do." A very aged man approached her, saying, "He had lived in the neighbourhood upwards of seventy years, and had never witnessed anything so wonderful
before; observing, that she might consider her escape as the most miraculous event. On our quitting the boat, we might have had some difficulty in finding our way to Havant, not having taken any notice of the path by which we came, through fields, green lanes, &c.; never dreaming that we should have to return home without our fair companion: but the drippings from her wet clothes afforded us a track, as unerringly as that by which Queen Eleanor was guided to fair Rosamond's bower. When the aquatic lady reached her home, not liking Mrs. D—, of whom Mrs. P— stood in some awe, to know the prank she had been playing, she exclaimed, "Do you see what a mess I am in?—and what do you think is the cause? Those young men (alluding to my brother and myself), imagining that I was a giddy girl, must needs roll me in the hay, which, from the dew, was in so wet a state, that they have made me in such a pickle that I have not a dry thread about me, but am just as if I had been in a shower-bath without taking my clothes off." Amongst other things which had partaken with her of the plenteous ablution she had received, were a bundle of bank-notes, and in order to dry them, she very imprudently laid them in the sunshine on the sill of the window, and, as might have been anticipated, as soon as the moisture evaporated, they began sporting about with the zephyrs, playfully circulating about the streets of Havant for the benefit of its inhabitants; and to the honour, be it recorded, of the population, a considerable portion of the volatile flimsy were conveyed to the right owner. In giving an account of her maritime tour, she declares that she tumbled down twice during its performance; but with all due submission to her superior judgment, I shall venture to state, that she must have dreamed of having fallen, for had it been the case, she certainly never would have survived to have told the tale; moreover, as we always saw her cap and bonnet peering above the ocean, it was not possible she could have slipped to the ground, or they must have accompanied her in her prostration. Had we followed, drowning must have been our fate, as we were ignorant of the exact track which we ought to have pursued; and had we diverged in the least degree either to the right or left, we should have sunk in mud to such a depth, from which it would have been impossible for us to have extricated ourselves. Her superior height also kept her mouth about one inch above the water, although she vowed that she was obliged to walk some part of the way about the middle on tip-toe, to prevent the sea from entering her ears and nostrils; as she was no swimmer, she was well aware that as soon as she was carried off her legs she must be lost; fortunately for her, she had often gone over the ground, and knew exactly the direction she was to keep so as to avoid the beds of mire on each side of her.

CHAPTER II.
The Vagaries of a Lady.

It was much to be regretted that Mrs. P—, in her charitable donations, should have suffered the overflowing kindness of her heart to subdue the cooler reasonings of her clear head. We had a powerful instance one morning, as we sat at breakfast, of the misapplication of her bounty. A servant entered to say some one was at the door asking alms, hoping that he could be permitted to see the humane lady who was so kind to the poor. Mrs. P——, ever awake to the voice of distress, immediately descended to the door, and soon after we heard a noise as if something very extraordinary was coming up stairs, and presently a sailor with crutches was introduced, Mrs. P— bidding him to sit down and tell his story. The man began by informing us that his name was Robert Murray, that he was born at Dundee, continuing by saying, "I went to sea, ma’am, when only ten years old." He was then interrupted by Mrs. P—— exclaiming,—"Don’t ma’am me! your name is Robert and my name is Dorothy, so now proceed with your tale." The man then resumed his story, stating that he had been many years in the service of the United States, when his fair auditor again stopped him by giving him a most energetic lecture of condemnation for his ever having connected himself with so ungrateful a race (as she termed them), having thrown off their maternal country after having been fostered and protected by her guardian power and
shied; but no sooner did these trans-Atlantic offspring feel their strength, than they threw down the gauntlet at their own natural parent. But to follow her through the whole thread of her elocution, would be beyond my powers of memory; suffice it to say, she fancied she had made a powerful impression upon the man, which was favourable by his eyes being somewhat weak, and from his hand rather shaking, the effect, I have reason to believe, of constant intoxication; but be that as it may, Mrs. P—— attributed all the sailor’s maladies to mental affections, produced by her powerful oratory. The only emotion I perceived, was when his eye caught sight of a pound note which the benevolent lady handed to him, his surprise and joy being manifested in the most undisguised manner. It certainly struck me at first as being far too much to give a common beggar; but at the same time it must be admitted that the man ought to have been handsomely rewarded for his unflinching endurance of Mrs. P——’s elaborate harangue. I thought we all deserved something for the patient manner in which we had endured so long a yarn. Having obtained what he wanted, and more than he had expected by nineteen shillings and sixpence, with many bows and scrapes to his fellow-sufferers (that is to say, those who had heard the lecture), the happy sailor hobbled off. Mrs. P—— attended him to a bookseller’s, and there bought a Bible, of which she made him a present; what she gave for it I know not; but I afterwards ascertained that he made an agreement with the person who kept the first public house out of the town on the road to Portsmouth, that he would let them have the Bible for as much liquor as would make him tipsy; he was not particular as to the nature of the beverage, so as it had but an intoxicating power. It is curious to observe that throughout human nature in general how much higher people appreciate their own powers of rhetoric, whether colloquial, persuasive, reprehensive, or panegyrical, than they are estimated by others; and thus it was with Mrs. P——, as in relating to my brother the anecdote of her relieving the sailor, she stated that what she had said to him about America had such an effect upon the poor man that she brought tears into his eyes, and then turned to me and asked if it were not true what she stated. Now it so happened that for the confirmation of her point the worst thing she could have done was to appeal to me, I directly answering, that the only tears which I could perceive were those of joy at the sight of the pound note. However liberal and even inconsiderate in her gifts, she was particularly tenacious of being imposed upon, even although it were the merest trifle. Of this I had an example: she had commissioned me to order for her at Portsmouth a silver case for a small bottle which she carried with her in travelling for the purpose of containing restoratives, bitters, or something of that kind. I was never very inquisitive about those matters; but whatever the little mystical vessel was intended for, matters not, and has nothing to do with the case, but that I had to pay eight guineas for it, was too clear a case, and which I did with all the pure unsuspecting innocence of my nature. "An imposition!" exclaimed Mrs. P——; "but I hope you have not paid for it," added she. My reply was in the affirmative; upon which she declared she would have it sent to London to be valued, which she did, and found it was two pounds too much; she therefore vowed the first time she was at Portsmouth she would call upon the vendor of the case and upbraid him severely with his rascality, adding that I should go with her. A great treat, thought I to myself, and so, in fact, it proved. When we entered the shop, the man seemed disposed to be mighty civil, and on Mrs. P——’s holding up the case in point, and asking him if he remembered it, he replied, "Oh! quite well, ma’am," with such an air of satisfaction, that I really believe he was expecting another job; but his hopes of that nature were soon cut short by Mrs. P—— saying, "And you really can have the impudence to look at this," putting the silver envelope quite close to his eyes, "without reddening in the face?" upon which he blushed instantly. I also was beginning to reproach him, but Mrs. P—— stopped me, by saying, "Never you mind, leave it to me;" and, indeed, the odds against the man
were already very great, as he had no chance with her whatever; he was a very dapper little man, with a thin shrill voice, and of a most inoffensive appearance. Mrs. P—— demonstrated very clearly to him that the silver was worth four pounds, the fashion another, and allowing twenty-eight shillings for his profit, it would have amounted to six pounds eight, and, therefore, she considered he had cheated her out of two pounds, adding, that she looked upon him in the light of an arrant little thief. This put the silversmith upon his mettle, and in a very treble tone he squeaked out, “Upon my word, ma’am, I don’t know what you mean by coming into my shop and abusing me in this way; I think you are treating me very ill.”

“Then why don’t you pull my nose,” exclaimed Mrs. P——, “if I use you ill?” at the same time thrusting her prolegs into the man’s face; but he did not seem to have any inclination to meddle with such a formidable weapon, and therefore kept backing, holding up his hands, and displaying every symptom of alarm; but as he backed, she followed him so closely that her great knuckle of a nose ever and anon came in contact with his face, she all the time calling out in a most audible voice, “Why don’t you pull my nose?” The poor man continued retreating with his face to the foe, till by a dexterous sort of whirl he got behind his counter, thinking that she would not dare to invade such sacred territory, and that whilst he could keep so powerful a rampart between himself and the enemy, he should be protected from her nasal attacks. Alas! poor man, he counted without his host, for his persevering persecutor was of too pugnacious a character to acknowledge the inviolability of a counter, consequently she pursued her game as tenaciously as ever, till at last she pinned her poor craven victim quite in a corner, her ardour appearing to increase with the chase, as she poked her great nose at him, opened her wide mouth, the colour rising high in her, that such was the poor creature’s look of terror, I really believe he thought himself Tom Thumb, going to be swallowed up by the red cow, whilst seeing no escape left, he yielded to all the horrors of despair, giving such a scream that he even startled Mrs. P——. Not intending to kill, but only to frightened to death, she left the trembling sufferer to recover as he could from the bodily fear and surprise which she had occasioned him, asking me as we went out of the shop if I thought she had given him enough. “Plenty, madam,” was my reply, “rather more than adequate to the two pounds of which he cheated you.” “You think, then, he will remember me and the case?” “I do, indeed, and think he will consider it a very hard case, too,” was my answer, whilst she appeared to derive the highest satisfaction from the castigation she had inflicted upon the shrinking culprit. A few days after this circumstance, I received and accepted an invitation from a family in the Isle of Wight to spend a few days with them, and, as ill-luck would have it, so had Mrs. P——, from the same persons; and therefore was I doomed to be her attendant, which experience had taught me by this time was no sinecure; but as there was no remedy, I determined to submit to my fate with the best apparent grace which I could assume. We had no sooner entered the boat than Mrs. P—— began to demonstrate some of the wonderful physical powers with which she was possessed, by rowing with a strength and address that would have shamed many men, and in fact she “feathered her oar with such skill and dexterity,” that the boatmen were quite astonished at her prowess. She remarked that it might be as well if I took a pair of oars: upon which I replied, that if I did so it would deprive me of the pleasure I was then enjoying (as I was sitting opposite to her, contemplating the symmetry of her proportions), observing that she reminded me of Scott’s “Lady of the Lake,” then the popular poem of the day. She smiled, and said the compliment was not amiss, and might serve to redeem some of the bad shots which I was so often in the habit of making; “however,” continued she, “Frank is your name and frank is your nature, and I no sooner beheld you than I could see through you, thick as you are; but I do not object to that bluntness of character. It is true that you are but a rough diamond, but when you have seen somewhat more of the world, it is
probable you will acquire a greater degree of polish, and it is to be hoped will come out something brighter than you are at present; not that I think you will ever prove a gem of the first water, or indeed of any other water, as it is very evident you are not partial to that element, or you certainly would not have left me to perform my aquatic tour alone." I admitted that I believed nature might not have intended me for a Neptune, although I was sure she would have made an excellent Amphitrite. But I must take leave to observe, that it was fraternal affection which prompted me to save my brother, and induced me to suffer her to wade through the sea unaccompanied. That, replied she, is not a bad excuse for you, but you should have remembered, that "when a lady's in the case, all other things give place." But you, madam, I observed, are an extraordinary case, an exception to all other cases, in fact, a superlative case, as proved by your management of the jeweller's case, from which you displayed the most consummate ability, in making out an excellent case for yourself, and a most wretched case for your opponent; and as to your fearless demeanour, had you been case-hardened, by your sinews being braced in case- armour, you could not have been more confident, nor more alarmed your foe, had you attacked with a case-knife, and poured case-shot into him, leaving him, as you did, in a most pitiable case. No, madam, continued I, experience has convinced me that, however critical the case may be in which you are placed, it is better not to assist you, certain as I am, that left alone you will always make your own case good. Now, I dare say, said Mrs. P——, you think all that very clever, but for your future good, I must inform you, that a propensity to punning, and playing upon words, always shows bad taste; therefore, if you will take my advice, you will give it up. I defended myself by observing, that I had imagined, in following her example, I could not err, and that she might perhaps recollect that it was she who had commenced. True, said she, but I flatter myself that I know how both to time and to apply my puns rather better than you do; besides, perhaps it is an error of mine, and if you seek to imitate, you should always try to copy the good qualities, and not the defects, of your friends. I answered, that in herself the amiable foibles of human nature and her higher attributes were so happily intermingled, that really it was difficult to discover her imperfections, whilst one felt unwilling to recognise them as such. Well, come, observed she, that is somewhat better than your bad puns. Meantime Mrs. P—— continued rowing to the last, and when we arrived on the island she did not display any symptoms of fatigue. On proceeding to our mutual friends, she found that a relation of her's, a Major H., was at the Depot and, anxious to see him, requested me to accompany her in quest of him. I would have as leave been hung; for although I was amused with her conversation and eccentricities inside a house, I was by no means fond of figuring away with such a Dulcinea as she out of doors: however, as I had no reasonable excuse to make, I was compelled to submit. We repaired accordingly to a place which appeared as extensive barracks, and were informed that Major H. would soon be there, when I proposed walking before the gates till he came; but that did not suit Mrs. P.'s fancy, she insisting upon entering the barrack-yard, which it was evident to me ladies were not accustomed to frequent, from the manner in which the groups of officers were gazing at us; in fact, Mrs. P. was the only female to be seen of any description. From staring the spectators soon proceeded to laughing, which was much excited by my fair friend's throwing out her arms and displaying such extraordinary energy, by a variety of gesticulations, that she became quite an object of curiosity, and a complete crowd began forming around us; for my part, I found the situation so extremely unpleasant, I should have felt grateful to the ground could it have opened and entombed me, or should have been glad to have screwed myself into a nutshell could I have rendered myself invisible, so embarrassed did I feel at being with any one who appeared so ridiculous. I therefore observed to Mrs. P., that I thought we had much better wait in the road for the major, as it was manifest that we had no business where we were, and that we excited the re-
marks of every one present. This only made the matter worse; withdrawing her arm from mine, she retired a few paces, and broke out into a most animated oration, which she delivered in a loud voice, to the following effect: — "Sir, if you feel afraid of these impertinent and effeminate poodles, I do not, therefore you may leave me as soon as you like." That, I replied, I certainly should not think of doing, whilst she remained I should do the same; but without feeling afraid of those by whom we were surrounded, I certainly did not wish to stay where it was evident we were intruders. The officers, who heard every syllable of Mrs. P.'s speech, were vastly amused at the compliments she paid them, and burst out into a louder laugh than ever; upon which Mrs. P., in a still higher tone, and putting on a martial air extraordinary, said — "As to these insignificant fops, it would just serve them right if you would horsewhip them all round, and be doing no more than what you ought to do." Now it struck me very forcibly, that horsewhipping officers was by no means a light or amusing pastime; but their increasing mirth, which was becoming rather uproarious, and most pointedly directed to my fair companion, augmented the embarrassment of my position; they were so merry that it was impossible to particularise any one. I was quite at a loss how to act, but was making my mind up to something, when Major H. very opportunely arrived. The respectful manner with which he addressed Mrs. P., and at the same time his friendly air towards her, with the extreme pleasure he evinced at seeing her, occasioned the bystanders rather to change their tone, and in presence of their senior officer they did not seem quite so disposed to exhibit their mirth at the peculiarities of his friend. The major was not able at the moment to join us, but requested we would walk slowly along the road, saying he should overtake us shortly, but hinted that we were trespassers, and if we remained there we might draw upon ourselves unpleasant observations. Much to my gratification, Mrs. P. acted upon the major's advice, and we were proceeding in a very orderly manner for her, when all of a sudden, as a waggon was coming by, she broke out into one of her most energetic declamations, and sprawling out one of her arms, her sleeve came in contact with one of the wheels of the lumbering vehicle, by which means it became pretty considerably dirtied, and immediately Mrs. P. became very angry, vowing that it was the fault of the waggoner for not turning his horses aside, so as to have left her sufficient room. It was in vain that I represented that the man was on the crown of the road, his proper place, and that there was plenty of space left for us; but that any person sticking out an arm a yard long, must take the consequences. This argument did not by any means satisfy her; she still insisted that it was all owing to the fault of the waggoner, and that if I was a man of spirit I should instantly horsewhip him, in which opinion I totally differed with her; in the first place, the man was perfectly blameless; secondly, from the glance I had of him I considered him too big; and, thirdly, he was out of sight before she made the proposal. I therefore observed that I hoped, at any rate, I should never have so mean a spirit as to fight with so low a fellow as that. I did not want you to fight him, returned Mrs. P., I merely wished you to chastise him. At this moment the major joined us, and under the pretext of going to a little hill to the left to look at a prospect, I most gladly yielded up my Venus to the son of Mars, who was very competent to fulfil the duties of her bean, but worse constructed than myself for being her champion; indeed, as far as external appearance indicated, there was no comparison between the major and the lady for physical strength, she having so infinitely the advantage. From that time, and ever after, I determined never to be again entrapped into being the cavalier of so whimsical a nymph, and during the remainder of my stay in the island I magnanimously resigned my priority of claim to the major, who appearing rather to aspire to the honour, I thought it would be cruel to check so laudable an ambition: once only, when I was walking with them, was I indulged, by a tête-à-tête with Mrs. P., the major quitting us for a short time, to call at the house of an acquaintance. The spot in which he left us was most rural and retired, which tempted my companion to propose we should sit upon a mossy
bank, which was invitingly near. I readily assented, justly calculating that my frisky fair was less likely to get into mischief by displaying her energies on the ground, as she would have ample space to give her limbs their full sprawl than if she were straddling along the road. A purling stream was rippling at our feet, the trees mingled their branches above us, so as to form a natural bower over our heads, the birds were billing and cooing around us, the breeze seemed but to sigh as it breathed through the leaves, and all we beheld tended but to invite contemplation. Mrs. P. appearing to yield to the charms of the scene, was for some time wrapped in reverie, till at length gently in soft and confidential strains she began to pour forth the overflowings of her heart, and to confess that she once had loved; at that period, added she, my skin was fair as the lily, and the rose's bloom then mantled upon my cheek; but it appears that long she sighed in silence, "for she never told her love, but let the canker-worm prey in secret upon her damask cheek," and I thought she looked as if some kind of worm had preyed upon the rest of her face, and had left its inroads somewhat recklessly: however, that's a digression. So to return to the subject. Although the youth whose charms had invaded her peace began to display certain symptoms that his heart was not composed of adamant, but like that of the maiden's became gradually softer, till at last it might be said their very souls appeared to melt into each other, deeply affected (or at least appearing to be so), I exclaimed, "but what, alas! my dear madam, could have impeded a legal union of your hands under such promising auspices?" "Promising, you may well say, for never was mutual affection wrought to a higher acme than between us: his came upon him later than mine, but was no less solid; as for my own, I may almost say it sprang with my birth, grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." "It must have been great and strong indeed," said I, gazing at her colossal person. She did not see the point, and continued: "No comparison whatever could give you an adequate idea of its force." "Then," I repeated, "what was the obstacle to your being united—was it that there was any immorality attached to the character of your lover?" "Oh! by no means," she replied: "his mind was as fair and as pure as his features and form, which were those of an Apollo, as also were his accomplishments." "Was it then that your family objected on account of his fortune?" I demanded. "Oh, no!" returned she: "he was wealthier than myself; but there was a fatal cause, such as was irremediable, but which determined me never to consent to our union." "Perhaps he had formed some other attachment, which you accidentally discovered, as such circumstances sometimes occur?" I observed. "Far from it, for he was constancy itself," she replied. "Then," said I, "it really is beyond my powers of divination to imagine any other reason." All of a sudden she started upon her legs, and with one hand high in air, with eyes as if bursting from their sockets, and nostrils distended, in a voice like Stentor, she exclaimed—"There was madness in his family!" For my own part I could not help thinking so much the more congeniality of sentiment with your own; and imagining that the insanity might have been in some degree contagious, and that she might have caught a portion, either from her lover or from some of his relations. The major joining us, prevented any farther remarks upon so tender a subject, and from my never again having an hour alone with her, the topic was never resumed. That Mrs. P. was not mad was proved by the opinion of a number of medical men of the first abilities, she having been placed in a private establishment for the reception of lunatics, but by persons interested in so doing; she afterwards succeeded in effecting her deliverance, and in proving to a court of law, and a commission appointed to examine her case, that she was perfectly sane. She also prosecuted those persons who had caused her to be deprived of her liberty for conspiracy, and gained her action, displaying throughout the whole affair such clearness of judgment and talent, that it was remarked, that if her intellects were impaired, it would be difficult to find those which were otherwise. The fact was, that when she chose she could restrain her eccentricities, and then no one was more rational than herself.
CHAPTER III.

An Extraordinary Being.

The French are not content with observing that England is a nation of originals, but they insist that we have a greater proportion of mad people than any other country with which they communicate. _They_ are not to be blamed for imputing to us such a character, for the fact is, that the fault lies in the poverty of their language, having no such word as eccentric, or any other that can express that most comprehensive of epithets which alone can describe so great a portion of the English people. A being of this numerous order, but who had higher pretensions to the title of eccentric than many I met with at Canterbury, in the person of the Rev. John Fresseliag. He introduced himself to me by saying, he had understood that I was very fond of horticulture (which was the case), and as he had a similar taste, he did not see why two persons partial to the same study should not meet together without waiting for an introduction from a third person. Half an hour's conversation convinced me that I should be enabled to derive much amusement from his extreme originality. He had been a chaplain for many years in the British Navy, and had acquired somewhat of the roughness and bluntness of the sailor. From possessing a good memory, he retained the full benefit of a classical education, having been in the four quarters of the world, had known many of the celebrated characters of Europe, and become most intimately acquainted with Lord Nelson, from whom he had many letters, one of which was stated to be the last he wrote, prior to his quitting England to take the command of that fleet which proved so successful at Trafalgar. This friendly and valuable epistle he had framed between two glasses, and declared to me that the Prince of Wales offered him five hundred pounds for it, over the grave of the immortal hero on the day of his funeral. But for twice the sum Fresseliag would not have parted with it. There was a pith in all he said, and a quaintness in his mode of expression, which to me was completely new, and proportionately amusing. Before we parted, he pressed me with much cordiality to go and see him, stating that he resided at New Romney, in Kent, having a living in the neighbourhood, and as we shook hands, repeated his invitation by saying, "Well, then, you promise that when you are inclined to give yourself a holiday (and alluding to the subject which occupied me), no longer feeling disposed to draw pictures, you will come and draw weeds with me in my garden." Some months afterwards, having a few weeks at command, I thought I could not employ them more agreeably than by visiting the entertaining and good-natured parson. I found him living in a very comfortable house, and his family, consisting of his wife and his niece, whose name was Short, and the stature of the young lady corresponded with her name. Mrs. Fresseliag was a fine woman, of pleasing manners, ever very mild and amiable when she was not irritated by some strong provocation. I had to introduce myself to the ladies, as the master of the house was absent on my arrival. When he came home he gave me the most hearty welcome, and thanked me kindly for coming to see a poor parson; he then turned to Mrs. Fresseliag, and said rather roughly, "We have greens for dinner to-day, I know." "Very well," replied Mrs. F., "I am aware of it." "Yes," returned he, "and you are determined all the town shall be aware of it too, by suffering the servant to throw away the water inside the house instead of outside, as I always told you to do; a sweet reception you have given this gentleman, truly; he must have smelt the house a hundred yards before he came to it; my olfactory nerves were assailed by it all the way as I came up the High street." "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Fresseliag; "it must be something which has got into your snuff, if there be anything at all, but you are more full of fancies than a dancing bear." then appealing to me, said, "Pray, sir, did you find any unpleasant odour on entering the house?" "By no means, madam," I replied. "There, do you hear that, Mr. Fresseliag?" said his lady, with an air of triumph. "Why, how, in the name of politeness, could he have said otherwise?" exclaimed the unvanquished parson; "but pray, is not dinner coming? I am sure we have smelt it.
long enough." A summons to the dinner room was the answer. The old gentlemen had no sooner put his gastronomic powers in action, than he began his murmurings in the following manner:—

"These peas are not boiled enough; they are as hard as shots; if they did not roll down one's throat, it would be impossible to get them down any other way; it is a strange thing that you and little Miss Short (as he always designated Mrs. F.'s niece,) can't pay a little more attention to domestic affairs. I dare say the truth is, you have had all the tabbies in the town here, and with your gossip and scandal have slandered the reputation of every respectable woman for ten miles round." "I declare," said Mrs. F., we have not had a soul here all the morning." "Then I suppose you have been reading novels, or singing duets, or some such stuff as that: as to this beef, it is as tough as a piece of junk; I do think it is a bit of the old parish bull, it was killed the other day—your old friend there, you know who I mean, that nearly tossed you and little Miss Short last week in Coates's field; I wish he had given you both a lift sky-high, you would have been that much on your way to heaven; you'll never have such another chance of getting so near it again: I should like to have seen you mounted aloft; I dare say you might have looked well enough in the air, which is certainly more than either of you ever did upon earth."

"I'll tell you what," said Mrs. F. (whose amour propre began to smart under her husband's castigation), if I was not very handsome, I was always far too good for you; but as to that, when I was young I was not considered so ill-looking either, nor did you used to think so at one time." At this appeal, the old gentleman, moved, no doubt, by tender reminiscences, appeared rather softened, and observed, that "As for the hull, it was well enough for the first twenty years after it was built, but at present it is something like my own, rather weather beaten, having seen a good deal of service, and is all the worse for wear; however, it might pass now when it was well rigged." "This is some home-brewed beer, sir," observed Mrs. F., offering me that wholesome beverage; "how do you find it?" I drank, and approved of it. "So much for politeness," said the reverend tar; "but it is all of a piece with your asking that gentleman to say he did not smell any thing disagreeable, when he could not keep his handkerchief from his nose. Why as to that swipes, or beer as you call it, if we had it on board a ship, we should think it just good enough for washing the decks; for my own part, I would as leave take a draught of bilge water." "I am sure every body likes it but you," returned Mrs. F., 'and it really is too strong for me." "Strong!" roared out the marine parson; "yes, too strong of the river, sure enough; but may I be tarred and feathered if it has any other kind of strength." The pie next afforded food for grumbling. "Pray, Mrs. Medlicott (for such was the appellation he gave his wife when he was sarcastically angry with her, but why I could never discover), did you think when you built this pie you were erecting the walls of a fortification. I have heard that promises were like pie crust, made to be broken; but there is far more consistence in this paste than any promises you ever made, even at the altar of Hymen, or elsewhere. It would have been but friendly of you if you had cautioned Mr. H. to whet his teeth before you sat him down to such hard fare." The cheese was the next object of his censure, asking me if "I would like a piece of cast-iron?" then exclaiming, "Here, little Miss Short, bring a hammer and chisel to assist us in getting this bit of adament to pieces." "How do you do on, Mr. F.," said his irritated wife; "it is only you who find everything so hard; it would be much harder if there were none; the fault is not in the victuals, but in your feeble old teeth; the fact is, you are in your second childhood, and ought to be fed again with pap; but don't suppose that all the world want food as soft as your own head." "I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Medlicot, for all your compliments," said the old boy, angered in his turn; "but the real truth is, that you do not know how to go to market, nor ever did." "Yes, and if you went, you would buy fast enough, but you would never think about the paying for it," observed Mrs. F. "Why how the deuce should I, when you take care that
I should never have a pound in my pocket; you know very well," continued the naval priest, "that you croak all the money as soon as ever it comes into the house, and if I did not now and then crib a something for marriages, christenings, and burials, I should never have a penny to buy snuff and tobacco."

"As to that, Mr. F.," replied his managing wife, "if I did not take care of the little income we have, you would not long have a house over your head, nor a bit to put in your mouth, for you know very well you would spend it all in the first week." Hitherto their bickerings had not been of a very serious description, but as recrimination increased, it rose to such a height that it swelled into a most tremendous quarrel, and he became so furious that she exclaimed, "For God's sake, Mr. F., go out and cool yourself; you are as red as a Turkey cock, and if you stay here another minute I expect you will burst with rage; a pretty entertainment this for your guest; but whatever you do, go out and cool yourself this moment. Blustering as he went, foaming at the mouth, and with his pipe in his hand, at length he took his wife's advice, and quitted the room. The moment he had made his exit, Mrs. F., appreciating the embarrassment I felt under such unpleasant circumstances, apologised by saying, "I am very sorry, sir, that you should have been subjected to witnessing so disagreeable a scene; but as I hope and understand that we are to have the pleasure of your society for some time, I am sorry to state that you will too often have to endure a repetition of such unpleasant occurrences as has this day happened. Mr. F. has a good heart, and means well, but I regret to say that he is not quite right here," added she, pointing to her head. I replied by begging she would not mention it; that of course I should never attempt to interfere; that I always considered those little differences between man and wife were productive of many words, which far surpassed the meaning intended, and were no proofs whatever of want of affection. "It is very kind of you," observed Mrs. F., "to put such a construction on the subject, and I hope your view of such affairs may be correct." The entrance of Mr. F. checked our further conversation, and Mrs. F., without an observation, retired, leaving us over the wine. The clerical marine then alluded to the discordant transaction in his way, by observing, "You have seen a precious row, haven't you; ah! you will see that often enough here; Mrs. F. is as good a woman as ever lived—a most worthy creature, but her mother died mad, and she is no better."

Well, thought I to myself, I am nicely in for it, however, between two mad people. At the first moment it struck me that the best thing I could do was to shift my quarters as speedily as possible, but on second thoughts I determined to remain a few days, that I might not hurt their feelings by a sudden departure, and at the same time having much curiosity to know how they acted in a general way, not conceiving it possible but that the quarrel I had witnessed must have been an occurrence extraordinary, never dreaming that it was to be a diurnal affair. By when Mrs. F. rejoined us, calm was perfectly established, but no sooner had her husband sipped his tea, than he vowed the water was smoked. "Ah! that fancy," said Mrs. F., "comes from your mouth being full of smoke; how can it be otherwise, when you are smoking from morning to night. Then I suppose," continued Mr. F., "you mean to say the milk is not sour," "That I certainly do," replied Mrs. F., "although it is more than I can say of you, for every one knows that there is not a more sour old crab in the country than yourself."

"That, I think, my dear, is very fortunate," observed the old gentleman; "as you are such a sweet creature, your sweetness would be cloying if it were not tempered with a little of my acidity."

In this manner they continued sparring till bed-time, but without absolutely arriving at a downright quarrel. The next morning was Sunday, and the breakfast passed off very harmoniously, and I began to think it was a respect for the Sabbath which induced them to restrain their tempers; but soon after Mrs. F. had gone up-stairs he sang out in a furious key, "Mrs. Medlicot, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" At which Mrs. F. exclaimed, "What's the matter?" "Matter enough, and something worse too," replied her husband: "here's one of your cats been and kittened upon my
gown, and a pretty pickle it is in too; a precious figure I shall cut going to church with a gown like that, it has so many colours on it now, covered as it is with cat’s hairs, that it is more fit behalf for a harlequin than for a clergyman.”

“It is well for you to complain of a surplus of visitors, when you won’t keep the door of your surplice-room shut,” said his wife, by way of consolation. “And so I always do, too,” answered Mr. F., “but it is you and little Miss Short who have left the door open: you are always poking there after something. I can’t think what business you have there at all; but you are ever ramming your heads into places where you ought to make yourselves scarce. I’ll lock the door for the future, and then neither you nor your little short niece, nor any other cats, can get in; you have no need to keep so many: with this new mess there are nine of them, and I am sure if you had, instead of nine cats, a cat-o-nine-tails, it would do you a deal more good, if well applied.”

“Well, I am sure, Mr. F.: I knew nothing about it, that I declare,” said Mrs. F., with an air of sincerity. “I suppose you would make me believe that neither you nor any of your crew were aware of it; but I know that you are all so cat-like yourselves, that there is the greatest sympathy between you and the cats, it is impossible but that you must have known it, only the truth is, you have such a fellow-feeling with the cats, that you did not like to disturb your favourite pet, and thought, forsooth, that she ought to keep her bed for some time after such an event, without caring a straw about her spoiling my gown.” “You know very well,” exclaimed Mrs. F., indignant at the charge, “how careless you always are of your gowns, and that you would not have one to your back if I did not look after them.” “A pretty way of looking after them, indeed! And where are my cassocks? Not one to be found. It is always so. But I know what becomes of them: you and little Miss Short take them all, and cut them up to make thumb-stalls.” At last the old gentleman was properly rigged for the performance of the church duties, and I accompanied him, and heard him preach a most splendid sermon, both as regarded the substance and the delivery. In fact, he seemed so different a man in the pulpit and in his own house, that he was not recognisable for the same person. His countenance was rather fine than otherwise, and so were his features naturally; but in consequence of an operation which he had undergone on the locality, he was enabled to draw up the lower part of his face so as to touch his nose, and project a little beyond: he would do this when he was very intent upon any subject, either writing or reading; but when his physiognomy was twisted up in that manner, it was so comic, and had so ridiculous an appearance, that it was impossible to restrain our risible muscles while beholding it, particularly in profile. In fact, when Mrs. F. and myself have been seated so as to have a view of him sideways, when his face was under the influence of distortion, we have not been able to suppress our audible mirth, and he at length has turned round, and said, “What in the name of wonder are you both laughing at?” To which we of course have returned some evasive answer. Few men had the art to so extraordinarily a degree of making friends amongst influential people, and persons occupying the most exalted situations. I was once making that remark to Dr. Milner, the Dean of Carlisle and learned author of church history, and he replied by observing, “how few men were so taking as John Fressilique.” He had been a pupil of the doctor’s, who always expressed much interest in the welfare of his former élève. I have often thought that it was the novelty of character so conspicuous in F., which attracted with persons who were generally approached by those who ever sought but to compliment and flatter; therefore there was something new and fresh in the language of truth, which amused persons only accustomed to hear the voice of adulation: then there was a degree of whimsicality about the man himself that was so unlike any body else, that even his manners were entertaining: besides, he had a knack of interesting every one so in his behalf, that if he asked his way in the street, people would not only direct him, but proceed some distance out of their road to show him the spot he demanded. But he had not the talent of retaining his friends: after he was well known, the charm which hung
about his eccentricity wore off; he was captious, sarcastic, and not by any means delicate in his mode of telling people their faults: hence it was he would sometimes touch a tender chord, and wound beyond forgiveness. Amongst other persons whose displeasure Fresseliq was incurred, was the celebrated Earl St. Vincent. Whilst sailing under his orders the unlucky parson, suffering under a severe cutaneous affection, solicited for leave of absence, which was denied by the earl, and Fresseliq was compelled to go to sea, in no very enviable state; but willing to deduce amusement from misfortune, he wrote a poem upon the subject, in which his lordship was introduced in no very flattering terms. After the reverend poet had read it to many of his friends throughout the fleet, he stuck it one day neither carelessly into his pocket, and it fell out. A Captain M—b—y, who was an enemy of Fresseliq’s, picked it up, and took it to Lord St. Vincent, who, as it might be imagined, did not very much relish the complimentary style in which he was mentioned. The poem was read to me by Fresseliq, from a rough copy, which he had fortunately preserved. I really think I never laughed more in my life than I did in hearing the queer Hudibrastic rhymes, all ending in ch, which F. had strung together, descrip-
tive of his unfortunate complaint, &c. I only regret that my memory will not permit me to afford my readers a few lines, by which they might have judged of the poet’s style, so exclusively his own, and so like himself. Some time after he had lost his poem, he heard that it had been given to the earl, and thinking it possible that he might still have retained it, when in London called upon his lordship, who sending out word that he was engaged, Fresseliq sent in his card, which the earl threw into the fire, with some such observation as—“What does the old fellow come pestering me for!” which was communi-
cated to Fresseliq by an acquaintance who was frequently with the earl, and happened to be present when the card was received. Fresseliq, on hearing this, determined to adopt some means of informing the earl that the ordeal to which the devoted card had been submitted was not unknown to its master. To effect this purpose, he went into a hatter’s shop, and asked them if they would give him the bottom of an old hat-box, requesting that it might be the largest that they could find. The people stared, but complied with his demand, he writing his name in full upon it: he then went and left it at the Earl St. Vincent’s. The footman, unaccustomed to receive cards of such an extraordinary size, took it in with both hands, and, as ordered, presented it forthwith to his master, who, on reading the name of the “Rev. John Fresseliq,” naturally exclaimed, “What can that bothering old man mean by sending me such a card as that?” The explanation soon followed, in the form of a note, couched in the following manner:—“The Rev. John Fresseliq presents respectful compliments to the Earl St. Vincent, and understanding that he was so much distressed for fuel as to be under the necessity of burning the Rev. John Fresseliq’s card, he now sends him one of considerably more extensive di-
ensions, flattering himself that it may prove proportionally serviceable.” This was one of the many instances of the extraordinary methods which Fresseliq would adopt for the expression of his resentment, when circumstances did not admit of his having recourse to severer measures, intended for future detail.

IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.—SONNET.

The snow-drop peeping from her icy bed,
Arrests our notice, while she droops her head;
Yet could the summer all her sweets disclose,
They’d lie unheeded by the glowing rose.

Thus in the shades of night how bright appear,
The twinkling stars, in their revolving sphere;
But when oppos’d to the bright orb of day,
Their lustre’s conquer’d, by the brilliant ray.

C. F. B.
TO ELLEN.

In the manner of Shelley.

BY JOHN JORDISON.

Is there a voice on earth whose gentle tone
Can stir the deep chords of this ill-tun'd heart?
As the soft night-winds wake
The music of the lyre.

Is there an eye whose brightly-beaming glance
Can chase from this dull brow the clouds of care?
As the sun's rays dispel
The gloomy mists of morn.

Is there a charm can win me from the world,
Its noise and bustle, back to rural life,
And rouse within my breast
The feelings of my youth?

That charm is thine, to bid the warm tears flow
From the mysterious fountains of the heart;
Thine is that gentle voice,
And thine that beaming eye.

REMEMBER ME!

When by the lake thou chanc'st to roam,
Or watch the torrent's dashing foam,
Or by thy cheerful hearth at home;
Dost thou remember me?

When courted by the flattering throng,
When listening to the maiden's song,
Or in the dance impell'd along,
Dost thou e'er think of me?

When spring unfolds her many charms,
And Zephyr's breath, creation warms:
'Twas then that folding in thy arms,
Thou said'st, "remember me!"

Should time and distance from thy thought,
Erase the love so dearly bought,
And which by thee alone was sought;
That I, might think of thee!

If thy fond vows, thou e'er should'st break,
Then from my heart thy image take,
For in my grave, my rest I'll make;
And dying, breathe "remember me!"

C. F. B.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

(Concluded from Page 77. Jan. 1.)

For several days we went on precisely in the same way, notwithstanding the dreadful accounts with which the newspapers teemed, of broad-wheeled wagons stuck in the snow, mail coaches precipitated into bottomless pits, family coaches, over-laden within and without, dug out of drifted mounds ten feet deep; apothecaries and watchmen frozen to death and no more heard of, flocks starved, and, in short, all the innumerable horrors and calamities incidental to an inclement winter. We ate, drank, danced, played at cards, squabbled, yawned, slept, kept up large fires; and, finding ourselves in comfortable quarters, each day performed the same evolutions with the utmost precision and renewed vigour.

The frost and snow continued unabated, as also the alarming accounts in the public prints, when, to my dismay, I observed that the fires diminished very sensibly; for the last two days mine had entirely ceased, and, on comparing notes with the other men, I found that they were all under the same discipline. We endeavoured in vain to discover the cause; a profound silence was observed on the subject, and in peering about the premises I found that the coal-yard was carefully padlocked! We all resolved to discover the cause of this privation; some thought that Mr. Smith was tired of our company, and wished to freeze us out; but how we were to ascertain this we knew not, as Mrs. Smith seemed very anxious to detain the Danvers party and Sir William Temple at the Wold, and daily suggested some new mode of passing the time.

The early amusements, now wholly confined to the house, became more and more monotonous, and the morning slumbers of the company were gradually protracted, until at last they rarely made their appearance before luncheon-time. But even this re-union lacked its wonted sociableness, every interesting subject for chit-chat being fairly exhausted. The demon ennui seemed darkening down, chill and foggy, upon the spirits of all, and good-humour speedily about to take his departure, when, just as matters wore their worst aspect, a letter arrived for Mr. Dan-
Pourian Italian Opera House (Salle Favart) sharing a similar fate; and that the curtain, too, of the Odéon Theatre was consumed on the same night——" "Psha!" peevishly ejaculated Sir William Temple, "you are acting a farce, or your worthy correspondent, before extinguishing his candle, must have singed the tassel of his nightcap, dozed off half-stiffled with its smoke, and dreamed of fire all night." "Stop an instant, and we will see," said Mr. Heaviside, slipping off the envelope of a weekly newspaper, which the servant had just presented to him, on a highly-polished salver, and running his eye over the closely-filled columns—"Sure enough, here it is all confirmed, and more confabulations to boot tacked to the list. Drury Lane Theatre appears to have had a narrow escape on Thursday, the 18th inst.; and from theatres the next paragraph takes us off to the Grand Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, if there be any truth in the accounts "Vidri Trieste." The Paris Quotidienne, I observe, aptly remarks, touching the chief of these fires—that in three European capitals buildings were burnt which were the type of each—that of the Palace of the Emperor of Russia at St. Petersburg being emblematical of the absolutism of the despots; of London, the thirst for gain, Commerce and Capital; and Paris, the Comédie, or theatrical bent of the nation; and were it not that the statement relative to the Mosque at Constantinople requires confirmation, might we not add one point further to those of the Carlist journal—the tabernacle of religious fanaticism, which has so long, and so anomalously, reared its lofty domes and graceful minarets in the ancient city founded by the first Christian emperor, whose name it bears." "Well, this is famous matter for the hieroglyphic-monsters in the prophetic almanacs," remarked Mr. Smith; "and Braidwood and his engines for the last fortnight past must have had no idle time of it, having been summoned, I perceive, to extinguish no ever than twenty-five fires in the metropolis. What a terrific destruction of property in the course of two short weeks: I should think that, warned by these startling calamities, fire-proof rooms would be in future resorted to in all large edifices, for the security of valuable documents and works of art. The catastrophe at the Salle Favart presents the worst feature of the whole—the poor manager, Severini, lost his life, Rossini his musical library, and Lablache (unfortunate Gros de Naples!) the bonds and securities which constituted the greater part of his fortune. As for Rossini's loss, it may eventually prove a gain, to speak somewhat paradoxically; for, as he has hitherto been a great plagiarist from himself, now all his old opera scores are consumed, we may reasonably look for something entirely new. This may rouse him from his fit of laziness, and effectually warm him into new activity. Nous verrons.

"Well, so much for the fire-king's doings!" exclaimed all, "Now what think you of those of his elementary brother-potentate, the ice-king, listen!" "During every day of the past week, the parks with their frozen lakes have presented scenes of much gaiety, interrupted, however, I am sorry to add, on Sunday last, by a very distressing accident, at the Serpentine, Hyde Park. Up to four o'clock all had gone well, and the persons on the ice seemed lulled into perfect security. About that time, when there could scarcely have been less than from eleven to twelve thousand persons on the ice and thanks to a sudden crash of the ice, succeeded by heart-rending shrieks, and cries of 'boat boat!' announced that an accident had occurred. The excitement was dreadful. The result was that three or four persons lost their lives. Two bodies were found dead, and others are supposed to be missing. Notwithstanding this, on the following day, the same ice was again much crowded, there being, at times, it is estimated, not less than six thousand persons upon it. Among the company were several experienced skaters, including Captain Greenwood, of the Ist regiment of Life Guards, who shone most conspicuously. There was also a good sprinkling of fashionables (among whom was the Earl of Winchelsea), by whom several sets of quadrilles were executed in a most scientific manner. In St. James's Park, the skaters have been extremely numerous, among whom were two ladies named Grant, whose graceful skating attracted much notice. Several fair performers likewise made their début on the Regent's Park lake, some, I am told, attired à la Russe. The Skating Club pitched its tent there, and had a
numerous muster of members daily, including Sir W. Newton, Hon. — Bligh, Captain Trotter of the Life Guards. Messrs. Byng, Chilton, Cheltenham, &c. All manner of accidents short of death have occurred, but not enough to damp the energy of the skaters. The appearance of the Thames, I may add, is now very remarkable. Immense icebergs float about in it, and give effectual interruption to the navigation; and in parts it has been frozen to such a degree that a man, the other day, without the incitement of a wager, or any other hope of gain, crossed on foot (not without great risk of his life) from shore to shore. Water has been plentifully retailed at so much per pail in the streets, which have been rendered in consequence almost impassable from sheets of ice."

"Considering all things, I think we have fared far better here, after all, than our London friends, with their want of water by day and superfluity of fire by night," chuckled Mr. Hills, whom our readers will remember had so narrow an escape from a watery grave. The conversation now again returned into its quiet current, and the party had time to consider how they were at present circumstances. It appeared to all the guests that the Smiths were taking the utmost precaution against catastrophes by fire and water. The supply of each had long been scanty, and although there were reports of persons having been frozen to death, and that the thermometer had stood at four degrees only above zero, the coals were doled out in measures of pitiful capacity.

On Sir William Temple and myself devolved especially the task of keeping up the spirits of the young ladies, and as we were discovered to be possessed of poetic fire, we were compelled to rack our brains in filling albums for the individual amusement of the fair owners. No contribution was, however, in my eyes equal to that which Sir William Temple inscribed on the pages of the fair Mary Maitland's album; and, as such, I begged her to transcribe a copy for me, which she obligingly did: it ran as follows:

TO A ROSE.

While soft her dews the misty dawn distils,
And amorous Zephyr fans thy drooping form,
His balmy breath thy blushing colour fills;
But when the coming, rude, un pitying storm
Thy fragile head with fury shall assail,
This careful hand will snatch thee from thy fate,
And place thee where no danger can prevail.
Despoil'd of all the thorns that round thee grow,
Thy nobler part alone shall be preserv'd,
And thus, in freedom, thou shalt safely blow,
Thy foes, thus banish'd, all the sweets reserv'd;
Nor tempest, frost, nor winter's cutting blast,
Nor any ills that on perfection wait,
O'ercome the guard that round thy form I'll cast,
Thus plac'd beneath the care of watchful love,
In tranquil peace thou haply may unite
Beauty and sweetness, which shall lasting prove,
Fragrance enhancing form and hue so bright.

As may be supposed these lines were instantly applied to his evident passion for the blushing girl, with no small share of envy.

Every fire in the house was retrenched, save in the parlour and kitchen, and we were in the act of reading a most heart-rending account of a stage-coach accident, by which seven or eight individuals had lost their lives in an avalanche of snow, when the fatal news was announced to us at breakfast by Mrs. Smith, that the coals were entirely out! Not one to be had at the wharf, and the canal completely frozen up. This disclosure fell like a thunder-bolt upon our heads, and caused the first sensation of warmth that we had felt for several days; for after receding
on the first intelligence of our calamity, the blood rushed back with violence to our faces.

I instantly pictured to myself Parry, Ross, the crews of their respective ships, the Arctic Pole, the Esquimaux, white bears, twilights, and every horror of the northern region; I saw it all before me, began to feel its effects, and was not at all astonished to behold the consternation of the whole party, which was quite in unison with my own. With one impulse each guest instantly began to inform Mr. and Mrs. Smith that they had received letters requiring their presence at home, on various matters of pressing business, and commenced the dispatch of notes to the coach offices at North Wold, bespeaking all the places in the different London coaches. Sir William Temple’s house was only four miles distant, consequently he could at any time make his escape; but as the internal warmth which filled his breast made him proof against all external sensations of cold, he declared his determination not to leave the Smiths alone in this dilemma; and I afterwards had the satisfaction of hearing that he had made his suit acceptable to the charming Mary Hartland. This most unexpected union was the only one which took place; all the others, so well planned and assisted, having entirely failed.

On the 26th of January I resumed my seat in the “Celerity Light Coach,” equipped as before. I took a kind leave of my friends, and on their pressing me to renew my visit to the Wold, I promised —with the proviso, that it should be in the summer, being fully determined never again to attempt passing “a Merry Christmas in the Country.”

C. F. B.

---

FRIENDSHIP.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD.

Friendship, the greatest gift of noble minds,
Friendship, that one heart to another binds;
This hidden sympathy of soul and sense,
Whose acts are honor, words are innocence.—
Who that has known thy sweetness, can forswear,
This dearest consolation in each care;
This pure inspir’d religion of the soul,
Which holds man’s worldly ills in its control?
To bless the present —and to purify
The past and future for eternity:—
This is the true philosophy of life,
The love which knows nor lover’s change nor strife,—
For friendship is true love reflect from Heav’n,
Where all is kind and nought to be forgiv’n.

In early youth, my spirits knew full well,
All the bright spirits that in nature dwell;
Honor, and Love, and Truth—sons of the skies,
And Charity, simple as he was wise:
Honor, with pointed spear and plumed crest,
And manly Love, by manly deeds confess—
And honest Truth, who knew not how to feign,
And Charity, too gen’rous to give pain.—
Sincerity, whose words were understood,
Humanity, intent on doing good;
These were my dear companions,—in those fields,
Where young Hope grasps all that the season yields.
These were my friends! the destiny of years,
Is lost in darkness and dissolv’d in tears.
But there was one,—who in my sorrow came,
Call him not lover, but dear friend his name!
One, who was neither Honor, Love, nor Truth,
But took their perfect likeness from his youth;
Knitted them in his manhood into one,
And every living virtue made his own.
He came:—who would not smile and joy to see
The Prince of Friendship—and to feel 'twas he!
One, who from human ill can e'en extort
Some human good and make it dear to thought;—
One, who in ev'ry kindness ne'er remiss,
Can change e'en sorrow into seeming bliss;
In bounty, like the bright unshadow'd sun,
Which cherishes all things it looks upon.
Where e'er he be,—the seasons in their round,
Bless him, with fruits and flowers ever crown'd—
Bless him with ev'ry precious gift of life,
With happy thoughts and sweet contentment ripe,
With secret consciousness of his own good,
Which fills his fellow men with gratitude,—
With gentle meditations won from pray'r,
The deity presiding over care!
This is my hope, if one hope may belong
To a lone minstrel and a child of song.

But oh! if there be one—why my soul tremble?
One who in kindness only can disseem;
Feign all the feelings that he does not feel,
To cut the heart across with blunted steel—
One, who on all the laws of truth can call,
And true to falsehood, can be false in all:—
Be harsh as Hate, e'en Hatred's pow'r misuse,
And feign his friendship still his fond excuse;
One, who can to the home of sorrow come,
And make it weary of its native home;
Out of a grief—a second grief create,—
Give unto froward fate, a second fate:—
If there be such a man,—if see? he stands
Like some sad exile in deserted lands,
Chains are about him—though they be of gold,
His many chains of bondage are untold:
He is that slave—whom slavery would spurn,
Whose heart is seen, like ashes in an urn,
Sunk into dust:—but no, who would not sigh
With downcast eyes; regretful pass him by;
Who would not weep never more to defend,
One who once took the sacred name of friend,
To leave him—where e'en mem'ry dare not go,
To haunt the streams of Lethe, as they flow;
To leave him too, on that oblivious shore,
Where friends who once have parted—meet no more!

Alas, farewell!—no more this feeling's strife,
 Enough for life, the lesson of a life;
If one true friend may shew the law of heav'n,
One false one may hope there to be forgiv'n.
Clouds that pursue the golden track of day,—
Shadows of night, melt of themselves away;
But as you godlike light, which treads the sky,
True Friendship—perfect Truth can never die.
THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—The Italian Opera season will, it is stated, commence about the middle of the present month. It is also rumoured that Tachinardi Persiani, who has created a great sensation at Paris, in the character of the heroine of the new opera of “Lucia di Lammermoor,” is to be the prima donna. On dit, that Duprey is engaged, and also a new basso.

DRURY LANE.—The leading topic of conversation among theatrical and literary people, is the reappearance of Mr. Charles Kean on the London boards, after a judicious five years’ training at the different provincial theatres, where we believe his talents as an actor have gained him the approbation of all who have witnessed his performances, and his private virtues the esteem of a large circle of friends.

Mr. Kean comes forward under the greatest advantages, and at a time when the metropolis is nearly destitute of tragic talent. It is now five years since we witnessed his performance of Leonardo Gonzago, in Sheridan Knowles’s play of the “Wife.” We then saw little to admire in him as an actor, and no traces of the genius of his father. The attempts he then made were those of a boy, struggling against prejudice and misfortune: he appears now as a man, claiming the impartial and just reward of years of toil,—as a man who must either stand or fall by his own intrinsic merit. Such being the case we dare not give a decided opinion—we should be unjust if we did, for he has, as yet, only appeared in the character of Hamlet (in which he made his début on the 8th ult.). Now Hamlet is a character requiring less of physical strength, less of the vividness of genius, than that of Macbeth, Richard, Othello, or even Lear. We therefore think ourselves incompetent to judge of Mr. Kean’s general merits by his delineation of this one character. Of all Shakspeare’s plays Hamlet has ever interested us the most—there is something so beautiful and yet so melancholy about it that it imperceptibly lays hold of the heart; and Mr. Kean’s genius is certainly fitted for the piece. His study of the character has been good; the sombre temperament of the scene is every now and then broken in upon by flashes of mouldering passion, which memory rekindles into life. His scene with Ophelia and rencontre with his father’s ghost were finely acted. We must mention also with approbation the closet scene with his mother, and when having slain Polonius he rushes, his exclamation “Is it the King?” told with striking effect. The concluding scene was also very good; and altogether we were very much delighted with Mr. Kean’s performance, and sincerely hope he will succeed equally well in all the characters he undertakes. We understand that of Lear is to be the next. We do not think this has been well selected, as it never was a very popular tragedy. Others state that “Richard” is to come next, and we hope this will be the case. Miss Romer took the part of Ophelia, and completely murdered the poor unhappy maiden’s plaintive ditties, by the bravura style in which she executed them. We ought not to omit mentioning that the tragedy has been very well got up as regards scenery, decorations, &c., much more having been laid out on it than is usual on such occasions.

The only other movement worthy of notice at this theatre, is the appearance of Mr. Buckstone, in a new farce of his own writing, called, “Our Mary Anne.” The plot turns on the amorous imprudence of Jonathan Trunks (Buckstone), a steward who falls in love with and marries Mary Anne (Miss Poole), a young damsel betrothed in her childhood to Jonathan’s master, Colonel Albert (Cooper). Jonathan, to gain the hand of his mistress, has kept from her the secret of her betrothment, and is very uneasy at the thought of the Colonel’s return, who has been absent many years. Presently a widow lady, Ernestine (Mrs. Ternan), arrives, whose hand the Colonel has, unseen, refused some time before. She resolves to await his return, and, in order to gain an interview, disguises herself as a peasant girl. The Colonel does return, and takes Ernestine for “Our Mary Anne,” grown up into womanhood, and falls desperately in love with her, but is
horror when the conscience-stricken Jonathan informs him that he has married Mary Anne already. At last his better feelings prevail, and he astonishes both Ernestine and sober Jonathan, by joining their hands. Their mutual surprise explains the mistake; Jonathan is forgiven and allowed to retain "Our Mary Anne," and the Colonel is united to Ernestine. The farce, owing to the peculiar drollery of Buckstone, was eminently successful; but at this house it is almost lost; at the Adelphi or Olympic it would have a long laughter-making run—slide we should have said during the late weather.

"Joan of Arc" has, as we predicted in our last, been almost entirely withdrawn; so that Kean and the "Pantomime," the "Daughter of the Danube," "Our Mary Anne," and "the Pantomime," have formed the nightly farces during the month. The "Pantomime" is very good.

Covent-Garden.—This theatre has not produced any novelty during the month. Macready performs Macbeth every Monday evening; and "Amelie, or the Love Test," has become a decided favourite. Of the spectacle, "Joan of Arc," the less we say the better. The pantomime, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," has met with complete success, Stanfield's diorama being one of the most beautiful things of the kind we ever saw. It is said Macready sent him 300l. for it, but that he would only accept half that amount; acts equally creditable to each. Macready, therefore, being fully aware that the diorama had done the treasury much good service, begged Stanfield's acceptance of the 150l., and a magnificent salver, the cost of which is said to make up the other 150l.

Macready will shortly appear in the character of King Lear. There are also a five-act drama in great forwardness and a version of Auber's opera of "The Black Domino." Lord Byron's "Foscari" is postponed for a short time.

Opera Buffa, Lyceum.—The favourite opera of last season, "Scaramuccia," has been brought forward with success. Signor F. Lablache's is a capital piece of acting; his leading the orchestra with an immense white stick was exceedingly laughable. Miss Fanny Woodham is heard to great advantage in this pretty little theatre.

"II Nuovo Figaro" has been compressed into one act.

A piece entitled "Betty," by Donizetti, has been produced. Betty (Mlle. Scheroni), a Swiss girl, treats her devoted lover, Daniel (Catone), with indifference. Max (Lablache), her brother, a sergeant in the army, whom she has not seen since childhood, hears of her perfidy, and determines to assist Daniel. He pretends to be a lover of Betty, challenges Daniel, and then declares if Daniel were a married man he would absolve him from the necessity of a hostile encounter. Betty, anxious to save Daniel's life, protests that she is his wife; and to further the deception, signs a marriage contract, upon which Max declares that he is her brother, and that he has merely pursued this line of conduct to make her marry Daniel. The piece is good enough in itself, but not likely to induce the aristocracy to patronise the establishment; and it is to that class alone to which the Opera Buffa must appeal.

St. James's.—Here we had a new farce from the pen, we believe, of T. H. Bayly, or else translated by that gentleman from the French. It appeared as a tale a few numbers back in Bentley's Miscellany, called "The Culprit." The great sin in which the hero, Captain Hussey (Harley), indulges is that of smoking, which was forbidden in a clause of his marriage contract. To enjoy his favourite habit he daily absents himself from his lovely wife (Mrs. Sterling), and smokes in secrecy and silence. Mrs. Hussey becomes jealous, and fancies he is paying his devoirs in another quarter. Accordingly she follows him to his favourite resort, a garret which he has hired for a smoking-room, where she discovers that the object of the captain's affections is—a pipe!

"The Musician of Venice" is the only other novelty. The music is by Pilati, and deserves commendation; it is supported by Brahama, A. Guibilei, and Miss Rainforth.

Mr. Otway is engaged for a limited number of nights.

Pilati is also to give a series of concerts at this theatre.

Haymarket.—The only novelty of the past month at this theatre was a farce, entitled "Confounded Foreigners," from the pen of Mr. J. H. Reynolds. The plot
turns on the embarrassments of a Frenchman and an Irishman, both of whom are enamoured of a young lady, whose father has a predilection for the lads of the Emerald Isle, while her aunt is equally prepossessed in favour of the elegant habits of La belle France. The Paddy assumes the character of a Frenchman, to deceive the aunt; and the Frenchman that of an Irishman, to deceive the father. Hence the strange effect of two persons, with marked peculiarity of accent, endeavouring to adopt that of the other. Mr. Reynolds is a young gentleman, and we believe this farce to be his first attempt; but, whether it be or no, it certainly is deserving of much praise. Power took the character of the Irishman, and Ranger that of the Frenchman;—both were master-pieces. On Monday, the 15th, Mr. Webster, the lessee, took his benefit, and the theatre closed for the season. The performance of "The Love Chase" was repeated for the eighty-fourth time!—a comedy which, perhaps, has not been equalled in scenic effect, laughter-making, and poetic beauty, since the days of Elizabeth. Mr. Webster delivered an appropriate address of thanks for the liberal support he so deservedly met with. It is said 5,000l. has been cleared this season. At any rate, the Haymarket must have succeeded better than any other house, and the reason is evident—it has introduced sterling British talent, instead of foreign gowgaws.

Olympic.—We last month drew attention to four new pieces of considerable merit, but the fair widow is not contented unless she is constantly adding to her stock. We have now to mention a burletta, entitled "Shocking Events;" the main plot of which (of course interwoven with an amour) rests upon the shoulders of Farren and Keeley; the former of whom, Griffinhoof, has a great notion of making the dumb speak by startling surprises; and Puggs, the latter, is the unfortunate victim of his experiments, who, although he is in full use of his organs of speech, is placed in a situation in which it is better for him to feign dumbness, and patiently submit to all Griffinhoof's attacks, than the alternative. It is useless making one's mind up not to laugh at Keeley's contortions, for when at last, Griffinhoof gives him rather, too hard a thump, the dumb man halloes out "Old fool" much to the delight of the successful experimentalist, the effect is irresistible.

The other novelty is an adaptation of "Le Domino Noir," under the literal title of "The Black Domino," but in the shape of a petite comedie, set off by many of the airs of the original opera by Auber. The plot is extremely good, and somewhat original. Julio de Calatrava (C. Mathews), a young Spaniard, has refused the hand of a rich heiress, whom he has never seen, in consequence of a passion he has imbibed for an Incognita (Madame Vestris), whom he has met in a black domino. The piece opens with a masked ball, at which the mysterious stranger appears; Julio can learn nothing from her, save that her name is Camilla, and that she must quit the ball at twelve o'clock, when she must bid him adieu for ever. To detain her he puts the clock back, and manages to make her attendant depart. She stops a few minutes after the time, but hearing distant clocks strike rushes from the room in great terror. Uneasy at being alone so late in the streets of Madrid, she enters a house, the door of which is open. There she finds Dorothea (Mrs. Macnara), an old housekeeper, who is waiting the return of her master, as also the arrival of Gregorio (Wyman), a convent porter, to whom she is secretly married. Being bribed by the gift of a diamond ring, the old lady consents to shelter her young guest, and invests her with a servant's dress, intending to pass her off as her own niece. Presently the master, Fernando Gomez (Selby), a dashing officer, returns, bringing with him a party of friends, amongst whom is Julio. He is astonished at discovering his Incognita filling the office of servant. She conceals herself in Dorothea's apartment. Gregorio enters drunk, and as he draws near his wife's chamber door the Incognita, arrayed in a black domino, rushes out. He takes her for the devil, and at her request gives up the convent keys. On the following day Julio calls at the convent, where the lady he has rejected is about to take the veil; he begins to explain his un gallant conduct, but is thunderstruck when the novice, throwing the veil aside, discovers the features of the Incognita. The lady, as may be supposed, does not take any vows but those, that she will love, honour, and
obey, &c.; and Julio is made happy with a pretty wife and a large fortune.

The music is light and elegant, particularly a song sung by Madame, which was encored, commencing, "I rove at will."
The scenery is by a Mr. Tolbin, who painted the scenery of "Puss in Boots," and it is exceedingly good. Vestris and Mathews exerted themselves to good purpose; and although the piece differs from the usual standard of the Olympic games, we think it likely to have a successful run.

ADELPHI.—The Adelphi has three new pieces. A domestic burletta, entitled "St. Mary’s Eve; or, a Story of the Solway," in which Celeste made her first bow in a speaking character. The scene is laid in the reign of George the First, immediately after the rebellion, and the retirement of the Pretender to Versailles. Next in the list is a one-act farce, entitled "The Dancing Barber," in which Mr. Harry Beverley—who has taken poor John Reeve’s berth at this house—kept the audience in a roar of laughter. And last, not least, we mention an operatic burletta, by Mr. Coyne, the music by Pilati, called "All for Love; or, the Lost Pleiad," which introduced the charming Mrs. Nisbett to these boards. It is, of course, a mythological representation—one of those pieces which Yates knows how to hit off to a nicety. Asteria (Mrs. Nisbett), one of the Pleiads, descends from the skies, in search of a more corporeal helpmate than the inhabitants of the upper regions; she soon finds one, Roland (Mr. Lyon), who is the lover of Luccetta (Miss Shaw), who regards a goddess as better than a mortal. Flutter (Mr. Yates) and Boreas (Mr. H. Beverley) throw every obstacle in the way of the marriage, but without success. Boreas retires to his cottage among the ice; and Flutter, being rather of a warmer temperament, becomes the favoured suitor of Luccetta; and all the company, including the audience, are reconciled.

NORTON-FOLGATE.—Mrs. Honey’s novelty is a burletta, entitled "Dandolo; or, the Last of the Doges." It is by Mr. Sterling, the stage-manager, and founded on adventures of that oyster-eater, Dando, of ancient memory. It is evidently taken from a tale called "The Professor," which appeared lately in "Bentley’s Miscellany."

"The Spirit of the Rhine," in which Mrs. Honey was so attractive to the Adelphi, has been revived. It is too good for the knaves of Norton-Folgate.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A MAGNIFICENT PIANO-FORTE has lately been constructed—or rather, converted—by Messrs. Zeitler and Co., from an old harpsichord, beautifully painted, which formerly belonged to the Royal Family of France; and, associated as it is with the interesting personages of that period, renders it an object of historic value, as well as a rare and beautiful work of art. The name of the maker is still preserved in the interior of the new instrument, and it appears to have been constructed in the year 1641, in Paris, for some member of the Royal Family of France.

The first instruments of this kind were made in England in or about the year 1560, and were, in compliment to our Queen Elizabeth, called "virginals."—About the year 1630, this character of instrument was improved, and was called, in France, “spinette”—in Germany, "cääbel." These continued till about the year 1750, when another improvement was made, and they were then called "clavecin," or "harpsichord." The piano-forte was the last improvement that was made, and was invented by Bartolommeo Cristofalo, a native of Padua, who lived at Florence, and worked for the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and hence the piano-forte of modern days. An improvement worthy of much attention has been made by Messrs. Zeitlers’ "patent sounding-board," which gives to this instrument a volume of tone hitherto unequalled, and by which they partake of the principle of a fine cremona violin; and, as they become older, they greatly improve. This last and most important invention promises to secure to Messrs. Zeitlers (as they deserve, for their ingenuity) the greatest patronage that has hitherto been bestowed on instruments of this class. Indeed, the brilliancy of tone need only be heard, to gain an acknowledgment of their superiority, and secure theirs a preference over every other piano-forte.

This original instrument has been
traced to the possession of Marie Lizevenski, a Polish princess, the daughter of Stanislaus II., who became the queen of Louis XV., whose musical instructor was the celebrated "Rameau," about the year 1725. The outside case is beautifully painted in various subjects—Apollo and the Muses, Tritons, Venuses, sea nymphs, &c. &c., by Boucher, in his best and most elaborate manner, are still in a fine state of preservation. The inside of the top was, at a later period (as will be hereafter shown) painted by Le Prince, a pupil of Boucher, representing the performance of an opera ballet, "The Chef d'oeuvre of Rameau," in which, according to the custom of the time, the portraits of Louis the Fifteenth, the queen, and others of the then living royal family are introduced in the principal characters. ("Les Personnes les plus illustres, Hommes et Femmes, se livrent au Jeux de la scene. Le Roi meme quelque fois remplit un Role,") besides the being other portraits of celebrated departed persons in the background, viz., Dante, Sully, &c. &c. At one end of the picture is the portrait of Rameau, decorated with the order of St. Michael, being crowned by Fame, while witnessing the representation of his Chef d'oeuvre, in the gardens of the Palace of Choisi. This picture is an exquisite performance, of the highest tone and touch, in the manner of Watteau, but of a higher character and quality.

At the death of the queen this instrument was placed in the Garde Meuble at Paris, where it remained until the effects were ordered by the Directory to be sold, and it was then purchased (by assignats) by Mons. Balbastu, organist at Notre Dame and St. Eustache. He kept it till his death, although he had repeated offers for it, nor could his wife be prevailed upon to part with it; but at her death it came into the possession of a gentleman who was afterwards attached to the court of Charles the Tenth, who accompanied that monarch to Holyrood. Previously, however, to his leaving France, he sold it to a M. Le Grand Marchand de Curiosites, at Paris; hence its present destination. It appears to have become the property of Mons. Balbastu about the year 1762, when it was converted from a spinet into a clavescin, or harpsichord. The old sounding-board gives evidence of this, from its having been enlarged with a different kind of wood, as well as by different workmanship.

About this time M. Balbastu composed a Pastorale, and placed it on the front of the instrument, with his name and date, August 6th, 1767; the name of the instrument maker, who converted it, also appears on the front board, Joannes Ruckers, Antwerpiae.

The outside case appears to have been painted by Boucher, at the time the instrument was a spinette, in the possession of the queen; but when it came to the possession of Balbastu, who was a pupil of Rameau, he had it altered, as before stated, to a clavescin, or harpsichord; and had, in compliment to his instructor, the picture on the inside, painted by Le Prince, representing the performance of his instructor's (Rameau) Chef D'oeuvre, with his portrait.

It is now a beautiful piano-forte, retaining all its original character in outward appearance, and is in the possession of a lady, to whose taste much credit is due for having been so careful to preserve and to perpetuate such a fine work of art; as well as to Messrs. Zeitter for the pains they have taken, and the ingenuity they have evinced, to continue in its original character such a fine specimen of its date; and, at the same time, to communicate to it all the advantages of a modern musical instrument, which may be said to be the "Ne plus ultra" of perfection.

The Duchess of Sutherland last year ordered two pianos from Messrs. Zeitter, and we understand that their superiority becoming thus known, her Majesty has also commanded one of the "patent" instruments for her own use.

Her Majesty's New Order of Knighthood will replace the Hanoverian order, no longer in the gift of the British crown. This order is to be entitled "The Knighthood of merit," and is to consist of two classes of equal rank, the civil knights and the military knights. Sir William Woods has provided several patterns of the decorations, which have been sent to the Duke of Sussex for approval. That most likely to be selected consists of an enamelled cross of eight points, having in the circle on one side the word "Merit," and on the other "V. R.," the whole surmounted by the imperial crown; the distinction for the military badge being two swords in saltier, with the blades and hilts between the cross.
MONTHLY CRITIC.


We are entirely disposed to consider this sixth volume of the "Life of Sir Walter Scott" not only as the most precious of those already published, but as one of the most important works with which Sir Walter has benefited and enriched the public. The greater part of this sixth volume was written by his own hand during the latter part of his life, and unlocks the secret feelings of his noble mind when it was sorely tried by the loss of his well-earned fortune, as well as of his beloved partner. If our love and veneration for this great man could be increased, the perusal of this journal would have that effect. We see in it a just man struggling with the storms of fate, and bearing up with strength of mind and gallant exertion against cruel blows, yet preserving a cheerfulness of temper and simplicity of heart which makes his reader occasionally smile through tears that have, unbidden, gathered. This journal is a beautiful and instructive lesson to the many in this world who have to bear the sudden reverses of fortune which the caprices of our finance regulators so often occasion. In the course of this journal the reader must admire the manly manner in which Sir Walter rouses himself from the pressure of his own misfortunes, to ward off from his beloved country that destruction which had overtaken his own property. His letters of Malachi Malagrowther performed a far greater benefit for Scotland, by preventing the ministry from tampering with the arrangements of the Scotch share banks, than Swift did to Ireland by his celebrated Drapier epistles. And mark the moral difference of the two characters! Swift used the powerful engine of the Irish currency grievance as an envenomed weapon against a ministry and government whom he personally detested, while Scott had the more difficult task of standing in the gap to defend his country's welfare against the mistaken measures of men whom he valued as friends and a sovereign personally attached to him. The convulsions which English capital and commerce have suffered since, and are still suffering, ought to render Scotland ever grateful to her true-hearted defender. The intrinsic value of this great man can never have been generally known till the publication of this sixth volume of his life.

Throughout the whole course of this important biography, wherever it was possible, Lockhart has made Sir Walter his own historian by means of his correspondence; but, in the present volume, Sir Walter takes his own life into his own hands. While reading in his journal the painful circumstances which finally abridged his valuable existence, we note with painful interest such passages as the following:

"December 18, 1825.—What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pierced again; but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my
fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry had hung up his scutecheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—‘nobody’s enemy but his own’—'thought his parts would never wear out'—‘family poorly left—pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw—poor Tom Purdie—such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him, indeed, and now all, all is in the balance. He will have the Journal still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better editor. They—alas! who will they be—the unbekannten obern* who may have to dispose of my all as they will? Some hard-eyed banker—some of these men of millions whom I described.

"I have endeavoured to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful by writing these notes—partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with the history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure. I wonder how Anne will bear such an affliction. She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why? I cannot tell—but I am pleased to be left to my own regrets, without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind."

Nothing can be more painful in this world than to see honest men with poetical organization combating in this country with the professors of acquisitiveness. Ideality and mammon sustain but a sorry battle when the point of contest is this world’s goods. How can the author cope with the crafty and ambiguous money-maker, who, worshipping but one God, grasps him closely, and sacrifices every courtesy and benevolence of life to his demon? And when we see this mighty heart succumb at last, after such a manifold struggle, succumb, not mentally, but physically, to the vultures of care which pounced on him from the ledgers and day-books of the speculators with whom he got entangled, what other poet, think we, could stand the contest?

Goethe was the only poet who truly comprehended his position in human life; he has written two short poems which ought to be committed to memory by every author before he writes a line; one is the dialogue between the Creator and the poet, and the other his beautiful and dignified address of thanks to his heroic patron, Karl-Auguste, Duke of Saxe Weimar, showing all that that prince had done for him—"When," says he, "I, as a poet, little understood the arts of gain."

And so will it ever be, and what ought to be a startling warning to the crowds of incompetent idealists who are at present making a rush into the literary arena; it is not only those who can com-
mand success in authorship, like Sir Walter and Goethe, that are incapable of success in business, but with every one who has cultivated ideality, so as to overbalance the regulating faculties; and it is hard to wear the poet’s wreath of thorns without the glorious halo with which success invests them. In this respect, however, our virtuous Queen steps in with benevolent hand, purposing to raise a new order, The Order of Merit; so that not merely the sword-defenders of our possessions and our liberties, but the talented, the worthy, with spirits benevolent and active in good, may hereafter receive at a sovereign’s hand a civic token of merit, so long and so much wanted in this country, to upraise and sustain the best interests of England in the persons of those most active for good. There are few of the poetical aspirants, whose books monthly load our critical table (whom, par parenthèse, we deal right gently), who do not make the success of Sir Walter Scott in life the secret aim of their hopes: to these we say, read his journal, and remember that where one ungifted idealist manages his worldly affairs better than this great man, ten thousand do far worse.

The sixth volume of his biography commences with the marriage of the present Sir Walter Scott, in the year 1825: details the whole progress of the biography of Napoleon and the romance of Woodstock, the painful embarrassments with Ballantyne and Constable, and the death of Lady Scott; it comprises a French and Irish tour, and closes with the return of the great man to Abbotsford, in November, 1826. We may reasonably expect, and shall be glad to see two volumes more. Mr. Lockhart speaks of the seventh, and last, but we think he must make great sacrifices if he comprises the rest of Sir Walter’s career in another volume. Among this mass of deeply interesting matter, the reader will dwell on the journal, particularly where the death of Lady Scott minglest its sorrows with worldly trouble—who can read this passage without its awakening sympathy.

“May 16, 1826.”

“I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years’ companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.”

“May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes, as if dead. Clarkson, however, has no fear of these affections.”

“May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; where we cannot tell; how we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if any thing touches me, the choking sensation. I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere: all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she
raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said: when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

"They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!"

Whoever mistook Sir Walter Scott for a time-server will be able to be undeceived by the present volume; that is, if willing to yield to the testimony of facts: we refer to the offence given to Lord Melville, the letter to Mr. Croker, and, above all, the noble lecture he read to his titled guests when he assisted the hospitality of his roof in behalf of Mrs. Coutts, who distributed her great wealth with a discreet and bountiful hand; and with this extract we close our review.

"1825. — The author of Lalla Rookh's Kelso chaise was followed before many days by a more formidable equipage. The much-talked of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died Duchess of St. Albans, was then making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London during Mr. Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts, her future lord the Duke of St. Albans, one of his Grace's sisters—a dame de compagnie (vulgarily styled a toady)—a brace of physicians—for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous—and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person; she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts—and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw to nothing, of the ostentation almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying any thing that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of the evil eye, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blanchishment of obsequious flattery, in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely marchioness), into his armorial hall adjoining. "I said to her" (he told me), "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take any thing I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise..."
on her the delicate manoeuvre called tipping the cold shoulder. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest Mrs. Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful peeress answered, "I thank you, Sir Walter—you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little tête-à-tête with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, because he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts," Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's Laird of Cockpen. She stayed out her three days*—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests."


The best manner of commencing the peculiar interest of "The Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of Napoleon," is to open the book at once at page 208: we need not then desire the reader to proceed; the author takes good care of that matter, and the volume will be read breathlessly to the end. The sketch of the Bellerophon is not the best portion of the work; although, from the nature of the subject, forcibly commanding attention. It is, indeed, a most extraordinary volume, written by a person who possesses far more genius than talent,—who has marred a production, which would otherwise have procured him great sympathy and respect, by a most injurious mixture of coarseness.

Our author may probably say, "I did not mean to write a lady's book." We answer, "Then what was the use of writing at all?" We will tell our author, whether he be Hume or Home, chief or earl, and we care not, that a book which is calculated to give offence to a female, innocently cheerful, is not fit to be read by a man; and that a man whose conversation would disgust a sensible woman, is not a true gentleman in breeding; even if an aristocrat by birth. Our author, however, takes the name, and perhaps it is only a name; but he has learned to write during his progress through this work, and he will find, on examination, that his best passages are those which are unpolluted by the execrable sin of coarseness. Why should a writer, who can, if he pleases, bring tears into the eyes, or smiles to the lip, make his reader turn away occasionally with loathing? A wrong-headed, perverse set of mortals he makes out the Humes of the border; and, in good truth, those amiable qualities by no means seem to be worn out by long descent; for if true judgment and good taste had been shown in the management of the materials which have furnished this volume, it ought to have been taken as high a rank in literature as its author claims in the peerage. There are some persons who, after having surmounted every difficulty, and mastered every impediment to success, are surprised at finding that an unknown hand suddenly dashes the cup from their lips. Such persons are usually fatalists; they cry out on an evil destiny as pertaining to themselves or their race, and they cannot perceive that the injurious hand is generally their own. If our author does not meet the success in literature which
the genius shown in the latter part of his volume will lead him to think he deserves, he owes it to the disgusting passages in the commencement of his work, his fondness for oaths, and other vulgarities, which will justly banish him from the presence of women, the true dispensers of literary fame in all works of amusement.

The genius that drew the character of "the old blind commodore," had it been governed by true judgment and moral feeling, could far excel Mayrant in his own art; for there is an intensity and firmness belonging to the portraits from life in this work which Mayrant cannot effect. We are disposed to treat a great part of this volume as a real biography, and we think we could accurately distinguish to whom each portrait belongs, as well as every scene which really occurred from the wiredrawn buffoonery which blots the commencement of the volume. The woman whom the author pursues with true border vindictiveness, under the absurd name of "Nancy Skinner, Nipper," amply revenges herself for her friend's introduction, by the injury she does to the narrative every time she appears on the stage. A view of Napoleon furnishes us with a very good extract. To the gallant commanders, Captain Maitland and Sir Henry Hotham, true justice is done:—

"We were engaged during the forenoon of the 15th bringing on board the suite and luggage of the Emperor from La Epervier brig. About 10 o'clock Napoleon appeared on deck surrounded by his faithful few,—few now, indeed, to him that had been accustomed to be surrounded by half a million, ready to lay down their lives at his nod,—in the dress now known to all the world; but he had exchanged his long boots for silk stockings, shoes, and gold buckles, which displayed his model of a limb to great perfection. The sun shone as bright on the fallen Emperor as it did on the glorious morning of Austerlitz. The fine figure of Lady Bertrand, with her charming children, adorned our quarter-deck. A great many officers in rich uniforms came off with Napoleon, who did not eventually follow him to St. Helena. These were all grouped about this fine morning, making the deck of the old ship (which was scrubbed and washed to the bones) look as gay as a drawing-room on a levee-day. Maitland, quite in his element, kept jogging about with his slight stoop and Scotch bur, sometimes acting the gallant to Lady Bertrand, and then, all attention, listening to and answering the many questions put to him by the Emperor. He expressed a wish to go through the ship, the captain took the lead, the Emperor followed, and his little cortège of marshals in full uniform brought up the rear. Maitland spoke French tolerably well, which saved the trouble of an interpreter, and enabled him to carry on a conversation with Napoleon without stop or interruption. He made the round of both decks, complimented Maitland on the excellent order of the ship, which was no flattery, for she was in capital fighting condition: asked questions at any of the men who came in his way, and a young midshipman, who boy-like, had got before the Emperor, and was gazing up in his face, he honoured with a tap on the head, and a pinch by the ear, and, smiling, put him to a side, which the younger declared was the highest honour he had ever received in his life, viz. to have his ears pinched by the great Napoleon! Returning to the quarter-deck, he expressed a wish to speak to the boatswain, to put some questions to him relative to his duty, there being a considerable difference in the responsibility of that officer in the French service, I understand, from that on board our ships. The boatswain was sent for, and upon Maitland telling him the Emperor wished to speak with him, the boatswain shuffled up to Napoleon, and pulling off his narrow-brimmed glazed scraper, made a duck with his head, accompanied by a scrape of the right foot, "I hope," says he, "I see your honour well." Napoleon, who did not understand as much English, asked Captain Maitland what he said, which I have no doubt the captain translated faithfully, for he was blunt enough in his own way; the Emperor smiled, and proceeded to put his questions to the boatswain through the medium of the captain, and as Napoleon seemed quite well pleased when he dismissed him, I have no doubt the rough old fellow had answered much to the purpose, for although he did not understand court manners, he perfectly understood his duty.

"About 12 the Superb entered the roadstead, and the moment she came to an anchor, Admiral Hotham came on board, and was introduced to the Empe-
ror on the quarter-deck. Sir Henry immediately uncovered, and remained so while he was on board. This was the signal for that which I believe every one of us desired. The captain followed the example of the Admiral, and in future, every one uncovered while the Emperor was on deck, thus treating him with the respect due to a crowned head;—a crowned head did I say? although I have the highest respect for crowns, be they of gold or silver, there is many a crowned head, or head that has worn a crown, it’s all one, who deserves no such mark of respect, but when Admiral Howe and the officers of the Bellerophon uncovered in the presence of Napoleon, they treated him with the respect due to the man himself, to his innate greatness, which did not lie in the crown of France, or the Iron crown of Italy, but the actual superiority of the man to the rest of his species.

"I repeatedly observed Napoleon, with his keen, calm, meditative gray eye, watching every movement, auguring therefrom, I suppose, what might be his future fate. He was evidently pleased with the deportment of Howtham and Maitland; looked quite at ease, and as completely at home as if he had been going a pleasure trip on board of one of his own imperial yachts. More so, I suppose, for when he was in reality an emperor, and had yachts at his command, had he shown face outside one of his harbours, it was ten chances to one that one of our cruisers would have had him nipt up before he was an hour at sea. Ah, well, we got him at last, so it would have been much the same thing.

"The first day passed away most delightfully; the captain slung his cot in the wardroom, and relinquished his cabin to the Emperor, henceforth becoming only his guest. This was noble and generous; and nothing farther need be mentioned of Maitland, to show that he had an excellent heart.

"Sails of flags were erected on the quarter-deck, for the benefit of Ladies Bertrand and Montholon, and the ports nettinged, to prevent the children from falling overboard. The first lieutenant, with all but a man of the melting mood, seemed to breathe the air of a court, at least the air of the court of Napoleon, for his was a court of warriors, and nothing remained undone that could sooth the feelings of the illustrious fugitives. By illustrious, I do not mean their rank, I mean their great deeds, which alone render men illustrious; and theirs had filled the whole earth with their fame.

Next morning, the Emperor, accompanied by Captain Maitland, went on board the Superb to breakfast with Sir Henry Howtham, according to the invitation of the previous day. Before the Emperor left the ship, the whole body of our marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him with all due honour as he came out of the cabin. As he passed the marines and returned their military salute of arms, ever fond of warlike display, he suddenly stopped, his eye brightened, and crossing the deck, he minutely examined the arms and accoutrements of the marines, and a fine body of men they were; requested the captain of marines (Marshall) to put the men through one or two movements, and when they had performed these, he pointed to him to bring them to the charge. In our army, the front rank only charges, but, I believe, in the French the second rank keeps pocking over the shoulders of the first, as likely to kill their own men as the enemy. Napoleon put aside the bayonet of one of our front rank men, and taking hold of the musket of the second rank man, made a sign to him to point his musket between the two front rank men, asking Captain Marshall at the same time, if he did not think that mode of charge preferable to ours? To which the captain replied, that it might be so, but it was generally allowed that our mode of charge had been very effectual. Here the Emperor took a most conscious look of the captain of marines, as much as to say, I know that to my cost; and, smiling, turned round to Bertrand, to whom he observed, how much might be done with two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these. Aye, and so you well might say, my most redoubtable Empeur, for, give you two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these, and land you once more at Rochefort, and I shall be sworn for it, that in three short weeks you have Wellington and the Holy Allies flying before you in every direction, and in ten days more you have the imperial head-quarters at Schoenbrun, and in quiet possession of your tame Maria Louisa, and that beloved boy over which thy imagination so fondly doted. But it could
not be, and let me go on with my hair-brained narrative. The moment our barge left the ship, the Superb's yards were manned with the pick of her ship's company, dressed in their blue jackets and white duck trousers, and her compliment of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive the wonderful stranger. His reception from the Admiral was every thing that he could wish, and he remained nearly two hours on board of the Superb. While our barge was lying alongside the Superb, waiting for the Emperor and Captain Mainland, a conversation took place between some of the Superb's men and our boat's crew, in which the former insisted that they and not us, were to have the honour of carrying Napoleon to England, while our men stood stoutly out by their prerogative, as being the first who received him on board. No, no, says one of the Superb's, depend upon it the Admiral will take Boney home himself, and not allow you to have anything more to do with him. 'Will he, by G—d,' answers one of the Bellerophon's, 'before we suffer that, my boy, we shall give you ten rounds and secure first.' Ten rounds and secure, had become a byword in the ship, as, for some weeks previous to Napoleon's coming on board, we had been kept close at quarters, exercising the guns, and to go through the motions of 'ten rounds and secure,' had been the common spell at quarters, so that our man thought we would try the effect of our ten rounds upon the Superb, sooner than quit Boney; and so much alarmed was our ship's company that this would really be attempted, that they came aft in a body to Captain Mainland, to state their intention of resisting by force any attempt of Admiral Hotham to detain the person of Napoleon; and were only satisfied when Mainland assured them that no such thing was intended."

The description of Napoleon's last view of the French coast is well done, and the whole of this portion of the work deserves public attention. The narrative of Captain Cook's death places that event in a somewhat new light. We are sure it is authentic, as Lieutenant-colonel Philips gave us nearly the same description, seated by us, and illustrating his interesting narrative with the superb print by Bartolozzi, where his portrait as a young officer, on the fatal beach of Qwhyee, is introduced; far different from the white-headed veteran who, in 1829, was fighting the battle again, and delighting in our breathless attention. Our author mentions Philips in this most interesting account; he names his father as one of Cook's officers, and his portrait is probably in the picture to which we have alluded, and of the existence of which our author is not perhaps aware. As midshipman of the Bellerophon, the writer seems never to have received promotion; therefore we cannot wonder that he is somewhat mal-content with the powers that be, or rather, that have been. We cannot help treating his adventures as realities; and, if we are right, why does he not expunge from his volume all that is unfit to meet gentle and refined minds, and fairly and openly give to the world his name and autobiography? Many a man, who has not a tithe of his claims to public attention, has done the same thing successfully.

The scene in which "the old blind commodore" votes, as the Earl of M., for the Scotch representative peers, is a fine one, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract it.

_Trelawny of Trelawne: or, the Prophecy._ In 3 vols. By MRS. BRAY. Longman and Co.

The introduction to "Trelawny of Trelawne," is quite worthy a place by the side of the best of Washington Irving's best papers; it is a beautiful sketch, and we cannot help regretting its conclusion: vain would we have accompanied Mrs. Bray through an examination of the rare and curious relics she introduces us to at Trelawne. If she knew her own strength, she would never leave autobiographies and genuine letters to wander on a debateable ground between truth and fiction.

Truth ought to be the motto of this lady. If she describes natural scenery, historical or local tradition—a tree, a flower, or a ruin, her style is terse and captivating; but the moment she enters into dialogue or imaginative fiction the spell is broken; the human speech, which gives such charm to Miss Strickland's Chronicles, and the sketching of character, are not her forte. The excellencies we have enumerated, interspersed as they are plentifully among her fictitious compositions, alone sup-
port her reputation. If she were to rely on her idiosyncrasy alone, her works would fail a dead weight from the press. Her readers, for instance, will devour her introduction, for there the illustrator of Mr. Stodhart's magnificent national work is at home; and right happy should we be to wander with so admirable a narrator over every antique residence, venerable church, moulder register, illegible autograph, and gloomy vault in the west. From the charming paper to which we allude, we quote her visit to the Protestant Bishop Trelawny's chapel, in which it appears catholic rites are now performed:

"Not far from this record of the Protestant bishop's consecration of the chapel, I observed on one of the green-baized doors a printed paper, which I copied into my note book the next morning, and I here give it verbatim to the reader. On the top of the paper was a cross, printed in deep black; a border of the same sable hue surrounded the placard, as if to give notice, on a glance of the eye, that the subject it contained related to mourning and to death. Beneath the cross, I read these words:

'JESUS MARY JOSEPH TERESA Llanherne,'* of the convent of St. Joseph and St. Ann of the English Discalced Carmelites, formerly of Antwerp, with all sacred rites of our holy mother the church. Departed this life on the 9th August, 1832, our beloved mother Mary of the angels, alias Ch. Stewart, ex Priorress, aged 79, professed 60 years, whose soul we recommend to your prayers and sacrifices, that she may eternally rest in peace.'

Notwithstanding I entertain a high respect and all Christian charity for good and pious Roman Catholics, and I have known many such, yet, being myself a protestant, and not having therefore any very great faith in the benefit of prayers for the dead, I could not perform the charitable office thus required of me for the soul of the lady of Llanherne. But by here making public the requisition, I give it the benefit of a wide circulation, so that all who may chance to read these pages may have to thank me for a knowledge of her death, and an opportunity afforded them, by that circumstance, for the exercise of what, if of the same church, they may deem a most charitable and important duty. But to go on regularly—I stopped in the narrative to read the placard over the green-baized door of the chapel. Reader, we must go back to the veapers.

"The priest performed the service of the evening in the English tongue, and afterwards read a short lecture on purgatory, setting forth the necessity of a good life, in order to avoid the horrors of even that brief suffering. 'We are saved, yet as by fire;' I observed those words of St. Paul were repeatedly quoted in support of the doctrine. One part of the service struck me as being very impressive. The tapers were burning at the altar, giving a 'dim religious light' to the crucifix that stood on the table; the more remote parts of the chapel were in obscurity; the shadows along the roof were broad and deep, and the moon was shining with mild lustre through the windows: whilst, in the midst of the service, the priest commanded all present to pause and examine their own hearts, for the sins which each had on that day committed. A deep silence ensued. The congregation remained on their knees; till at length, after the lapse of some minutes, this profound stillness was broken by the voice of the priest commencing a prayer to the throne of mercy for pardon and peace. With all my protestant prejudices strong upon me, I could not help thinking there was an awe and a solemnity in this custom calculated to make one examine one's own heart.'

And is it possible that Mrs. Bray does not know that she might have joined in this most beautiful act of worship without her protestant feelings being in the least alarmed, since it is an act of protestant worship in the Lutheran church, retained by Luther, with many other admirable points in that glorious vespers litany, from which our own morning litany is derived. It is called an act of recollection by Luther, and it is retained in the Swedish Lutheran church. We need only call to remembrance the fact, that the life of the youthful Queen, Christina, when she was about the age of our present gracious Queen, was attempted by an assassin, while every one in the church had their eyes covered during "the recollection." Pity that our church did

---

* Llanherne in Cornwall; an e'd house given to those holy sisters by the late Lord Arundel, when they fled to England from the French Revolution.
not brush off the rags and cobwebs of saintly invocation which the church of Rome appended to this apostolic litany, and give it to our church in unbroken beauty. The effect Mrs. Bray describes has often struck us, and she will be happy to learn that one great protestant church retains this part of the service of the ancient church. But we proceed with her through the domains of Trelawne, and even descend into the family vault from whence she draws this curious anecdote:—

"One coffin, entirely composed of lead, was so enormously high, that whilst standing by it, I found it reached above my shoulder from the ground where it was deposited. This excited our curiosity; and Lady Trelawny told us that a tradition in the family averred that this was the coffin of a lady called 'Aunt Charlotte,' a daughter of the famous Bishop, who died in single blessedness, and who having the misfortune to be humped-backed, felt it more severely than a person of her good sense ought to have done; so that it was her custom always to sit with her back to the wall in a corner of the room, on a particular low chair, which she thought was the best method of keeping out of sight the misfortune of her shape; and, ' the ruling passion strong in death,' she desired to be buried in this very sitting position: hence arose the necessity for that monstrous lead coffin that attracted our attention. Now it so happened, that in hunting amongst the old papers at Trelawne, I had, but on the very night before, read a few of 'Aunt Charlotte's' letters to her father, the Bishop, which had given me the very highest opinion of the tenderness—of the gentle and affectionate disposition of her mind. Her portrait (that I had seen in the tapestry-room) helped to confirm this opinion: it was prepossessing. It represented a stouter person than her sister 'Mirtilla' appeared to be in her picture. Charlotte's eyes, like hers, were dark, and the whole countenance agreeable. I saw nothing in the portrait that indicated a hump-back. Her dress, however, was full, loose, and flowing; and perhaps this circumstance, with a little exercise of politeness on the part of the artist, not to be too particular in copying the original in his drawing, might account for the picture being at variance with the tradition."

We now bid farewell, with great regret, to this fascinating portion of the work, and enter a sort of debatable ground, where the romantic part is fact, and the historical portion very fiction. In the first place, Mrs. Bray does not hold good faith with her readers; from the serious introduction in which she described her research into autographs with Lady Trelawny (who, we suppose, is not a fictitious person), we very innocently expected to read genuine letters and diaries of the seventeenth century, like those of Pepys, North, the younger Lord Clarendon, &c. However, the perusal of two pages showed this was a deception, for the author has not any further knowledge of the history of that time than the scanty generalizing information of library histories of England. Take, for instance, the following anecdote:—

"There is a story much talked of about the mass, at court. It is reported that my Lord—(I forget his name) would only go with King James the Second as far as the door of the chapel to mass; and the king said, 'My lord, what stop here; will not your lordship go farther?' 'No, sire,' answered the protestant nobleman, 'My father would not have gone with your majesty so far.'"

Now turn to the diary of Clarendon, and see the force and power of the Duke of Norfolk's repartee to King James, and behold how the historical romance tames down and dilutes a most powerful anecdote. The Duke of Norfolk was the protestant son of a catholic father. James the Second was the catholic son of a protestant martyr. "My lord duke," said James, when Norfolk left him at the chapel door, at St. James's, "your father would have gone further." "But your Majesty's father would not have gone so far," was the reply to the son of Charles the First. This is the true edition of the anecdote.

Again, the flippant damsel, who describes the scene of Catherine of Braganza's "coucher" of condolence on the death of her husband, Charles the First (where, of course, all were in the deepest mourning), immediately dresses in pink, and white, and other gay fallalas, to go to a court which assuredly was in the deepest mourning; for, till the reign of George the Third, even the general mourning for an English king lasted a twelvemonth;—we could show Mrs. Bray
a most curious ghost-story, in a book printed within three or four years of 1685, which would prove to her young lady that court and courtiers were that year in mourning for Charles the Second. Again, this same very apocryphal, autograph-writing young lady, takes lessons on the harpsichord. But, could she have procured more than a spinet in the year 1685—the harpsichord being unknown for more than fifty years afterwards?

We will not proceed thus to analyse the historical truth of the scenes at the court of England in the third volume, for the above proves the manner in which facts are metamorphosed. In local history, Mrs. Bray is admirable; and she has most ingeniously managed the ghost of "Dorothy Dingley," to which she would have done wisely wholly to have adhered. It requires the most intimate knowledge of the internal springs of history, before she can bring her Cornish heroes to a court, whose real characters are not even now wholly unveiled.

The extraordinary manner in which this romance is introduced, will deceive many an inexperienced reader into the belief that they are reading the real correspondence of an historical family of some note, and of course they will believe the historical misrepresentations. Such mistakes constitute the great mischief done by historical romance. This is the confusion and perversion of facts in the minds of the uninformed. In general, writers of historical fiction of the present day carefully guard their readers against errors of this kind; and we are almost inclined to reproach Mrs. Bray with something more serious than want of literary judgment in her inextricable confusion of truth and falsehood between her introductory matter and her romance.

In point, however, of entertainment, "Trelawny of Trelawne" is the best romance she has written; and if it were not imbed, from end to end, with the moral wrong we have named, we should have given it far higher praise.


The same excellent judgment and lively talent which made Emma Roberts's "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan," a standard work from its first appearance, has guided her editorial pencil in this selection; the volumes are worthy of her literary reputation, and fully prove that their editoress can not only write entertaining books herself, but appreciate genius in others, a quality somewhat rare among the editors of this egotistical age, as the downfall of many a promising periodical can bear witness.

So much for the selector from the pages of the "Asiatic Journal;" now for the selections. The commencing series, English Society in India, is the most important, inasmuch as it is not only very cleverly written, but forms a guide to the conduct of those who are inexperienced in the usages of the varieties of the English species transplanted into this stupendous colony. Of all subjects that of marriage is the most interesting to female readers, and we think the following extract places the voyages of young ladies to India in a very endurable light.

"Away, then, with this stupid gossip about mercenary marriages of India—the markets, as they are called, where English beauty is bought and sold. I affirm, without hazard of contradiction, that there are more interested and venal marriages celebrated in the space of one day in London, than have taken place in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, since those places have been presidencies. If those places are mar- kets, Almack's and the Italian Opera are shambles. How many young ladies, who have reached the marriageable period, could I name, who, at the very time that they were curling up their noses at Miss S., or Miss W., who had just sailed on their outward-bound voyage to the East, with the undissembled speculation of getting husbands, were themselves from morn to night occupied in the hope of entangling some middle-aged baronet, or banker, or wealthy esquire, into a matrimonial promise, and setting in motion their whole train of artillery to carry their point! And what is the destination of a young girl of fashion in London, from the first flutter of her heart at the sight of a beau? What is taught her by the counsels of mamma, or the examples of elder sisters? What are the aims that engross her whole being, all her waking, all her sleeping thoughts? What is the goal which her young imagination pants to arrive at? Is it the simple union of the affections—the unadulterated choice
of the mind, with no dowry, no worldly wealth, but that of love—the gratuitous dedication of her whole soul, the un-
bought devotion of her heart, to one bel-
loved and believing object? No; she has
been too well tutored not to discard all this nonsense with contempt, as the
idle dream of thoughtlessness and folly.

"The females, sent out to India to try
their chance for an establishment, are,
for the most part, nurtured to the
hopes of a competent rather than a splen-
did union. To this end they are edu-
cated, modestly indeed, but sufficiently
to qualify them for the duties of wives and
mothers. They are taught the art of pleasing
by means of those accomplishments,
which are no more than a necessary part of
female education, instead of the fascina-
tions which glare and dazzle rather than
delight, and are more fitted for the stare
and gaze of public admiration, than for
the chaste and sober ornaments of do-

mestic life. Having probably some
friendly connexions in India, they arrive
there generally under the protection of
kind and matron-like residents, whom
they become domiciled, and who, from
their experience of the characters and
morals of the male society at their re-
spective presidencies, are enabled to give
them the most salutary advice as to the
important choice on which depends the
woe or the weal of their after-lives. What
is there mercenary or venal in this?
It is an egregious blunder to imagine
that there can be no real affection in
these marriages. I never heard that the
little god of love could make no use of
his wings for being encumbered with ru-
pees, or that his arrows were less effica-
cious because they were tipped with gold.

"But let those who sneer at English
marriages in India, look to the unbroken constancy of the union: I mean in ninety-
nine cases out of a hundred. Can there
be a more conclusive proof that the affec-
tions of the young spinster, so invidi-
ously ridiculed as forming part of the
ship's cargo, find there a secure and ho-
hourable asylum?"

Really if women must be married, out
of two evils, it is the more high-spirited
action to go to men that are willing to
buy a wife, than to stay in England and
marry a husband who expects to be
bought with a dowry. After all, disinter-
ested men do deserve some condescen-
sion from women, and that the female
heart responds gratefully to the feeling of
being loved solely for herself is fully
proved by the fact that Anglo-Indian
marriages are remarkable for life-long
affection. The bench and bar of India
are subjects familiar to most readers, and
the story of the judges' wigs and the
cockroaches we have often delighted in.

"It was rather an amusing incident,
which happened in open court, after the
judges had come to the determination of
wearing wigs, in addition to the costume
which, in every thing but the wig, was
the ordinary judicial dress. 'In Cal-
cutta, where the climate is much hotter,
each judge had his wig, and it was the
duty of the court to preserve its dignity
by the exterior observances of the Bench,
of which the wig had always been deemed
an essential part.' The reasoning of the
chief-justice was conclusive with his bre-
thren. The wigs were ordered from
England, and in due course arrived, all
packed in boxes. Unluckily, the cock-
roaches had found their way into the
wig-box of Sir Thomas Strange, and fed,
much to their satisfaction, upon each
side of it. Unfortunately, after the judges
had seated themselves, each with his
new wig, the holes gnawed by the vorac-
ious insects began to make way for Sir
Thomas's ears, which, in a few minutes,
were visible through them. The laun-
gher that ran through the court having
attracted his attention to the cir-
stance that afforded so much amusement
—in a moment, off went the wig indig-
nantly over the heads of the prothonotary
and his clerks, upon the area of the court.
The example of the chief-justice was in-
stantly followed by the other judges, and,
one by one, like a leash of partridges, the
three wigs flew across and lighted on the
floor. This ludicrous circumstance so
completely unhinged Sir Thomas, that
he adjourned the court till the following
day, for it was found impossible to hush
the merriment it occasioned."

By far the most extraordinary portion
of these volumes is to be found in the
commencement of the second volume,
titled, Sketches of Hindu Manners
by Hindus: these, which contain some
very sensible reasonings on the folly and

* * "This anecdote was treated by a corre-
respondent as a mere fiction; but the writer
(who was a barrister of the court where the
incident occurred) asserted its accuracy, doubt-
ning whether the wigless judge was Sir Thomas
Strange or Sir Benjamin Sullivan."
disgusting absurdities of these heathen customs, ought to be read with deep attention by our statist, our philanthropists, and by those estimable few who unite all these characters. We think they will agree with us in the observation, that when the cleverest persons among a vast and prejudiced community begin of themselves to reason on the state in which they find their social and religious life, the day of their conversion to Christian principles is not far distant. It was a good deed to lay these singular papers in the full blaze of European light, although they record many things that are abhorrent, yet they are calculated to promote the grand work of Christian civilization.

Many of the tales and fictions are excellent, most of them entertaining. The last volume is chiefly devoted to biography, and is not the least in merit and utility.

There is also a capital ghost story, occupying nearly twenty pages, but, owing to the length of it we are compelled merely to allude to it cursorily. The general reader will find ample satisfaction in the perusal of these well got-up and highly interesting volumes.

The Vicar of Wrexhill. By Mrs. Trollope.

Mrs. Trollope's lately published volumes have attracted more attention from the public than they are entitled to from their literary merits. They are eagerly snatched up, nay almost devoured, yet at the same time excoriated against and detested. All classes read it, excepting those against whom their envenomed shafts are aimed; for the romance of the Vicar of Wrexhill is an attack on the Calvinistic division of our church usually called evangelical. The publisher and readers, in all probability, call the work a novel; we must term it a romance, for a novel, according to modern acceptance, implies an attempt to delineate human life and natural character; but Mrs. Trollope has boldly rushed into the free regions of imagination, to furnish herself with a selection of hypocritical monsters. Judas, himself, possesses redeeming points of character in comparison with our evangelical vicar and his companions in iniquity. It is almost as rare a circumstance to find a human being without touches of occasional goodness, as it is to find a character that approaches perfection. The greatest authors have been aware of this truth, which strikes on every chord of the human heart in so irresistible a manner, that Milton, by yielding to it for an instant, has interested us all in Satan. Shakspeare constantly worked with this spell, with the single exception of the character of Iago; but let us imagine a work containing half a dozen Iagos, and consider how much the truth of nature is outraged. If the religionists against whom the Vicar of Wrexhill is aimed ever read tales of a coarser character, there is no doubt that the caricatures drawn by this lively sketcher would cause them to reform many errors which partake of follies, which may be construed into crimes by uncharitable observers; among these the abuse of prayer is preeminent, an abuse against which they are so awfully warned by the highest authority, that it seems strange they should need a mirror so odious and distorting to be held up to them. Yet it is hard that want of judgment in the selection of orientalisms should be supposed to convey the most detestable feelings; nothing can be more hideous than the picture of the Vicar making insidious love to Fanny Mowbray, under the cover of enthusiastic prayer, unless it is that of the girl who comprehending the purport of such addresses (borrowed from the coarse yet covert writings of a certain Italian writer of the old school), is represented by Mrs. Trollope as an innocent and interesting victim falling in love with her loathsome wooer, who finds it after all more convenient to marry her rich mother.

Hypocrites and robbers seem to be the only characters Mrs. Trollope has seen in the world; they are rather more plentiful, it is true, than is convenient for honest persons, but, like birds of rapine, they are not gregarious creatures. If the profession of religion converted all its votaries into Jacob Cartwrights and Stephen Corbolds, we should think it would be somewhat difficult for them to find dupes among their associates; we do not deny that there are such characters, but they would be the same in any clime and under any creed.

For such of our readers who wish to know what the Vicar of Wrexhill is about, without encountering much that is disgusting in its pages, we will, in a few words, sketch the story.

Mr. Mowbray dies, and leaves a widow,
with a large property, wholly in her own hands, and a young grown-up family. The Rev. Jacob Cartwright, a Tartuffe, pertaining to the Calvinistic part of our Establishment, takes possession of Wrexhill vicarage at the same time. In the period of a few weeks he obtains the love of the widow, and half seduces the affections of her young daughter. Mrs. Mowbray marries this villain, who introduces her into the society of a numerous collection of monsters and monstresses as bad as himself, all reduced to the lowest state of moral and sensual depravity by the malpractices of the evangelical church! The vicar prevails on his wife to disinher it her unoffending children; but she privately makes a just will, and all ends better than may be expected.

These venomous attacks on a community which has produced many bright examples of pure virtue, can do it no harm, and may be some good, and are as applicable to the members of any other. They remind us strongly of a fact that happened in a certain village, with which we conclude, by way of parable. A man had a vast fancy to poison his neighbour, and for that righteous purpose gave him an over-dose of arsenic: the patient not only recovered, but was cured of an ague which had long afflicted him. We will allow Mrs. Trollope to use arsenic sufficient to poison all the bad passions of mankind.

_Sudden Thoughts: an original Farce._ By T. E. Wilks, Esq. From the acting copy. W. Strange.

We have our friend Wilks here in all his glory, as a comic delineator of modern life and follies, full of fun and wit, calling himself a farce writer, but with no slight claims to be considered as a true son of regular comedy. Colman and Sheridan’s afterpieces are as much comedies as their more elaborate compositions. The distinction drawn between farce writers and comic authors is as capricious as it would be to place the makers of china basins and tea-cups in a different grade of art. In fact, what constitutes excellence in farce does so in comedy. If a farce is unnatural in character, forced in expression, and wholly impossible in incident, it gives no pleasure, notwithstanding the supposed latitude allowed to such productions, and comedy is governed precisely by the same laws; therefore he who writes a clever witty afterpiece could, if he pleased, be successful in a drama of larger dimensions.

_Waldenberg: a Poem, in Six Cantos._

By M. E. M. J. Geeves.

This poem claims public attention, as the production of a little girl not fourteen years of age. Some passages will excite surprise in the reader, as possessing much originality. The preface and dedication are also singular compositions. To dissect with professional criticism the work of a child would be an ill-natured task, for neither childhood nor early youth is often the season for the development of poetic talent, even where it is of the most commanding order. Chatterton, if indeed that martyred boy was the author of those glorious poems, is the only boy-poet whose works survive in the classics of a country; and as if one instance was to be produced, in each sex, Miss Landon’s poems, written at fourteen and fifteen, are worthy of her present popularity. One copy of verses, written when Pope was thirteen, survives him—the translation of Horace, “Happy the man;” but had his merits not rapidly progressed, his juvenile effort would not have won for him distinction. We only recollect one continental poem by a child that has become popular, and that is the celebrated sonnet written by Torquato Tasso at eleven years old, when, accompanying his father as a fugitive from civil strife in Italy, he compares himself to Ascanius following the footsteps of Æneas. This interesting sonnet is not in English editions of his works. To return to Waldenberg and its juvenile authoress. Thus rare poetical talent is in childhood. Our readers will be indulgent to the faults, and approbative of the beauties, in this book, which has been fortunate enough to find a large body of titled and other respectable subscribers. We will leave the damsel to introduce the story in her own peculiar way, by an extract from the preface:—

“It has been my pleasure that the hero of this poem should figure (I suppose I must not say flourish) about the eleventh century, and having joined his intended father-in-law in an expedition against the Saracens: as it is not likely I should suffer him long to hold a subordinate rank, I have been under the necessity, with the assistance of the redoubtable Hassan, to dispose of Lord Brandenburg, in order that Waldenberg might have the sole command, who
doubtless imagined himself deeply in love with the fair Ildagona, till he beheld among his captives the more exquisitely beautiful Hebrew maiden, which caused an excessive evaporation of his affection for his betrothed one. But as the holy wars have been treated on so often, and by such able hands, I have only suffered my hero to remain a sufficient time in Palestine to revenge the death of Brandenburg, and twice to rescue Sapphira from the faithless Hassan, whom he ultimately vanquishes."

"The castle of Waldenberg stood on a steep, Its dark frowning turrets o'erhung the blue deep, For ages it brav'd the fierce hurricane's shock, The queen of the Danube, enthron'd on a rock. And ere any lord of that castle expires, Whom death calls away from the home of his sires, A form, not of earth, in the midnight is seen, To walk all in white upon Waldenberg Green: On the lord of the castle three times she doth call, Saying, 'Woldean of Waldenberg—Waldenberg Hall Must have a new master, and thou have a pall!'"

Our next extract is from the last page, which will show that the fair writer has some powers, and we hope she will continue to improve.

And what was her fate? she, the widowed, the lone, Forsaken and desolate, spared her but one, One gem, that was saved from the wreck of the bark, One flower, in the wilderness cheerless and dark, One star that illumined the gloom of the night, One bud, that the withering storm did not blight: O! such was her babe, and she felt not bereft Of every joy, while her infant was left; But deep as her grief was, yet patient and mild, She found consolation in Heaven, and her child."

There are many persons who would read this book with surprise as well as pleasure.

Hudson's Directions for Making Wills. Longman and Co.

The preface to this little work is one of the most sensible essays on the duty of making a will which we ever met with. As to the body of the work we need only say that it is scarcely possible for any person to make a safe will under the present alteration of the testamentary laws without some such guide. Whether it be wise in our legislature to throw additional difficulties in the way of a dying person's disposition of his property Mr. Hudson seems to doubt, and his department in the Legacy-office renders him, we should think, an excellent judge of the dilemmas likely to arise therefrom. We must add, that there appears to us in this, as in every other instance, a strong bias in our present government to make work for legal professors. And frankly to speak, we dare not take upon ourselves to recommend any person, under the present laws, to be his own will-maker, even when assisted by this clever, perspicuous, and sensible guide. Till the new laws have somewhat familiarized themselves by their working, we should be sorry to see any father trust the provision for his family and his dear children to a testament of his own devising. But we should rather say, purchase this cheap little treatise, read its forcible arguments, and ponder on the cases of extreme hardship and reverse of fortune which innocent families have experienced from neglect of this duty, even under the old law, and consider how much more imperative a duty it is to attend to settling affairs, now testamentary dispositions are fettered by so many new injunctions, under the new act of 1st Victoria. A will ought to be made while a person is in health; for if done, that act, instead of being the usual avant courier of death, is the surest means of keeping a testator alive. Suppose a person to be seized with spasms in the heart, or some of those sharp, but transient attacks which so often visit the springs of life, and require the mind to be kept perfectly tranquil, in order to give the body the best chance for making a successful rally. Let all our readers answer in their own hearts the question, which situation is the best for the recovery of a man, that wherein he has calmly settled his worldly affairs, or of the man who has then to make up his account both temporal and spiritual. The very sight of a pale and weeping wife and infants, about to be beggared by a father's cruel neglect, would go nigh to kill a man whose constitution would otherwise have bravely battled the in-
vading disease! Our readers may be convinced, from the perusal of this work, that a good death-bed Will, with all its array of legal assistants and witnesses, is almost an impossibility, through the prudent precautions of our present legislators; when also, perhaps, the physical powers are so weakened that even the hand can scarcely fulfil its office—then mark the mental exertion which is necessary for such an act: a man must first know what he possesses—next he must call to mind all his obligations and pass in review before him all the parties entitled—the wording of the will is then to be duly considered—so that that most important of all documents is left to the legal agent of the individual or family, and whether right or wrong, agreeing with the instructions or not, it is signed, and the fate of not merely one family, but of all its branches, is sealed for ever on this side the grave.


We have before reviewed with pleasure the outpourings of this diligent author. The present volume is embellished with an engraving copied from the celebrated picture in the possession of the late John Curtis, M. D., representing Mr. West and family, which is most beautifully executed, and of itself worth the whole cost of the book. This has, however, reference to the main subject, health. Therein are shown four generations. We have examined this work, and do not hesitate to place it very high in the scale of publications most beneficial to the best interests of the public, their health and their happiness; and we are by no means surprised that the book has reached a second edition. We confess that we know the author, but ever at the same time that we never really knew his capabilities and his worth as a moralist, until we had looked into, and delighted in, his very excellent book on the preservation of health. It is most admirably adapted for the general reader.


This is a valuable book; suitable as an ordinary dictionary, and yet possessing all the requisites for the classical reader. First we have the English word, accentuated in a manner (as far as our eye has traced) most accurately; we have next the Greek derivation, or the Latin, whichever it may be; then an explanation of the word, with a brief explanation: if of words, what they mean; if of places, for what they are remarkable: thus—

Ethics. s. ἔθος (ethos), morals, or manners.

Estns. s. ἑαυτός (aitho), I burn.

"A celebrated volcano, or burning mountain in Sicily."

We can only say of this plan that it is just that in which we were disciplined, and had it not been very excellent, we should not have been one-half as clever as we are.

The book is very nicely finished, and deserves an extensive circulation.

Gibson's Racy Sketches or Expeditions from the Pickwick Club. Sherwood. 1838.

This first number is excellent. The delineations from the pencil of Mr. Gibson, are very superior works of art, and in every respect delicate and chaste. It is a very superior effort of genius.


Mr. Carpenter, the inspirations of whose muse, a short time back, appeared in our pages, has just published a little volume, which he has dedicated to the Ethical Society, which will, doubtless, be also acceptable to many of our readers. Several of the pieces have already appeared in our own pages, and in the pages of, we believe, other periodicals, and as we have no exact means of telling which in the collection are already known to the public, we will not hazard giving an extract with which perhaps our readers may be already familiar.


This number represents the new Court,—Interior of the Hall,—The Cloisters,—and the Bishop's House (wood-cuts). We hope this work will not in the least depart from the admirable spirit with which it is commenced.


This number continues the article on owls—Then embraces the Grey and
Woodchat Shirke—The Pied Fly-catcher—While’s Thrush and the Field-fare, which are delineated with great accuracy and delicacy.

The Illustrated Family Bible. 1838.
Part 1. Large paper, fine edition, with the Notes explanatory of the late John Brown, Minister at Haddington. This is a beautiful edition of the Bible.

—When, however, we look upon it, as the word of God, we gaze at its contents, not for the beauty of its embellishments, but for its intrinsic value: we therefore set no value upon the ornamental portion, far otherwise: we think, that the less ornamented the better.—There may however be others, who are attracted by the gaw-gaw, may meet on a sudden with striking passages, and have their attention riveted. But the publishers should work for the many, not the few, and if they followed our honest advice, we doubt not they would command a larger sale, by publishing a Bible, such as this is, without the ornament, then with all the attractions of pictures and coloured ink which their greatest art could devise,—as this is a serious matter, we would earnestly beg the publishers to consider our suggestion.


Many of our nursery fairy fables, though very fascinating in their construction, are by no means of a nice morality. This is accounted for by their extreme antiquity: in truth, there still hangs about most of them the grossness of manners and carelessness in regard to moral justice, which were among the traits of the barbarous ages in which they were composed. The nursery tale of “Tom Thumb” is a case in point. “Tom,” who has been proved by antiquarians to be the venerable representative of the dwarfs of the Scalds, is not altogether fit, in his ancient state, to be introduced to the inhabitants of the nurseries of the nineteenth century. Yet “Tom” is a most fascinating person to children, and we are altogether loath to deprive them of his company; for the interest they take in him arises from his minute size, brought in contrast with the objects they see around them. They have, as well, a sympathetic feeling in regard to this diminutive stature of “Tom,” and they rejoice in their own superiority of dimensions. Mrs. Barwell has seized on these points with admirable tact, and has given to the nursery a tale, told with all the naïveté of the olden time, and has, with great ingenuity, converted the objectionable adventures of the antique “Tom” into instructive food for the minds of children. The little book possesses elegance as well as sprightliness, and much of the beauty of “The Story Without End,” unmixed with its dreamy mysticism. The cuts of this pretty volume are truly charming. A more delightful present for the smaller bands of infancy we have not lately seen.

The Heiress and the French Count.—
The following has been circulated as something very like the original correspondence which lately took place between one of the most exclusive of Paris dandies and a French nobleman, his friend, for some time past resident in London:—

“My dear D,—

“The charming A——B——has become, I am told, a great heiress. You know how much I have admired her; therefore wish to give you a little commission, which I have no doubt you will execute for an old friend. As your happy married state prevents your taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity of establishing yourself, do, my dear fellow, offer my hand and my heart to the sweet girl. I am certain she will do us all honour.

“I am, my dear D——, your obliged,

“De M——.”

The answer:—

“My dear De M——,

“I am very sorry to say the fair A——B——has contracted an engagement with a distinguished Englishman, which prevents her doing justice to your merits. I hope you will not be cast down on this occasion; and I recommend you, above all things, to come at once to London, as there is another person of elevated rank on whom your appearance and manners must make an impression. She is rich, young, and beautiful, and, moreover, her own mistress—I allude to the Queen Victoria the First. Pray come on, my dear fellow. I am yours, “M. J.”

2 A—VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY.
VIVAT REGINA.

Windsor, December 29, 1837.—Her Majesty took a drive in the Park, in a pony-chaise, with the Duchess of Sutherland, attended by Her Majesty’s Chief Equerry on horseback; Her Majesty’s suite followed in two open carriages. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, arrived at six o’clock at the castle, and joined the royal dinner party, attended by Miss Kerr, Col. Cornwall. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the Lord Steward also arrived at the castle.

30.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Park. The Duke and Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, left the castle for town.

31.—Her Majesty did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening; the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, the Hon. Mr. Murray, and Lord Charles Fitzroy.

The Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, January 1, 1838.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington. The Duchess of Gloucester dined with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House. In the evening, the royal party honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

2.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Great Park, attended by most of the royal suite, including Viscount Torrington, Hon. W. Cowper, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and the Hon. Col. Grey. Her Majesty had a select dinner party.

The Lord Steward and Duke and Duchess of Sutherland departed. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Kerr and suite, left Cambridge House, Piccadilly, at half-past nine o’clock, in three carriages and four, for St. Leonards-on-Sea.


4.—Her Majesty took her usual ride in the Park, accompanied by the Lord Groom in waiting, Cols. Cavendish and Grey, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Mary Stopford. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. Lord Melbourne arrived at the castle.

5.—Her Majesty was engaged during the whole of the morning in state affairs, and did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a small dinner party in the evening.

6.—Her Majesty, owing to the inclemency of the weather, did not leave the castle. Lord Melbourne arrived, and joined the royal dinner party.

Sunday, January 7.—Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and attended by her suite, attended divine service at St. George’s Chapel; after service Her Majesty walked on the East Terrace for nearly an hour. In the evening, Her Majesty entertained at dinner a party of distinguished guests.

8.—Her Majesty rode in the Park on horseback. Lord and Lady John Russell, Lord Duncannon, and Miss Ponsonby, arrived at the castle. The royal dinner party consisted of H.R.H. the Duchess

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Miss Kerr, returned to Cambridge House at half-past four from Hastings. Lord and Lady John Russell left Wilton Crescent for Windsor, and also Lord Duncannon, on a visit to Her Majesty.

9.—The unsettled state of the weather prevented Her Majesty from taking her usual airings. Lord and Lady John Russell arrived at the castle. Lord Melbourne, Hon. W. Cowper, and the Countess of Mulgrave, left the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House, and also the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace.

10.—The inclemency of the weather still confined Her Majesty to the castle. Lord Melbourne arrived and joined the royal dinner party in the evening.

11.—The severity of the weather confined Her Majesty to the castle. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord Torrington, Lord and Lady John Russell, Baroness Lehzen, Baron Stockmar, Lord Duncannon, Miss Ponsonby, Mr. and Lady C. Digby, Lady Portman, Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, Hon. Misses Murray and Lister, Hon. Cols. Grey and Cavendish, Miss Davys, and Sir F. Stovin.

Mr. A. Schloss submitted to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager the English Bijou Almanack and the Album Tablets, which had met with the approval of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House.

12.—The inclemency of the weather still prevented Her Majesty from taking her accustomed ride. The Queen, attended by her royal visitors and suite, walked through the slopes and visited Adelaide Lodge. The Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey arrived this evening, and joined the royal dinner party. Her Majesty has given her fifth and last sitting to Mr. Steel, the sculptor.

The Countess of Mulgrave was succeeded as Lady in waiting by Lady Portman, and the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell by Lady Caroline Digby, as Bedchamber-woman.

12.—Lord Liverpool and the Ladies Jenkinson, and the Earl of Albemarle, arrived at the castle, and joined the royal dinner party. Lords Palmerston and Melbourne left in the morning.

13.—Her Majesty did not leave the castle. Her Majesty had a select dinner party in the evening. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston took their departure for London.

The Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess and Prince George, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knusbach, and Col. Cornwall, honoured the Opera Buffa with their presence.

Sunday, January 14.—Her Majesty did not attend divine service in St. George's Chapel this morning; but the Rev. Mr. Gosset officiated before Her Majesty and the royal household, in the private chapel of the castle. Her Majesty, attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and several members of the household, walked through the slopes to Adelaide Lodge. Her Majesty entertained a select party in the evening.

The Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

15.—The extreme coldness of the weather prevented Her Majesty from leaving the castle. Lords Liverpool and Albemarle took their departure.

16.—Her Majesty and her august mother, attended by Lady Portman, arrived at the palace in St. James's Park, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, at half-past two, from Windsor Castle. The royal suite, including Lady Lady M. Stopford, the Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Lady C. Digby, and the Hon. Col. Grey, followed in two carriages and four. Her Majesty was received at the palace by the Master of the Horse, Lord Torrington, and Sir F. Stovin. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Melbourne and Conyngham. The royal dinner party included the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Melbourne.
The Duke of Cambridge arrived in town at half-past five o'clock, from a visit to the Earl and Countess of Jersey at Middleton Park, Oxford.

17.—The royal dinner party included, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen of the household, Lord Melbourne and Lord Glenelg. The band of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards attended.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George, honoured the Olympic Theatre with their presence.

18.—Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Albermarle, and Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty had a small dinner party, including H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Headfort, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Baroness Lehzen, Lady Therese Dtgby, Miss Davys, Viscount Torrington, Sir F. Stovin, and the Hon. Cols. Grey and Cavendish.

19.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Duke of Argyll and Lord Melbourne. Her Majesty's dinner party included Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Miss Spring Rice, Sir John Hubhouse, and the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson.


22.—Her Majesty walked in the gardens of the palace this afternoon. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Earl and Countess of Durham, Lady Mary Lambton, Lord Duncan, Hon. Miss Pensonby, Lord Melbourne, the Lord Steward, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, the Hon. Mr. Murray, Miss Lister, Baroness Lehzen, Lady T. Digby, Miss Davys, Lord Torrington, Sir F. Stovin, and the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince George, left town at one o'clock, on a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Stratfieldsay, Hants.

23.—Her Majesty held a privy council. Her Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Conyngham, Lords Melbourne, Glenelg, John Russell, and Lord Hill. Her Majesty honoured the performance of the opera of “Betty” at the Lyceum Theatre, with her presence. Her Majesty was attended by Lady Portman, the Duchess of Sutherland, Hon. Miss Murray, the Lord Chamberlain, Marquis of Headfort, and the Hon. Col. Grey.

24.—Her Majesty held a court at the new palace, to receive some of the foreign ministers. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Hill, Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg.

The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord and Lady Faulkland, Lord Melbourne, Sir H. Wheatley, Lady Portman, Lady M. Stopford, Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Lister, Mr. and Lady Therese Dtgby, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, the Marquis of Headfort, Hon. C. A. Murray, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Col. Buckley, Sir W. Lumley, and the Hon. Col. Grey.

Mr. A. E. Chalon, by command of the Queen, was honoured with a sitting, to make a whole-length portrait of Her Majesty, as a pendant to the drawing of her royal highness, by the same artist; presented to Her Majesty by H.R.H., on the occasion of the 18th anniversary of the birth of Her Majesty.

25.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Cornwall, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cottenham, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Minto and Lady F. Elliott, the Earl and Countess of Burlington, the Earl of Albermarle, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

The Duke and Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knutsch, arrived at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, at half-past three o'clock, from a visit to the Duke of Wellington at Stratfieldsay, Hants.

26.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean in Hamlet, at Drury Lane Theatre, with her presence. Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Portman, the Hon. Miss Pitt, the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Headfort, and Colonel Buckley, and arrived at the theatre at half-past seven.
Miscellany.

Origin of the Uniform of the Navy.—Some old admirals, at one of their clubs, resolved that a uniform dress was useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations. A committee was accordingly appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Forbes, who was deputed to act on the occasion, was shown into a room surrounded with dresses. On being asked what he thought most appropriate, he said, “One with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours.” “No,” replied his Grace; “the king has settled it otherwise: he saw my duchess riding in the Park a few days since in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his majesty, and he ordered it to be the uniform of the royal navy.” In the year 1748 it was established accordingly. Red has now superseded the white, and thus his late Majesty William the Fourth has restored to us our national colours.

Anecdote of the Sea.—When the Duke of York (the brother of George III.) was sent to sea, Captain Howe equipped his young eleve in the true Portsmouth fashion; the captains of the navy then present attended him in their boats on board, where they were severally introduced to the young midshipman. An anecdote is told which, being highly characteristic of the true simplicity of seamen, is not unlikely to have occurred. A sailor standing with some others on the forecastle, and observing what was going on, whispered his messmate—“The young gentleman ain’t over civil, as I thinks; look, if he don’t keep his hat on before all the captains.” “Why you stupid lubber,” replied the other, “where should he larn manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before.”

Suffocation.—The Glasgow Chronicle states that a father and two daughters lived in a new house at Hilltown, Dundee, and, as it was cold and damp, they injudiciously closed up the vent, and put a quantity of live cinders into an empty grate, and placed it upon the hearth before retiring to rest. Early in the morning the neighbours were alarmed by repeated moanings: when they knocked at the door the inmates were too weak to open it, and entrance was made by the window. The father and one daughter were with difficulty restored; the other, Margaret (Wood), of a sickly constitution, aged fourteen years, died the next day, although Dr. Cook and Mr. H. Nimm ed used their utmost endeavours to save her. [Had a pane of glass been broken at the instant, this life might perhaps have been saved.]

The approaching London Season.—The ensuing London season is expected to be more brilliant in high life than it has been for many years. Her Majesty purposes to hold regular drawing-rooms, and, by her protection and countenance of all the useful and ornamental arts and manufactures, set an example to the fashionable world, by which all trades and professions will derive the greatest advantage.

Victoria Regina.—This magnificent aquatic plant, found in Guiana, which has received its name in honour of our youthful sovereign, is of the genus nympho gra. The leaves attain to the length of eighteen feet, and the flower is no less than four feet in circumference. The fruit it bears, of the size of a large orange, is full of seed, and serves the natives for food. A very fine drawing of this plant was shown at the last meeting of the French Academy.

Paris Gaeties.—The English residents in Paris, have not shown themselves behind their Gallic neighbours in hospitality and revelry, during the past month. One of the most brilliant balls was given by—of all persons under the sun—Dr. Morison, of Hygeian notoriety. The distingués, however, it appears, did not disdain his invitation, and not a few wit cisms at his expense, made the circuit of his splendid salons in the course of the evening. A Parisian beau of the first water was heard accidentally to whisper in the ear of a fair and noble Anglaise—“Il paraît qu’on lui a bien doré ses pilules.”

The Archduchess Maria Louise, of Parma, we regret to perceive by the Paris Journals, is lying dangerously ill.

The Gresham Lectures, which used to be in the Royal Exchange, were resumed by Dr. Birch, in the theatre of the City of London, on Divinity.
Total Destruction of the Royal Exchange.—The whole of the interior of this building and its adjuncts was totally destroyed on Wednesday night, the 10th ult., with the exception of the beautiful external boundary; the fire began at 10 o’clock, p.m.: we suppose that few persons are unaware of so great a calamity, we shall, therefore, merely record the event. The sum of 500l. has been already expended in propping up the walls, which present as interesting a spectacle as we have lately seen: we hope never again to see the site disfigured as it has been by shops connected with the building.

The Liverpool Mail dug out of the Snow.—A passenger states in a letter, dated Glasgow, Monday evening, six o’clock, Jan. 22, that he was detained at Preston for the Liverpool mail to be dug out of the snow. “When near Lancaster, the guard was missing, he was with us at Garstang, and the coachman saw him once, when about half a mile from Lancaster, when he called out to him to blow his horn; there was only another passenger. We went back for half a mile, and called as loud as we could, but got no reply; we then hastened on to Lancaster, and dispatched a gig with two men, and lights, in search of him. The result is at present unknown.”

A report is daily gaining ground, that a nobleman has been recalled at the pleasure of a royal person. The Times of the 29th ult., speaks openly upon the subject, declaring that the exalted personage never spoke with that nobleman, and had only seen him in public; it further ridicules the notion that a young lady of eighteen could be susceptible, under such circumstances. We certainly heard the rumour long ago, that an appointment abroad had been conferred to secure the absence of the party from Court, and gently hinted at parallel circumstances in the “Life of Queen Anne,” published January 1st. Now, all that we can say is, that if the times are not very much changed, we can neither see anything very improbable, or very improper, in an agreeable young nobleman being recalled to Court; and whatever the result, we pray God it may be for the happiness of all concerned.

Frost and Railroads.—The effect of the frost this winter has been such, upon the Brussels railway, near Antwerp, as to break many wheels and other portions of iron-work, to the great delay of the trains; the tunnels of communication, likewise, between the towing path and the tendeur have been repeatedly blocked up by ice.

Auber’s new opera of Le Domino Noir, recently brought out at Paris, is in preparation at three theatres. Covent Garden, St. James’s, and one of the minors, the Olympic, has already produced its version with portions of the music. It is announced at the two latter houses under the designation of a musical burletta. The French journals speak in high terms both of the brilliant character of the music, and the interesting nature of the libretto, one of the best, say they, which has emanated from the inexhaustible Scribe. Carnival time will, therefore, usher in four black dominos.

The Queen Dowager continues to be in good health, and now enjoys her walks and drives at Hastings, where she intends to stay till March.

Coronation Ceremonies.—The coming spring, remarks a foreign journal, will most probably be dignified by extraordinary regal ceremonies. The coronation of the Queen of England is announced for that epoch, and about the same period that of the Emperor Ferdinand as King of Italy. But as the Archduke John of Austria purposes to be present at the coronation of Queen Victoria, it seems reasonable to conclude that between the two ceremonies there will be a sufficient interval of time in order that the lovers of this species of spectacle may transport themselves from one to the other.

A Series of Morning Concerts will commence on Monday the 4th inst., and continue daily at three o’clock, at the Argyle Rooms, Regent-street. The principal performers are the Distin family (a father and four sons), and the Rainer family (four brothers and a sister). Unlike other amusements, which pall upon the senses by frequent repetition, an agreeable musical society is likely to spring up from the opportunities thus so constantly afforded to the lovers of song and harmony.

Countless Flocks of Birds, having the appearance of fieldfairs in the distance, passed over the north-eastern parts of the metropolis in a southerly direction at the end of the second week in January. So numerous were these winged fugitives from the bleak north, that they darkened the air like a cloud, and their transit occupied several minutes.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES WHICH ACCOMPANY THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Plate, No. 3.

1st Bust. Dress of white satin, corsage à pointe, the front in three pieces. Short sleeves, plain at the shoulder, and in two short puffs, which fall as low as the elbow; the gathers of the sleeves are retained in two places by hands of coloured satin. Hair much parted on the brow, and falling in ringlets at the sides of the face, where it is intermingled with small bows of coloured ribbon. The long hair is dressed very far back on the head, in a thick braid, a little raised. A rosette bow of coloured ribbon with streaming ends is placed in the centre of the braid. Round the neck a gold cross is suspended from a firmly wrought hair chain. Long white kid gloves, tied at top.

2nd Bust. Dress of white cashmere; corsage drapé croisé, crossed in front, in folds which reach from the shoulder; the dress is retained in centre of the front by a cameo. Sleeves long, and full all the way down, with small bows at the shoulder. A third bow is placed in centre of the waist at front. Hair in long ringlets, à l'Anglaise, with a bunch of full-blown roses placed at the right side.

3rd Bust, gives the back hair of the foregoing figure. The hair is in small braids rolled at the back of the head, and a long braid reaches as far as the front hair on the left side, the opposite to where the flowers are placed. Short mantelet of satin, wadded and quilted, and trimmed all round with swansdown.

4th Bust. Dress of watered gros de Naples. Corsage plain, and half high, with a revers of embroidered blonde tulle, Cap à la paysanne, with a high plain caul, and a wreath of roses placed either round the crown, or beneath the border in front. Mantelet, the same as the one just described, except that the outside is in dark velvet.

Bonnet of quilted satin lined and wadded, the shape like a child's bonnet, with a small round crown, no calotte. Round the front, as well as round the crown, is a quilting of satin ribbon. A rosette bow is placed at one side.

Frill.—A bullion of tulle, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted.

Cap.—The same as that already described. This gives the back.

Ruff.—Consisting of a deep satin ribbon, to the edge of which a narrow blonde is sewed: this ribbon is quilled on to a band, the breadth of the throat, taking care that the quilled ribbon is deep at back, and as narrow as possible toward the front; at top is a double quilling of blonde tulle.

Revers and tucker for a low dress.—This revers is made of a bullion of plain blonde, gathered at each side to a satin piping. A deep fall of rich blonde is attached to the lower part of the bullion, and sits quite plain over the corsage; a bow of ribbon, with long ends, is placed in centre of the front.

Cuffs.—The first pair are made of satin, lined and wadded, with a deep quilling of ribbon, to the edge of which a narrow blonde is attached. The second pair is of tulle, with a ribbon inserted at the wrist.

Plate, No. 4. Fancy Costume.—Fée des Salons.—This very splendid fancy costume, which is composed of spangled gauze, checked with gold stripes, is worn over a satin under-dress. It is beautifully ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, and a rich flounce, embroidered in gold, and set on in festoons. At each festoon is a bunch of coloured feathers, retained by bows of mixed coloured ribbons. The corsage is à pointe, with a frill of its own material (satin) at the waist. Short plain sleeves, with deep ruffles falling over the backs of the arms. The needes de page on the shoulders are to match the other bows. Gauze turban, ornamented with long ostrich feathers. Hair in ringlets. Gold and enamelled bracelets. Gauze veil, with a silver border, and tassels at the corners. Pink silk stockings. Green satin shoes.

This very splendid costume, with a trifling alteration, would make a very elegant ball dress.

Second Figure.—Page of the reign of King Charles the Seventh.

The present is a short month, and few persons will be disposed to make a sudden transition from rigid winter dress, although the weather is mild again, but next month we shall give a Paris letter, with full particulars for the season.
Ferdinand Ries, the composer and maestro-di-capella, the favourite pupil of the immortal Beethoven, died last month. The musical world will deplore his loss, which will not only be sensibly felt in Germany, but by foreign nations, which, equally with the native country of Ries, have duly appreciated his learned compositions.

Death by the Fumes of Charcoal.—The Brighton Guardian mentions that on Saturday, the 20th ultimo, five male servants at Sladeland, the seat of General Wyndham, went to bed in the same room, leaving a quantity of charcoal burning. The gardener, in the morning, going there, and not receiving an answer, entered, and found them all dead in their beds. The cock, alone, appears to have slightly struggled. All persons will, it is hoped, take warning never to sleep in a room whilst charcoal is burning. By the Paris papers, it also appears, that a woman and her child were suffocated a few days back, from the fumes of lighted braise, which has not hitherto been considered to be of so dangerous a quality as charcoal.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 16th, in Duchess-street, Portland-place, the lady of Robert Walter Carden, of a daughter.

On the 21st, at Llandough Castle, Glamorganshire, the lady of Philip Sheppard, Esq., of a son.

On the 20th, Lady Louisa Whitmore, of twin daughters.

Dec. 30th, at Walton, Lady Mordaunt, of a son.

On the 31st, in Portland-place, the lady of S. G. Smith, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 2d, the lady of T. M. Alnager, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a daughter, still-born.

On the 7th, in Portland-place, the lady of P. Borthwick, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

On the 7th, in Guildford-street, Lady Pollock, of a daughter.

On the 5th, at Heanton Satchville, Devon, the Right Hon. Lady Clinton, of a son.

At the residence of his Excellency the Commander in Chief, Madras, Sarah, wife of Captain Bowes Forster, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 1st, at Southwick, George Orrood, Esq., of Pramene, in the county of Chester, to Matilda Thistlethwate, daughter of Thomas Thistlethwate, Esq., of Southwick Park, Hants.

On the 22d, at St. Luke’s, Chelsea, Mr. Catchpole, of Regent-street, to Mrs. Tarrant, of King’s-road, Chelsea.

On the 18th, at Hambledon Church, by the Rev. S. Butler, Captain Fitzgerald Gambier, R.N., second son of Sir James Gambier, to Hester, only daughter of Thomas Butler, Esq., of Bury Lodge, Hants.

DEATHS.

On the 11th, at Scarborough, Yorkshire, Thomas Dowker Woodall, Esq., aged 32, deeply lamented by all who knew him.

On the 5th, at his seat, Melborne Hall, Yorkshire, Major-General Sir Henry Yavasour, Bart.

On the 10th, at Datchet, in her 15th year, Caroline Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B.

Colonel Moodie, whose untimely death by the hands of the rebels of Toronto, was a native of Dunfermline, Fifeshire; very early in life he joined the army: having seen much of the severest services of the late war, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, having served all through Canada the short war of 1814. He acted with much bravery at the battle of Queenston, 1822; he resided at St. Andrews for the education of his family, 1835, took possession of a valuable and extensive tract of land he had just acquired near Toronto, leaving behind him his widow, two sons and three daughters.

Lord Gosford has issued a proclamation offering 2,000/. for the apprehension of the murderers of Lieutenant Weir, 32d regt. His remains were interred with military honours; all the ward and volunteer associations joined in the procession four deep, the most numerous ever seen in that country. The main street of the Quebec suburb was lined by the West Ward Volunteers, bearing on their arms, reversed. The bands of the 32d and Royal Regiments headed the procession, playing the appropriate march. The pall was borne by officers of the 32d regiment, behind whom were Sir John Colborne and every officer in the city who was not, at the time, on duty. Lieut. Weir was in his 29th year. 7,000 or 8,000 individuals attended the funeral. All the shops and counting-houses in the city were closed from one to three o’clock. The windows were crowded with females. The Rev. Mr. Esson officiated at the burying ground, and in beautiful language, which found a response in every breast, alluded to the untimely fate of this gallant young officer. The interment took place in the military portion of the Scotch burying ground in Queen Square. — Montreal, Dec. 9.

On the 5th, at his residence in Dorset square, José Augustin de Zuart, Esq., of apoplexy, aged 54, universally regretted by all who knew him.

On the 18th, at his father’s house in Grosvenor-place, in his 19th year, William, second son of Major-General Sir William C. Eustace, R.C.H.
ELEANORA GALICAI
Maréchale d'Ancre.

Born 1573.
Beheaded 1617.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court & Lady's Magazine and Museum united.

Vol. XIV.
No. 61 of the series of ancient portraits.

1838.
MARCH, 1838.

COURT MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC,
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES.

A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF LEONORA GALLIGAI, FOSTER-SISTER TO QUEEN
MARIE DE MEDICIS, AND WIFE TO MARESCHAL D'ANCRE,
Illustrated by a whole length Portrait splendidly coloured, from the original
by Rubens.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

Leonora Galligai wears as head-dress a close cap formed of black velvet, on each side gathered into a band of ruby velvet; this is fastened with a gold fillet, and edged with narrow black lace. Her hair falls on each side of her face, without much attention to arrangement. She has a gauze chemisette, with a sort of standing ruff of the same. The robe is of purple velvet, with a square corsage and straight sleeves to the elbow, turned up with cuffs of black velvet; the robe is edged with black velvet and lined with blue satin. She wears white lawn half-
sleeves, with cuffs at the wrists; they are worked up the arms with rich gold lace. She has a black apron set into a broad piece of black velvet below the waist, ornamented with two gold stars; the apron is turned aside to show a scarlet velvet Petticoat bordered with a gold pattern; round her neck is a hair cord suspending a gold reliquary. Her girdle is a gold cord passed twice round the waist; from an end of the cord hangs a gold flagon, either for perfumes or relics. Her gloves, which she holds, are brown leather, with blue satin tops edged with gold.

Unassisted by the powerful aid of beauty or of birth, Leonora Galligai was called by accidental circumstances to play a conspicuous part in the grand theatre of this world. Though only the daughter of a poor Florentine washerwoman 2 B—VOL. XII.—MARCH.
mother of Leonora, a person then recommended as fit for the office. Marie de Medici shared her first nutriment with Leonora Galligai, and the influence this favourite possessed over her royal mistress began with the first dawn of existence. Were we to draw inferences from probabilities instead of from the positive declarations of history, we should say that Leonora was two or three years older than the young princess, instead of being her foster-sister, since she possessed over her the apparent power of an elder over a younger person; but, in truth, this might spring from the commanding intellect which even her worst enemies attributed to Leonora Galligai, or may be, philosophically speaking, from the greater strength imparted to her own offspring, who was nurtured from a parent, and not an alien source.

Early in life Leonora changed an Italian home for a residence in the French capital, the Princess Marie de Medici having been chosen for her youth and beauty as the second wife of Henry the Fourth; and this Florentine girl, in whose bosom was then springing up ambitious hopes, followed her beautiful mistress to Paris, intending, through her means, to reign over the barbarous truc montani; for the accomplished Italians of that day affected to consider the warlike French in the same light that their Roman ancestors did the savage Gauls.

The Princess Marie de Medici was just sixteen years of age when espoused to the great Henry; and her favourite Leonora Galligai was nearly of the same age when she received her appointment of bedchamber-woman to the young queen, her foster-sister.

Sully thus mentions the first appearance of the royal bride:—

"The queen did not set out immediately for Paris after having met the king at Fontainebleau; she brought with her, her uncle Don John, an illegitimate branch of the family De Medici; likewise Virgilio d’Ursino, her cousin, who having been brought up with her while young, had conceived hopes above his condition. Many Italians of both sexes were in her train; amongst others, a young man called Concini, and a girl named Leonora Galligai, who afterwards played a great part in France. I went to Paris eight days before the queen, to make preparations for the ceremonial of her entry, which was performed with the greatest magnificence."

The great statesman was moved by the joy of the occasion to play a practical joke on Leonora and the other ladies, which we should scarcely have expected from his usual exemplary gravity; but we infer from this and other sly passages that there was no little dry humour and real love of mischief under the austere demeanour of the warrior-statesman, Sully. He continues—

"The next day the king brought the queen to the arsenal to dine with me (he was grand master of the arsenal); the queen was attended by Leonora and all her Italian ladies. They were pleased with some wine of Arbois that I had; but when they called for water to temper the Burgundy, I introduced to them some decanters of excellent wine as clear and white as water; they fell into the error I intended, and thus drinking more than usual, began to talk with great vivacity. The king suspected by their extreme gaiety that I had played them some trick. This winter was entirely taken up by parties of pleasure on account of the king’s marriage."

It was a usual custom to send back to their own country all the attendants of a newly-married queen. Louis the Twelfth and James the Fourth rigorously banished all the English attendants of the sisters of Henry the Eighth; Charles the First and Charles the Second expelled the French and Portuguese attendants of their queens with very little ceremony; indeed, so much national jealousy seems in every country to have pursued foreigners who belonged to the train of a queen-consort, that it appears an unavoidable measure of right policy. Henry the Fourth was too gallant a prince, and too susceptible to the power of female tears, to inflict the pain on his young wife of banishing her Italian servants. In the course of two years he had ample cause to regret his complaisance, for as she advanced in years, the intriguing spirit of Leonora began to show itself. A true Florentine, she followed to the letter the mischievous motto of her countryman Machiaveli,—Divide and rule. For this end she collected every tale of the attentions paid by Henry the Fourth to other ladies, and carried them incessantly to her royal foster-sister, whose mind was thus kept in a continual
state of ferment. Unfortunately, Henry gave too much foundation for the queen's jealousy, and the royal pair began to live in a state of great domestic uneasiness. The king soon discovered who was the mischief-maker between him and his wife, and earnestly entreated Marie de Medicis to dismiss Leonora and her lover Conchino Concini from her service, but without producing the slightest effect. There is no doubt that the foster-sister of the young queen was infinitely more dear to her than a husband, who was more than twice her age, and who suffered his mistresses to insult her in her own court, and she so young and beautiful and the mother of his heir. All authors are severe upon Marie de Medicis; but it is not in human nature that she should love a husband devotedly who was thus unfaithful to her, but rather that she should place confidence in persons of her own country whom she had known from infancy. Leonora defied the great Henry, retained her place, and continued her mal-practices, as it was not in his nature to oppose violently the will of any woman; his wife and her favourite continued, therefore, to embitter his domestic peace. He complained occasionally to his great minister Sully, and they both agreed that Leonora was very ugly; but this opinion was the only punishment either Henry the Great or his still greater minister ever ventured to inflict on the contumacious Leonora. Sully is perfectly enraged at the shameless manner in which this favourite of the queen enriched herself, and threw the spoils of royal favour into the grasp of her ally Concini. At last the great Henry devised a notable project, which was to propose a marriage between this pair of plotters, and send them back to Florence, enriched not only with their own acquisitions, but with substantial tokens of his munificence. His queen, their patroness, agreed to this measure, and the marriage took place at the French court; but lo! when the time arrived when it was expected that the Queen of France should take leave of her foster-sister, and permit her to depart for Florence, both lifted up their voices with such a din of lamentations, that the queen endangered her health by giving way to such an agony of grief, that Henry, who never in his life could have his own way in contradiction to that of a woman, was the first to request that Leonora would stay and pacify the bewailings of his queen. Thus were Leonora and her husband re-established at court more firmly than ever.

We must not give credence to the French writers of that time, who being most of them persons of noble birth, were ten times more rancorous against Leonora on account of the washing-tubs and chisels in her family scutcheon, than for her supposed misdeeds. Moreover, because she was plebeian, they insisted that her husband was a valet, which is a misrepresentation. He was a Florentine noble, of graceful person and elegant attainments, of boundless ambition and arrogant manners, slenderly gifted with fortune, and ardently bent on forwarding his own advancement by every possible means. He left Florence in the capacity of equerry to the young queen, certain proof of his rank in life; and he obtained the favour of his royal mistress through the agency of Leonora, with whom he made common cause against the insolent tramontani—barbarians, as the Italian called the chivalry of France. His alliance with the queen's foster-sister seems to have been prompted by no personal affection, but was entirely a union of interests, for there is little doubt that the Florentine gentleman felt keenly enough the low origin of his countrywoman.

The light in which this pair were regarded by Henry the Fourth, is best ascertained by means of his own words in one of his conversations with Sully, wherein he detailed his domestic grievances—

"Among the many causes of displeasure that the queen gives me," said Henry, "nothing is more inapplicable to me than the absolute authority she suffers Concini and his wife to have over her, that these people make her do whatever they please, oppose all they dislike, and love and hate just as they choose to direct her passions; so that they utterly exhaust my patience. I often reproach myself for not following the advice given me by the Duchess of Florence and her uncle, Don John, which was to pack them both back to Italy from Marseilles. I was desirous," pursued the king, "to repair this fault through the interposition of my wife's uncle, Don John, but I soon perceived it was vain; for scarcely did Don John enter upon the subject by way of advice, than the queen flew, as you
well know, into an excess of rage, so that there was no sort of reproaches, threats, and insults that she did not use against her uncle; and he was so much disturbed by this treatment that he insisted on leaving France, despite of all I could say to detain him. But before this happened, Madame de Verneuil* had advised me to unite these two troublesome persons, and send them richly endowed with gifts to Italy; and then she thought that the queen, pleased with this liberality to her favourites, would permit her to come freely to the Louvre. To this expedient I consented, as you know, Rosny, that you did not oppose the measure; and accordingly Concini was married to La Leonora, in hopes of getting rid of them out of France: this has proved a vain hope, and the Concinis, both husband and wife, have now become so insolent and audacious, that I understand they even dare to threaten my person if I use any violence to dislodge them."

Sully continues—"It was not easy for the king to quit this subject, owing to the rage with which he was animated. Among other things he recounted the following circumstance, which, till then, I thought had been unknown to him. 'My wife, knowing that Concini had designed to purchase the lands and marquisate of La Ferté-au-Vidame, which was worth nearly three hundred thousand crowns, waited on the queen to represent to her the unpopularity of the measure, as the people would grumble at the enormous sums this needy foreigner had derived from her royal bounty. The queen received this advice very graciously, and thanked Madame de Rosny (the title of Duke of Sully had not then been bestowed on Rosny) for her candour. But the next interview she had with the Concinis wrought a violent change in her majesty's sentiments; she exclaimed with great wrath against my wife, and would not admit her into her presence for some time. Probably her resentment would have been more enduring, if both the queen and the Concinis had not been in constant need of my services.'"

"I have been told," added Henry, "that Concini had the impudence to reproach your wife on this occasion, and used expressions so full of insolence, not only against her but me, that I am surprised she did not answer him more severely, but I suppose she was restrained by the fear of breaking entirely with the queen my wife. You cannot imagine," pursues Henry, not able to cease from his invectives against this Italian, "how greatly I was provoked to see this man undertake to be the challenger at a tournament, against all the bravest and most gallant men in France; and this in the Grande Rue St. Antoine, where my wife and all the ladies of the court were present, and that he should have the good fortune to carry it; but soon after I had the pleasure of seeing M. de Nemours and the Marquis of Rosny, your son, arrive, mounted on two excellent horses, which they managed with equal grace and dexterity."

Nevertheless, it appears that the Florentine excelled all the high-blooded nobility of France in the graceful encounters of this mimic war, and in this passage we have the surest evidence from the lips of Henry the Great, that the nobility of Concini's descent was unimpeachable; as the haughty nobiles of France would never have permitted a low-born man to enter the lists with them at a tournament. for it was at those pageants that the etiquette of rank was far more rigorously observed than in the mister for actual war.

All the previous turmoils in the private hours of the royal family were as nothing, as Sully declares, in comparison to the hurricanes that took place when Henry fell in love with the beautiful and virtuous Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci,* a passion which, as we have shown in a previous memoir, endangered the peace of Europe. From the hour that this young lady became the bride of the Prince de Condé till the death of the Great Henry, the queen was in a most pitiable state of jealousy, not only of Henry's affections, but of the security of her royal state. Sully declares that the Concinis had put such strange suspicions of the king in her head, that she even affected to suspect that her life was in danger, and that the generous and sweet-tempered Henry would abet her destruction, in order to place the object of his new passion on the throne of France, as Charlotte Marguerite was too high

* See this portrait and memoir, June 1, 1836. See also the historical tale, published January, 1838, of this princess, by Miss Agnes Strickland.
and noble, and too virtuous withal, to listen to any proposals but those of a matrimonial nature. Actuated by these suspicions, Henry complains to Sully that his queen took it into her head to eat nothing at his table; and when he was anxious to know how she subsisted, he found to his great indignation that "those monsters," as he called Concini and La Leonora, made a kitchen of their apartment, and cooked with their own hands every morsel of food that his wife ate.* All this, it must be owned, was very provoking; but at the same time it must be acknowledged by all who have read the memoir of Charlotte Marguerite, that his own conduct, both to her and her husband, was far more monstrous than any cookery those hated Italians provided for his queen.

In one of the endless controversies which embroiled the last year of the life of the Great Henry, Sully relates an interview with the queen, who put considerable confidence in him. The usual subjects of dispute were, that the king demanded that the queen should give up her favourites, Leonora and Concini; while the queen demanded that Henry should give up Madame de Verneuil and his criminal passion for Mademoiselle de Montmorency. Both were obstinate in the pursuit of their own inclinations, and neither inclined to yield to the other.

"On one of these occasions," says Sully, "when Henry was most truly tormented with the uneasy temper of the queen, I was told that he quitted her with great emotion, and set out for Chantilly† without seeing or speaking to her. This was indeed true, for he took the Arsenal in his way, and then opened his whole heart to me on the cause of dispute. The king pursued his journey, and I went in the afternoon to the Louvre, attended only by one of my secretaries, who did not follow me into the queen's little closet, where she was then shut up; Leonora Concini sat at the door of this closet, her head bending down towards her neck, like a person who was sleeping, or at least in a profound reverie. I roused her out of it, and she told me that the queen would not suffer her to enter her closet, the door of which was however opened to me the moment I was named."

Among other matters of moment which the queen discussed with Sully was the advice given her by Leonora, of complaining to Henry, that certain of his courtiers, emboldened by the passion of their sovereign for other women, had dared to make love to his consort. Sully strongly pointed out to her that such advice was most pernicious, and might be turned against herself. The next project the Concinis put into the head of their royal mistress, was to insist on her coronation taking place. As it is well known that Henry was assassinated while he was going to see some preparations for pageants relating to this coronation, we can scarcely wonder that Sully reviles this measure with all the fierceness of an incurable grief. Prejudice apart, if we consider this matter in all its bearings, we cannot blame any friend of the queen's who strongly urged the fitness of her being crowned before the expected departure of the king for the great war in which he was about to engage. Many persons might have disputed the legitimacy of the dauphin, the queen had married Henry who was divorced, and his first wife was still alive; and what was more important, the Marchioness de Verneuil held a precontract from him, which she often boastingly displayed, with expressions which the Concinis were sure to carry to the queen. All these circumstances made the public acknowledgment of her claims as queen-consort more than desirable. We can, therefore, scarcely blame the Concinis for urging her to demand this coronation.

On the 13th of May, 1609, the queen was crowned with great magnificence, but the most splendid show of all was to have been the queen's public entry some days after; on the 17th of May, Henry's assassination took place as he was going into the city to see preparations for this entry. It is not our place here to follow the interesting particulars of his death, but to display the effect it had on the fortunes of Leonora and her husband.

The knife that pierced the heart of this great sovereign, placed the sceptre of France in the hands of this waiting woman and her husband. The brilliant prospect that opened before this pair, made the people, who were infuriated..."
with grief for the death of their darling sovereign, very suspicious that the Condins were implicated in his assassination; indeed, the suspicion has been handed down from one historian to another, but it is, we believe, one of those assertions which may be called the gossip of history. There is not a shadow of evidence to prove that they, or any other persons had the slightest connexion with Ravaillac. Indeed, the minute observer of human nature must feel certain that a madman of his disposition could have had no accomplice, excepting the evil spirit by which he was possessed.

Before the day had closed which saw the assassination of the king, Leonora and her husband displayed their power over the queen. The first prince of the blood, Henry of Condé, had fled to Flanders with his wife; but his two brothers, the Prince of Conti and the Count of Soissons, early declared themselves of the party of the Condins against Sully. The queen received this great man with every mark of respect, but was soon swayed against him in her hours of retirement. The parliament, which met the next day after the death of Henry the Fourth, declared his widow queen regent during the minority of Louis the Thirteenth, without any restrictions; she made use of the agency of her master of horse, Concini, in all messages during her close retirement, while the king lay unburied; and even before the first day of her regency was ended, every one of Concini's partisans talked loudly that this man was to fill the situation of the great Sully. That excellent minister, out of love for the young son of his adored master, even condescended to send conciliating messages to this foreigner, offering to cooperate with him in all his financial arrangements, which, brought by him to a beautiful state of equity and order, had given such satisfaction both to king and people in the reign of Henry the Fourth. The answer that Concini made to this proposal is in truth the worst sin that can be brought against him.

"How?" said he to Sully's messenger in very bad French, and with a proud disdainful air, "the Duke of Sully then expects to govern the affairs of France as he did in the late king's time; he is much mistaken; the king being queen, it is for her to dispose of all things as she pleases. As for my wife and me, we have no occasion for the friendship of him or any one. Her majesty esteems us because we have served her faithfully. It is not in his power or of any other person to deprive us of our favour, or hinder the effects of it. M. de Sully will find that he has more occasion for our assistance and friendship than we have for his, which he sends to offer us. If he knew how much we are courted, he would treat us with more deference. There is not any prince of the blood, or nobleman of the court, who has not been to visit us, excepting himself."

This was the true speech of an arrogant parvenu, and we can scarcely wonder that the great Sully resisted all the entreaties of the weak, but well-disposed queen, and withdrew himself from the sphere of these new stars. He resigned all his places, and withdrew to his estates, leaving the Condins to dispose of the thirty-six millions he had stored, as the resources of Henry to prosecute the war he meditated against Spain and Austria. It is out of our power in writing the biography of his wife to follow the eight years' government of Concini as prime minister, during the regency of Marie de Medicis; Leonora governed the queen in her private hours with the most despotical sway, and though she and her husband were far from happy in their union, and occasionally decided a matrimonial controversy by blows, yet in all public affairs the husband and wife seemed possessed but by one spirit. Leonora, nevertheless, played all her cards into her husband's hands, and the fact is, they turned all their abilities and influence to the gratification of one passion, which they possessed in common—boundless acquisitiveness. To this Concini added a great affection of Medicean magnificence. All his household utensils were made of silver; he covered his person with jewels, and never went into public without a retinue of two hundred gentlemen, besides his pensioned retainers, whom he always called his thousand livres poltroons. With all this parade, we do not meet with any actual violence or wrong committed by Concini; but he was certainly a regular enemy-maker, a man who puffed up by his own self-esteem enraged all who came near him by his arrogant and empty speeches, and gained for himself more genuine unpopularity than ever did an approbative
statesman with fifty murders, and as many illegal imprisonments on his conscience; he, and his henchman Leonora, found out the art of appearing much worse than they really were. Day by day they laid up for themselves an accumulation of unpopularity, which finally led to the results by which their career was terminated.

After the retirement of the great Duke of Sully, the fortunes of Concini assumed the most palmy appearance; then all people called to mind his saying on leaving Florence, for one of his friends had asked him "what he was going to do in France?" "Make my fortune," replied Concini, "or perish in the attempt."

Certainly no man ever succeeded more completely in doing what he planned for himself: soon after the death of Henry the Fourth, he bought the Marquisate of Ancre, in Picardy. From this estate he assumed the title of Marquis d'Ancre, and he is generally known in French history, while he was prime minister, by the title of Maréchal d'Ancre, as he received from the queen the dignity of marshal of France. He was besides governor of Amiens, Mondidier Roye and Peronne, and first gentleman of the bedchamber to the young king.

We must here mention one other connexion which Leonora had in France, her brother Stefano Galligai. This worthy was rather an impracticable subject out of which to manufacture a grandee, for till within the last four years he had been very industriously working at Florence at the carpenter's bench, but on the marriage of his sister with Concini, it was considered requisite that he should leave off his handicraft to learn to read; an accomplishment which, if we may trust the testimony of his contemporaries, the honest man never thoroughly mastered. When he made his appearance at the French court, every one marvelled at his ugly mean appearance, they called him the Court baboon. Leonora found he was best kept in retirement, she made him take orders, and got the queen to present him with the Abbey of Marmoutier. "But the monks," says Amelia, "refused to accept him as their abbot, alleging that they had been used to be governed by princes, and not by joiners like him who was just come from handling the plane and saw." Notwithstanding this repulse, Leonora, when arrived at the plenitude of her power, obtained for this brother no less preferment than that of the Archbishop of Tours.

But to return to Leonora and her husband. Avarice and inability in government were the chief crimes of this pair. All Sully's grand financial arrangements were broken up, and the vast sums he had provided, found their way into the coffers of Leonora, or were distributed in bribes to the factious nobility, who occasionally troubled the stormy regency of Marie de Medicis. When compared with the government of Henry the Fourth and Sully, the French people considered they had fallen on evil times; but those which succeeded the administration of the Concinis, proved still worse. France owes the first dawn of the fine arts to the liberality of Marie de Medicis, and the magnificent taste of her Florentine prime minister.

The turn of the minority of Louis the Thirteenth, in 1617, was drawing to a close, as the young king attained his seventeenth year.

The exploits of Concini in the tiltyard, had nurtured in him a rash courage, that, with the braggadocio spirit of a knight-errant, scorned to listen to the suggestions of prudence. In place of preparing for the gradual relinquishment of his power, he armed seven thousand men at his own expense, for the purpose of maintaining the nearly extinct power of his royal mistress, whose regency was limited to her son's eighteenth year. The excuse that Leonora made to the queen for this lawless step of her husband, was, that the Prince of Condé was rebelliously inclined, whereupon this prince was seized and put into the Bastile; thus were the partisans of the first prince of the blood royal exasperated, as well as all who were looking forward to the approaching reign of the minor king. Christina of Lorraine, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, a princess of great wisdom and virtue, foresaw the coming events, and sent a verbal message to Concini by a person in whom she could confide, saying,

"Bring your ship softly into harbour, and steer her clear of the rocks on which the approaching tempest will drive her."

In the same metaphorical style the Florentine replied,

"While the wind is astern I will keep the sea, and continue my voyage, that I may see how far the gale of fortune will carry a favourite."
France saw with indignation that a foreigner could maintain an army in the heart of the kingdom, larger than that which served the great Henry to gain his rights. As Christina truly predicted, the storm was ready to burst, but the quarter from which it was to blow was little expected by Leonora and her husband.

They had brought up Louis the Thirteenth wholly without education, an evil to France, far greater than if they had been guilty of many private murders, in order to maintain their power. This prince possessed the benevolent organization of his father, without his firmness, courage and judgment, which had been in Henry so finely exercised and brought out by his struggles with adverse fortune in his youth. The young Louis had likewise the plaint disposition of his mother; like hers, his intentions were good, but being always swayed by his affections, his actions were ever influenced by those he loved, and as his reasoning faculties were entirely uncultivated, he did whatever seemed right in the eyes of his favourites. The phrenologist who looks on the lofty but narrow forehead of this prince, will comprehend how easily he was governed, and how much his benevolence must have been agonized by the proceedings of Luynes and Cardinal Richelieu who successively took him under their management.

The first of these men was the protegé of Concini; while his cleverer wife perceived the great abilities of the young du Plessis, and perseveringly brought him into court favour.

Charles Albert de Luynes was a young man of good family of Avignon, who was placed by Concini as gentleman in ordinary to the king, and shared his education, the principal part of which was in bird-catching, in which Luynes greatly excelled. By the time this young prince had attained his seventeenth year, de Luynes had obtained as complete an empire over his mind as Leonora exercised over his mother. Luynes was as ignorant as the king, and perfectly reckless as to destructiveness, valuing human life no more than that of the birds whose necks he daily wrung after netting them. He was covetous of the power of the Concini, and persuaded his royal companion that they held him in ignoble bondage, and, with the assistance of the illegal army the Florentine kept in his pay, they intended to keep him in tutelage all his life. The young king was not, however, at all aware that this would be his fate, whoever might happen to have the direction of his affairs; but he demurred as to violent measures, till Luynes informed him that Leonora was a witch, who, by the practice of the most horrible sorceries, maintained her influence over the queen, and supported her husband’s power by magic art, and that the king was answerable for her dreadful proceedings if he did not exert his royal authority to put an end to them. Who could resist arguments of such weight? certainly not a prince of the disposition of Louis the Thirteenth, in the year 1617. He permitted his young favourite to act as he pleased in accomplishing the discomfiture of the sorceress Leonora, and her allies, both spiritual and temporal. Luynes flew with this authority to several nobles with whom he was leagued, who were much older and fiercer than himself, and had received affronts by the sly pride of Concini; these were the Marquis de Vitri, captain of the king’s guards, Du Hallier, his brother, Persan, and some others, who undertook to execute the king’s justice, which they did by means of a brutal assassination. While Concini was crossing the drawbridge of the Louvre, April 24th, with his usual pomp and pride, de Vitri discharged his pistols into his back, and shot him dead at once. The officers of the guard had a short skirmish on the drawbridge with Concini’s train, who fled aghast when they saw the fate of their master, and the assassins dragged the body of the unfortunate Florentine into the court-yard of the Louvre. Louis the Thirteenth appeared at a window, expressed his satisfaction that the guilty alone had fallen, and said, “Now I am king!”

The next step taken was against Leonora. In her apartments in the Louvre she had heard the uproar made in assassinating her husband, but within she was most attentive to what was far dearer to her, her wealth. She did not shed a tear or raise a single lamentation; but guessing that the assassins would soon visit her, she employed every moment in stuffing her most valuable jewels into the mattress of her bed. She then undressed and betook herself to bed, saying that she was very ill. The captain of
the guard made her rise, and the provost's men soon found out her board. She demanded to be taken to the queen, but the queen herself was under restraint, being carried a captive to the Castle of Blois. Leonora behaved with the greatest boldness and decision, she insisted on a trial, and defied her enemies to bring any proof of guilt against her; and, indeed, to their surprise, it was then found that this was no easy matter. They, however, seized her and carried her a prisoner first to the Bastille, and afterwards to the Conciergerie, or prison of the Parliament. When she was safely lodged in the Bastile, Luynes' faction spread a report that the crimes of the Concini were sorcery and Judaism; whereupon the Parisian mob rose with fierce and uproarious rage, and inspired by the same species of fury that was afterwards so conspicuous in the reign of terror under Robespierre, flew to the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where Concini had been hastily buried, tore up his body, dragged it all day through the streets, and having cut out the heart, made a bonfire in the evening, and actually grilled it and ate it. The mangled body was next hung by the heels on a gibbet which Concini had set up in terrorem, saying, with his usually foolish vaunting, that he meant to hang all those on it who spoke ill of him. His worst enemy was certainly hanged on it, for his own imprudence had led to this catastrophe. French historians are horror-struck at the manner in which the French populace destroyed the dead Concini; but we are grateful that this outbreak of blind and brutal savagery was exercised only on the insensible dead. The mob did not disperse till they had cut the prime minister's body into a thousand pieces, each rioter carrying home a fragment with him; and such would have been the fate of the living Leonora, if she had unfortunately fallen into their clutches! All the strength of character which distinguished this singular woman, was displayed in these adverse circumstances; although she was given to understand that her royal mistress had abandoned her cause, yet she prepared for her trial with indomitable firmness. The parliament laboured to find proof of crimes which should justify passing sentence on the dead Concini, and furnish capital accusation against his widow. To their astonishment, they could not lay a foundation for a legal indictment; and so shocked were five of the members of this investigation under the commission, at the injustice of her enemies, that they solemnly protested against her prosecution, and withdrew themselves from the members of the session. Among other proceedings which struck these just men with horror, was the examination of Leonora's young son of nine years old. This poor infant was questioned in the hope of his betraying some crime of his unhappy mother, whereby an accusation could be framed. The child revealed all he knew, which was, that his father and mother led a very unquiet life in their private hours; that they often beat one another, and that they frequently, when not quarrelling with each other, beat and starved him; and that he used to creep behind doors and chests to hide himself when they came home in an ill humour; and that they often threatened to kill each other. The commission of inquiry gathered from this, that Concini was passionate and violent, and Leonora morose and aggravating; but, as these ill qualities were by no means rarities in married life, an indictment could not conveniently be founded on them; though private cruelties and ill behaviour in domestic life, are often more deserving of punishment than dereliction of conduct which meets the public eye.

At last, the Parliament of Paris was forced into the indefinite charge of the dark ages against state criminals, and Leonora was brought to their bar accused, for the lack of other matter, of sorcery, the practice of Judaism, and having bewitched the queen. Leonora treated these accusations with sovereign contempt; unassisted, she defended herself with a masterly eloquence, which was, indeed, one of her prime witcheries. Her ever memorable answer to the Councillor Courtin has passed into a proverb, and is frequently on the lips of those who know nothing of the circumstances which led to it.

"My only charm was the power that a strong mind always has over a weak one," was the intrepid reply.

One would have thought that a senate would have been ashamed of proceeding
any further against a woman, who, in her helpless state, baffled, by the powers of her reason, all their astuteness. To the honour of human nature, there were a number of her judges who protested against her condemnation, but the majority sentenced her to be burnt alive, and passed sentence, as on a traitor, upon her dead husband.

The young king changed the cruel doom of burning into beheading. She underwent this sentence with the greatest fortitude, July 8, 1617. Her body was burnt to ashes after her head was struck off; this was, indeed, of little moment to her!

It is said that Marie de Medicis refused to receive any message, or hold any communication with Leonora after her fall; and that Leonora cherished some resentment against her royal foster-sister on this account. The queen was in captivity herself at the time; but she was remarkable, as well as her son, for ceasing to care for her favourites, the moment they were removed from her presence. With Marie de Medicis and Louis the Thirteenth, the absent were as the dead; and this mental feature is the more extraordinary, because Leonora had never before been parted from the queen from the first day of their lives. They were both in their thirty-third year when Leonora was executed.

The wealth of the unhappy Leonora, which it had been the chief pleasure of her life to accumulate, was all confiscated; and an edict was passed, forbidding any one of the race and name of Concini to inhabit France. Stefano Galligai immediately left France, taking with him the unfortunate and disinherited orphan of the Concinis.

Armand du Plessis, the protege of Leonora, for a time, shared her fall: he was banished to Dijon; but soon got into favour with the king, and succeeded the Duke de Luynes as prime minister of France; he was the celebrated Cardinal de Richelieu.

Leonora was considered, by the court of France, as very ugly; she has, however, as may be seen by her portrait, a fine historical figure, whilst her wit and eloquence were of the most powerful order.

---

THE SECRETS OF THE DEEP.

FROM A POET'S "LEISURE-HOURS:" IN THE PRESS.

Thy waters with the glorious light
Of sun and sky were born,
And rose from their primeval night,
To greet the stars of morn.
Creation sung its earliest hymn,
When chaos gave thee birth,
And like a spirit floated dim
Around the joyful earth.

The record of four thousand years
Is written on thy brow;
Unchangeable it still appears,
And fraught with beauty now!
The storm which bows the stately oak,
And dies away in rain,
And ev'n the tempest's thunderstroke
Have pass'd o'er thee in vain.

What secrets could'st thou not disclose,—
Thou vast and boundless sea?
What treasures in thy depths repose,
Unknown to all but thee?
The Secrets of the Deep.

The freight of eastern Argosies,
The wealth of western lands,—
And far more precious things than these,
Are buried in thy sands.

Thou hast hearts that won a deathless name,
And firm in battle stood,
Till the deck which echoed to their fame,
Was purpled with their blood.
The ocean-kings that dared the wrath
Of stormy skies and thee,
And scatter'd ruin in their path,
Are thine,—thou mighty sea!

Thou hast spirits who could plume their wings
Beyond the farthest star,
Where daylight from its fountain springs,
And visits worlds afar.
The sons of song, who nobly gave
Their nights to toil and care,
Within thy waters found a grave,
And left their honours there.

Thou hast secrets more sublime than these!—
The pearl and amber caves,
Where sleep the Naiads of the seas,
And Genii of the waves.
Leviathan has made his throne
Where winds and billows sleep,
Surrounded by a world unknown,—
Behemoth of the deep!

The twice ten thousand coral isles,
That dimple ocean's face,
On which the tropic sunshine smiles
With more than heavenly grace;
From thy recesses sprung to life,
With their volcanic forms,
And caught the distant tempest's strife,—
The cradles of the storms.

Thy dark petrific waters flow
O'er fossil plants and trees,
Hidden within thy depths below,—
The spoil of frozen seas;
The quench'd volcano slumbers there,—
Riven from its ancient throne;
And many a tyrant's sepulchre,
Whose very dust is gone!

Roll on, thou vast and boundless deep!
Unchangeable to all;
O'er thee a thousand whirlwinds sweep,
A thousand torrents fall;
Roll on, and let thy mighty waves
Inspire the heart with dread,
Till Heaven's last thunder wakes the graves,
And seas yield up their dead!

G. B. CARTER.
DELINEATIONS BY AN ARTIST.

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FRANCIS HERVE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN TURKEY AND GREECE."

AN EXTRAORDINARY BEING.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 195.)

[We are desired to assure our readers that the several extraordinary events recorded in this series of papers are facts.]

A few evenings after my arrival at F——'s, eight or ten officers of a ship of war, lying in sight of Romney, came to pass an hour or two with my host, and take tea. F—— had such attachment for the navy, that he always made it a point to pay attention to the officers, whenever he had an opportunity; but at the same time, he had an excellent notion of making use of his visitors and friends, because he would say, "what is the use of having friends, if you don't make use of them," which he most powerfully exemplified, in regard to his naval friends. We were all sitting, after tea, very composedly, the conversation being rather flat, when F—— observed, "that we did not appear very bright," and then exclaimed, "Suppose you water my garden, it will enliven you a little." The gentlemen laughed, but I do not think they thought F—— was in earnest; however they sprang on their legs, whilst Mrs. Fresselique declared, "that she never heard such a thing in her life." But F—— was not a man to be taken aback by a remark of his wife's, and turning to Captain M——y, said, "Captain, I intend assigning you the post of honour; you shall preside at the pump," which stood in the street, some way from the house: he then stationed the other officers so as to form the chain; I also being enlisted in the service, was included in one of the links. The jolly tars were highly amused with the novelty of the occupation, regarding the whole as a frolic fraught with high fun; but if they were pleased and surprised at the whimsicality of the affair, still more astounded and diverted were the good people of Romney with the extraordinary spectacle which presented itself, of an officer bedecked with gay epaulettes working like a galley-slave at the pump; and so fully did Captain M——y enter into the spirit of the joke, that he would not hear of any relief, nor resign his post for an instant, but fagged as hard as if he had been pumping against a leak, until the object was accomplished. When the operation was finished, F—— said, "There! now that you have completely saturated my garden, a most important advantage during this drought, in return for plenty of water which you have given me, I will give you plenty of grog." This species of barter the men of war highly approved, and we had a very merry evening; if there was rather a dearth of wit and humour (what little there was emanating from the host himself), we were amply compensated by abundance of talking, noise, and laughing; we had also lots of singing, which if not very harmonious, was at least very loud, which answered the purpose perhaps better than if it had been more scientific: all parties appearing to separate, delighted with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Two midshipmen, with whose relations F—— was acquainted, accepted his invitation of remaining for the night, but, with his usual forecast, he had already determined to make them useful; accordingly, the next morning he called them as soon as it was light, observing there was nothing in the world so good for young men as early rising, to which his guests readily assented. F—— then proposed a walk in the garden, which the youths certainly considered more agreeable than keeping their watch on board; but they had not been long amongst the flowers and cabbages, before F—— suggested, that it would be a nice amusement for them to weed his turnip bed, he explaining exactly what was to be done; the young tars agreeing that it would be very entertaining, set to work con amore. The old boy assisted them for a little while, but soon sneaked off,
and locking the garden gate, went to bed again, as he never was an amateur of over-working himself, however he liked to promote an excess of industry in others. Meantime, the naval gardeners fagged away famously for a short time, but soon got sick of it, and after taking a few turns round the garden, endeavoured to make their escape, which to their chagrin they found was impracticable; however accustomed they had been to climb the ropes, all their skill was baffled by a seven-feet quickset hedge, which passing over the gate, caused that means of egress to be equally hopeless; at last, they began to call and bawl for some one to open the wicket, which at length brought the maid servant, who, however, could not afford them any relief, as her master had the key. "Then," said they, "go to him with our compliments, and say, we should be glad if he would give you the key to let us out." The girl obeyed, but brought word, "that F—— would be very happy to emancipate them if they had completely finished their work, and if not, recommended them to persevere in their undertaking, and that he would be with them shortly." Upon this, the youths went grumbling once more to the turnip bed, and resumed the operation of pulling away at the weeds; but in a very short time were completely tired out, quitting their job, and renewing their clamour at the gate, which at length brought Fresselique himself, who catching a glimpse at the unfinished state of their contract, told his young friends, "that he never approved of doing things by halves; and that they should neither have their breakfast nor their liberty, until they had thoroughly fulfilled their engagement; so that as soon as the turnip bed was divested of every weed, he would let them out, and not before." The midshipmen at last, finding that the old fellow was obstinate, and that he was one of that sort, as the cockneys would say, "as wouldn't stand none of your nonsense," thought it best to humour him and set to work in good earnest, and executed their task in a truly workmanlike style. F—— then performed his part of the agreement, opened the gate, and we all sat down to breakfast, when it was very evident that the appetites of the young sailors had not by any means suffered from their morning's toil. F—— asked them, "If they did not think gar- dening a most delightful recreation?" "Oh very," replied one of them, "if one has not too much of it." Whilst the other said to me aside,—"That he'd see the old son of a gun stuck up on the mainmast-top, heels upwards, before he should catch him again at that fun." —

CHAPTER IV.

Notwithstanding Fresselique boasted how wonderfully he could bear pain, having endured, without once saying oh! (to use his own expression) the operation which enabled him to tuck up his face in so extraordinary a manner, yet the uproarious irritability which he displayed whilst suffering from a fit of the ague, by no means sustained his character for patience and fortitude under bodily affliction. He used to be attacked with that animating complaint, for which Romney Marsh is so celebrated, setting all his limbs and himself in motion (in the most aggravating manner), regularly every other evening. Of course one must sympathise with a person who was the victim of such a malady; but during its access he would lift up his arms and let his hands hang down like the paws of a kangaroo, and begin in a tremulent manner singing out boo-woo-oo-oo, puffing and blowing at the same time, presenting so ludicrous an appearance, that it was a hard struggle for pity to subdue one's irresistible inclination to laughter, when the inescapable invalid was under the influence of so uncere monious a disorder, which shakes one so recklessly in spite of oneself, perhaps at the very moment one is most anxious to keep still, which was most powerfully exemplified one evening, when F——, I really believe, would have given all he was worth to have retained his firmness unshaken as a rock.

It had so happened one morning that he and his wife had a most desperate quarrel, far exceeding the usual limits; he insisting that she had broken the seventh commandment, because she contradicted him, and did not do as he had bid her, after having promised to honour and obey him at the altar, consequently she had committed a breach of the marriage vow, and had merited the obnoxious accusation with which he had stigmatised her. But Mrs. F—— not viewing the subject in the same light, her indignation was aroused to such a pitch by so injurious an insinuation, that she declared
she wished she could see a dagger sticking in his heart, and at all events she hoped he might have the devil’s hand upon him that evening in the form of a good shaking ague; with this affectionate wish she quitted the room. After a storm it is said there comes a calm, and so it proved in this case; the dinner passed off with unwonted serenity, and even the first cup of tea had gone round without any indication of hostilities. At length the arrival of ague was announced by F——’s beginning to shout boo-woo-oo-oo.

“it’s a coming,” said Mrs. F——, shaking her finger at him exultingly, observing, “now the devil’s hand is upon you.”

“Hold your tongue you wicked woman,” roared out the irritated sufferer, adding by way of symphony boo-woo-oo-oo to every word that he said.

“There,” observed Mrs. F—— with a triumphant smile, “did I not tell you the devil would have hold of you this evening? and now I hope he will make you feel: shake him devil, shake him devil,” continued Mrs. F——, patting her husband on his shoulder, “shake him well devil, shake him soundly devil, now your hand is upon him.”

The accommodating devil appeared to do his utmost to oblige Mrs. F——, for certainly the reverend victim, what with rage and ague together, appeared more shaken from head to foot than ever I had seen him upon any former occasion; he endeavoured to give language to his wrath, but could not articulate a word, every syllable ending in boo-woo-oo, till at last he was constrained only to look untenable things, just grumbling out a few incoherent sounds. Mrs. F—— meantime so enjoyed her power, that she continued to sing “shake him devil” to a tune which she composed extempore, and made a very lively little air of it, for she had much talent for music, whilst old Fresselique kept accompanying her by mutterings, and constantly introducing the old cadence of boo-woo-oo-oo.

The next morning it appeared as if the acrimony of the belligerents had somewhat exhausted itself, for the whole day passed off without their having any disagreement whatever, and they were themselves so astonished at such an extraordinary event having occurred, that it formed the topic of conversation all the evening, and many were the jokes bandied between them upon the subject. But such halcyon days as these were, “like angels’ visits, few and far between,” as I was with them three weeks, and no other such pacific interval ever occurred; in fact, such was their proneness to squabble, and the consciousness they had of the difficulty they experienced in endeavouring to repress the propensity, that one day when a gentleman of Romney was expected to dinner, they each cautioned the other to avoid any expression, or philippics, which might provoke any discord between them. Notwithstanding all their resolutions to the contrary, in the midst of dinner, in presence of the gentleman, they had one of the most violent quarrels I ever witnessed.

However paradoxical it may appear, they certainly had a great affection for each other, and would not tolerate any usurpation by a third person of what they considered their own exclusive privilege, that of mutual abuse. If any one were guilty of the slightest insinuation against Mrs. F——, no one would be more fiery in asserting the immaculacy of his wife than F——, I remember well a case in point. A Mr. Arthur A——, who had been formerly a banker, but having married a lady of title and fortune had assumed rather a high tone, was reported to have said, that Mrs. F——’s mother never drove asses about the streets of Cambridge, which elicited the following note from the indignant husband:

“Mrs. Fresselique’s mother never drove asses about the streets of Cambridge, but your mother gave birth to one when you came into the world; and if ever the Rev. John Fresselique, who has been in nine general engagements, and twenty-seven single encounters, should meet with Mr. Arthur A——, the Rev. John Fresselique will have the pleasure of pulling a brewer’s son by the nose.”

Naturally of a choleric disposition, F—— made many enemies, and was not very much liked by the good folks of Romney, who, although many of them were very rich, they were principally graziers. One accusation they brought against him was, that he was personal in his sermons; he replied, “It is false, I never said a word against sheep-feeder, and there’s no one else here.”

At the time I was staying with him, he was writing a work upon the Cinque Ports, and had introduced himself to the Earl of
Delineations by an Artist.

L.—p.—I, to consult with him upon the subject, as also to state that he wished to dedicate it to his lordship. How he first obtained access to the earl, then prime minister, I know not, but having attained that object, he availed himself of it in a most extraordinary manner. He told the earl he wished to read to him a sort of prefatory or dedicatory prelude to his work, which was of a political nature. The earl observed, "You must suppose that my time is too important to admit of my sitting to listen to authors reading their works." "That is very true," replied F——, not at all baffled, "but, I think it is of the utmost consequence that you should hear what I have written before it is published."

Lord L.—p.—I, I imagine, struck with the confidence and audacity of F——, thought that what he wished to read might be of some importance, and asked him if it mentioned the present ministers. F—— replied in the affirmative. "Does it praise them?" demanded his lordship. "No, hang them! abuses them in almost every line," was the blunt and extraordinary answer, which one might have supposed would have been sufficient to induce the earl to have had F—— turned out of the house instanter, for treating his lordship’s colleagues so disrespectfully; but, instead of that, it operated in the reverse ratio; and I can only conjecture that such overpowering candour was so different to what a prime minister is accustomed, amongst the host of sycophants and parasites by whom he is assailed, that its originality pleased. Lord L.—p.—I, merely smiling at F——’s rough, but honest declaration, said, "Well, I will give you twenty minutes." F—— then read his dedicatory preface, condemnatory both of his lordship and of his ministry; and, when he had finished, asked the earl with all possible assurance, what he thought of it. "I think," replied the earl, "that it is too personal, and that it requires some alteration; but you shall not alter any part which alludes to myself;" and from that time he became, and remained, a friend to F——.

Had another man attempted the same method of introducing and ingratiating himself with a minister, he would, in all probability, have failed, so few possessing that eccentric witchery which was so taking in old Fresselique.

During the time I was on a visit at his house, he received several letters from the earl, written by himself, and not through the medium of his secretary, as I should have expected. F—— being ill part of the time whilst I was staying with him, I volunteered my services as his amanuensis, and had frequently the opportunity of seeing the communications of the minister, which much surprised me, as I could not have supposed it possible that any one who must have had such a multiplicity of demands upon his time, could have devoted that portion which he did, in receiving and answering the letters of one in so humble a station as F——. Numbers were the persons with whom he had become acquainted, and afterwards quarrelled, who had filled conspicuous situations both in the army, navy, church, and senate; and if, perchance, one named any of those characters with whom he was at variance, it would stir up his bile, and cause him to express his wrath in the most whimsical manner. I remember once naming a former speaker of the House of Commons, who, although diminutive in person, had provoked in Fresselique a lasting anger of the highest magnitude. "Don’t mention the vile atom!" exclaimed the enraged parson, "I only wish I had him here, and I’d stick him in my pocket, and beat out his brains with the heel of my shoe."

His method of venting his rage against myself was, perhaps, the most amusing: he appointed to meet me at a certain hour, at the Blossoms Inn, in London. Accordingly I went there with all due punctuality at the time stated, waited for him an hour, and he never came; at last I quitted, leaving a note for him, dictated certainly, rather in the spirit of bitterness. I afterwards understood, that when he read it he flew into a violent passion, rushed out of the house, and ran to Newgate to have my note burnt by the common hangman: he was thwarted in his object by Jack Ketch being out of the way; he, therefore, requested the ordinary, with whom he was acquainted, to read it aloud to a number of persons who were assembled, and then to stick it in the fire. He afterwards called upon me in the spirit of meekness, told me that all his anger was evaporated, that he had treated my note as it merited, and that he sincerely forgave me.

With all his faults a kinder-hearted
man never lived than John Fresselique; and in acts of benevolence his wife equalled him. He once observed to me that there was but one thing in which he and Mrs. F—pulled together, and that was in doing good; which, indeed, he might truly say, as in the neighborhood where they resided if any one wanted relief and had tried other quarters in vain, they always knocked at the door of old Fresselique (Frizzle-wig, as they pronounced his name), with the confidence that their petition would be heard, and that aid would be accorded. Mrs. F—was always occupied either in visiting the poor and sick, or in making or contriving somewhat which might contribute to their comforts.

But even the kind acts of F—were made instruments by his enemies to injure him, of which I shall give a few instances. When he was in Sussex he was very intimate with J—, a member of Parliament, who had attained considerable notoriety on account of his absurdities. After some time he and F—quarrelled, and J—resorted to every means in his power to ruin his former friend, and arranged a string of charges amounting to forty-two against F—, which were presented in due form to the bishop, J—hoping thereby to get the poor parson's gown stripped over his head.

But no sooner did F—find that the enemy had taken the field than he prepared for action, and opened the campaign by calling on all his parishioners with a memorial, which he required them to sign, stating that he had discharged all his duties, both ecclesiastical and secular, with scrupulous exactness, nineteen out of twenty complying with his demand, but were not aware at the time that J—was so actively occupied against their minister, or they would not have so readily granted his signatures, most of them being either the tenants or the tradespeople of J—; but when they found the object of their landlord and patron, the greater portion of them came to F—, begging he would erase their names. "No," quoth he, "I must have no erasures." In vain they urged that they should offend J—, and that he could seriously injure them, and would do so, if their names appeared to any document opposed to his wishes. Fresselique, however, was inflexible, and by that means out-generalled his adversary, flooring the greater part of his witnesses, rendering his charges nugatory, having no evidence to support them. As it would have been an inconsistence too palpable to be admitted to have received the testimony of those who had signed their names as approvers of F—'s conduct, in support of an accusation condemnatory of his character, he was therefore enabled to bear down every thing before him, and to crown triumphantly over his disgraced foe.

The charges certainly were such as appeared at the first blush annihilation of the character of a clergyman, but they were answered and explained by F— with such ability, that their intended injurious effect was completely defeated. But that the reader may judge of the character of the offences with which he was charged, I will state a few, with his defence, which will give a tolerable idea of the general complexion of the whole.

The first was for drinking with soldiers at an alehouse door, which was really true, and was apparently most disgraceful, until F—'s statement that he was riding slowly up a hill at the time two soldiers were toiling along, mounting it by still slower degrees, dragging one leg after another, as they pursued their weary way. "You look very tired, my lads," said F—, addressing them.

"That we are, sir, sure enough," replied the soldiers.

"And you look as if you wanted your breakfast," observed F—.

"And you are right enough, sir," returned the tired travellers.

"And methinks," continued F—, "you look as if you had not too much to spare to procure one."

"In good truth," returned the sons of Mars, "you have just hit the mark, sir; we made our money last as long as we could, but it is all gone, and we have still fifteen miles to our quarters."

"Then," said F—, "you shall have a prime breakfast at the public-house on the top of the hill, and I will pay for it."

F—was as good as his word, and, as he was riding away, one of the soldiers approached him, saying:

"Now, if your honour would but drink with us, it would please us even more than the breakfast."

F— took the pot from the poor fellow's hand, just sipped the beer, and re-
turning it, rode off, accompanied by the blessings and good wishes of the grateful soldiers. But it so happened that whilst F—— held the pewter to his lips, some ill-natured officious meddler was passing by, conveyed the information of having seen F—— under such uncivil circumstances to J——, who got up a charge on the strength of it.

Another denunciation preferred against F—— by his indefatigable enemy appeared perhaps still more injurious than the foregoing; but I shall only crave a few minutes' patience in attending to F——'s defence before they condemn.

J—— accused the defendant of declining to form one of the circle of friends assembled at the prosecutor's house, when invited so to do, and going in preference to the servants and taking tea with them. This was a most heavy arraignment, it must be admitted, particularly as F—— could not deny it, but could merely lighten its weight by illustrating the subject, which he did by explaining that he had passed the whole day fishing, and was appropriately clad in a fustian jacket——such, in fact, as he was accustomed to wear when shooting or following any of the field sports, and like many anglers he had gone into the water, so that his boots or gaiters were in a pretty condition.

As he was returning in this plight in the evening very tired, he called at his friend J——'s, who pressed him to enter and join the company, it so happening that he had a party of which Fresselique was not aware, but which he persisted in refusing to join, on account of the costume which he then wore being so ill calculated for a drawing-room, adding also that his feet were wet, therefore he could have stayed but a few minutes even if Mr. J—— had been alone. The latter still pressed F—— to join the party and take some refreshment of which he stood so much in need, which he positively refusing as pertinaciously as ever: a compromise was agreed upon between them, which was, that F—— should enter the housekeeper's room, that she might make him some tea, he being much exhausted from fatigue and want of nourishment, J—— saying very good humouredly——

"Well, do so, if you will not afford us the pleasure of your society."

F—— accordingly went to the housekeeper and found her at tea with another female servant, who was admitted to her room, might be a sempstress or lady's maid—I do not remember which; F—— took his tea and departed, remaining on the same intimate terms with J—— long after the circumstances had happened, without imagining that it had in the least degree offended him, or even excited his disapprobation. Still less did Fresselique dream that it would ever rise in judgment against him, for the purpose of inflicting upon him a vital injury.

However outrageous these charges whilst unexplained, yet still more startling is that of his being caught in a hay-field romping with a number of Welsh girls, yet such an accusation was preferred against the luckless clergyman with some apparent foundation.

Fresselique never having heard of the privileges claimed by the Cambrian fair during the operations of the hay-field, as usual took a path across a meadow by way of profiting by a short cut which he hoped would save him some time and space in his progress homewards; not so with poor Fresselique, whose evil star that day certainly prevailed. In the field he was traversing there were some young women from Wales making hay, who were in the habit of coming from their own country into Sussex for work, as hands were then scarce, it being the war time. Whilst in their labours, their attention was caught by the grotesque figure of Fresselique, who was unsuspectingly winding his way deeply absorbed in the perusal of a manuscript, containing the material for his next Sunday's sermon, and the lower part of his face tucked up to his nose, according to custom when wrapped in meditation, a sort of clerical queer-fashioned hat decked his head, a coat with the skirts up as if one end had been cut off, a pair of neither garments which gave the notion that they were made for any one else than himself, and being tightly buttoned at the knees, afforded an uninterrupted display of his legs, which, enclosed in black silk hose, seemed so thin and straight, that it was difficult to guess which was meant for top or bottom: suffice it to say, that his tout ensemble so amused the Welsh girls, that, determined not to let slip such an opportunity of having what they termed a bit of fun, they resolved to play upon the old gentleman a practical joke, according to the hay-field customs of their own country.
Accordingly they began to form a circle around their victim, who, perceiving not their drift, continued his course, until one damsel, the boldest of the sisterhood, advanced most audaciously, and addressed him with the familiar phrase of “How do you do, my dear?” Fresseligique, annoyed at having the train of his thoughts broken in upon by such a brawny wench, and conceiving his dignity compromised by her accosting him in so unceremonious a manner, sternly replied, “Get out of my way,” and endeavoured to hasten forward, but the fair daughter of Cambria was not so soon put off from her purpose, and exclaiming, “No, sir, I can’t think of parting with you till we have had a roll in the hay together,” whilst she suited the word to the deed, for, clasping him in her sturdy arms, she exerted all her strength and address to pull the poor parson to the ground, but, though thin, he was very strong, being all sinew and muscle, and, notwithstanding the persevering endeavours of the amazon with whom he grappled, he kept upon his legs right manfully; but the bravest and the strongest must at length give way to a host of assailants, and so, alas! it was with poor Fresseligique, who, beset by numbers, was at last floored; but great was his fall! for he fell not alone, but the greater portion of his tormentors contrived to tumble with him: with such a weighty burden upon him, the discomfited priest began to sing out most uproariously, and to kick and plunge with all his might; but all in vain, for as fast as he could shake off one incumbrance by twisting and twirling, she was immediately succeeded by another; and if for an instant she was enabled to get up on one leg, some one was sure to seize hold of the other, so that he was again prostrated upon one or other of his fair foes, until at length they contrived to accomplish their purpose of tying his hands and feet. But as it generally happens that when a man cuts a ridiculous figure, or in a situation in which he would prefer that there were no witnesses near, spectators are by no means wanting, so it was in this instance.

Attracted by the outcry of Fresseligique, and the loud peals of laughter which resounded from the merry hay-makers, several persons entered the field, and, seeing the parson’s bald pate peering amongst the joyous group of girls, one while his left leg then his right kicking about with all the apparent animation of ecstatic transport, they pretended to think that his struggles were merely expressive of the excess of the enjoyment which he experienced in his romp with the lively lasses.

At last, unwilling to make a toil of a pleasure, the delighted girls left their victim to roll in the hay as pleasantly as he could, bound hand and foot, when some of the observers perceiving the real state of the case, immediately severed the bonds with which the Cambrian fair had confined the limbs of their luckless captive.

Fresseligique, as soon as he was fairly on his legs again, at first gave vent to his feelings of passion, and vowed he would have them all punished by being well whipped at a cart’s tail, as such gentle correction was sometimes in those days inflicted even upon the softer sex; but he reflected afterwards that the less said upon the subject the better, and he very prudently never but once adverted to so ludicrous an affair, and that was at a moment of great hilarity in our presence.

But some passers-by who merely witnessed the scene in the hey-day of its mirth, and tarried not to see the finale, pretended that it was voluntary on the part of Fresseligique, and on the strength of that supposition made a most scandalous charge against him.

That the same annoyance might have befallen any other man I can bear witness, as I well remember the same circumstance to have happened to a nobleman in Wales, and I also recollect a Lieutenant Morgan, of the navy, who had been presented with a sword for some act of bravery which he had performed; coming to me whilst I was in the hayfield, although he wished particularly to speak with me, no persuasions would induce him to enter the field whilst the female hay-makers were in it. Thus, he who had dauntlessly faced the cannon’s mouth, confessed that he shrank from an encounter with the fairer sex.

The next accusation brought against the persecuted defendant, was no less than that of having knocked down a magistrate, and then horsewhipped him with unrelenting fury; which was true to the letter, but capable of many palliating circumstances in the progress of its elucidation.
Fresselique had a large garden, which, by great care and attention, he had rendered unusually productive, and having a superabundance of cabbages, he informed many of the peasantry that if they would call during the day time, they should be supplied gratis with a certain number of that useful vegetable; some few availed themselves of his offer, but others who were too proud to come and ask for them, Fresselique ascertained came and stole them in the night, and often made free with such other garden productions as took their fancy.

Fresselique had often complained of this circumstance at a sort of club-room, where the respectable inhabitants of the place were accustomed of an evening to meet, and amongst the number was an active magistrate, named S——h, who piqued himself much upon his vigilance, and was by no means pleased by being jeered by the sarcastic parson on the subject of the nightly using of his cabbages, which his worship considered rather as a reflection on his penetrating activity in not having been able to discover the offenders; and, in fact, there had always been that kind of sparring between the justice and the priest, that it was pretty well known that each owed the other a grudge.

As Fresselique had, however, a considerable affection for his remaining cabbages, he determined to be himself their nightly guardian, and to protect them from future depredations, as they were reared from his own seed, cultivated with his own hands, and watered by him with caution's nicest care, when he could not get any one to do it for him gratis; resolving, therefore, that no lawless marauder should capture them with impunity, he boldly decided at the dark hour of midnight to take his station in his garden, armed with a formidable hunting whip, he very prudently keeping his own counsel as to his intentions.

Fresselique had not long mounted guard when his patience began to wane, and he had almost made up his mind to give up the watch for that night, when he heard a footsteps evidently approach the garden, the reverend watchman was enchanted at the notion that he had not broken his rest for nothing, and he cut a few capers at the thought of having an opportunity of so soon bringing his whip into play.

Fresselique had not flattered himself in vain, a footsteps was in reality advancing towards the forbidden ground, but it was none other than that of the magistrate himself, who had been passing the evening with a friend, and remaining rather late, thought, as it would be but a little out of his way, he would go round by Fresselique's garden, for if he could catch any one stealing cabbages, he thought he would have a fine triumph over the clerical quiz, and add another laurel to the reputation he had already earned for acute vigilance; fraught with this idea he approached the palings of the garden, and as he drew near, distinctly heard the steps of Fresselique, and immediately concluding that it must be some one bent on plunder, he determined he would ascertain the fact, which was only to be effected by escalating the fence, but as the justice was not six feet high, and the palings rather exceeded that height, he was obliged to put his hands upon the tops of them, and jerk himself upwards for the purpose of climbing over; but in his first attempt he was only able to raise his head above the palisades, when he knocked his hat off.

Meantime, Fresselique, already upon the qui vive as he heard the enemy approach the palings from without, drew near to them from within, and to give him a little more altitude, he mounted himself upon a decayed cucumber bed, and when he saw a pair of hands on the palisades, up went his whip high in air, and as soon as the head popped up, such was his eagerness for the fray, that down went the butt-end of his whip handle full crack upon his worship's crown, who, without stopping to reply, fell, stunned, backwards to the ground. Fresselique, who only intended the first blow as a sort of prelude to the tune he was about to play, sprang over the palings with the agility of a roebuck, and giving his prostrate victim a sound flogging at about the rate of a dozen cuts a minute, he bellowed out, "Who are you, what's your name?" But the magistrate was dumb, as he still lay senseless, upon which Fresselique resumed his work; and however some may be whipped to death, yet there are others who are whipped to life again, and of this latter number was the justice. The smart from the lashes he received, at last began to have such an animating power that they restored him to consciousness,
and he just articulated that his name was S——h. Now, unfortunately for his worship, there was a man of the same name who lived in a cottage hard by, who was a noted poacher and rogue, and Fresselique naturally thinking that a man of that description was far more likely to invade the privacy of his garden than a respectable magistrate, exclaimed, “

Ho! ho! is it you? then you shall have a double dose;" whereupon Fresselique laid on with more vigour than ever, till he thought he had inflicted upon the fallen culprit as complete a flagellation as a man could well bear, and his arm beginning to tire, he withdrew, well satisfied with the display of his prowess, and delighted at having so chastised one, who he imagined was going to make free with his darting cabbages. But the next morning he was forced to take a very different view of the case, when he received the information who the person really was whom he had treated so roughly on the preceding night.

Fresselique lost no time in hastening to the magistrate, and expressing his deep regret for what had happened, and in fact said and did all in his power towards making the amende honorable.

The darkness of the night, and Mr. S——h being enwrapped in a large thick drab great coat, such as countrymen often wear, rendered it, indeed, impossible for Fresselique to distinguish one person from another, yet amongst his enemies there were those who insinuated that he knew well enough whom he was scourging, and that he did it to gratify a personal pique, which he had always entertained against the magistrate; hence it was considered a fitting subject whereon to found a heavy charge against the reverend defendant, but Mr. S——h had the candour to declare that it was his opinion that he was not recognised by Fresselique.

The next instance of indecorous conduct with which poor Fresselique was reproached, was that of singing and dancing at Covent Garden Theatre, which certainly appeared indefensible under every possible plea; but of all the charges which were brought against him it was the most insidious, as having the least of truth to sustain it, and indeed being all a misrepresentation. As I know a gentleman of the name of May, who is still living, who was with him at the theatre when the circumstance alluded to occurred.

Fresselique had obtained the entrée to the royal box, and induced Mr. May to accompany him; on entering they found two of the king's household already seated in front; but Fresselique always liked to be comfortable wherever he went, and had a happy knack of arranging every thing and every body according to his own way of thinking, he therefore suggested to the first occupants that by their sitting closer together there would be room for him; and no sooner was he well installed to his liking, than he discovered that by sitting still closer there would be room for his companion also in the front row; and the gentlemen still yielding quietly as lambs to his suggestion, he turned to Mr. May (who being young and diffident, recoiled from intruding) saying, “Here, come on, come on, Sharpshins,” being the name by which he designated his friend, and in fact for every acquaintance he always had some favourite cognomen by which he distinguished them.

At length all were arranged and seated according to Fresselique's wish, and the play was “Love in a Village,” which began by the duet of “Hope thou nurse of young desire;” the delighted parson, ever the most enthusiastic admirer of the English ballad, forgetting all around him in the ecstasy of the moment, joined his voice to that of the singers, accompanying them throughout the whole duet without ever missing a note, certainly not loud enough to be heard all over the house, but too much so to escape the notice of any one near him, and of the fair performers themselves; as to the gentlemen in the same box they looked at him with mute astonishment.

As the play continued he most per severingly bore his part in every air that was sung throughout the evening, once or twice so loud that a faint hiss or two, and call to order was elicited. But when Munden sung his celebrated song of “When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,” Fresselique became so inspired with delight, that losing all command of himself, he not only accompanied Munden throughout the vocal performance, and when the performer began jumping and dancing about, as he sung the chorus of “Highthy, tighty, whisky, frisky,” Fresselique, totally unconscious of what he was doing, began capering about also, and in his first attempt upset his chair; but
unfurnished by that circumstance, although it drew the attention of every eye upon him, he kept frisking about the box till the song was finished, when he resumed his seat quite insensible to the peal of laughter which burst forth from all who witnessed his performance, and none were more diverted than his arch enemy J——, who sat (with a friend) in a box opposite, a frequent attendant at the theatres where he was often required, on account of his parliamentary duties. Thus Fresselique certainly did both dance and sing at Covent Garden Theatre, but not as the charge inferred which J—— brought forward a year afterwards against him, leaving it to be imagined that he had danced and sung as a performer on the stage.

Before I quit the subject, I must obtrude one more change, which was far more serious and certainly much more comic than all the others united, being no less an accusation than that of having ridden a race with a chimney-sweeper, and then of having fought a boxing-match with him in the public road. The circumstances were these—F—— was riding very quietly along the road, wrapped in meditation on the futile nature of all sublunary affairs, as every clergyman should be, when the train of his contemplations was suddenly interrupted by his being overtaken by a chimney-sweeper upon a donkey, who, perhaps, might have been rather tipsy at the time, who insisted that as their mutual professions compelled them both to wear the same garb of sable hue, so must they be of the same fraternity, and it was meet that they should ride together, sticking himself at the same time so closely to Fresselique, as scarcely to leave the space of an inch between them.

The indignant but pure minister of the gospel, by no means relishing so foul a companion, thundered forth in a tone of authority—“Sheer off, if you give me any of your black mouth, I will have you put in the stocks.”

“Oh, believe me, my dear brother, I can’t think of parting with you so soon,” replied Snowball, for that was the cognomen which he had acquired.

“Avast, you imp of darkness!” bel owed out Fresselique, accompanying his mandate with a withering look, but finding his dark associate still constant as his shadow at his side, on arriving where two roads met he stopped, determined whichever sweep selected, that he would make choice of the other. But Snowball made a dead halt also. At length F—— demanded impatiently—“What tack are you for now?”

“My way is your way,” replied his dingy friend, coldly observing, “I am not one of they there what likes to leave good company when I have the luck to get hold of it.”

F—— finding that there was no other means of disembarrassing himself of so unwelcome a companion, thought he would ride for it, not doubting but that a horse must at all times soon leave an ass behind, but he reckoned without his host, for he was mounted upon a poor Rosinate, whilst his opponent bestrode one of the best donkeys in the country; and it was well known that if any one could make horse, mule, or ass move, as if the devil was on his back, Snowball was the man; thus he was ever enabled to keep within half a neck of the enraged parson; in this manner they arrived at a village, and, as is generally the case, a parcel of idle impudent fellows were hanging about the blacksmith’s shop, began singing out, “A race, a race between two clergymen; a dead heat, bar gom,” and forming themselves into partisans for the respective candidates, called out, “Go it, Snowball; go it Frizzle-wig; well done, Snowball; well done, Frizzle-wig;” and at last the knight of the brush ran his sooty limbs up against F—— raising a cloud of black dust in which he was almost enveloped, exciting the mirth of the spectators to such a degree that they set up a horse-laugh, which was altogether more than the irritable temper of F—— could bear, and, no longer able to refrain from punishing his sable tormentor, he determined to inflict upon him summary justice, and giving him a blow with the butt-end of his whip, he brought his pugnacious foe to the ground; but, being formed of nimble mould, he was upon his legs again in an instant, and catching hold of F——’s bridle with one hand to stop the horse, with the other went to work with his broom, belabouring poor F—— most unceremoniously, who no longer able to endure such a sweeping chastisement, found it necessary for his own defence to dismount, when the sweep showed fight in regular style.

The combatants were pretty equally
matched, being much of a size; and, although F— was by many years the elder, yet, as he knew a something of every thing, so was he acquainted with the pugilistic art; and his passion lending him strength, he began to pitch into Snowball without mercy, whilst the spectators, anxious to give fair play, called out, "A battle 'twixt two parsons, a ring, a ring," which was speedily formed, and the bystanders began to espouse the cause of one or other of the hostile parties, displaying the views which they took of the subject, by exclaiming, "Hit him hard, Frizzle-wig; that's your sort, give it him, Snowball, punish him well."

How long the contest might have lasted 'tis hard to say, had not some respectable persons come up with a constable, and took Snowball in custody, and clapped him, pro tempore, in the village cage. It was the opinion, however, of those who saw the fight, that F—— had the best of it; and, indeed, bets ran five to three in his favour; still it was thought that the battle would have been both long and bloody, had not the contending parties been separated.

In this unfortunate rencontre, poor F—— was hardly to blame; if a man be assailed by a ruffian, a thief, or a blackguard, what can he do but defend himself.

In the opportunities which I had of judging, I ever found F—— very strict in the performance of his professional duties, and there was a great bustle every Sunday morning that he might not be too late for church, and keep his parishioners waiting. On the last Sabbath which I passed with them, whilst seated at breakfast, Mrs. F—— began wondering where her niece was. The cause was soon explained. There appeared a sort of fatality to hang over F——'s canons; on a former occasion the cat had made a bed of his gown. To prevent a recurrence of so unpleasant a circumstance, the surplice-room had been kept locked; but the key was missing, and F—— vowed that his niece had lost it, and locked her in a closet until it was found. At this explanation Mrs. F—— exclaimed—"How can you act so like a fool; so in order to make her find it, you deprive her of the power of looking for it." "Depend upon it, Mrs. F——," replied her husband, "my plan is a good one, for you are so fond of that little stump of a niece of your's, that you will not rest a moment until you find the key, whilst she remains in limbo." So far he was right, as Mrs. F—— immediately commenced a most active search for the key, and soon succeeded in finding it, at the same time effecting the emancipation of her niece from confinement, who then occupied her wonted place at the breakfast table, and the eccentric old priest was enabled to attend to his clerical functions, without keeping his flock waiting beyond the usual hour.

His puncilious exactness in the discharge of every official duty had operated powerfully in his favour with the bishop, whose reply to F—— respecting the charges which were brought against him was, that he was not quite good enough for such immaculate people as his parishioners appeared to be, and appointed him to the living near New Romney, which was vacant at the time, and much better than that he had before held, which was bestowed upon a purer disciple.

At length the period arrived when I was obliged to take leave of my host and hostess, which I certainly did with some regret; never since I existed had I laughed so much in the same space of time as I had during my visit to the sea parson.

I did not see him for some years afterwards, when I met with him in London; his wife had gone to her last home; he seemed much to bewail her loss, and spoke of her most affectionately, saying—"Poor thing, now she is still and cold," every time he mentioned her. He had been fortunate enough to have a living presented to him by which his income was doubled, but the improvidence of his nature and habits, to which Mrs. F—— had alluded, was clearly proved when he had her no longer for his cashier, and, as she had foretold, proved himself so had a financier that he never had any money at command, but was always deeply in debt.

He was obliged to procure a housekeeper, and numerous were the quarrels and reconciliations which he recounted to me as having taken place between him and his new appendage, in one of which she had thrown a cup of coffee in his face, and then wiped him dry with her pocket handkerchief. Notwithstanding this little fracas he appeared so fond of talking of her that I suspected he had a sneaking kindness for her, and told him that I
should not be surprised at all if he were to marry her. He started with rage—
"What?" said he, "marry a woman who washed my face with a cup of coffee, and then dabbed it up with a rag mop!"
When next he came to town it was quite with a tragic story, that his housekeeper had robbed and endeavoured to poison him; certain it was he had been somehow rarely pillaged, and his funds being in an exhausted state he had learned the art of procuring every requisite upon credit, and to such perfection had he attained that accomplishment, that he called in upon me one morning and showed me a seal which, as he saw it in a shop window, had taken his fancy, and had obtained without paying for it from a total stranger, observing—"Any fool can get things with money, but that it required a man of his talents to procure them without." He would often enter a shop, purchase an article, and then declare that he had no cash about him, but that he would pay for it at such a time, would state who he was, and, such was the appearance of candour and veracity in his address and manner, that people generally trusted him upon his self representation. To his honour be it said, that I believe he always had the intention of paying, and I never heard of any one yet who lost by him. The last time I saw him was when I yielded to the request contained in the following letter:

"Do, my dear H—- fulfil your promise of dining with a poor parson before he returns to his rustication, which must be to-morrow. You are well aware that it is only priest's, and not doctor's commons which I can give you, but on that score I know you are not particular. You will see my new housekeeper; she weighs sixteen stone, nine pounds, and three ounces. I have just had her weighed. She'n't take her with me in my tilbury; she would weigh down one side so we should go all awry, and perhaps she'd break my springs into the bargain. I shall pack her off by the coach; it is to be hoped they will not have such other, or cry mercy upon the other passengers and the poor horses. She appears a good comfortable-looking creature, and she has got eighty pounds, which I can borrow, and that, you know, will be very handy just now, and was one inducement for hiring her. Expecting you to-morrow to help me in demolishing my soup, fish, and beef,

"I am yours sincerely,

"JOHN FRESSELIQUE."

Accordingly I took a farewell dinner with the old gentleman, and found his housekeeper exactly consistent with his description; they had already learned the pastime of jarring together. A frequent subject of discord was a great hulking son which she had, who was as stupid as he was big, and by his pro-eminent awkwardness used to irritate F—- to that degree, that he would exhaust the whole vocabulary of abusive epithets in scolding the poor wretch, which would cause his affectionate mamma to say—
"Now, Mr. F—— don't snub the poor dear child so."

"A sweet little child, to be sure," exclaimed F——, "with a beard like a cheval de frise; his mother wants me to get him a place as captain's clerk on board a ship, and says—'Who knows but my Jerry may one day get to be secretary to some great man.' Secretary, forsooth! why he is not fit to be secretary to a limekiln."

Perhaps many of my readers are not initiated in all the mysteries of a limekiln, consequently are not aware in what consist the official duties incumbent on its secretary. It is generally a boy who is deputed to that office, having to make a mark with a piece of chalk on a talley for each basket of lime which ascends from the pit. Thus it ever was with F——'s comparisons, the more one examines them the more appropriate and illustrative they appeared. After the tea was over he softened into a singing mood, and amused me with a number of old pathetic sentimental ballads, which was often a favourite occupation with him, and he would enter so fully into the spirit of them, that the tears used to chase each other down his furrowed cheeks in constant succession; and he stated that, whenever he sang those airs which were the favourites of his grandmother, his eyes became like an account current, that is, were always running. But although he was so deeply affected himself by his harmonious strains, I never heard of any one else on whom they had a like effect. At twelve o'clock I bid the old gentleman farewell, and affairs calling me abroad, I never saw him more, finding
on my return he had paid the debt of nature, and peace to his manes.

CHAPTER V.
A Sleepy Doctor.

In the west of England there lived a medical man, whose name was of fair standing in his different callings of surgery, pharmacy, and midwifery; I don't think he had any other diploma, but that which he received from all the country round by whom he was dubbed "Doctor;" I therefore suppose that he thought it would be needless to trouble Oxford, Cambridge, or any other university for a title which was already bestowed upon him by his neighbours, whilst its legality never formed the subject of a question. My readers must really excuse my giving his real name, as it is possible he might wax wrath at some of the following remarks, and who knows but that when I may be doomed to travel his part of the country, he might insinuate a pill extraordinary into my soup, coffee or tea,—doctors, parsons and lawyers, are awkward subjects to offend; the first, because, with drug, pill or potion, they can fight you in the dark, contriving that you alone shall run all the risk, they ever enveloped in the armour of secrecy and security; parsons have the privilege of never fighting at all, consequently may abuse you with impunity; whilst the lawyer fights you with your own words, as 'tis well known "that lawyers can with ease twist words and meanings as they please." I therefore always make it a rule to be uncommonly civil to those gentility, at least as much so as my naturally uncouth composition will admit.

But to return to the son of Esculapius, who has at present a prior right to claim my pen, however I object to give the name he bore as handed down to him from his ancestry, I am willing to afford my readers the full benefit of the cognomen by which he was distinguished, and, in fact better known than by any other appellation,—that of Doctor Snoozle; and as his beloved partner and better half must figure on the tapia in this recital, permit me the pleasure of introducing to the public Mrs. Snoozle, who will have to play the second part in our little comedy. Snoozle was a man who in common with other men had his tastes and distastes; he was fond of good eating and had no objection to good drinking in an orderly way; he loved his wife moderately, but he immoderately loved his bed; he disliked sickness at home, because he had to attend gratis; he liked it abroad as it filled his pockets; he disliked bad weather, because it incommoded him in going his rounds to his patients, but liked it inasmuch as it occasioned his neighbours to catch cold, and become his customers; he disliked fair weather, because it caused no one to fall ill, but then on the other hand he liked it, as not only did it render his rides more agreeable, but it often effected the cure of his patients, of which he never failed to take the credit, therefore, he always considered a few fine days as adding some new laurels to his fame; he disliked excessively being called up in the night, but again he liked the addition which he always made it a rule to attach to his bill, as compensation for such unwelcome occurrences; but if the soundness of his slumbers was disturbed, by being summoned to attend those who had but little, and could pay nothing, then he regarded such demands as absolutely detestable; but such gentry he had wit enough, generally, to offend, by only bestowing all the sorrness of his character upon them, that he might reserve his sweetness for his wealthier customers, because why, he would say, should he "waste his sweetness on the desert air?"

On the whole, it will be observed that there was that degree of counterbalance between his likings and his dislikings, that it produced a sort of happy equilibrium in the temperament of Snoozle; so that he was seldom known to be ruffled, even although a patient suddenly recovered, at the very time that Snoozle was chuckling at the idea of his victim's long illness and bill in proportion. Under such circumstances he would console himself by registering so fortuitous an accident in his book of records, under the head of miraculous cures performed by Timothy Snoozle; which volume was suffered by the doctor to lie upon his counter for public inspection, as he was a man that was open and candid in all his dealings which he thought ought to see the light.

Snoozle was a being who had never devoted much time to the theory of his profession, or to the study of aught beside, being of opinion that too much learning and knowledge only encumber
the head, preventing the brains from having sufficient space to give them their natural play; but it so happened that those of Snoozle were not of a playful nature, but were, like himself, of the dormant kind: whether his brains took after him, or he took after his brains, is a nice point to decide, and far above my abilities; but I intend shortly to submit the case to the consideration of the College of Physicians, and the Society of Phrenologists.

Although Snoozle was not so erudite as many of the high learned doctors of the day, yet he had one advantage over the majority of the faculty, and that was, that I verily believe, honestly speaking, he seldom did his patients any harm, which certainly is saying a great deal for one’s medical attendant. Snoozle was of a grave habit, and so was his apparel, as he always dressed in black; he was a man of few words, and when some jovial friend amongst a merry circle would give him a tap on the shoulder, and observe, “Why, doctor, you have nothing to say to-night,” he would invariably answer, like Gay’s parrot, “I think the more,” by which means Snoozle had generally obtained the credit of being a profound man. True it was that some of the discerning few, which it must be admitted are very few, said the doctor reminded them of the question, “Shall grave and formal pass for wise, when men the solemn owl despise?”

Be that as it may, Snoozle had many recommendations; no man that ever practised physic was more delicate than he, in forbearing to take any undue advantages in his attendance upon females, which his profession might afford him; even in feeling a pulse his caution was manifest, observing that it might always be done in such a manner that the hand of the fair patient and that of the doctor need not come in contact, two fingers only being necessary to perform the operation; in this Snoozle acted from principle, saying—“We all know that flesh is frail;” therefore, considering his own as such, and that of the patient’s the same, he would argue it was always better to avoid bringing two frail substances together, whenever it was possible. This extreme prudence was highly approved by husbands, fathers, and brothers, and, in fact, by the male sex universally, being the greatest cause of Snoozle’s extensive practice. But many of the ladies thought that Snoozle’s over delicacy was ridiculous, and rather a defect than a virtue, for Snoozle was a fine man. However, this was the opinion of most of the fair, very few of them, and they but seldom, ever openly expressed their ideas on the subject, judging it more wise to keep their own counsel. Whilst Mrs. Snoozle was quite an exception to the rest of her sex, always declaring it as her opinion that Snoozle could not be too particular in his conduct towards females; and it has been reported that Mrs. Snoozle wore the nether garments, which, even if true, is in my opinion no reproach to Snoozle, but is only an additional proof of his pacific disposition; and I really do believe that his extreme modesty and forbearance towards the ladies, was engendered by his high respect for Mrs. Snoozle, although there are people ill-natured enough to say that his timidity with his female patients entirely arose from the dread he always had before him, of the severe castigation he should receive from Mrs. Snoozle’s most overpowering elocution, if by any luckless chance he should be discovered in ever so little a wandering of the heart; he therefore contrived to keep it stationary, leaving it in possession of Mrs. Snoozle, who had inflicted upon it its only wound, and which she herself had long since healed. However, no matter with regard to the causes of his conduct, Snoozle, by the purity and chasteness of his demeanour towards his fair patients, had indisputably acquired the reputation of being a very moral man; and why should we not leave him in possession of an honour so fairly earned, instead of diving after motives, which can but lead one into the labyrinth of uncertainty? And now that I have given my readers a sketch of the two principal characters of my dramatic personage, I will proceed to my narrative.

Some miles distant from the residence of Doctor Snoozle, lived an opulent farmer of the name of Whipple, and his wife being in hourly expectation of introducing a new little Whipple, the provident parents determined to invoke the aid of Dr. Snoozle, therefore uniting their brains they contrived a note, requesting the attendance of the doctor, but as the event might not immediately take place, a bed, it was stated, would be at his service; and as they should regret depriving Mrs
Snoozle for so long a period of the doctor's society, it was suggested that perhaps she would do them the honour to accompany him, and partake of their humble fare.

Accordingly this scrawl was forthwith dispatched, and when received by Snoozle, met his thorough approbation, and handing it to Mrs. Snoozle, observed it merited immediate attention she declared that it was vastly genteel, and she should certainly accept the invitation. The preparations were soon completed, and Dr. and Mrs. Snoozle, in their one horse chaise, speedily conveyed to the abode of the Whipples.

This was one of those heavy massive fabrics, built about the time of Oliver Cromwell, which had formerly been the Manor-house, but had been deserted by the proprietor for an elegant modern mansion, which he had erected, abandoning the house of his father's to his principal tenant, Mr. Whipple. Snoozle and his lady, as might be expected, met with the most hearty reception from the Whipples, and the evening passed very agreeably; Mrs. Snoozle and Mrs. Whipple talked about what tiresome creatures servants are, what a pity one can't do without them, of buying bargains, which shops were the cheapest in the nearest market town, &c. &c.; whilst the husbands canvassed the diseases of cattle. Mr. Whipple eliciting from the doctor some sapient remarks respecting the murrain in pigs, the glanders in horses, and the rot in sheep. At a reasonable hour, when all had gone off very pleasantly, a retreat to bed was proposed, and warmly seconded by Dr. Snoozle, who, with his lady, were shown to their chamber, which in fact was the state room, and only used on such occasions by the Whipples as their having such visitors as Dr. and Mrs. Snoozle.

Every thing was in due order, and, shut up very snug and warm: the outer shutters were closed, so were the inner; then there were large heavy damask window curtains, so that no light or cold air could enter. Now, it so happened, fortunately for Snoozle and unfortunately for his wife, that he did not go on that side of the room where the windows were placed, consequently never noticed them, but just as he was getting into bed, in which he was much quicker than Mrs. S., his eye happened to light upon a corner cupboard, which had glass doors, and, to give it a genteel appearance, a green silk curtain was drawn before it, but not so effectually as entirely to hide the glass, so that Snoozle as he lay in bed could see the candle shine upon it, until his careful spouse extinguished it, when he went to sleep, with the thorough conviction that the aforesaid corner cupboard was the window. The bed was so comfortable that both slept admirably; but at last Mrs. S. — awoke, and finding herself quite blythe and "sprack," she thought that morning could not be far off. As to Snoozle he slept on, and his wife being reluctant to awaken him, as it was the thing of all others which the most put him out of humour, she for some time obstructed not upon his balmy slumbers. However, at last she thought she would turn round and awaken him by that means, as if it were unintentional; accordingly she twisted herself about most completely, making the bedstead creak under her, but it had but a momentary effect upon Snoozle, from whom it only elicited a grunt, and he went off again as fast as ever, his snorings running exactly thirty to a minute, according to Mrs. Snoozle's computation, and I don't know who could have had a better opportunity of judging.

At length Mrs. Snoozle's patience could endure it no longer, and laying her lily white hand upon the cranium of the doctor, and giving it a bit of a shake, she said affectionately—"Snoozle, Snoozle, my dear, I am sure it must be getting towards morning; do get out of bed and look out of window to see if it is not beginning to show some signs of break of day."

"Oh, dear me," said Snoozle with a yawn, "you woke me out of such a delicious sleep; but any thing to oblige you, my dear, although I dare say it is not much beyond midnight."

However, out he bundled, and directly went to the corner cupboard, drew aside the curtain, then pulled open the glass door, which he thought was the casement, put his head in, looked right and left of the cupboard, thinking the while that he was contemplating the open air, assured Mrs. Snoozle that it was perfectly dark, not a star to be seen or the least glimmer of day, then shut the cupboard, and observing the atmosphere felt very warm, he got into bed again and soon fell fast asleep.
But not so with poor Mrs. Snoozle; sleep was never more a stranger to her lids than at that moment, and the bed beginning to harden under her, she turned and twisted about, got tired of thinking, and became the very victim of restlessness. Meanwhile the doctor kept snoring as regularly and as comfortably as possible, which was still more provoking for Mrs. Snoozle, as “company in distress makes trouble the least;” besides, if he would have talked to her as she lay it might have been more bearable. At length, saying to herself this is more than human endurance can suffer, she determined she would once more arouse the doctor; she therefore called to him most energetically, saying, “Oh, my Snoozle, my Snoozle, oh, do my dear creature get out of bed and see if day is not breaking.”

Snoozle was for once a little ruffled, and said, “Why lord, my dear, how tiresome you are; however, you know I always wish to oblige you.” So saying, out he tumbled, and toddled to the corner cupboard, put his head in as before, and sung out as to the same tune, “I declare then it is as dark as pitch, the sky looks as black as possible,” and that there were no signs of its getting any lighter yet awhile.

“Well then,” said Mrs. Snoozle, “it is without exception the longest night I ever remember to have passed in my whole life. Well now, my dear Mrs. Snoozle, pray do try and compose yourself to sleep as I do,” said her loving spouse, in a fond persuasive tone. “I tell you it is no use,” replied his indignant wife, whilst Snoozle cuddled himself up again, and in a few minutes was in full snore. Mrs. Snoozle, however, thought she would endeavour to follow the advice of her husband, and, if possible, to console herself with a nap, and tried by lying on her right side, and found it the wrong side, then on the left, which proved no better; next she lay on her back, and in fact in every position that human nature could devise, but all in vain, till worn out with restlessness and ennui she cried with vexation: next to pass the time, she thought she’d try if she could not recollect some lines of poetry which she had learned in her school days, and accordingly began on that subject which was uppermost in her mind. “Sleep on her downy pinion flies, the wretched she forsakes;” “Ah! that’s me,” thought Mrs. Snoozle to herself: “And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.” “Ah!” thought she, “that is the reason why it won’t light on mine, because I have just been crying.” Soon finding that poetry afforded no balm to her sorrow, she gave it up, and driven to desperation, reckless of every thing as to what might be the consequences, she determined once more to disturb her snoring husband, and boldly giving him a good sensible push, she said, “Snoozle, it must be getting light now, I am sure of it, so go once more and look out at the window.”

But even Snoozle was at last quite angry, and rather sternly said, “It is an odd thing that you can’t let me sleep quietly because you are so fidgety yourself; that’s no reason why you should torment me; it is not often that I can get such a night’s rest, and because there is no patient to disturb me, you must needs break my rest.” However, Snoozle obeyed, and as nothing new had taken place in the corner cupboard, he could but give the same account as before, vowing that it was as dark as ever.

“Then,” said Mrs. Snoozle, “it must be a total eclipse; I never will believe that a night could be so long, besides, I have been so hungry for ever so long, that I am sure it must be noon.” “Nonsense!” quoth the doctor; “I dare say it is not more than three or four o’clock,” saying which he once more yielded himself into the arms of Morpheus, whilst Mrs. Snoozle was again left to her contemplations, undisturbed but by the sonorous respirations of her husband, who seemed to sleep the better the more he practised the soporific art. At length a gentle tap was heard at the door; Mrs. Snoozle started bolt upright, delighted at the welcome sound. “Yes! yes!” she exclaimed. “Please, madam,” said a gentle voice from without, “my mistress says would you like to get up to dinner?”

“To dinner!” repeated Mrs. Snoozle; “why what’s o’clock.” “Please, ma’am, it has just struck four.” “There, Snoozle, do you hear that?” said his enraged wife.

“Well, my dear,” replied the doctor, very calmly, “I told you I thought it was about three or four o’clock.”

“It’s four o’clock in the afternoon, you sleepy wretch,” added Mrs. Snoozle in a passion.
"Impossible, Mrs. Snoozle," said the doctor, with an air of extreme surprise.

"I tell you it ain't impossible, for its the truth, you great drowsy beetle, you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep such an hour; besides, you have been imposing upon me, you have, all the time; you never looked out at window at all, you didn't," said Mrs. Snoozle in great wrath.

"That, my dear, I'll take my oath I did, and you must yourself have heard the window open and shut," observed the doctor.

Here the dispute was momentarily stopped by the voice at the door saying, "Please, ma'am, will you be so good as to pull the bell that's just over your pillow when you would like me to come in and open the shutters?"

"Oh! come in now," replied Mrs. Snoozle. When the girl opened the shutters, the doctor called out, "What, are there windows there, too? that was the window at which I looked out," directing his observation to the corner cupboard.

"Do you mean to say," said Mrs. Snoozle, shaking her fist at her husband, and with her other hand pointing to the corner cupboard, "that you thrust your great dudner head into that thing there, and then pretended to me that the sky was dark all round, and that the atmosphere felt very warm?"

"It is very true, my dear," replied Snoozle, in a most penitent tone, "that I did mistake the cupboard for the window, and as it has been the cause of incommoding you I am very sorry for it, but as we cannot get the time back again that we have lost, the less there's said about it the better."

"I only hope that hereafter you won't be so positive and so obstinate, you lazy dormouse; why you would sleep for ever if one would let you alone," observed the enraged lady with a menacing look.

"Mrs. Snoozle," said the doctor very gravely, and assuming an air of dignity, "you cannot say but that I am ever ready to rise at any hour of the night or morning when called upon to attend my patients, that is, if they be profitable ones; this has been an accidental thing entirely, and I have already said I regret what has happened, and I now request that nothing more may be said about the matter," with which conclusion Snoozle stalked out of the room.

When the Whipples and the Snoozles met at dinner, many were the mutual apologies and explanations which took place. Mrs. Whipple observing, "that her husband had told the doctor that there was a bell-pull at the head of the bed, and that he had nothing to do but to make use of it when he wished to rise, finding he never rang, it was judged that the doctor and his wife were either very late risers, or that they were very fatigued with their journey, and wished to take a longer repose than usual, consequently orders were given to keep the house very quiet, that their guests might not be disturbed."

Snoozle said, "for his part he never had such a nice snooze in all his life before, and should have enjoyed it still more, if his wife had left him alone. But as for Mrs. Snoozle, she declares to this day, that the punishment was tantamount to being confined in a dungeon pro tempore, having no amusement whatever, and not even the blessing of daylight, added to which, she became very faint for the want of nourishment, and she always finishes the narration of that unfortunate night, by declaring that she would not pass the same time over again, in the same manner, not if she were paid for doing it. Whilst Snoozle has been heard to say, in confidence, that provided his wife were not near to molest him, he could not pass his life in a more comfortable manner than he did that night, until he was disturbed.

Suffice it to say, the long anticipated family event took place immediately the dinner was over, a little Whipple was introduced, and its mother being pronounced even better than could be expected. Snoozle resigned his charge to the care of Mrs. Longtwaddle, who in that part of the world had the reputation of being the best nurse throughout the whole country. As the doctor's services were no further needed, his wife insisted upon returning home instantly, vowing that no consideration whatever should induce her to pass another night in that fatal chamber, with which were connected such dire reminiscences; therefore, in spite of Snoozle's remonstrances and observations, that they should be beighted before they reached home; that robberies were sometimes committed upon
the roads which they were compelled to travel, &c.

Mrs. Snoozle answered, "never mind, you had your way last night, and now I'll have mine," and the doctor being of a pliant and placid disposition, yielded to the commands of his superior officer; but their journey to Esculapius' Hall, was passed in sullenness and silence, which was only broken as they were getting into bed, by Mrs. Snoozle observing to her husband, that she hoped he would get up somewhat sooner on the morrow, than he had on that day. To which Snoozle assented, giving his solemn promise to that effect, provided she would engage to lie quiet during the night. And now, having brought them back to their wonted bed, we take our final leave to visit elsewhere.

RESIGNATION; OR, THE DEMON OF THE SPRING.

An Allegorical Fragment, by the Author of the Lines "on the Duke of Cambridge's Birth-day."

There was a time, when did that soft blue eye
Each finer feeling of my soul excite
To admiration, for it seemed the light
Of heaven was there, infused from the sky,
And lent a holy brightness to each glance,
With power to bless—or to destroy, perchance.

I loved you then, nor deemed that on my head
The fatal lightning of that glance should fall;
Ah, happy then! in woman's looks unread,
The cup of sweetness yet unmixed with gall!
Now dear experience teaches me to know,
The perfect cunning of each artful look,
To trace the demon ever hid below,
The heavenly aspect of that placid brook,
Whence oft I've tasted draughts of deepest joy,
And deemed them pure—unmingled with alloy.

Thine eyes are like the current of a bright
And graceful stream, not pure but seeming pure;
Fair-wandering, and refreshing to the sight
Of panting travellers, whom its waves allure.
Sweetly it seems its smiling course to hold,
In gentle wanderings o'er the peaceful vale,
Touching in kindness, not abrupt or bold—
The flowery banks that joy to bid it hail!

Suspicion bows his head, nor dares to think
The waters of that gelid stream contain
One drop unblest, that, should the pilgrim drink,
Can turn his once delicious draught to pain.
He drinks, alas! and, ah! too late detects
The bubbling demon at the fountain's head;
There sits he, grimly smiling, and directs
The streamlet's course, too faithfully obeyed:
Slow-working poison mingles from his hands,
Pollutes the stream, and stains the yellow sands!

If, too, at one the exhausted pilgrim stays,
And slowly lifts his weary eyes along
The margin where that fairy current strays,
And seeks those flowers so blooming and so young—
Resignation.

Those blossoms that like early hopes looked gay—
Whither, ah! whither did they fade away?
Yes, they are faded, ne'er to bloom again;
So wither hopes, nor with so little pain.

'Tis not the chill of evening that has so
Descended on these blossoms, and destroyed
Their noontide freshness sadly at a blow,
And killed the promise of this morning's pride;
The dew of night had fostered them, and given
Fresh strength and vigour for to-morrow's fire;
So earthy hopes receive support from heaven,
When virtuous thoughts the mortal breast inspire;—
The demon's work is this, whose fickle heart
Requires new food for his diurnal joy;
Fresh flowers, as fair, to-morrow will impart,
As sweet in fragrance, and in hopes as high;
But to decline, as these have lately done,
So each fair crop its short bright course must run,
Till cold Satiety shall wake that spirit's dream,
And Time disturb the clearness of the stream.

Ah! may no secret, unsuspected fiend
Ere then disturb its smooth and placid course;
For there's an airy figure, I have weened,
(How much unlike the demon at the source!)
That fits across my wandering fancy still,
Whom it were heavenly to shield from ill!
Her influence gives whatever there is of joy,
Whatever of beauty to those glassy waves;
Can she be conscious that those waves destroy?
A devil tortures, but an angel saves.
Oh! were she mortal, and the sister whom
I loved but with a brother's pure regard,
'Twere sweet to cherish still that rose's bloom,
And fatal cankers from its heart discard!

This airy form still to the pilgrim's eye
Seemed in the twilight tempting him to stay;
But fate forbids, wide fields before him lie,
Sadly he turns upon his lonely way;
And when that stream had faded from his sight,
Thus he resigned him to the shades of night.

Now Philomela, tender bird of eve,
Let me be sad, and listen to thy song;
With thee in resignation let me grieve
For one unlike thee, as I stroll along.
And as thy story pours upon my ear
Its accents of sincerity and woe,
Teach me with thee to make the night less drear,
And soothe my heart with music while I go.
Thy mate will come ere long to thee, and join
His notes of touching melody to thine;
I wander still a solitary bard,
No friend to cheer or make my lot less hard.

J. P. J
HOURS OF CONVALESCENCE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Some time ago Dr. Drake presented the world with some admirable volumes, entitled "Literary Hours," and it is well known that Lord Byron commenced his poetical life by publishing his "Hours of Idleness." Though unblest by the talent of either, since I shall presume to occupy a far less space, perhaps I may be allowed to offer some of the desultory and retrospective thoughts which naturally arise in the "Hours of a Convalescent."

There are few, even amongst the young, who cannot to a certain degree sympathize with the feelings, whether mental or organic, which belong to those who are slowly emerging from a state of extreme languor, or acute suffering, into that species of twilight enjoyment, promised rather than realised by returning health. There is. I well recollect, in Miss Mitford's tragedy of Foscarini, a certain signior, who describes his sensations on his first going out after sickness in the most felicitous poetry, and with the strictest truth; but at this season of the year it is not easy to partake the raptures which sea, and sky, and earth alike impart to one escaped from the confinement of a sick bed, and restored to the refreshing charms of nature—no! the season of fogs and short days forbid the power of ecstasy, though they admit the sober comforts which attend on renovation and fire-side felicity.

The royal poet of the Hebrews explains, "truly it is a pleasant thing to be thankful;" and cold and worthless must that heart be, which does not re-echo the sentiment, more especially at such a period of one's existence, as that which informs us by returning strength and faculties of its renewal. There are scarcely any human beings who do not rejoice in the acquisition of life, however burthened it may be with those evils, which in the eyes of the more happily situated, might seem to render it not only valueless but loathsome; and we frequently hear from persons who have apparently not one single tie on earth, and even when their views have been directed heavenward, speak of a dangerous illness in terms of the utmost horror, and of their escape from death as matter of rejoicing beyond measure:—the very old, the infirm, the childless, the houseless* do this in nineteen cases out of twenty, and cling with a tenacity to life proportioned to the time they have held it, old people being generally found less willing to die than the young. That this clinging of the heart to life is a merciful disposition in our nature we cannot doubt, for so many are the pains and infirmities of age, that without a counteracting influence of this nature, those in declining life would be apt to forget the lessons of faith and patience, and seek for that grave which offered the repose their wearied and exhausted nature required.

I remember a poem of Crabbe's which, like all his writings, brought home the truth of that weakness in human beings, which yet seems from its universality a portion of our common nature.—His little boy, overcome with the fatigues of the day, still refuses to go to bed, though it is the only place where he can find the rest he needs—"a little longer," is all his cry; and thus age like infancy asks "a little longer" that life which has lost every charm, and combines almost every discomfort,—alas! for the dignity of rational mankind. We must look to a power beyond ourselves for strength to meet unshrinking the king of terrors.

To those who have lately been passing "through the valley of the shadow of death," and are returning to the cares, the business, and the pleasures of life; the world must appear in a most extraordinary bustle, for even the oldest cannot remember a time when such a spirit of loyalty pervaded all classes, and

* I do know, notwithstanding, that some poor people in our workhouse, as now conducted, earnestly desire death; the laws of man have conquered the laws of nature. —Author.
“the Queen, the Queen,” rings on all ears, and is re-echoed in all hearts. Loyalty, for many years completely out of fashion as a feeling, though adopted as a criterion of opinion, seems to have suddenly resumed its former empire, and despite of all the lessons of philosophy, expediency, and political economy, to have fallen upon us with a power altogether irresistible, and one of so sweet and endearing a character, that even the coldest reasoner, and the most parsimonious contriver, are moulded by its influence. Aldermen and common councillors become chivalrous in their devotion to their young and lovely queen, and it is only fair to conclude that those who so freely open their purses for her honour, would draw their swords in her defence were it needed. How much of the sentiment thus awakened belongs to her Majesty’s situation as the sovereign of a mighty empire, on which the sun never sets, the dispenser of benefits, and the fountain of honour;—how much, to those more homefelt and heartfelt ties, which spring from her sex, her youth, innocence, beauty, and fatherless state, it is not necessary to inquire. Enough to know that on this very day (for her procession is now on its way to the city) the eyes of many a fond parent will gaze on her with delight, the hearts of many throbb with enthusiastic and manly joy, who will never think of analysing their emotions, nor will the schoolmaster at such an hour care to assist them.

The lovely face of the boy King Edward the Sixth, the dignified and yet gracious bearing of Elizabeth (that star of promise to a suffering land), doubtless excited glowing welcome in their respective visits to the city; and, unquestionably the visit of George the Third and his amiable consort, awakened much admiration and love in a people from whom the young monarch had been previously excluded; but I apprehend that none of these royal personages won such “golden opinions,” such intense affection, such ardent curiosity, or discriminating admiration as must take place on this important occasion. How different is the London of our day, to the London of even the latest mentioned royal visitants? what an increase in the size, the population, the knowledge, taste, and perception of the inhabitants! yet in the great heart of the mighty multitude there may be little change; the sense of joy and approval, the gratification of affectionate curiosity, the warm wishes inspired by the contagion of pleasure and the presence of grandeur, will rise as they were wont under similar circumstances, and I sincerely trust there will be none found in that countless crowd, who will not accept the happiness it offered them, though it is but for a day.—are not many of the best reminiscences of life far shorter in duration? The memory of the queen’s visit will live long after all who beheld it are gone down to the dust; and they all, nevertheless, partake a sense of its immortality. they can tell to their children’s children something connected with the glories, the expectations, the sensibilities belonging to that memorable day.

The annuals are, or will be, soon afloat, for they are the flowers of November, and have now so long enlivened that gloomy month, that to look for them in vain, would “deepen the horror” of its darkest fogs. We are told from year to year that there will be a falling off in this point, but hitherto when one has dropped two have sprung in its place, and accordingly this year promises to be more splendid than all which have hitherto preceded it, especially in pictorial brilliancy, which is, in truth, the strong attraction of this description of books. The art of engraving has now arrived at such perfection in this country, and the power of multiplying copies, since the use of steel plates was adopted, is become so great, that the cheapness of these admirable works tempts many to become purchasers; and of course whilst a taste for the fine arts is inculcated, the industrious and talented find support. It is, nevertheless, little dreamt by the admirers of those beautiful books how poorly the purveyors for their pleasure are remunerated—little do they think that the patient engraver, who transmits with added beauty to their eye the forms
of surpassing loveliness, day after day has sat from twelve to sixteen hours at the task, in order to procure the bare means of support to himself and family. There are no men in all our great and busy metropolis who are literally such slaves to their occupation as engravers; loss of health, that first great blessing of existence, and loss of sight, without which they cease to possess the means of life, too frequently ensue; and the calamities of this class of artists might be placed beside the "calamities of authors," so admirably displayed by the elder D'Israeli, with all the claims of unhappy brotherhood. That high prices are given to great names for plates, I am fully aware; but so wearisome and difficult is the work required by the public (now rendered fastidious by knowledge), that money scarcely can repay the labour demanded and the time bestowed.

Novels by Bulwer, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Trollope, have given a spirited outset to the publishing season, which was much wanted, since the shadow of the spring panic still rested on the land; doubtless many others will follow, but we question whether any will make as positive an impression as the last, for it may be truly said that the lady has pulled not one but many houses about her ears. "Ernest Maltravers" is always admired if not always praised; for the genius of its author compels admiration. "Uncle Horace" is pronounced Mrs. Hall's happiest effort; and "Ethell Churchill" spoken of as "worth the author of 'Corinne'!" but in the "Vicar of Wrexhill" a rod is waved over persons of all parties in politics and religion, though they alike acknowledge the ability and apparent honesty of intention in the writer. To me it was truly an awful book, for there was an air of truthfulness in the characters that compelled belief: yet the intention of the writer, or rather that which is ascribed to her, never entered my mind. I had no idea that she sought to imitate a party, or exhibit as the conduct of many that which she had witnessed in a single family; and this impression remains, notwithstanding her own words near the close of the book, implying contempt for what she deems a sectarian party. It strikes me that she has witnessed some individual delinquency like that which she reveals, and of course, by the aid of imagination, ex-aggrates; which has alarmed and disgusted her, and which she has, therefore, exposed, with all the powers of a mind gifted with "deathless satire," and prone to deal in extremes. She cannot mean to say, "that deceit and selfishness, the lore of money, and the indulgence of sinful passion, are the prevailing characteristics of men who, in the very position they have taken, as reformers of the church, challenge observation, and who have in numerous cases adopted slowly, and on the conviction arising from examination, that conduct in private life, and those doctrines in public, which they now hold to be their duty, as ministers of the gospel, to promulgate.

Sincerely must every humble Christian, and more especially every attached churchman, lament that there should be any schism in a body where all are called upon for the strength of concord and unanimity; and nothing can be more evident than that widening a wound is not the way to heal it. Had the admirable tact, the pungent wit, and discriminating judgment of Mrs. Trollope been applied to the concoction of a story which should bring two good vicars in contrast or contact, so as to show each what was excellent in the other and wanting in himself—giving new lights to old principles—taming the enthusiasm of one party, and warming the lukewarmness of the other; giving that "charity which thinketh no evil" to both, and that scriptural self-examination which, unquestionably, good men on either side do practise, so that eventually they became like-minded—how much better would she have employed her truly wonderful talents.

The concluding book of the "Gems" is published, and is highly creditable to the editor, being, in the opinion of many, superior to those which have preceded it. The poets here introduced are all modern, and of course all our first names are found, and many of those who may be termed second. Among the latter I saw with sincere pleasure that of Dibdin; for unquestionably his country ought to cherish his memory, not only for the pleasure he has communicated, but the actual service he has conferred upon it. All the poets in this work have short accounts of their lives given by Mr. S. C. Hall, with great ability; and he informs us, in that of poor Dibdin, that
the pension granted to him by the country was, in his old age, taken from him by the ministry who succeeded those that granted it, so that the close of his life was embittered by difficulties he could not guard against, and penury rendered more oppressive by infirmity. How long must these paltry savings, these drops from the fountain of her wealth, be withheld from the parched lips of her most meritorious and useful children by the Queen of nations? The songs of Dibdin were not only invaluable to our seamen, but to the whole population, for they inculcated the most noble sentiments and the purest affections through the happiest medium, and they brought every class of society acquainted with each other at that period when the energies and sympathies of all, for the safety of all, were most imperatively demanded.*

Several poets who well merit a niche in the temple of Fame do not, however, appear in this book, for we neither find Townsend, whose “Armageddon” made such an impression twenty years since; Atherston, the writer of “Nineveh;” Henry Neele, whose exquisite little dramas unite so much pure imagination with polished verse; nor Wiffen, the translator of Tasso and author of many beautiful lyrics. Surely this argues something of a partiality in favour of personal and existing friends not quite fair to those who merit so much of grateful remembrance, as do these and other “Sons of the Lyre?”

There is a peculiar pleasure to the convalescent in opening a book, and even turning over the leaves, when the power of finding interest in that or any other thing has been some weeks denied to us. It is a kind of re-entrance into the world, a meeting of old friends, an exertion of forgotten but welcome power, an assurance that our faculties are restored, and the promise of life accompanied by its usual privileges, and the heart is at once strengthened and softened by the gratitude such sensations naturally awaken.

In itself thankfulness is a delicious emotion, but it rises into sublime affection when our heavenly Father is the object; when in humility and penitence we acknowledge the justice of our past chastenings, and, in hope and joy, receive the sense of reviving life in our veins, and re-animated perception in our minds, enabling us to exclaim—“The living, the living shall praise thee.” Not a gleam of blue in the firmament, not a fading autumn flower, can meet the eye without touching the heart, and the slightest acquaintance is hailed as a faithful friend, whilst those who are friends indeed, whether by ties of consanguinity or habit, and more especially those whom we hold by the most sacred bond (which alone could be dispered by the death we so lately expected) become tenfold more dear and more necessary—they are seen through a new medium, which if too languid to impart couleur de rose has, in the tenderness which inspires it, hues far more endearing than either youth or beauty inspire. The kindness which soothes the hour of pain and cheers the long evening of helpless languor—which can endure complaint, forgive impatience, and nourish hope, has a claim on love and gratitude beyond all others.

Fair and gentle reader, whatever may be the happiness of thy situation, the celebrity of thy charms, or the extent of thy accomplishments, believe in this assurance, for it offers consolation to every season of life and under every change of circumstance—man, in the inconstancy of his nature, or the multiplicity of his engagements, may lose the sense of admiration which once bound him in willing captivity to thy beauty, the obligations he owes to thy merit, and his own duty—but never will he cease to remember her who consoled him in sickness and raised him up to health; who bore the querulous reproach, the vain caprice of the sufferer, sustained the weakened mind, encouraged the wavering faith of the anxious patient, and welcomed to returning life the trembling frame and faltering steps of the convalescent. He, to whom thou hast promised obedience, and in whom thou hast found protection, may be bowed even in the pride of his strength by sorrow or disease, and with the mighty Cæsar cry “give me some drink,” “I am a sick girl,” and rarely will he forget the draught received from fond solicitude and sweetened by nuptial sympathy, or fail, in his own turn, to become in her day of suffering a “ministering angel.”

* The son of the poet, Mr. Thomas Dibdin, a man of talent and worth, author of the “Cabinet,” is at this time in very narrow circumstances. Will the present performance of this play help him?—Author.
OUTLINES OF BRITISH FEMALE COSTUME,

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES,

From the earliest period down to the present time, in a series of papers, illustrated by Drawings made chiefly from Illuminated MSS. in the British Museum.*

No. II.
(Continued from p. 94.)

"Why do women array themselves in such fantastical dresses and quaint devices; with gold, with silver, with coronets, with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, guiles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versi-colour ribbons, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanyes, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tassels, golden cloth, silver tissue, precious stones, stars, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, crisped locks, wigs, painted faces, bodkines, setting sticks, cork, whalebone, sweet odours, and whatever else Africa, Asia, and America can produce; flaying their faces to produce the fresher complexion of a new skin, and using more time in dressing than Caesar took in marshalling his army,—but that, like cunning falconers, they wish to spread false lures to catch unwary larks, and lead by their gaudy baits and dazzling charms the minds of inexperienced youth into the traps of love?"—Burdon's Anatomie of Melancholie.

ROMAN BRITISH PERIOD.—(A.D. 78-400.)

Although the conquest of our native island was not accomplished by Julius Caesar, yet a future way for the imperial eagles was in a manner opened to it; and the reduction of Gaul, which he afterwards effected, removed the most considerable barrier between the Romans and Britain. A long blank, however, ensued, of nearly one hundred years after his departure from those coasts, which cannot be filled up in a satisfactory manner. We are unable, therefore, to resume our subject with safety until about the time of Julius Agricola, who, seventeen years after the revolt of Boadicea, was appointed to command the Roman forces in Britain; and by him the conquest of the island was completed. It is pleasing to contemplate the wisdom of his liberal mind, which directed its powers to civilize and improve the fierce natives. He assisted them to build temples, forums, and more convenient habitations. He inspired them with a love for education; he applauded their talents; flattered them as possessing a genius superior to the Gauls; and persuaded the sons of the chiefs to study letters. The Roman dress, language, and literature, gradually spread among the natives. All this was improvement; but human advantages are mingled with imperfection. The civilization of Rome introduced also luxury; and baths, porticoes, and sensual banquets became as palatable to the new subjects as to their corrupted masters. It was the constant policy of the Romans to deprive all those nations, whom they subdued, of the use of arms, and to accustom them to a soft, effeminate way of life, that they might neither have the ability, nor even the inclination, to shake off their yoke, whilst with consummate wisdom they adopted for themselves the institutions of other countries whenever they were superior.

The rational policy of thus indulging the conquered nations was practised so effectually by Agricola during his command of this island, that the provincial Britons in a little time degenerated from a race of brave undaunted warriors, into a generation of effeminate and helpless cowards; and the ancient British habit, even before the close of the first century, being looked upon as a badge of
barbarism, gave place, as stated by Henry, to the Roman costume.

A remark by Fosbrooke may not be out of place here: that the costumes of all the ancient nations lie in a small compass; in tunics, with togas, or similar external coverings preserved in the Highland plaids, or cloaks or mantles, sfilibegs, breeches, pantaloons, or trousers, and no stockings.

"If the men so readily followed the Roman fashions," observes Sir S. Meyrick, "we have no reason to think from modern experience that the ladies would not be as anxious to adopt whatever was new in the article of dress;" and yet the specimens* given on the authority of that learned antiquarian are so nearly allied to those of the British females of the present day, that we are surprised at the resemblance. The Roman British females, on coins of Britannia, appear in sleeved tunics, one or more drawn under the bosom, with or without a mantle or cloak thrown over the shoulders; in short, they resemble modern women, either in what is called a round gown, or bed gown and petticoat, though the latter, as distinct from a body and sleeves, is not considered to be ancient. This costume of the bed gown and tunic also appears on the reverse of a coin of Carausius, and is still worn by the Welsh peasantry. Sometimes it reached to the knees. Other accounts state that the women of this period, as well as the men, were ornamented with gold chains, rings, and bracelets; that they let their hair hang loose upon their shoulders, and being turned back, it fell down without either tying or braiding; and that they endeavoured to make it yellow by art, or if it were so, to increase its colour.

The funeral relics discovered in the tumuli, considered as the graves of the Romanized or later Britons, and early Saxons, according to Mr. Blore (whom we are chiefly following in this part), bear an affinity in some respects to the sepulchral remains of the Romans; but the arms, ornaments, and articles deposited, vary from those of that nation. In several parts of Kent are clusters of ranges of such tumuli, most of which have been found to contain interments, accompanied by various weapons, ornaments, decorations of the person, appendages of dress, and other funeral relics. With interments of females, fibulae or brooches, and clasps of bronze, armillae or bracelets, penuile ornaments, and beads of amber, glass, and earth have been found. The fibula taken from many of the small barrows are brooches of gold, silver, brass, or copper, with a moveable pin which perforated the garment, and seemed to connect one part of the dress with another: by the men they were used to fasten the tunic and chlamys or cloak on the right or left shoulder, and by the women the vestment in the front of the breast. They are differently shaped, and are sometimes ornamented with engraving and milling, and encased with garnets and turquoises. Beside these, are clasps of bronze and silver, which fastened the zones or girdles of the females. The penuile ornaments or pendents are often of gold, set with garnets and other stones, and variously ornamented; and of an oval or circular shape; they were suspended from the neck by means of a loop attached to them, in the same manner as the Roman bullæ or amulets. The beads which have often been found in these small tumuli are of amber, glass, and vitrified earth; the latter are of variegated colours, with stripes of red, green, yellow, white, and blue, spirally, transversely, and perpendicularly dispersed. In the Gododin of Aneurin, a poem of the sixth century, mention is made of a wreath of amber beads with which Hen-gist, the Saxon chieftain, is therein represented to have been adorned.

The appendages of dress, fibulae, buckles, &c. extracted from these tumuli, evidently belong either to the Roman era, or to a period antecedent to the general subjugation of this country by the Saxons; and the opinion of Mr. Douglas (Nenia Britannica), who ascribes them to be chiefly of, or about the fifth century, seems to be most correct.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.—(A.D. 450—1016.)

Throughout almost the whole of the second and third centuries, Britain was probably as flourishing a province as any other of the Roman empire. It was in possession of all the literature and science, of all the useful and elegant
arts, that were cultivated in the most re- 
finned parts of the earth; and at the final 
departure of the Roman legions under 
Gallio, the provincial Britons were left 
in the full and free possession of a large, 
rich and beautiful country, adorned with 
many noble monuments of Roman art 
and industry; crowded with cities, towns 
and villages, united to one another by 
the most substantial roads; and the 
whole defended by a stupendous wall, 
which has been the admiration of all 
succeeding ages. But, as we have be- 
fore remarked, they had degenerated to 
such a degree, as to offer only a feeble 
resistance, when the hardy nations of 
the north invaded their native land. On 
the Romans refusing any longer to assist 
them, they had recourse to the Saxons, 
a fierce and active people, dependant 
upon their swords, and inured to the 
practice of war. From this imprudent 
step the origin of their total ruin may 
be justly derived.

The arts, like all other human things, 
are liable to vicissitudes: they often 
change their seats, and flourish at one 
time, and languish at another, in the 
same country. During the Roman sway, 
as we have shown, they were in a pros- 
perous state in this island, particularly 
in provincial Britain: but when the 
former power began to decline, they 
likewise began to languish; and the 
most skilful artists of all kinds, dread- 
ing the depredations of the Saxons, 
Scots, and Picts, and finding neither 
security nor employment in this island, 
gradually retired to the continent. So 
that when the Saxons ultimately ob- 
tained possession of the finest provinces' 
of Britain, by the extirpation of their 
ancient inhabitants, they were really a 
barbarous and unhappy people, destitute 
of the most desirable accommodations, 
and of the arts by which they are proc- 
cured, without models to imitate, or 
masters to teach them those arts. Hence 
we are again reduced to the disagreeable 
necessity of viewing the arts, both nec- 
nessary and ornamental, in a very rude, 
imperfect state. Yet, coarse and un- 
lettered as these people were, it is equally 
certain, that they by no means lacked 
ingenuity. At the time of their esta-
blishment in England, we find them well 
aquainted with the manner of dressing 
and spinning flax, which they manu-
factured into cloth, and dyed of various 
colours, according to their fancy; nor 
have we reason to suspect that they were 
unacquainted with any of these 
essential operations on their arrival in 
Britain, as there is not the least surmise 
in history, that they were more imper-
fectly clothed than other nations. It 
will not, therefore, be necessary to trace 
you of these arts again to their origin, 
but only to take notice of such improve-
ments as were made in them in the course 
of this period, and of such new inventions 
as were introduced. Our records illus-
trative of the social state of the Anglo-
Saxons now assume chronological order, 
and illuminated manuscripts are the most 
valuable guides for details of costume. 
The few descriptions of dresses we find 
in our early writers, are generally so 
vague and nugatory, that they afford 
little or no light in the explication of the 
drawings and monumental effigies coeval 
with them; and on the other hand, 
where these descriptions are more full, 
they often want the concordant assistance 
of painting and sculpture.

We have no evidence, that any of the 
British nations, at the beginning of this 
period, understood the arts of weav-
ing various figures of men or animals, 
flowers and foliage, &c., into cloth, or 
of their embroidering them upon it after 
it was woven; but that these very eleg-
ant and ingenious arts were practised 
in England before the end of the seventh 
century, we have the incontestable au-
thority of an author of their own. In 
a book, written by Aldhelm, Bishop of 
Sherborne, about A.D. 680, in praise of 
virginity, he observes, that chastity alone 
did not form an amiable and perfect char-
acter, but required to be accompanied 
and adorned by many other virtues; and 
this observation he illustrates by the fol-
lowing simile, taken from the art of 
weaving;—"As it is not a web of one 
uniform colour and texture, without any 
variety of figures, that pleaseth the eye, 
and appears beautiful; but one that is 
 woven by shuttles, filled with threads of 
purple, and many other colours, flying 
from side to side, and forming a variety 
of figures and images, in different com-
partments, with admirable art."*

Towards the tenth century, the dress 
of the Anglo-Saxons exhibited more

* Liber de Virginitate, or a poem in praise of Virginity. This MS. is preserved in the Lambeth Library.
variety and magnificence; and it appears equally certain, that silks, and the finest linen, and other cloths, made a considerable part of the imports from foreign countries, not only during the seventh and eighth centuries, but even for some time after the Norman conquest. Silk, we are assured, was used soon after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, to ornament the altars of their churches; and in a short space of time it became one of the luxuries of the wealthy in their dress; but there is no sufficient authority to support the supposition of its having been made in England during the Saxon era.*

Mr. Sharon Turner observes, that “the dress of the Anglo-Saxons during this epoch, exhibited, according to their advance in civilization, both variety and vanity.” But this remark, we conceive, with due submission to so great an authority, applies only to the men; for, taking the slight changes of the female garb evinced in the illuminated manuscripts of the period, as our best authority in such matters, we cannot fail to be impressed with the fact of the Anglo-Saxon ladies having been much less capricious with respect to their attire than their lords. Strutt also pays them a well-merited compliment on this head. “In the habits of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, it gives us satisfaction to find the strongest indications of modesty in the dress of our fair countrywomen, without the least tincture of barbarism.” Content with native simplicity, which is rarely inelegant, they adopted the fashions of their predecessors, and for several centuries, posterior to the era now treated of, the habits of the females appear to have undergone little alteration. The later Saxon manuscripts exhibit the same kind of garments, but progressively adorned with a variety of ornaments of embroidery and needlework. Ornaments of this kind depended entirely upon the skill of the ladies, and may more properly be considered as a display of their taste than a change of fashion.

* The body of Withburga, sister to Queen Etheldrida, Abbess of Ely, when examined by the order of Abbot Richard, several centuries after her sepulture, was found with a cushion of silk beneath her head; and the veil, together with all the vestments in which she had been interred, were perfectly whole and good. — Malvern.

After their conversion to Christianity, it is probable that some marked change took place in their apparel, which rendered their former customs disreputable; for at a council, held in 785, it is said, “You put on your garments in the manner of the Pagans, whom your fathers expelled from the world; an astonishing thing, that you imitate those whose life you always hated.”

The wife described by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, has necklaces and bracelets, and also rings with gems on her fingers. Her hair was dressed artificially; he mentions the twisted hairs delicately curled with the iron of those adorning her.

In this part of her dress she was a contrast to the religious virgin, whose hair was entirely neglected. Her hair was highly valuable and reputable among the Saxon ladies; and though the headdress, which they constantly wore in public, concealed the luxuriance of their locks, we have reason to believe that the management of them was not the least part of their toilet duty. Judith, in the fragmentary Saxon poem so entitled, is perpetually mentioned with epithets allusive to her hair. Her twisted locks are more than once noticed:

The maid of the Creator
With twisted locks,
Took then a sharp sword.

She with the twisted locks
Then struck her hateful enemy,
Meditating ill,
With the ruddy sword.
The most illustrious virgin
Conducted and led them
Resplendent with her twisted locks,
To the bright city of Bethulia.

The laws mention a free woman (be bore) wearing her locks as a distinguishing circumstance. Judith is also described with her ornaments:

The prudent one adorned with gold
Ordered her maidens—

Then commanded he
The blessed virgin
With speed to fetch
To his bed rest,
With bracelets laden
With rings adorned.

Aldhelm also describes the wife as loving to paint her cheeks with the red
colour of stibium. The art of painting the face is not the creature of refinement; the most barbarous nations seem to be the most liberal in their use of this fanciful ornament.

From the repeated instances which occur, in the illuminated manuscripts through several centuries, of the hair being coloured blue, Strutt conjectures that the Anglo-Saxons either had some method of dyeing the hair blue, or filled it occasionally with powder of that colour. The custom of dyeing the hair is of much greater antiquity than the times we are now treating of, and it was especially prevalent in the eastern parts of the world. Mahomet, the Arabian impostor, by the application of Henna, or Cyprus Indigo, and the herb Cutam, gave a beautiful shining red colour to his hair and beard. His immediate successor, Abu Bekr, followed his example, which is practised by the Scenite Arabs at the present day. The custom of washing the hair with a lixivium made of chalk, in order to render it redder, was also practised by the Gauls. The ancients sometimes used even gold dust in their hair. There were other compositions for colouring it; but in the earlier times it was, mostly, dyed. When the hair was plaited or curled upon the crown and sides, it was a mark of the highest distinction among the Saxons of this period. Instances appear of the very fine hair of the Saxon women, being made even into cords for suspending things. Long hair was the distinguishing characteristic of the Teutonic tribes; and no greater disgrace could be put upon a female than to shave her head: it was therefore the punishment usually inflicted for adultery. It was a mark of the highest rank amongst the Franks, none of whom, but the first nobility and princes of the blood, were permitted to wear it in flowing ringlets, an express law commanding the people to cut their hair close round the middle of the forehead. It was not less cherished in Ireland about this period; for we read of a schoolmaster being driven out of that country for shaving his girls like scholars.

Body painting and puncturing the skin with ornaments of various kinds we have seen were both practised by the Britons. The origin of these barbarous customs cannot be traced with any decree of certainty; nor the period of their introduction into this island determined; but we have undoubted authority in favour of their high antiquity. Whether, among the Saxons, it was a national one originally, or adopted in imitation of the Britons, we have no mode of ascertaining; but that they practised it in the eighth century, is proved by a law having been passed against it as early as the year 785. This interdiction, however, did not produce a total abolition of skin painting, as we learn from Malmesbury, an historian of good authority; who, enumerating the prevalent vices among the English, at the time of the Norman conquest, ranks in the dark catalogue, that of marking their skins with punctured paintings, by way of ornament. In the first stages of society, the modes and fashions of dress are not very changeable. Arts are then in their infancy, and do not furnish materials for fancy to work upon; and men being little accustomed to change of any kind, are uncommonly tenacious of their fashions, as well as of the other customs of their ancestors—a proof of which is afforded, by this very ancient and barbarous practice not being quite unfashionable in the present period. It appears also from the same cause, that long after the introduction of Christianity, some Pagan modes of dress were still retained that were much condemned by the church, but are not described.

The will of Wynfled, makes us acquainted with several articles of the dress and ornaments of an Anglo-Saxon lady. She gives to Athelsheda, one of her daughters, her engraved beath, or bracelet, and her covering mantle (mendel). To Eadgyfa, another of her daughters, she leaves her best dun tunic, and her better mantle, and her covering garment. She also mentions her pale tunics, her torn crytel (kirtle), and other linen, web, or garment. She likewise notices her white crytel, and the cuffs and ribbon (cuffia and bindan).

The ladies had also gowns, for a Bishop of Winchester sends as a present “a short gown (gwnas) sewn in our manner.” Thus we find the mantle, the kirtle, and the gown mentioned by these names among the Saxons, and even the ornament of cuffs.

In the drawings on the manuscripts of these times, the women appear with
a long loose robe reaching down to the ground, and large loose sleeves. Upon their head is a hood or veil (similar to those still retained in modern women’s cloaks), designated by Strutt as the **coverchief**, or as it is often contractedly written **kerchief**, which falling down before, was wrapped round the neck and breast. Its breadth was sufficient to reach from the top of the forehead to the shoulders in such a manner as to cover the head completely, so that no part of the hair was to be seen. It was usually wrapped round the neck in such a manner as to cover the whole of the bosom; one end of it is sometimes left loose, and from the manner in which it is drawn, flowing on one side to the other, manifests some conception of grace and elegance in the artist; but it is most generally represented with both ends concealed. It seems to have been an indispensable part of the dress appropriated to the Anglo-Saxon ladies, and was likewise worn as an ornamental covering for the head among the Jewish fair. It was of different materials, and there appears to have been no variation in it down to the eleventh century, except that it is sometimes gathered very close to the chin, sometimes more loose; one end often at liberty, but rarely both. In some figures it is perfectly loose; and both ends passed over the shoulders, leave the collar of the gown and front of the neck exposed. Afterwards it appears to be worn in various manners. One fashion was gathering it into folds upon the top of the head, and confining it by a broad circle of gold. Part of it is wrapped round the neck, like a simple or muffler, to which it probably gave origin. It became much smaller, and was tied under the chin, like the cap or bonnet of modern days; but it was not uncommon for the women at this period to appear without it. The Saxon shoe (**scheo** or **soch**) is generally painted black, with an opening down the instep, and secured by a thong; they are very plain in their form, and unadorned, in general, with ornaments of any kind. The terms **slype-sceo** and **unhege-sceo** seem to imply slippers or shoes in contradistinction to the boots or buskins sometimes met with. The buskins of Louis le Debonaire, the son of Charlemagne, were of gold stuff, or gilt. The shoes and buskins of Anglo-Saxon princes or high ecclesiastical dignitaries are generally represented of gold. Those of the women were high quartered. Shoes supposed to be of this period have been dug up in England, made of one piece of untanned leather, slit in several places, in each of which holes are made, through which a thong passed; this being drawn tight, fastened them round the feet like a purse. Primitive as this covering for the feet may appear, it has its parallel in our day in some of the western islands of Scotland, in which the women wear the skins of Solan geese instead of shoes, which last only five or six days, but are immediately replaced by others. Sandals were worn by the early but not the later Anglo-Saxons. Clogs, or shoes with wooden soles, are mentioned in the Saxon writings, but no representations of them are found in the drawings, we believe, of this period.

The **under garment** of the women, as it is usually delineated by the Saxon artists, covered the greater part of the feet; we cannot, therefore, expect to find any representations of stockings: neither is history more favourable with respect to information on the subject; the best authorities, nevertheless, concur in the probability of their being worn (as well as chemises) by the females of this era. The former, it is supposed, was a covering for the leg of close and thick rolls of leather, or cross gartering of different colours.

It has been asserted that the English women, **prior to the fourteenth century**, rode on horseback astride like the men. This is an error, however, which appears to have originated among the modern historians, and into which they have probably been led by imperfect drawing in the manuscripts, for the testimony of antiquity abundantly proves the contrary. The Saxon and the Norman women, whenever they are represented on horseback, are seated sideways upon the horse, agreeable to the present custom. We have remarked a peculiarity in one instance in an Anglo-Saxon MS. of the eighth century (Cottonian Library, Claudius, b. iv., Brit. Museum), that of a female being seated on the off-side of the horse. This figure (7) will be given in the engraving.

Superior personages of both sexes, when represented in their own dwellings,
Outlines of British Female Costume.

and especially when they are seated, are usually depicted in their full dresses. The servants and common attendants are drawn without mantles; and the male servants constantly with the short tunic, frequently barefooted, and rarely with any covering for the head.

Furs were anciently of very high value, and marks of distinction, according to the kinds worn. They were known to the Anglo-Saxons, but brought into more general use by the Normans. An Anglo-Saxon furred winter garment is mentioned in Lyke; those of the nobility and dignified clergy (such of them especially as were appropriated to the winter) were often fringed and even lined with furs of various kinds. Those of sables, of beavers, and foxes, were most esteemed; the inferior sorts were made from the skins of cats and lambs. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was mocked by the Bishop of Constance for wearing a mantle lined with the fur of lambs, and advised, at least, to adorn his cloak with cat skins. "Alas! my brother," replied Wulstan, "I have often heard of the Lamb of God, but never of his cat." This piece of wit turned the laugh against the German prelate.* The anecdote, besides the purpose for which it is introduced, may serve as a specimen of the wit of those times.

Gloves made of sheep-skin fur are at least as old as the time of Charlemagne; but gloves do not appear to have been worn in England by either sex before the eleventh century. They probably were derived from the continent, as they certainly did not originate with our Saxon ancestors. At the close of the tenth, or beginning of the eleventh century, five pairs of gloves made a considerable part of the duty paid to Ethelred the Second by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade. This fact proves that they were worn only by persons of the most exalted rank, and justly quoted by Strutt as a proof of their excessive rarity. But that author is evidently in error when he adds, that "there is not the faintest indication of gloves in the various drawings of the Saxons," for in a MS. of the close of the tenth century (now in the British Museum, Harleian Library, 2908)† a female figure is represented having something which bears a strong resemblance to a glove or muffler upon the left hand. It has a thumb, but no separate fingers, and is painted blue in the illumination. The right hand is bare, with all the fingers delineated. It is somewhat singular that this indefatigable antiquary should have overlooked this, for he has copied several figures from the same manuscript.

We have previously made mention of the skill of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, in embroidery and all kinds of needle-work. The embroidered figures were sometimes worked upon the cloth, with threads of gold, silver, and silk, of purple and other colours, as the nature of the figures to be formed required; and, to render them the more exact, they were first drawn with colouring matter by some skilful artist. In the life of St. Dunstan, we are told that a certain religious lady, designing to embroider the sacerdotal vestment, earnestly entreated Dunstan (who was then a young man, and had an excellent taste for works of that kind) to draw the figures, which she afterwards formed with threads of gold. The truth is, that those fine flowered and embroidered works, so much superior in art and beauty to what could have been expected in those rude ages, were commonly executed by ladies of the highest rank and greatest piety, and were designed for ornaments to the churches, and vestments for the clergy, when they performed the offices of religion. We often read in the monkish historians of those times, of queens and princesses making presents of such precious and painted vestments (as they called them) to the church. The four princesses, daughters of King Edward the Elder, and sisters of King Athelstan, are highly celebrated, by historians, for their assiduity and skill in spinning, weaving, and needlework; which was so far from spoiling the fortunes of those royal spinsters, that it procured them the addresses of the greatest princes then in Europe.* A work of this kind, supposed to have been executed shortly after the commencement of the Norman period, by Matilda, wife to William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards King of England, and the ladies of her court, still preserved in the cathedral of Bayeux, in

* Wharton Anglia Sacra.
† Figure 11, plate 1, which we are preparing.

Normandy, is an illustrative proof both of their skill and industry. This curious monument of antiquity, is a piece or web of linen, only about nineteen inches in breadth, but no less than two hundred and ten feet eleven inches in length; on which is embroidered the history of the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy; beginning with the embassy of Harold to the Norman court, A.D. 1065, and ending with his death, at the battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066. The many important transactions of these two busy years, are represented in the clearest and most regular order in this piece of needle-work; which contains many hundred figures of men, animals, landscapes, sea pieces, churches, arms, &c., &c., all executed in their due proportions and proper colours, with inscriptions over them, to throw light upon their history. Though Queen Matilda directed this work, yet the greatest part of it was probably performed by English women: for we are told by a contemporary writer, that the Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famous for their skill in needle-work, and embroidering with gold, that those elegant manufactures were called Anglicum opus (English work).* They had extended very far even in the eighth century, as we find by a charter, which Wiglaf, King of Mercia, granted to the Abbey of Croyland, cited by Ingelphius, wherein mention is made of the king’s golden veil, “embroidered with the History of the Destruction of Troy,” which he gave to the said abbey, to be hung up annually in the church upon his birthday.

These elaborate specimens of embroidery, were chiefly exhibited in the regal and sacerdotal vestments of the period. The vestment which Canute the Dane presented to Croyland Abbey was made of silk, embroidered with eagles of gold; the coronation mantle of Harold Harefoot, the son of Canute, which he gave to the same abbey, was also made of silk, and embroidered with “the Hesperian apples”; and the garments of Edward the Confessor, which he wore upon occasions of great solemnity, were sumptuously embroidered with gold, by the hands of gentle Edgitha, his queen.

Religious zeal produced many splendid works of this kind, which were wholly dedicated to the service of the church. The altars, enriched with embroideries, and the ecclesiastical habits of the clergy beautified with needle-work, bore testimony at once to the piety and skill of our fair countrywomen. Queens, princesses, and other ladies of high rank, employed their time in this pious intent; and memoranda of their donations are frequently enough to be met with in the ancient monastic records.

In the dress of the men, generally, the province of female taste was intruded upon by the ornaments they used. They had sometimes gold and precious stones round their necks, and the men of consequence or wealth usually had expensive bracelets on their arms, and rings on their fingers. It is singular that the bracelets of the male sex were more costly than those allotted to the fair. In some of the stately apparel of the former, we see that fondness for gorgeous finery, which their sturdier character might have been expected to have disdained. We read of silk garments woven with golden eagles: so a king’s coronation garment was of silk, woven with golden flowers; and his cloak is mentioned, distinguished by its costly workmanship, and its gold and gems. Such was the avidity for these distinctions, that Elfric, in his canons, found it necessary to exhort the clergy not to be ranc, that is, proud, with their rings, and not to have their garments made too rancile.* The council in 785 ordered the clergy not to wear the tinted colours of India, nor precious garments. The clergy, whose garments were thus compulsorily simplified, endeavoured to extend their fashion to those of the laity. Boniface, the Anglo-Saxon missionary, in his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, inveighs against luxuries of dress, and declares, that “those garments which are adorned with very broad studs, and images of worms, announces the coming of Anti-Christ.” In the same spirit, at the council of Cloveshove, the nuns were exhorted to pass their time rather in reading books and singing hymns, than in weaving.

* Ranc and rancile, originally meant proud and gorgeous. The words have now become appropriated to express dignity of situation. Wilk. Leg. Sax. 158.
Outlines of British Female Costume.

ing and working garments of empty pride in diversified colours.

Besides the fine needle-work and embroidery above described, as executed chiefly by the ladies, various kinds of woollen cloths were fabricated by the professed artificers of Britain in this period, for the use of all the different ranks in society. We are even told, by a writer who flourished in those times, that the English makers of cloth very much excelled in their several arts. This seems to be confirmed by the price of wool, which was higher than it is at present, in proportion to the prices of other commodities. For the fleece, by some of the Anglo-Saxon laws, was valued at two-fifths of the price of the whole sheep.

The Anglo-Saxon women, generally, of the eighth century, were habituated with simplicity, convenience, and elegance; "a taste, remarks Sir S. Meyrick, which denotes they were as yet far distant from that restless desire of variety which is ever attendant on an advanced state of civilization, the characteristic of superfluity, and the companion of luxury." Notwithstanding the assertion of Verstegan to the contrary, there is little doubt but they were linen under the gown; though probably dyed of various colours; and the close sleeves observable within those of the gown, may be conjectured to represent this part of the dress, which even in the earliest ages seems to have been worn by all the northern nations. The gown in the illuminations is not unfrequently embellished with bands of different colours, or of embroidery about the knees and at the bottom, but in none of them is a fine waist attempted to be displayed. It does not appear they wore any other covering for their heads than the veil, coverchief, or hood, which falling down upon the forehead, was carefully wrapped round the neck and shoulders. This article of their attire appears exceedingly unbecoming in the illuminations; in a great measure, probably, from want of skill in the artist; for no doubt it was capable of as graceful an arrangement as the Spanish mantilla. The Saxon name for it appears to have been hæsfodes rugel (headrail), or weofles, derived from the verb weofian, to cover; but this head-gear was seldom worn except when abroad, as the hair itself was cherished and ornamented with as much attention as in modern times.*

ORNAMENTS.

Golden head-bands, half circles of gold, hair needles or bodkins, neck bands, and bracelets, are continually mentioned in Anglo-Saxon wills and inventories. The head-band was sometimes worn over the veil or head-cloth. Concerning the head-tire, we are altogether at a loss, for this ornamental part of the ladies' head-dress never appears in the drawings of the Saxons, being at all times completely hid by the cover-chief or veil; but head-tires, or half circles of gold, were certainly used by the fair sex at a very early period of the Saxon era, because mention is frequently made of such ornaments in the ancient wills and charters. "We may, however," remarks Strutt, "very justly conclude that the head-tires which occur in the ancient Norman drawings were ornaments of the same kind; they appear to have been only half circles rising up in the front, and were probably fastened on the hinder part of the head with a fillet or ribbon." Ear-rings are known only by name in the Saxon records; but as they are spoken of without the least indication of novelty, we may conclude that they formed part of the ancient head-dress. The ear-rings, like the head-tires, are always so completely concealed by the coverchief that the form of them cannot be ascertained. Over the shoulders often appears a cloak, which seems to have had a hole cut in the middle for the purpose of passing the head through. These general habits continued to be worn for several centuries after the period under consideration, and indeed with little alteration but what arose from a more cultivated attention to the embroidery and disposition of colours down to the end of the Saxon era. In the oldest manuscripts where colours have been employed, green, blue, and light red seem to have been the predominant hues of the clothing, though there are some pink and others violet, but very few perfectly white.

The girdle or belt formed an indispensable part of the Saxon habit, and it was equally common to both sexes. It was bound about the waist; and those which

* To be depicted in plate No. 1.
belonged to ladies of high rank were usually enriched with embroideries, and studded with precious stones; nor were those belonging to the kings and noblemen less costly, which will be shown in figure (12) of Etheldrytha, a princess of East Anglia, copied from the Duke of Devonshire's splendid Benedictional of the tenth century. Her dress is very magnificent; she wears an embroidered scarlet mantle over a tunic or gown of gold tissue, or cloth of gold. The veil and shoes are also of the latter costly material, and yet she is represented as a sainted abbess. The conventual dress of the Anglo-Saxon era differed in no wise from the general female habit; and Bishop Aldhelm intimates that the dress of royal Anglo-Saxon nuns in his time was frequently gorgeous.

Bracelets were of two kinds, for the arms and for the neck: the first were common to both sexes, but the latter were appropriated chiefly, if not entirely, to the service of the ladies. In the early part of the Saxon era the wearing of bracelets appears to have been confined to persons of distinction, and when made of gold, were considered as proper presents for the sovereign or his consort, and accordingly, at times, bequeathed to them in the wills of the wealthy. In the succeeding centuries the fashion of wearing them became more extensive, and it was afterwards adopted by the inferior classes of the people. The clergy inveighed against their useless luxury of these adornments; and William of Malmesbury, detailing the vices conspicuous among the English at the time of the conquest, adds to the number, that of "loading of their arms with bracelets of gold." The bracelets of both sorts were probably made of a variety of materials, according to the fancy or the wealth of the wearer; but those that are particularised by the Saxon authors are said to have been made of gold, and were at times so heavy as to become exceedingly cumbersome. An arm bracelet, mentioned in the will of a Saxon nobleman, weighed one hundred and eighty mancuses of gold, or about twenty ounces troy-weight; another, bequeathed to the queen, thirty mancuses of gold, or about three ounces and a half; and a neck bracelet forty mancuses of gold, or nearly five ounces. The bracelets of gold upon the arms of the soldiers belonging to a magnificent galley which was presented by Earl Godwin to Hardicanute, weighed eight ounces each. An arm bracelet of the ninth century, is in plate B, figure 1.

Rings for the fingers were in common use among the Anglo-Saxons at a very early period. In their form they differed but little from those of the present day. The signet or seal ring, as it occurs in a manuscript of the tenth century (Claudius, B. 4, Brit. Museum), is given in the plate (figure C). Rings are rarely represented in the Saxon drawings, so that we cannot determine clearly upon which of the fingers they were worn, or whether upon more than one finger at once. We are equally at a loss to know whether these ornaments were confined to one hand, or indiscriminately worn upon both. The gold finger, or ring finger, is spoken of by the Saxon authors. Rings were common to both sexes, and probably not confined to the nobility. They were also made of various metals, and frequently adorned with engravings and chasings agreeable to the taste of the times. An Anglo-Saxon ring still in existence has the hoop of wrought lozenges and circles alternately, and is inscribed Ahtstan, Bishop of Sherborne:* for a ring was an indispen-sable episcopal ornament, implying marriage to the church. Like the one we are describing, it was not uncommon for Saxon gold rings to have the name of the owner for a legend. An engraving of this noble jewel is given in the plate (see fig. D); it is of gold, with enameled designs, and weighs one ounce, and affords a fine specimen of the perfection to which the jewellers' art had attained in England at that period.

Beads may with great propriety be added to the list of ornaments belonging to the dress of the Anglo-Saxon ladies. They do not appear, it is true, in the Saxon manuscript paintings, but there is every reason to suppose that they constituted part of the paraphernalia of females of ancient times, because they are frequently found in their places of interment, and were probably worn by them about the neck, according to the modern practice.

Among the other ornaments mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon documents, we read

of a golden fly beautifully adorned with
gems; of golden verniculated necklaces:
of bullæ (amulets) of golden fillets, and
a neck cross. There was a neck ornament,
called in the old Anglian law the
rheo, to the stealing of which the same
penalty was attached as to stealing six
sows with pig.

Four distinct parts of dress, then, it
has been seen, were appropriated to the
females of the eighth century; and the
subsequent delineations, even to the
close of the eleventh century, do not
exhibit a single additional garment.
The little variation also which those
parts of dress underwent, during a pe-
riod of nearly three centuries, is a mani-
fest proof that our fair countrywomen
were strongly attached to the manners
and customs of their predecessors. The
difference, where perceptible, consists
chiefly in ornament: we meet with a
few instances at the end of the tenth
and in the eleventh centuries, of the
under-garment being ornamented at the
bottom with borders of different colours,
which were probably worked with the
needle. The patterns are generally rings,
flowers, and sprigs. Towards the con-
clusion of the tenth century, we find an
alteration made in the gown, and espe-
cially in the sleeves, which are broader
at the bottom, and in some instances
resemble a fan when half-opened. The
ends of the sleeves, and the bottoms of
the gowns, are now sometimes richly
adorned with borders of various col-
lours. The gowns of this century were
also frequently lined with materials of
different colours, if not of different
texture; as will be shown by figure 14,
plate 1. The gown of the lady is
crimson, the lining deep blue.

The sleeves of the tunic, reaching in
close rolls to the wrist, like those of
the men, are generally confined there by
a bracelet, or terminate with a rich border.

There were evidently two sorts of
mantles worn by the ladies of the ninth
and tenth centuries: the first in no re-
spect differed from the mantle before de-
scribed; the second was bound about
the waist, and thence was passed over
the right or left shoulder, and flowed loosely
at the side. The variations in the ap-
pearance of the cowerchief, seem evi-
dently to have arisen from the mode in
which it was fastened about the neck,
rather than from any material difference
in the form of the garment itself.

The wedding dresses of the bride
and three of her maids, and of the bride-
groom and three of his attendants, were
of a peculiar colour and fashion, and
could not be used on any other occasion.
These dresses, therefore, were anciently
the perquisite of the minstrels or musi-
cians who had attended the wedding;
but afterwards, when the minstrels fell
into disgrace, they were commonly given
to some church or monastery.

No material alteration appears to have
been made in the habits of either sex
upon the occasion of a funeral.

Beauty of the Anglo-Saxon Women.
We have given descriptions of the
habits of the Anglo-Saxon ladies through
nearly four centuries; the alterations
which were made in their dress under
the government of the Normans, pro-
perly form the subject of another epoch.

Many evidences might be adduced,
that the Anglo-Saxon females were fair
and beautiful, but this may not be
thought necessary by those who have
the pleasure of conversing with their
amiable daughters of modern days, who
are not excelled in personal charms by
any race of women in the world. It is
likewise worthy of remark, that the En-
lish at this period treated the fair sex
with a degree of attention and respect,
which could hardly have been expected
from a people so unpolished in their
manners. This way of thinking and
acting they undoubtedly derived from
their ancestors, the ancient Germans;
who not only admired and loved their
women on account of their personal
charms, but entertained a kind of reli-
gious veneration for them, as the pecu-
liar favourites of Heaven, and consulted
them as oracles.* Agreeable to this,
we find some of the Anglo-Saxon ladies
were admitted into their most august
assemblies, and great attention paid to
their opinions; and so considerable was
their influence in the most important
affairs, that they were the chief instru-
ments of introducing the Christian reli-
gion into almost all the kingdoms of the
heptarchy. Many ladies of the highest
rank were enrolled among their saints,
and became the objects of the supersti-
tious veneration of their countrywomen.
A great number of laws were made to

* Tacitus, de Morb. Germ. and Henry.
secure the rights, protect the persons, and defend the honour of the fair sex from all insults; they were courted with

ANGLO-DANISH PERIOD.—(A.D. 1016—1041.)

There is too great a scarcity of authentic materials remaining, to afford minute illustration of the dress of the Danish ladies. Their costume was very similar to that of the Anglo-Saxons, but much more splendid.* The Danish soldiers who were quartered upon the English in the reigns of Edgar the Peaceable and of Ethelred the Unready, were the beaux of those times: we are told that they were effeminately gay in their dresses, in which they endeavoured to outvie the Saxons. Their tunics were embroidered in the collars and borders, and their hair dressed in rolls or waves. They were particularly attentive to the conservation of their locks, considering fine hair as one of the greatest beauties and ornaments of their persons; they combed it at least once a day, and thereby captivated the affections of the English ladies.

The Danes, equally with the Saxons, were great admirers of ornaments of gold, as gold chains and bracelets. The famous present made by Earl Godwin to King Hardicanute, has been already mentioned; and sufficiently shows that bracelets of gold, on each arm, were ornaments worn by warriors, as well as by ladies, in this period. The Danes, in particular, were so great admirers of these ornaments, that they esteemed no oaths so sacred and inviolable as those that were sworn on bracelets of gold. In a word, we have the direct testimony of a contemporary writer, that at the conclusion of this period, the English were admired by other nations, and even by the French, for the richness and elegance of their dress. "The French and Norman nobility admired the fine persons, the flowing hair, and the beautiful dresses of the English nobles. For the English women excel all others in needlework and embroidering with gold; and their male artists are also excellent."

Young ladies before marriage wore their hair uncovered and untied, flowing in ringlets over their shoulders; but as soon as they were married, they cut it shorter, tied it up, and put on a head-dress of some kind or other, according to the prevailing fashion. (Du Cange, voces Capelli.)

It may be scarcely necessary to add the remark made by a writer upon this period, that "though the monarch and many of his nobles, warriors, and domestics were Danes, the people were still Anglo-Saxons; and if any difference in dress did exist between the two nations, the Danes were as likely to adopt the fashions of their new country, as the English were to assume those of their new rulers."

Algyfe, Canute's queen (figure 13), wears the tunic mantle (which latter garment is ornamented with cords or ribbons and tassels), the veil, and either the diadem or the half band. She was the widow of Ethelred, and daughter of Richard, third Duke of Normandy.

GENERAL REMARKS,

For ascertaining the Eras of Figures of the Middle Ages.

Anglo-Saxon to the Norman Era.

Males.—Chilperic II. (Anno 716 to 720) had his hair divided on the top of the head; and this parted hair and forked beard, denotes sufficiently for general purposes, figures before the Conquest. Mantles and bordered tunics, long dresses, furs in borders, long hair, and shoes with bandelets, reaching up the legs, are tokens of persons of distinction. The lower orders wear only tunics down to the knees, mostly with the legs bare, and slaves have short hair. (According to Fosbrooke.)

Females.—They are all in hoods, and muffled up nearly to the chin. Though the tunic may, and often does adapt itself, like the Roman armour, to the shape of the body, no constriction of the abdomen by stays appears before the fourteenth century in England, although there are partial examples among the French.
SPEAK NOT IN WORDS.

BY B. BOYLE.

Speak not in words! when lips are still,
Joy ripens in the heart;
Speak not in words! thy gentle will
Can wield a subtler dart.
Speak not in words! thy voiceless skill
Should scorn the noisy art.
Speak not in words! when eyes can kill,
Words play a useless part.
Speak not in words! weak, poor, and tame,
While thou hast power to roll:
A magic dreaminess, a flame
Beyond their cold control;
Words are but echoes of the brain,
Lipp'd by the heartless and the vain,
Eyes breathe a living soul.

ENIGMA

FOR SOLUTION IN THIS MAGAZINE ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.*

Reader, what is it? tell me, I beseech,
Nor life, nor tongue it hath—yet power of speech!
Nor form, nor sense, have ever been defined,
Yet in its speech, is constantly combined
Relation true, of what but then occurred,
Which surely signifies it must have heard.—
Invisible to mortal eyes, it dwells
Secure within its magic working cells;
Where'er it be, it greets the passer-by,
With fond affection—yielding sigh for sigh.—
To some its well known voice unwelcome sounds,
As forth to welcome them it lightly bounds,
Whilst others wait it with attentive ear,
Or greet the unseen wonder with a cheer.—
It dwells in every land, in every clime,
Nor stranger is to simple or sublime,
Although, nor life, nor tongue it speech supplies;
Although invisible to mortal eyes,
Yet still more strange by far to contemplate,
Man can himself this mystic power create!

H. C.

* Although the day appointed for the solution of this enigma is one ominous in the records, yet may we in truth say that he will be no fool who can ere that day find it out, although there is nothing in it. However, as a trifling reward for the exercise of the talent of such as our readers to whom the effort may be agreeable, we promise to allow the first successful candidate, unconnected with the author, to select from our series twenty of our full length coloured portraits as a gift.—Ed.
THE ORPHAN AND THE LEAF.

Translation of a French Poem, which appeared in the Lady's Mag. and Museum.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

The orphan by the green trees shaded,
Mourned o'er her hopes all lost or faded,
Silent and sad; the scorching tears
Flowed down her cheeks, betraying fears
Of the world's selfishness.—A quivering leaf
Falls at her feet, and diverts her grief;
For the leaf has sighed, and its mournful tone
Attracts the ear of the weeping one.
"Why should you sorrow?—yellow and sear
You die—yet you die with the parting year."
"For myself I weep not, but the storm's loud strife
Has broken the branch which had given me life."

ODE

BY B. BOYLE.

Oh! what care I for wisdom’s frown,
While beauty’s eyes applaud my strain;
I’ll laugh the critic’s thunder down,
And strike my wild, wild harp again.

I’ll sing the praise of those who drain
The rapture that enchants the soul,
Dare Grief in scorn, who seeks in vain
To drop his venom in the bowl.

The glowing vine was given in love,
And, with its juice, a magic charm
Was blended, by the Gods above,
For mortal ills the noblest balm.

Fill high! the liquid ruby soon
Will be replenish’d by the Sun;
Unlike the streams sway’d by the Moon
O’er glowing hearts its currents run.

I’ll sing of rapture and delight,
And ne’er will sing another song,
For liquid love and beauty bright
Are ever found where wine-cups throng.
THE BARON DE BOIS-CROUANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"En vérité, je voudrais bien savoir
Quelle figure peut avoir
La beauté renfermée ainsi dans une boîte?"
Garde-toi de l’ouvrir!"—

DEMOUSTIER.

dame Fashion, the everlasting "President" of a French court, had issued so many new edicts, and performed so many wondrous changes, during the long and glorious reign of Louis, surnamed the Great, that her votaries had long since ceased to marvel at her varying laws; when, bowing to the saintly Maintenon, she suddenly shifted from gay to grave, from lively to severe, transforming the bright hues of all her gaudy streamers and gorgeous banners, to dim and sombre colourings, and discarding her heretofore favoured "couleur de rose" for the tint of the autumnal leaf,* ordained that the festive board and gay resort should henceforth be deserted for more hallowed meetings. Piety, or at least an outward semblance of piety, had become the order of the day, and the various churches and convents in vogue with the court, were filled at all their different services even to overflowing; whilst the merits of such or such an eminent preacher formed the basis of all fashionable conversations during the intervals of relaxation. Abbots and priestlings had become the constant attendants of the fair, who had laid aside the jewelled coiffure for the black silk hood and mantle adopted by the favourite.

For a period of six weeks and upwards, the convent of "Sainte Thérèse du Mont" had each night been favoured by regal patronage; it was Lent time, and the evening service had become particularly attractive at "La Sainte Thérèse," from the thrilling strains of a youthful inmate, a destined nun, known to the court by the appellation of "Rossignol!" the unrivalled tones of whose soft voice were said far to excel any thing that had, until then, been heard. So great, indeed, was the anxiety of all to listen to this new wonder, that the avenues and narrow streets which led to the entrance

* Madame de Maintenon’s favourite colour was "fauve morte."

2 E—VOL. XII.—MARCH.
thrillingly poured forth, each eye was seen to turn with redoubled love towards the monarch; and so much are all human beings the children of impulse, more especially the enthusiastic French, that each private feeling to the man was stifled, and the prayer found an echo in every breast, whilst the king himself, yielding to the entrancing fascination, shed tears of ecstatic admiration.

Amongst the officers in the suite of the court which had come in state to La Sainte Thérèse, was the young Baron de Bois-Crouant, a reckless scapegrace, of ancient Norman descent, and scanty fortune; a perfect soldier, such as the north of France in those times produced; brave as a lion in the battle-field, and so careless of his life elsewhere, that he continually sought for opportunities of losing it, in lieu of preserving it; true in friendship, as he was implacable in hate, but holding moral laws as scarecrows for the basely born, he was a determined libertine, a glutton, and as fond of the wine-cup as he was of pleasure; in fine, a harel-brained fellow, the very prototype of the provincial "bon vivants" of the times. He had heard much of the Nightingale, but although he had generally attended in his master's train at evening service, still so averse was he to have himself set down as a pious fellow, and so little taste had he for church chauntings, that he had not even once attempted to outpass the precincts of the spacious court which led to the convent, until at length, piqued to curiosity by the repeated jestings of his comrades, who all declared that the wary Bois-Crouant was far more circumspect than they had imagined him, for that he dared not listen to the dulcet strain, least a nun should take possession of his heart, and wean him from a world he cherished.

To back this assertion, they offered to wager as much good wine as he could in three days drink, that the syren would enslave him if he did but hear her. For several days he had been saluted amongst them by the appellation of the "future friar,"—"the converted;" and had been taunted with proffered bribes, to obtain his prayers, when they should be in purgatory, whilst he sang psalms on earth.

Although it might be truly said, that none more irreverently entered the convent chapel than did De Bois-Crouant, yet none ever left it with feelings of so deep a rapture; the swelling strain seemed to distend the fibres of his breast, and open forth his heart to soft sensations, which he ne'er before had dreamed of. He felt that a new sense was born within him, as he listened, and that music, to him love's harbinger, was bringing to him one of those deep and sudden passions, born of one single instant, and destined to endure 'till life was o'er, of which romance had sometimes told him, but which he deemed to be not of the world. So oppressed was he by the bitter violence of his new-born feelings, that fearing lest he should, by some sudden and impulse burst of admiration, or energetic gesture, disclose them to the throng around him, he continued to listen to the seraphic sounds; then he rose abruptly from his place, and making himself a way through the attentive listeners, he passed out hurriedly from the chapel, strayed through the courts, unconscious where he went, bending his course towards the gardens of the convent; nor stopped, until desiring a small green bank, upon which he flung himself, like one over-weathered by some great toil, or saved from some impending danger. Wrapped for a while in a maze of undefined thoughts, he knew not where he was, nor what had taken him there. Was the vespers scene a real one? Were those melodious sounds from mortal voice? Was the garden in which he sat, in its calm and dewy evening stillness, of common earth? or was he deluded by some sweet and refreshing dream? He scarce had time mentally to solve these things, as they came lazily and slowly upon him, ere a brisk rustling amongst the leaves of the surrounding shrubs aroused him from meditation, and a few seconds more displayed to him a female form, attired in monastic garb, whose light bounding step, as she ranged almost wildly through the pleasure ground, seemed but ill to accord with that sombre habiliment: he rose hastily, and was about to seek some spot where he might be unobserved, fearing lest his presence should affright or disturb the novice, in what he considered to be her pleasurable relaxation; but ere he had time to retire, he was perceived by the lady, who, to his great surprise, instead of shunning his presence, hastened towards him, as though she had descried in him a welcome friend.
“Stranger,” said she, in a low soft voice, as she approached him, “I have a boon to ask, which thou canst not refuse, if thou art but good and kind. I am a prisoner within these walls, and pant for freedom. I have been induced by prayers and earnest entreaties to enter upon my noviciate, with the firmest promises, that I should be left at liberty to refuse to profess further, should I feel reluctant so to do; yet, unless I be timely saved from this dire custody, I shall within one short week be forced to renounce a world, which, I would give my life to know, were it but for a single day. You therefore, cavalier, must go promptly for me to the king, and in my name, entreat my freedom; telling him that, relying upon his clemency, I will be contented to become the meanest of his subjects, if, in return, I may be permitted to range freely in the fields, to breathe the air, and far from these hated walls see the beauteous sun rise and set in all its splendour. Nay, refuse me not, stranger! for it is for life I sue thee!” The young novice here breathed fully, as if about to drink in the air, and then sighed deeply.

De Bois-Crouant, almost dumb with astonishment, knew not at first by what words to answer this strange but eloquent appeal. He gazed upon the speaker, as she stood in the uncertain light of a rising moon; and the hour, the place, her garb, and the peculiar circumstances, all contributed to fill him, ungodly as he was, with a kind of hallowed feeling, even towards one whose words seemed so little in unison with her profession. He refused not the mission she had put upon him, but urged that others, nay, even of her own sex, might be found far better fitted for the office.

“Alas! alas!” she frantically exclaimed, “am I then doomed never to find a friend?—I have besought, most earnestly, all those I ever met, who mix with the world, but they have either most unkindly betrayed me, or treated me as a wayward child. I have written to the king, in language which I deemed fit to melt the hardest heart, but none have vouchsafed to deliver my petitions. One lady of the court, who seemed to be deeply interested in me, offered me her friendship, but she too refused, under the plea that she feared to offend Madame de Maintenon, by seeming to support a seceder from her favourite convent; another laughed me to scorn, saying, she would not for the world be instrumental in depriving La Sainte Thérèse of a treasure, which could never be replaced. And lastly, the amiable ‘Duchesse de Bourbon,’ whom upon my knees I supplicated, sighed deeply, and said with tears in her soft dark eyes, ‘Poor child! my patronage would do thee far more harm than good, for I see that thou art like myself, a toy; and that whilst all loudly praise the Nightingale, none will befriend or free thee from thy cage’!”

At sound of these last words, which revealed to him a knowledge of her he was conversing with, the youthful baron felt so startled, that forgetting himself for a moment, he loudly ejaculated, “Art thou indeed that seraph whom they call the ‘Nightingale?’” and throwing himself upon his knees before her, he swore solemnly by his sword and honour to befriend her, even at the extremest peril of his life; “but, lady,” added he, “hast thou friends who will receive thee when thou shalt have left these walls?”

“I know of none,” she replied; “for even my very earliest recollections are only of this gloomy dwelling. It is true that I have been much indulged, and that costly presents often reach me here from hands unknown; my garments are of far finer texture than those of other inmates, or even than the order sanctions; I am likewise treated with respect by many of the sisterhood, but none have ever talked to me of my kindred or dear friends.”

“Yet thou canst not dwell unprotected in the world, and thy very want of relatives is no doubt the cause of thy seclusion; and his Majesty himself can but have a slight plea for taking thee from hence, unless thou wert begged of him in marriage by some one of his court.”

De Bois-Crouant here paused to mark the impression made upon the nun by these last words; but she was heedless of his meaning, and stood as if transfixed in the broad silvery band of moonlight which lit up the garden path like a beauteous statue; her tall and reed-like form seemed better suited to pour-tray a wood-nymph than one in holy orders, whilst her profile issuing from her snowy veil seemed that of a Grecian beauty. She at length in accents o
despair exclaimed, "All then is ended; for none will claim poor 'Nightingale' for bride!" De Bois-Crouant, enraptured, cast himself once more at her feet, and was about to proffer his suit of love, when a gruff hoarse voice in hollow accents chid the maiden for her absence, and in his attempt to seize upon her garment and urge one instant of delay, he found that he had held the rosary which hung by her side, and that the small golden cross which terminated it was left within his grasp. The "Nightingale" had winged her flight with fawn-like agility, and the matron, who had surprised her, was now at no great distance from him. To elude her was impossible, so hiding the treasure in his bosom, he went forth to meet her, determined to frame some excuse or other tending to screen the novice from the disgrace which the fact of having been found in conference with one like him at such an hour might bring upon her, but ere he had time to do so, the gruff harsh voice enjoined him to depart, for that all the assistants at "Salut" being gone, it was her duty now to close the doors. Understanding by this appeal that he was addressed by the portress only, he approached less cautiously, and slipping a silver coin into her hand, begged her to be silent as to the lady who had been in his society.

"Aye, aye! chevalier," said the aged crone, "'tis well for thee that 'twas sister 'Nightingale,' for she doth what she lists within these walls, and none dare chide or contradict her, and ungrateful as she is, she takes good care to profit by her favour in breaking the rules at least ten times a day, and committing those things which are full well calculated to bring our sacred order into disrepute, and all forsooth from her mad notion that she will find some one or other who will free her from her vows, but by our Blessed Lady she'll shortly find out her mistake, and sorely have to pay for all the past when once she's cloistered. Now I'll be sworn, monseigneur, that she hath been giving thee some foolish message or other for the king, the duchess, or what not; but I'd have thee forget her bidding, or thou may'st perchance repent it."

"Knowest thou the cause of this dislike of her's for monastic life? for it seemeth to me the more surprising that I have heard she had been reared within these walls."

"True, chevalier, and I remember that she was scarce three years of age when a high-born and beauteous lady brought her hither, and wept bitterly at parting from her, since which she hath never left the convent, being bred up in the full persuasion that she would one day be called upon to profess her vows; indeed, her very childish habiliments were in all things similar to those which she now wears, and still, though accustomed from the cradle to this thought, she proudly, nay, most stubbornly, protests against it, because, forsooth, she vows that she must see the world, the fields, the hills, the ocean, and in her impious ravings seems as if almost possessed of wings, and about to fly forth from these strong holds; but enough, seigneur, I must now close the doors."

"Nay, prithee, good mother, one word more. Is not the 'Nightingale' most passing fair?"

"Ha! ha! ha! you are not the first, good gentleman, who has asked that question of me; but 'tis well, perchance, that those who listen to the 'Nightingale' do not behold her: these, monseigneur, are my parting words."

True to this, the aged sister commenced her office in a manner that admitted not of longer converse from the baron, who, chilled and astounded by the ambiguous bearing of her last speech, mused deeply on it as he went, whether Nightingale was or not ill-favoured. No, that could not be, for had she not seemed to him most lovely as she stood bathed in the streams of the broad moonlight? "It is well, perchance, that those who listen to the 'Nightingale' do not behold her!" Nay, this surely inferred that her very loveliness would be the bane of all who gazed upon her, yet now he remembered that he never had heard mention made of her beauty; and then the hollow fiendish laugh which preceded the old woman's words, still rang most discordantly in his ear. Albeit, he musing reached his home, right well determined on the very morrow to gain a private audience with the king, and sue for freedom for the maiden.

A few days afterwards, as Louis sat alone wrapped in a pensive mood, almost unknown to him the youthful "Nightingale" was admitted into his presence; he gazed intently at her, then bidding her throw back the veil which partly
concealed her features, and confidently approach him, she threw herself on her knees before him, and the monarch stooped to imprint an almost paternal kiss upon her forehead, bidding her arise and sit beside him. He gently chid her for her wayward wishes of renouncing those vows for which she had been destined from the cradle; urging her to consider the nature of the request she had made him, and demanding at the same time an explanation of its circumstances. The novice, o'er and o'er again, eloquently pleaded the yearning of her soul, to see and enjoy that world, which God seemed to have made for all others, save herself; that she might enjoy the seasons in their changes, and behold those beauties of nature, calculated to make her far more pious, than the pinings of monastic life ever could. The king sighed deeply, then pausing for an instant, to collect his thoughts, with a pained look of wounded pride, he led the novice to a mirror, and in broken accents, having totally thrown the white drapery from her face, bade her steadfastly behold herself, and say, if she deemed it not, that nature's hand, which she so much admired in other things, had not signed prescription upon her very countenance. "It wounds me to the quick," added the griefed monarch, "to pronounce these homely truths to thee, my child—for my child thou art! but they would come to thee with far more bitterness from other lips; and that world, which seems to thee now so fair, would fill a cup of gall for thee, which would soon cause thee, with aching breast and broken heart, to seek as thine only refuge, that shelter which thou now disdainest; nor could I bear to see thee, in thine unsuspecting innocence, a mark for derision, by those who possess not thy virtues; owing to the want of personal attraction. Nay, daughter, Louise will humble himself before thee; for he, alas! is the real author of thy wrongs, and sues thee for thy pardon and future prayers. I will even impart to thee a secret, known but to one besides. Thy mother, whose name I may not even to thee reveal, for she must not be ranked amid the royal mistresses (her punishment lies not there), was fair in fame as in person. When she reached the court as a bride, I wooed and won her in a fatal hour; but her fond and trusting husband, having one day been taunted, or rather complimented upon increasing favour, by another courtier, as they sat at wine together in a cool verandah, incensed beyond control, by words which he thought touched his honour, and were foully slanderous, dashed in his rage the brimming wine cup in the offender's face, just as his wretched wife, who had beheld the scene through a glass door, was advancing towards the pair—she had heard the fearful words, and fell senseless at her husband's feet. Some few months after this catastrophe, which was followed by a deadly strife, in which the offender lost his life, you, Louise, were born, bearing that fatal mark, which in itself unfit thee for the world, which is at best a world of care and trouble. Thy mother, with the ardent love of one who thought that she had caused a deep misfortune to an unoffending creature, which it was beyond the power of fate to change, to punish herself, and spare thy tender feelings, when she beheld, that in thy very childhood, youthful brides, and those about to become mothers, turned from thee with affrighted looks, and feelings of disgust, dedicated thee to monastic life; choosing, at the same time, for thee, that convent deemed of all least rigorous."—"Enough, enough! sire," interposed the maiden, with streaming eyes, "my mother judged most wisely—I no longer love the world—and will fulfil her sage desire."

On the morrow of the interview betwixt the monarch and the novice, as evening was closing in, the Baron de Bois-Crouant felt most anxious to ascertain if his pleadings in behalf of the maiden had been successful. Deeming that the old portress was far from incorruptible, he had brought with him, beneath his vest, a sealed paper, in which he besought the novice to consent to permit him to beg her as his bride; and was wandering nigh the convent's postern gate, seeking the coming of her who was to close the doors, when he was suddenly aroused from his reverie, by the deep and melancholy sound of a pealing bell, which seemed as if tolling for the dead: its continuance saddened his spirits, and filled him with apprehensions and a presentiment which he knew not how to account for. It was the death-knell of his earthly hopes, for soon he learnt that the novice, as fearful as she
had been only the day before, now hastened to pronounce her vows, and that tolling bell pronounced her dead to the world for ever!—A year afterwards, an eminent surgeon related to his friends, that having been called in to attend a patient, in one of the suburbs, he had found a young man in the very prime of life, who was literally dying from intemperance and reckless dissipation; a ruined spendthrift, and almost reduced to abject want; but upon his approach, he begged to be left alone with him. In a hollow tone, and with a peculiarly sarcastic expression of countenance, he asked him if he thought he could deal loyally with a fellow-man, who was on the verge of death; that he had tried to soothe him, and promised faithfully to comply with whatever request he might think fit to make him, so struck was he with his words and manner. "Then, surgeon!" said he, "thou fearest not to use the knife against a dead man's flesh, I ween?—Come nigh, and hark ye, when I am gone—carve deeply within my breast a grave, wherein to place this treasure, and with thy needles sew up the wound, and salve it o'er, that it may seem as one inflicted in some other cause." He placed in the doctor's hands a small gold crucifix, and after his decease, papers were found, which proved him to be that very Cyprien, Armand, François, Baron de Bois-Crouant, who had for several months disappeared from court, in a manner, which his light-hearted companions deemed to be most mysterious. He, the sturdy, gay, and lion-hearted, had fallen a victim to his delusive love for the "Nightingale," whilst one glance, perchance in the bright noon-day, at that countenance, rendered hideous by the most fearful purple spots, would have convinced him of his folly, and have saved him.

LOVE SONNETS.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD.

The sea, the earth, the ample air and sky,
And all the wondrous worlds of life around,
Stars of the empyreum—weeds of the ground,
Proclaim alike that Love is Deity!
This is the nature, whose strong harmony,
Holds fast the starry chain of night profound;
Who, in the likeness of the day, sun-crowned,
Charms all the universe to sympathy.

And shall weak man, to whom the hope is giv'n,
That thine eternal presence dwells in him;
The denizen of earth, the child of heav'n,
Immortal as the deathless cherubim,
Shall he disdain, best Love, thy dear content,
Never:—thy home is ever in the soul.

In the religion of his star-like eyes
There dwells a bright futurity of truth;
And virtue, gifted with immortal youth,
In the blest radiance of his presence lies.
His voice is human with the breath of sighs,
Full of the honied balm of softest truth;
And all his ways attest him in kind sooth,
Heir unto Time, and herald of the skies.
To worship him might purify from taint
The human heart, made pure, without alloy;
His love might change the mortal to the saint;
Imparadis'd in a most perfect joy,
He is a revelation to the view,
And heav'n is seen in him, great as 'tis true.

It is denied: the tender interchange,
Of holy thoughts and pure, no more is giv'n;
We are denied the Eden of our heav'n,
And on earth's desert wide left free to range
Beneath the sky; no hut nor welcome grange
Shall e'er be ours, but ever tempest-driv'n,
We and our happiness asunder riv'rs,
We seek our destiny, as wise, as strange.

Therefore, in vision'd dreams, may we create
A world beyond ourselves, remote, alone;
A world uplifted o'er the clouds of fate,
And girded round with Love's imperial zone;
And it is there, dear lover, we will meet—
There my sad soul its twin-born soul shall greet.

1831.

THE ARAB LOVER.

A TALE OF FRENCH ALGIERS.

One scorching morning last year, the city of Algiers was in commotion; drums were beating to arms, and crowds of people hustling one another, with oaths and imprecations, upon the square of Bab-Azoun. An escort, guarding two sheiks about to be decapitated, advanced slowly; its line of march was repeatedly broken, and almost wholly impeded by the vast multitudes. As if by some magic signal, a dread and sudden silence reigned instantaneously; * * * the crowd then ebbed through the different approaches which diverged from the fatal spot. Aarbi-ben Moussa and Caïd Messtaoud, the two criminals whom they had flocked to see, presented to view only mangled carcasses.

Whilst many spectators still occupied the Government-square, a pretty and youthful European female ascended with terrified steps the dark and ruinous staircase of a house in Lalahuem-street. Having reached the first flight, she rushed in at the door of an open chamber, and breathless with fatigue threw herself upon a couch. Attracted by the noise, a female entered, exclaiming—

"I would wager my life that you have come from the execution; how had you, Marceline, the courage to be present at such a sight? Do not tremble, you are now with your sister. Here, sip this eau sucrée, drink!"

"Thanks, Angela."

"So, you are calmer now! how you frightened me! I thought something dreadful had befallen you;—happily it is not so. Come, give me your hand, and tell me all about it."

Marceline, whose agitation gradually subsided, detailed in broken sentences the death of the two Arabs, who had so long, whilst avowing themselves friends of the French, organised the system of brigandage, and aided in the assassination of Metidja.

"I was returning," said she, "from Bab-Azoun. and when I arrived near the square, it became impossible for me to proceed farther, such numbers were impatiently hurrying to be present, with horrible avidity, at the scene of blood! and in spite, Angela, of my endeavours to escape, I was compelled to remain, till I trembled so violently that I could
scarcely stand. On every side of me I heard the most awful menaces launched against the unfortunate men about to die; I saw the Bedouins shrouded in their brownous, restless, trembling, muttering, whether imprecations or prayers I knew not, between their compressed lips. One among the rest stood close behind me, and protected me by keeping off the crowd whenever a rush was made to reach the foremost rank. Suddenly a general and simultaneous shout announced the arrival of the condemned. The crowd made way with the greatest difficulty; they swore, stamped, thrust and struck each other; and all these movements carried me, by a series of violent jolts, to the very foot of the scaffold, which consisted only of several wooden planks, supported by tressels. The same Bedouin was still behind me, struggling to keep near, probably to afford me his protection: but I did not dare look at him, I was so terrified, expecting every moment to faint. The procession, however, advanced with a slow and solemn pace. I summoned up all the resolution I could command, and rallied every internal energy of which I was mistress, for a strange desire then possessed me to remain. Ah, dear sister! it required no little courage, for most hideous is such a scene of death: the two culprits walked between a line of soldiers; before them gleamed the bright yataghan of the executioner; at a few paces behind mumbled a marabout; and the eyes of the crowd which gazed upon them would have slain them, could glances have caused their deaths. Mestaoud, called the Caid of Boufaric, wore a dejected look; his teeth chattered as he passed by me; he seemed to pray for mercy. Aarbi, however, stalked on with head erect; at every step his stature seemed increased; all present cowed under his fierce glance, as he fixed his eyes upon those around. Oh, sister, what a handsome fellow that Aarbi was! At the foot of the ladder which was raised against the scaffold, the two Bedouins halted; a French officer read aloud their sentence. They did not understand what was said, and an interpreter repeated to them in their own language the sum of the sentence, to which they both together commenced a reply. Their words were few, but cutting, and conveyed their last menace. The marabout, beside them, looked towards heaven, howling ‘Allah! Allah!’—it was his prayer for the agonised, and a sort of stupor prevailed around, sickening the soul. A moment afterwards the priest withdrew—his ministry was at an end.

“Angela, I saw the headsman summon Mestaoud upon the scaffold, who wrestled to liberate his arms from the cords with which they were bound; I beheld the former seize his victim, fling himself upon him to force him down, and the steel glittering before my eyes. I was stricken with horror; I shrieked aloud; the same Bedouin who had just before protected me, exerted all his strength to approach and prevent me from falling. I experienced a dreadful emotion; my blood was one instant frozen, at another boiling. Terror, however, gave me unlooked energy: I forcibly disengaged myself from the grasp which supported me; I stretched myself erect upon tip-toe, and I saw the execution still in progress. Aarbi alone was ascending the ladder; he needed none to sustain him; his was the noblest form, and on reaching the scaffold he raised himself erect; once again he glanced disdainfully upon the crowd, defying death; uttering a few words, may be an adieu to his family, he knelt with inclined head. I saw no more.

At that instant an uproar, like the roaring of the sea, one wide deafening shout, and the multitude separated to re-enter the city. I was in all directions, yet still found myself nigh to the Bedouin, who had never quitted me. I was seized with giddiness, and closing my eyes, dreams the most horrible bewildered my brain, and he who thus haunted me was Aarbi: he fixed the same look upon me as that which I caught from the wretch about to die, and that last glance imprinted itself indelibly upon my memory. Terror gave me supernatural strength; I rushed through a small gap of the crowd, and as soon as I had reached an open space, I ran homeward at my utmost speed, Angela, and sank upon this couch more dead than alive.”

The two youthful sisters reciprocally shuddered at the dreadful detail; and imbued with the same feelings, threw their arms about each other’s necks. Marceline no longer spoke, and they still retained their trembling embrace, not daring to raise their eyes lest they should encounter some new apparition,
It was long ere the sisters succeeded in shaking off the painful remembrance, and regained their wonted gaiety; now they carelessly chatted on casual topics, whilst seated side by side on their sofa, the one occupied with a piece of embroidery, whilst the other read a tale from some favourite author. Thus their day wore away, one half absorbed in the most lively emotion, the other occupied with those elaborate nothings, the important futility of which seriously filled up a life of innocent inanition.

A few words explanatory of the sojourn of these two young girls in Africa may be sufficient. After the French expedition to Algiers, several European merchants of broken fortune betook themselves to that country as a land of refuge, and had exercised their talents for speculation with unexampled success. The first venturers possessed sagacity and enterprise, but were soon subject to redoubtable rivalry, which lowered their profits and abridged their ease. A few of the merchants, rich in hope and slender in fortune, had skilfully availed themselves of their advantageous priority, and M. Rebilitot was one of the latter: so humble on his arrival at Algiers, he trotted at first from door to door, but was now to be seen perambulating the same streets with haughty step.

Transported by continued success, our merchant gave himself up to a luxurious life; his magazine was confined to subaltern agents, and it was only from time to time that he devoted to such enterprises as seemed worthy his attention, the association of his commercial ability. To complete the comfort of his domestic arrangements, he sent for his two daughters, whom he had left in France, and installed them in his house, situated in the street Lalahoum, where he permitted them to enjoy all the gratifications which a newly-acquired fortune is capable of affording.

That was a happy day for Angela and Marceline, on which they exchanged a strained existence for the possession of wealth; their vanity was awakened by it, but they soon recovered from its intoxicating attractions, and whilst their father laboured to accustom himself to the usage of all the "great airs" possible, they with more instinctive propriety contented themselves with simply being the two prettiest European girls in the city, who set the fashions, and were on the look-out for eligible husbands.

Angela was just twenty years of age, Marceline two years older; but apart from this difference of age, the pretty sisters resembled one another so strikingly, that to delineate the portraits of both, it would have been only necessary for one of them to have sat. They had the same fair and silky hair, the same delicate and somewhat pale complexion, the same arch and capricious smile, a voice vibrating with equal harmony; to all this they added a style of dress of perfect similarity, and it was requisite to know them intimately to avoid the amusing mistakes of their personal identity, which frequently afforded them a hearty laugh. The elder had more vivacity, the younger a tinge of the pensive; but their slight contrarieties never altered in the smallest degree the sisterly affection existing between them. Continually in each other's society, the participation of mutual pleasure and pain had become at once a delight and a necessity, and it was the first time since their arrival at Algiers, that Marceline had trusted herself alone in its streets, on the very day which witnessed the execution of Aarbi.

The weather had for some time been tempestuous; the streets and esplanades, deluged with rain, were deserted by promenaders, and the terraces of the houses no longer exhibited their motley groups of Jewish and Moorish women inhaling the fresh sea breeze, and of curious Frenchmen peeping at them to discover what pretensions to beauty these Algerine belles possessed. Angela and Marceline had not quitted their dwelling; their days had been those of the ordinary European occupation of boudoir and drawing-room—devoted to gauze, tittle-tattle, and epigram, and the Bedouin who had occupied their attention so forcibly had not again been present to their eyes.

One day M. Rebilitot returned home, with a mysterious air, summoned his daughters to his presence, and thus addressed them—"I have a surprise for you, my girls; guess, but you never will; I am certain, however, that it will be agreeable to you. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, I am going to take you to the mosque which they have transformed into a Catholic chapel; it must be very..."
curious, for all the world is going thither. Incited by their usual docility, or the prospect of amusement, the daughters of M. Rebilhot hastened to accept his invitation; and, hanging upon either arm of the prosperous merchant, they traversed the streets, Bab-el-Oued and Juba, encountering an unremitting cross-fire of glances from the military loungers, some of them brought home to their mark by flattering compliments addressed through M. Rebilhot himself, which he acknowledged with happy convictions of their sincerity.

Having reached the mosque, or rather the temporary Christian temple into which it had been converted, they gratified their curiosity by scrutinizing the yet unfinished decorations—a repulsive intermixture of Islamism and Catholicism—pictures representing subjects from the Bible in startling juxta-position with panels on which, raised in alto-relievo, were whole verses of the Koran. On a sudden Marceline grew pale, and tightened her grasp of her father's arm. She perceived the terrible Bedouin, who seemed to her eager to take her life. Angela, uneasy at beholding the terror depicted upon her sister's countenance, followed the direction of her gaze, and quickly perceived, at a few paces off, a tall figure with wan and sorrowful features, whose eyes wandered alternately from the sparkling altar of the Christians to the curious crowd which it had attracted. The wretched man, perhaps, had gone to pay a last farewell to the former tabernacle of the faith of that Mahomet who was no longer present there, to call down prophetic vengeance for the audacious sacrilege. The daughters of M. Rebilhot hastened to quit the chapel, but in their precipitation the one forgot her cambic handkerchief, the other dropped a glove. The Bedouin picked up these two articles, and likewise quitted the edifice, carefully enclosing them by a knot in the skirt of his bourous.

"Oh, heavens! how terrified I was again to-day," exclaimed Marceline to her sister, when left to themselves in their pretty apartment—half boudoir, half odal. Both were eager to pour forth their thoughts and feelings upon the events of the day in all that unrestricted confidence peculiar to sisterly love, and that, too, isolated like theirs.

"How childish it was though; for there is nothing to fear from this man; but do you know, Angela, I thought instantly of Aarbi, of the headman, and all the horrible tragedy of the square Bab-Azoun depicted itself again to my mind."

"You are really a sad coward, Marceline. The Bedouins whom we encounter here in the city are not of those tribes that we need fear; they are our friends, and above all the one we met in the chapel is, be assured, dreaming of anything but assassination. What a dejected look he had. Indeed I pity him, whatever may be the cause which occasioned it."

"When he looked towards us I fancied that he recognised me."

"Child, he did not think of us. No, no! his heart, more likely, wept within him for the loss of his mosque; one might plainly enough thus interpret the expression of his countenance—so sorrowfully eloquent; but you grew so alarmed at the sight of him that, in my hurry to follow you out, I lost my handkerchief."

"And I my glove."

"After all," resumed Angela, after a short interval of silence, during which she appeared occupied with some new train of thought, "this Arab is a handsome man, Marceline, and he must needs be rich, for he in nowise resembles those Bedouins who swarm at the corners of the streets, huddled together against the wall, devouring figs and jujubes with savage hunger most horrible to witness. You know how often, passing along the market-place, we have been disgusted at seeing squatted heaps of rags enveloping men—motionless heaps, from which yellow eyes and long pipes were alone visible. Our Arab on the contrary, is properly attired, his bourous is of a becoming whiteness, and really there is no small display of taste evinced in the arrangement of his corded turban. When little Sara comes here, I will tell her to find out who he is, and to tell us all about him."

Here the conversation of the two French girls was interrupted by their being obliged, in the absence of M. Rebilhot, to receive a visit from one of his brother merchants of the city.

But whilst they, with an enchanting diversity of manner and conversation, were doing the honours of their drawing-room, the Bedouin, upon whose account they had interchanged the mutual confidence above narrated, made his appear-
The Arab Lover.

At the very threshold of their dwelling, desirous perhaps to enter therein, and after remaining for a few seconds, apparently immersed in deep thought, he crossed the room and entered a café frequented by the Moors in the street Doria. There squatting on the broad mat shared by several other natives, methodically exhaling dense and stifling fumes from the capacious bowls of their long reed-pipes, he remained absorbed in impenetrable silence. And truly he looked a noble being, that dreaming Arab! His cheek, bronzed by the flaming sun-ray, breathed indomitable pride and resolution, heightened in character by a lofty forehead and energetic glance; his black beard descended in thick waves upon his ample breast, and every physical attribute indicated strength of body and mind.

After a reverie of long duration, during which a shrewd observer might have marked the traces of the most varied emotion depicted upon his countenance—anger in his frowning brow, bitterness and despondency in the sadness of his faintly curled lip, followed by courage and determination in the flashing light of his eye, he seemed forcibly to arouse himself as from the influence of a dream. The Bedouins who, until then, had respected his abstraction, timidly addressed a few questions to him; his replies were brief and dry; silence ensued, and he took his departure. As soon as he was out of sight, a confused babble of voices, pitched in every key, arose throughout the café, each assuring his neighbour that Mohamed-ben-Ali was as proud as a "stiff-necked camel."

At that moment the derviches from the summits of their minarets commenced howling forth their evening prayer. It was the hour when the sun, having darted his last glowing ray, was fast disappearing behind the mountain, and the evening breeze, like a long-expected friend, summoned forth the inhabitants of Algiers, whom the intolerable heat had confined the greater part of the day within their dwellings. Then the Government-square, strown with freshly-watered sand, became the favourite resort of numerous promenaders, who passed and repassed between two or three rows of chairs, whereon were seated fair relatives of the kingdom of France, elegantly dressed. The approach of twi-

light in the east is an indescribable season for enjoyment and voluptuousness by all animal life, whilst inhaling the gentle sea breezes which were wafted over the city, where during the day time there reigns a close and heated atmosphere pregnant with contagion. From every quarter of the city the elite of Algiers were arriving, amongst whom were the several members of the Rebillot family, and the presence of the pretty sisters elicited from the Moorish and European beaux many significant marks of delight and commendation, and numerous friends gallantly welcomed them with complimentary speeches, one of whom proposed their making a short excursion upon the sea, which offer was too inviting not to be eagerly accepted, and they readily departed to take water at the Mole. The tide was then sluggishly rolling into the harbour, gently tossing to and fro a forest of masts, whilst here and there, moored to the quay, light barks awaited their wonted freight of adventurers on the ocean. The bark chosen by M. Rebillot was under the guidance of a little Bedouin, who seemed too youthful for his calling, so that whilst the merchant was hesitating to trust him, a tall Arab leapt into the boat, seized the oar, unfurled the white lateen sail, and with one powerful stroke pulled the boat's head windward. This movement was so sudden, that Angela and Marceline with difficulty concealed their feelings of terror; but the bark under such dexterous seamanship glided so steadily on her course, that they smiled at their own cowardice; and even when they recognised in their helmsman the Bedouin of the Mosque glancing at them by turns with an inward satisfaction self-evident in the expression of his dark and eloquent eye, so lulled were their minds by the quiescent beauty of the lovely evening, that neither of them continued to experience the slightest fear.

The light bark, so ably manned, speedily cleared the roadstead, and ere they were aware they found themselves in the open sea, off Cape Matfons, the sisters occupied in lively chit-chat, M. Rebillot and his brother merchant discourseing on the rise and fall of various articles of commerce, whilst the Arab Mohamed sat in silent abstraction, as though contemplating a state of happiness as new to him as it was intoxicating.
Night, however, was advancing, and still the little vessel held on her course; already the hum of the city was lost in distance, and the murmur of the wind and waves, with the monotonous cadence of the oars, alone broke on the ear. Marceline was the first to direct the pilot to steer again towards the shore, and instantaneously as she gave the signal, the little skiff veered round with masterly skill, and exhibited Algiers only as a small white speck on the horizon. Soon, however, the city of Hussein reared again her gigantic fabric above the waters, and presented a huge amphitheatre upon a basement of undulating sapphire. Thus viewed from the sea, the houses rose in whiteness one above the other; the eye, wandering from terrace to terrace, then ascended by degrees to the Casabah, a thick and massive structure which forms as it were the crest of the city. The tout ensemble represented a fantastic picture, with Algiers mounting by a lofty hill with head erect, whilst its feet touched the Mediterranean. The shades of evening now descended imperceptibly, and the city was enveloped in light vapour, through which the night revealed herself with her myriad of fires amid whose twinkling lights the light-house gleamed in the distance like a watchful sentinel.

Having regained the harbour, she slackened her course, gliding noiselessly amidst the shadows of the tall ships at anchor, when on the very point of touching the strand a Maltese boat ran foul of her and drove her violently astern. Mohamed seized the unwary boatman by the girdle, and threw him forcibly upon the shore, and then firmly moored his boat, whilst M. Rebilit and his friend assisted the young ladies to land. Whilst Marceline was springing upon the jetty, her gown slightly brushed the face of the Bedouin, who imprinted on it a hasty and convulsive kiss within hearing of Angela, who laughed at this frantic ebullition of feeling, and she informed her sister of the circumstance in a strain of comic gravity. "I am certain, sister, that our spectre Arab is in love with you, and I beg to congratulate you on so glorious a conquest. Comment done! ensnare a Bedouin! make a lovelace of a wild Arab! what would our beaux danseurs of dear Paris say to the title of Madame la Bedouine, for it seems to me only to require an assenting look to elicit the proposal;" and on this text the two merry chattering founded an infinitude of pleasantries, and in the excess of their foolish gaiety they arranged, with all the tact and finesse peculiar to the French women, an interesting recital for their next soirée.

Mohamed ceased deservedly to be longer an object of terror, as it was evident that the Bedouin cherished at heart the ridiculous or sublime passion of love. Accordingly, he watched for them as they might pass either to mass or market, but he could gaze only upon Marceline. Language, religion, country, station, were barriers to an union, and this adored creature he could not purchase after the manner he might a woman of his own nation, as a slave; yet without gazing upon her he felt life to be intolerable, and he lived nourished by that passion alone.

Marceline on her part amused herself heartily at the expense of the Bedouin whenever his phrenzied admiration recurred to her. The first time she encountered Mohamed after the sailing excursion, his feelings nearly overpowered him, and, alike destitute of pity as of decency, the young girl greeted him with a burst of jeering laughter. The wretched Arab buried his finger-nails deep into his chest, whilst to appearance he was adjusting the folds of his bosom.

Six months of suffering passed over the poor Arab's head without his discovering a panacea to heal his mental wound, or even a balm to assuage its torture, so deeply had this rude yet sagacious son of the desert comprehended all the scorn and indiffercence which that laugh conveyed, but still he continued to station himself at the accustomed spot, earnestly watching for her. Angela and her sister no longer, however, thought of the Arab, for, overtaken by reverse of fortune, their former gaiety, so naïve and redundant, as well as the recollections of the past, were shrouded in the dark gloom of their present condition. Poor silly girls, who had fondly cradled themselves with a jangling hope of enjoying for ever their father's prosperity! They were about to be awakened from their morning dream of happiness ere the day of hope had scarcely dawned upon them.

The illusions of their giddy life were dispelled. Unsuccessful speculations, and
the unexpected failure of a brother merchant, were the fatal causes of this sudden ruin, and he was as unexpectedly penniless as his elevation had been rapid, and with this reverse the air-built castles of his daughters vanished. Vainly did the merchant essay to re-establish his credit; in vain did he submit to the painful alternative of soliciting assistance from divers persons whom formerly he had liberally assisted: he met with the usual fate of the unfortunate—to be at first pitied, and then forbidden as a guest at their tables.

In his unhappy position it was imperative for him to provide for his daughters; his house in the street Lalahoum was about to be sold, and in Algiers he could not, of all places, leave them from day to day at the mercy of the morrow; the poor girls themselves entreated his permission to return to France, there to gain, as formerly, a wretched pittance with their needle. Their departure was decided upon, and they had the courage to hide from their father the bitter tears hastily shed, and as hastily dried by that spirit of hope inseparable to youth.

On reaching the brig about to convey them to Toulon, they found the crew busily occupied in getting her under weigh; the breeze freshened, the anchor was slowly torn from her sandy bed, and the ship began majestically to plough her foaming furrows. Angiola and Marceline leaned over the after rail, and bade adieu to Algiers, where they had left their father to struggle with his altered fortunes, and at the same time gave an eternal farewell to their departed dreams of happiness.

Right ahead of them, standing upon the verge of a rocky point jutting into the sea, a Bedouin, whose person their anguish prevented them from recognising, was watching, with inexpressible distress, the course marked by the departing vessel; big tears rolled over his thick beard, and with his hand he convulsively grasped a poignard, but as soon as he perceived the brig fading in the distance his grief subsided, giving way to despair. When he no longer perceived the vessel's track upon the horizon, he rent the air with a piercing shriek, and in an instant his blood-stained corpse was washed by the briny waters of the ocean.

The east winds, so dreaded by the sailors of the Mediterranean, blew not for a single instant during their passage. In landing the passengers’ luggage a large and very cumbersome box was taken from the hold with the names of the sisters on it in an unknown hand, which induced them to open it immediately. A cambric handkerchief, a kid glove, and several thousand pieces of gold now presented themselves with heart-touching appeal to these the innocent executioners of the devoted Arab.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLEK.

Friendship! cherish’d be thy name,
In future days of good and ill;
Perfect in thy sacred flame,
On each fond breast thy pow’r distil.
Dreary days, in man’s short life,
Oppress the course he’s doom’d to run;
Friendship soothes the inward strife,
Dispersing gloom like morning sun.

Purer than each other flame,
Should fortune then her gifts estrange,
Friendship ever rests the same—
Though all forsake, that ne’er will change.
Sorrow, in her trying hour,
Too often chases love away;
Friendship, with her healing power,
Strives each affliction to allay.
THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[We are indebted to "The Times," for the following able critique on the objects of antiquity in the British Museum, and have transferred the same to our columns as a more convenient museum manual than a copy of the Times itself; and as worthy a permanent place in the bibliothecal records of the country.]

In the room lately opened over the great Egyptian gallery in the British Museum, and in which all are placed the antiquities which were purchased from the collections of the late Mr. Salt, Mr. Sams, &c., are some mummies which are exceedingly rare, and some of them unique, both from their age and peculiarity, and of a kind not to be found in any other collection. As the catalogues sold in the Museum give no account of these beyond a bare mention of them, the following description of them may interest the reader. One of the most remarkable is, that of a child, it appears to have been of the Ptolemaic era; this mummy was enclosed in a case, which had portable rings attached, and the body was enveloped in a wrapper of coarse canvas, upon which is painted the full-length figure of a child, with his garb, holding a flower in his hand; it is the more curious, as representing the first actual painting on canvas extant; the age of it must exceed 2000 years. Case O O is the mummy evidently of a female of consequence; it has the arms folded across the body, which is the usual position of the arms of a female; on the fingers of the left hand are nine rings, some of carnelion and other stones; on the right hand are but three; on the upper part of the breast were ornaments, composed of wreaths of the sunflower, with which it was the custom to adorn unmarried persons; these fell to pieces on the opening of the case; on the front of the body are two tablets, the first in silver the other in gold; one has a jackal on a pedestal, the other a serpent in stone, two inches and a half in length, with lines of hieroglyphics, on the other side is a priest with uplifted hands; in the inside case is the plaited hair of the deceased, enveloped in cloth; and there is also a small idol of silver. The countenance of the mummy, as represented by the mask, has that placid and beautiful expression which is observable on many of the large Egyptian statues, as the lesser Memnon in the lower room; the age does not appear to have been over sixteen. There can be little doubt that if this mummy were divested of envelopes, the rings and other ornaments worn in life would be found on the body. There probably does not exist in Europe a more perfect or more extraordinary specimen than this. Case 2 contains the mummy of a royal personage. It was enclosed in two cases, and the envelope of the body is composed of a thick composition spread on linen, covered with pale blue, on which the hieroglyphics are embossed in gold relief. It is entirely covered with figures and ornaments. There are five lines of hieroglyphics, containing a cartouche, and it is embellished with figures of Amanthis. The inner part of the case is also covered with hieroglyphics and other emblems, the same as those adorning the tombs of the Kings of Thebes, in which this mummy was found. It is the only mummy which has yet been discovered with its case still unopened. It has two cartouches at the top; the outward case is eight feet in length, and is covered with the sacred characters on a black ground. Case V V is the mummy of a priest. This mummy is only remarkable on account of the case in which it was found, and the inscription on which it is mounted, it having contained the body of a Pharaoh. The inscription has been read by the most learned among Egyptian scholars as follows. On the foot of the coffin it reads thus—"Osiris, King Enetoph, deceased: these images, Os offspring of Isis, King, we give thee with food, a tomb (or coffin), and vessels, a scented ointment, Os offspring of Isis Nepthys;" at the head the inscription is thus—"The figures of Isis and Nepthys; they come to offer prayers for the ruler King Enetoph deceased." By the tenor of these inscriptions no doubt can be entertained that this coffin originally contained the body of a king, and it confirms what has been suspected—that it was not unusual for the Egyptians frequently to remove the bodies of the original occupants of these splendid receptacles, when either by the lapse of age or revolutions these memorials of their deeds were forgotten, and appropriate them to the use of others, or it might arise from economical motives, or, not unlikely, from the idea that in after ages the gorgeous ornaments of their outward cases would create that veneration to their bodies which neither their rank nor their merits would entitle them. In case X X is a Greek-Egyptian male mummy, five feet eight inches, which is one of the most curious of this kind, and is the only one that very closely resembles the true Egyptian; it was found at Thebes. The body is enveloped in painted cloth with bandages. There is a line of hieroglyphs down the centre; the case is of a very peculiar form, and has representations of the four great deities of the Amenti, as also the
haw, scarabaeus, and others. Case A A is a male mummy, one extremely rare and of a mummified horse; it is not inscribed; there are hieroglyphics on it, but it is entirely covered with feathers embossed in gold; the height is five feet seven inches; it is of the Roman era, and is not supposed to be the body of an Egyptian: the arms are crossed on the breast. Case D D contains the mummies of the sacred animals, such as the cynocephali, dogs, cattle, and sheep: it is to be observed that it was not the custom of the Egyptians to embalm the whole of the larger animals, the head and shoulders of the bull, Apis, are to be found: the rest of the figure was shortened and made up of coarse cloth dipped in asphaltum. The case E E contains the mummies of the ibis, serpents, &c.: these sorts of mummies are found in jars of baked earth, which must be broken before the mummy can be withdrawn: few of the mummies of animals which have been found appear to have been preserved with that care that the human body has been: they generally undergo the embalming process of nitre and sand, except those of the ibis. These animals were considered sacred, and many of them, as appears from the hieroglyphical drawings, especially the crocodiles, have had jewelled ornaments: no ornament or jewel, however, was ever seen in animals such as the cynocephali. Case F F contains the head of an hippopotamus in wood: this is singular, as these animals were never inhabitants of Egypt: they never pass the cataracts, if indeed they are known on the Nile: they are found on the banks of the Assorbas, or White Nile, in Abyssinia, but not in the Nile of Egypt: there is also in the same case a vulture's claws of bronze, of most beautiful workmanship. Another case contains ornaments in gold: there is a necklace of gold beads of different forms, intermixed with carnelion and lapis lazuli: there is also a necklace of gold composition, which is called "boulli" by the Arabs: these were extracted from mummies found at Thbees. There is one composed of beads of amethyst, and another of gold cowry shells of beautiful workmanship. In a case on the north side of the room are eight-most curious pieces for playing the game of draughts, as also a superb mirror of solid mixed metal, probably of gold, plata, &c.: it is ornamented with the head of Isis on both sides: it is eleven inches in height, and no specimen of the kind yet met with has exceeded it: it was found at Abydos. On the same side there is also a roll of white leather, written in Hieratic characters, white and red: this was found under the neck of a mummy at Thbees: it proves the fact that leather was sometimes, but very rarely, used in the place of papyri, contrary to the opinion of antiquarians: this is thought to be an unique specimen. There are in case J, the under part of which contains a coffin, with the name of "Glenpatra," painted, a collection of scarabæ, rings, and amulets; most of these have been found in the mummies themselves, or between the first and second layers of bandages. Necklaces are found on males as well as females: the Egyptians seem to have excelled in the manufacture of glass beads. In the London University there is a mummy, nearly the whole front of which is covered with them: those who have seen the mocassins and ornamented belt of the North American Indian, can hardly fail to be struck with the almost perfect resemblance they bear in pattern and appearance to some of these Egyptian ornaments: the scarabæ are almost always found on the breast of mummies, engraved with hieroglyphics, but those found in the interior have no engraving. It is most singular that money has never yet been met with, either in the mummies or in the tombs: the exchange was carried on by rings of gold or silver of pure metal, having a weight marked: indeed and the Chinese have no national coin, they exchange the precious metals by weight: the first current coin struck in Egypt was during the government of Aryandes, the country being then subject to the Persians: at no period were they ever in possession of much money. Cases C C have been found prior to the age of Alexander.

Case U, No. 3, contains two models of boats extremely rare. They bear a perfect resemblance to the painting of the boats which form part of the funeral ceremonies on the walls of the Theban tombs, and in shape are very like the boats used at the present day on the Nile, called caiques. They were found in a tomb at Necropolis, in the year 1823, by M. Passalaque. It was known that at Memphis, Abydos, Thbees, and Necropolis, the bodies of strangers were not deposited in the same repositories with the native Egyptians, but that they had tombs apart. These models, which are extremely rare, have been found only in them: and as the Egyptians are known to have had a horror of the sea, which was looked upon as the realm of Typhon, the evil spirit and enemy of Osiris, may well account why, when in their tombs, models of almost every article in use were deposited, yet none of a naval kind have ever been discovered. The Egyptians believed that the land of Egypt had been conquered by the sea, or Typhon, and recovered by Osiris—an indistinct fable, which probably had some connexion with the universal deluge models, both found in the same tomb. In the centre is a corpse, on a bier under a canopy; at the head and foot are females standing with outstretched arms, and a priest, known as such by the head being bald, with uplifted
arms, bearing a roll of papyrus, a steersman at the helm, holding the oars, which are supported by two pillars surmounted with the head of the epheriwer. At the further end of the boat is a table, on which are placed two bottles, and underneath is the legs of an ox, it should have been found to the Amens or infernal gods. The body of the boat is painted green, and at the head is delineated the eye of Osiris, the protecting deity; the length of this model is two feet five inches. In the same tomb was found, if possible, a still more curious relic—the model of an Egyptian house. It was the exclamations of Denou—"Temples, temples, nothing but temples!" The face of the land may almost be said to be groaning under their remains, but neither the ruins of palaces (if we except that of Carnac, now supposed to have been a palace) nor of houses were to be found; and were it not for the immense quantities of pottery of which the walls of their houses were supposed to have been formed, which are met with near the site of their sacred edifices, it might almost be thought that they lived without habitation under the canopy of heaven. Here, however, is the model of a house, and singular it is, that it should be found in the tomb of a stranger. The model itself is an oblong of two feet in length, by 18 inches in width; the walls are about five inches in height, near the angle of the side is a door four inches in height by two inches in width, secured by a rude bolt, precisely resembling those now used by the Moors, and which, when shut, passes nearly across the entire door; the hinges are part of the same, and to fix them to the lintels require to be lifted on; it is also strengthened by two bars across: within this courtyard is the house, which occupies the whole of one side: the roof is flat, and an entrance on the outside forms a communication with the top: about one quarter of the roof is occupied, if it may be so called, with a second story, the roof of which is also flat, and the front open. On a seat sits the master of the mansion, shaded from the sun, and amusing himself by arranging some flax, while beneath in the courtyard is a female figure employed with some sort of grain: in the side of the house are three recesses, which slide open, guarded with bolts, and which appear designed as receptacles for grain: the whole model is painted white, with the exception of the borders of the repositories, and low windows. It should appear, that in proportion as the ancient inhabitants of Egypt kept within no bounds the magni-
LE FOLLET
Courtier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Etoffe en satin et Capote en velours des Mme d'Alexandrine, a Richelieu, 104.

Robe en tulle garnie de dentelle d'or de Violard, rue de Chausée, 2ème.
Manteau Châle en Velours de Gogolin (piquez, a Richelieu, 93.

perstigious feeling, the provision that had been made. In case X, No. 4, are some unbaked bricks which were found in the ruins of Saccara, and brought to this country by Lord Prathoe: they are oboine, about eight inches, by six in width, and four in thickness, and are composed of clay intermingled with straw: they are all stamped with hieroglyphical figures, which must have been impressed from the mould in which they were formed: the hieroglyphics contain no cartouche which if it had been the case would make it appear that the stamp was by authority, and authorised some tax or duty, or some rate of tribute, as was the case with the Jews: marks impressed on these would signify the merits of the articles, and the abode and name of the manufacturer. Case M contains a basket with a garment in it, another which has shoes in it, a leathern apron and a leather head-dress, and some tools: these were found at Thebes, and there can be no doubt were deposited with the mummy of a shoemaker. In a case on the same side of the room is a basket which has in it a complete set of carpenter’s tools: these are, an axe, a hatchet, three chisels, and other things, probably the most ancient specimens of manufacturing tools existing.

In case T K are some chairs and stools: some of the chairs are remarkable for the elegance of their form, and resemble the Roman curule chair: the legs are made of ebony inlaid with red and white ivory very elegant, the legs fold across, and terminate in the head of a goose: one of them when found had the seat perfect, stuffed and made of plaited leathern thongs: the back represents the lotus flower inlaid in coloured woods. In the same case there is a wig, made of dark hair of fine texture, it exactly resembles the hair as worn by females of quality delineated on the tombs, as also the female Egyptian statues; it is of an immense size, and differing from the modern style in having the ringlets above and the plaits beneath; in so warm a climate it must have proved an inconvenience to have been borne on the head. There are also some warlike weapons, a dagger, with the handle of silver and ivory, eleven inches in length; the double battle-axe of a king, as represented in the hand of the conqueror on the walls of Carnac; also bows and arrows with spear heads: these were all found in the same tomb which enclosed the models of the ships and the house.

FASHION INTELLIGENCE OF PARIS, FOR MARCH, 1838.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 5. — Ball Dress and Walking Dress.—Ball Dress. — Dress of tulle over white satin corsage en pointe, demi-antique: the front cut in three pieces, united by a bolloon, in which is inserted a very pale pink riband; three bulions of the same description go round the bosom of the corsage (see plate); the point, in front, is very long, and the lower part of the corsage, which is excessively long waisted, is much sloped out. The sleeves are short, but reaching nearly to the elbow, and are perfectly plain, without plaits or gathers. The skirt of the dress is full and long, ornamented at bottom with a deep blonde flounce, embroidered in gold. This flounce is put on in very elegant festoons (see plate); it is retained at each festoon (there are six) by a bunch of grapes, composed of pearls with gold foliage; four similar ornaments, but very small, are placed at distances down the front of the corsage. The lower part of the sleeves is ornamented with a bolloon and deep ruffle, à la Louis XV. Turban of black gauze, with gold fringe. Hair in long ringlets d’Angleais. Half long white kid gloves, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, a good deal pointed at the toe.

2nd figure.—Walking or Carriage Costume.—Dress of pour de soie, with a deep flounce at bottom. Mantel châle, of black velvet, lined with black or coloured silk, wadded and quilted on the inside. This mantel châle may be either rounded or pointed like the corner of a shawl at back. A deep cape (which is generally rounded at back) falls over the mantel nearly half its depth, and comes down in front as low as the ends of the mantel. The entire, as well as the arm holes (see plate), is trimmed with deep black lace, put on very full. A small white lace collar, or rather a simple fall of white lace, falls over the neck of the mantel, which is fastened in front with a bow of pink riband, with long ends. Capote of pink velvet, ornamented with blonde, and three small feathers placed at the left side of the crown, and drooping over the front of the bonnet. The front of the capote is large, much evasée, and sitting quite round to the face; it is rounded off at the latter part. The hair is in plain bands, but divided in a
point on the brow. The blonde border is worn far back, and a flower is placed at the right side, beneath the front of the bonnet. Pale yellow kid gloves. Black shoes.

No. 6.—Travestissements.—Fancy Costumes. This very beautiful plate gives the dress of a lady of the court of the reign of Louis XV. The petticoat is of rich yellow satin, ornamented with a double flounce of the most splendid blonde. The lower flounce is a full quarter of a yard in depth; the upper one, or heading, is less deep. The dress is composed of what was formerly called gorge de pigeon, (reflecting various shades of colour,) the preponderating tint, blue. The skirt is open in front, and looped up à l'antique. It is trimmed all round with deep blonde. Corsage à pointe, and short sleeve, nearly plain, and resembling much the corsage and sleeves of the present day. A bow of yellow riband is placed on each shoulder, and another at the lower part of each sleeve. Tuckered of blonde, and deep ruffles, à la Louis XV. Coiffure, with powder, taken from the portrait of the celebrated Marquise de Pompadour, the court favourite of that day. White satin shoes, necklace, and bracelets of emeralds on the ungloved arms. The other figure is dressed in the very beautiful uniform of an officer of the Gardes Françaises, of the same reign. The principal figure in the back ground is Robert Macaire, the hero of a piece which has made all Paris run to the Porte St. Martin.

My dear Friend,—I received your most amiable letter, reproaching me for my long silence. You cannot surely suppose that I have forgotten you, my dearest companion—my best friend. No, truly, I have not; but since the birth of my little girl, whom, by the way, I have called by two English names, Georgina Frederica (after her Godpapa), I was not sufficiently re-established to write. I will, however, shortly make up for my idleness. Within the last three weeks I have been to several balls, and shall therefore without further preliminary proceed to give you some of our newest toilettes. All your ball dresses this year must be made with corsages à pointe; no others are to be seen. But these pointed corsages are of various dimensions. Some are excessively pointed, I mean with the lower part of the corsage sloped up as much as possible, so as to give greater length to the point: these best become tall slight figures. Others, where the wearer is rather enbonpoint, are less sloped, consequently less pointed; and others again have only the semblance of a point, and answer better for stout figures. A few corsages have the least idea possible of a point at back. Some corsages are plain; others have draperies put on à la Savigné; and many have merely a row of small bows, say fiue, down the front. The sleeves are short for dress; some perfectly plain, with a ruffle à la Louis XV.; others in two very small puffs, divided, according to the trimming of the dress, by a little silk cord and two small tassels falling to the front of the arm, or by a wreath of the most minute flowers possible, or else by three small bows of riband, a fall of blonde (not wide), or a row of pearls; some even by a narrow gold band; in short, very much to the taste of the wearer. A few sleeves are plain, with full puffings of gaze or tulle; and very many are fancifully trimmed with rich blonde, intermixed with jewels, flowers, or marabout tips. The skirts for dancing dresses are mostly round and plain, with flounces of blonde put on in draperies or festoons. Many, however, are looped up at one side with a bouquet of marabouts intermixed with flowers, or with simple flowers, or bows of riband. Several rich satin dresses which I have seen, had open skirts, looped back with jewels, marabouts, or flowers. Some I have seen en tablier, with robings, a row of blonde put on at each side, so as to give the skirt the appearance of being open, and a deep blonde flounce going round the dress, with the exception of the front. The skirts, I must tell you, are extremely long, more than touching the ground at back, except for dancing dresses. The waists, too, have increased in length lately.

Mittens are again replaced by white kid gloves, which are only half long, that is, they reach a very little way above the wrist. They are trimmed at the tops in various ways—some with marabouts, these
are the very newest—others with a quilting of riband, or a double quilting—a wider of tulle and a narrower (placed in the centre of the other) of satin riband. Many have a puffing of riband, and several a wreath of very small flowers. The shoes are not quite so pointed at the toe as they have been lately. I forgot to say that, in default of the draperies à la Sevigne on the corsages, a plain tucker is worn of rich blonde, in the style of those to be seen in the costumes à la Louis XIII, and XIV,* or else a tucker or revers, composed of a wide bullion, in which a coloured riband is inserted, and of a deep row of blonde affixed to the lower side of the bullion, and which falls over the corsage and shoulders of the dress. This fall of blonde is rather deeper upon the shoulders than either at the front or at the back. Jewels of all kinds are very much worn this season in full dress. The corsages of some velvet dresses are literally covered with them. The short cloaks, or Algeriennes, which I have already described in some of my recent letters, are universally adopted in evening dress. You recollect some are short cloaks, some, more in the style of mantelets, and others, like very large pelerines, are made of satin, lined, wadded, and trimmed with swansdown. They generally have a little capuchon or hood, which can be drawn over the head at pleasure. The hair is still worn in a roll, twisted over a high comb, as I have already described as being introduced by the Duchess of Orleans. This style is particularly adopted for morning. A coiffure, rather in the style of the Grecian, is much worn. The hair intermixed with pearls or flowers; the front hair is either in smooth bands, brought low at the sides of the face and turned up again, in ringlets à l’Anglaise, or in very full tufts of curls at the sides of the head à la Mancini. Turbans and Spanish hats—the latter especially—are fashionable. The hats are turned up in front with a chain of diamonds, forming a loop, and an ornament of the same serving as a button. The feathers droop towards the left shoulder. In walking or carriage costume, velvet dresses are adopted by our ladies of the highest rank. Satin dresses are also worn, as well as wadded douilettes, pelisses of poux de soie. The sleeves are tight to the lower part of the arm, and in one or two puffs at top, but still brought as low and as plain as possible upon the shoulders. Cashmeres, fine embroidered merinos, and mouselines de laine, are the materials most generally adopted for toilettes d’intérieur. The newest aprons have rather less embroidery than those worn a few months since,—an Egyptian or Greek border, worked in silk (not floss) of any one colour that matches the apron, as brown upon blue, blue upon all shades of drab or brown, green upon lilac, and vice versa, ponceau or any colour upon black; the pockets, in shape like a scallop shell, are on the outside; the two side half-breadths of the apron are not sewed to the centre one, but merely retained by three bows of riband. Some have a single large flower at each lower corner, embroidered, foliage and all, in the same colour as the border.

The hats are still large, the crowns low and going rather back, the fronts large, rounded at the lower part of the front, evassée, and sitting round to the face; the flowers or feathers are placed low at the side, and droop a little over the front of the hat. The materials are velvet and satin, but watered gros de Naples are coming in for the spring. Mantneaux (cloaks) are nearly out, and replaced by the mantel châles, which I have described; these are made of velvet, satin, or silk, similar to that adopted for the mantelets; they are lined, wadded, quilted, and trimmed with fur, black face, or silk fringe.

Muffs are much worn, and a few boas are to be seen. We must wait a little longer, to have new articles in lingerie; for the present, collars are rather on the decline; they are replaced by a kind of frill; a bullion of tulle, wide enough to have a riband inserted, is made the breadth of the neck, and to the lower part a frill of lace is sewed; it is fastened with a bow of riband in front; this may be worn either tight round the neck, or looser and mingling a little in front. Pierrots, or little frills, made of satin riband, are also fashionable and pretty. A wide satin riband, (more than a finger in depth,) is quilled on at the edge, to a band of riband to fit to the neck, the rib-
and is left at its full width at the back, but cut away towards the front, where it is much narrower: on the outside of the riband, is a narrow blondé; it is tied with a bow in front; this makes a pretty frill.

Ruffles are more worn than ever; those made of cambrie and embroidered are not yet in (but will be most fashionable in the spring), but those worn at present are more in the style of cuffs; they are made of velvet, satin, plush, and riband, wadded and trimmed with a very narrow swansdown, a very narrow fur, or a very narrow black lace. The generality are about a finger in depth, others are more or less deep, and the trimming is put on at both ends. Some fasten underneath with hooks and eyes; others, prettier, fasten on the top of the wrist with three or four little gold studs or buttons; when they fasten in this way the trimming is also put along the side that crosses over. We make these cuffs and frills ourselves, they are quite drawing-room work.

The colours for hats are claret colour, green, or brown velvet, pink or green satin; for dresses, claret colour, bronze, fumée de Constantine, and rich brown.

Now that I am come to the end of my paper I must bid you adieu.

Adieu! donc ma bien-aimée, toute à toi.

L. de F——

_Incombustible Material for Dress._—A mode of manufacturing a species of muslin has been invented, a piece of which, on being submitted to fire or flame, merely carbonizes, without flaming; so that any female dressed in materials so prepared, cannot be burnt by any of those accidents by which the young and aged alike too often suffer the most horrible deaths. The finest colours are not effected by the process. It is equally applicable to every substance, from the canvass of a ship of war to the finest lace. For the curtains of beds, the furniture of rooms, the covering of sofas, and all those materials which frequently cause conflagration. It also prevents the attack of mildew. The process, like all useful things, is simple in the extreme, and about as expensive as starching a dress. A company is about to be formed in London to bring forward this useful invention.

_The Queen’s Boots._—The small but ancient village of Ketton, in Rutlandshire, was the property of Richard de Humet, so early as the reign of King Stephen, from whom it became the property of the heir of the Gainsborough estates. Its tenure is by knight-service, and it is a curious fact, that the sheriffs of the county collect annually a rent of two shillings from the inhabitants, pro ocreis reginae, which can only be translated, “for the queen’s boots.” This may, perhaps, have been sufficient in early times to supply the queen with boots for a year, though now it would scarcely furnish wax and ends, even if queens were to make their own boots according to the fashion of the day at that time.

_Masonic Anecdote._—At the battle of Dettingen one of the king’s body guard had his horse killed under him, and found himself so entangled with the animal that he could not disengage himself. An English dragoon approached, sabre in hand, to finish him, which he would have done had not the guardsman, a freemason, accidentally made the sign of the order. The English dragoon, also a freemason, dismounted, helped the Frenchman to extricate himself, and although, as a brother, he saved his life, nevertheless he made him his prisoner, because (we quote the exact words of the author) “a freemason never loses sight of the duty he owes his own prince.”

_Catholicism versus Protestantism._ If we may believe the Courrier de la Meuse, the young ladies of Aix-la-Chapelle have, after the example of those of Cologne, formed an association, having for its object, not only the prevention of marriages with protestants, but of any acquaintance or interview that may lead to it. Many young ladies belonging to the first families of Aix have already enrolled themselves members of the society, and they have pledged themselves to assist poor girls who may find themselves in danger of contracting marriage with Protestants.

_The Duchess of Orleans._—The Paris papers appear to discredit the fact reported relative to the interesting situation of the young duchess, alleging as their reason, her not only having, with her accustomed grace, done the honours at a ball given by the duke last month, at which four hundred persons were present, but also danced several quadrilles during the night.
MONTHLY CRITIC.

Diary of the Times of George the Fourth, with original Letters of Queen Caroline. In 2 vols. Colburn.

Expectation has been completely on the qui vive since the first announcement that the present work was in progress. Newspapers have rung with the fracas that heralded its advent to the fashionable world; and private on dit innumerable regarding it have circulated through the courtly division of the metropolis.

We must own that the very eagerness of public anticipation somewhat abated our curiosity. We have seen so many mice march majestically with flourish of trumpet, puffs from the shelter of their respective literary mountains, that we cut the leaves of our presentation copy with the most philosophical coolness. When lo! we were agreeably surprised at finding ourselves all of a sudden immersed in the most entertaining publication the press has sent forth since Horace Walpole's celebrated reminiscences. We will not pledge ourselves for the moral worth of the Diarist to whom we owe our amusement; but let that pass, she can scarcely excel Strawberry Horace in ill-seeing, at any rate. We find the editor constantly apologising for the observations made by her on different persons, and yet half the world are persuaded that the Diarist in youth is the same person as the editor in advanced life. There are many passages which confirm the supposition that the Lady Charlotte Campbell mentioned in the course of the narrative is the writer of the whole, of this we leave the world to judge; for all the world will infallibly read a work which has made more noise than any other published in the present century.

As for the authenticity of the letters, we are not prepared to vouch from our own inspection of the originals, all we will say is, that the style and spelling of the letters of Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, are similar to those of some documents of the kind to which we have had access, and that there certainly not been seen by the editor of this Diary. Here is a coincidence which forces us to view the work as an authentic historical biography.

We are far from joining in the criticism of the editor who apologises for these ill-spelled letters as the production of an illiterate person, by mentioning the defective education which the members of royal families generally receive; yet we would ask the question, whether a foreigner, writing and speaking in a foreign language, is to be considered illiterate because that language is defectively written?

The great grandmother of this princess, Caroline of Anspach, Queen of England, (considered a star among the literati of her day), could not write an English letter, and as may be seen by the Suffolk correspondence could scarcely read one. Mary Queen of Scots could not spell English, as may be seen by her letters in the collections of Sir Henry Ellis. Yet these were learned princesses. We believe the natives of France and Italy could easily detect the foreigner, in the correspondence of the most literate of our countrywomen, who have been brought up on the Continent.

The editor of the Diary does not give the princess credit for the progress she must have made in our language before she could have expressed her meaning as clearly as she does in these letters.

From the perusal of the work we draw the inference that this unhappy lady's reason and judgment were by no means in a sound state; it is very possible for persons to see every event in a delusive and irrational light, without any very visible defect in practical abilities.

We cannot help drawing the inference from these letters and anecdotes, which too well agree with her imprudent conduct, that Caroline of Brunswick, whether as princess or queen, must have had an ill-balanced brain; and this we think the following passage will testify:

"Tuesday,—Lady told me the old Ouran and his wife were with the princess the whole day, that at dinner she cried and looked very ill, said she had been so all night, and seemed really suffering. After dinner her royal highness made a wax figure as usual, and gave it an amiable addition of large horns; then took three pins out of her garment and stuck them through and through and put the figure to roast and melt at the fire. If it
was not too melancholy to have to do with this, I could have died of laughing. Lady
— says the princess indulges in this
amusement whenever there are no stran-
gers at table; and she thinks her royal
highness really has a superstitious belief
that destroying this effigy of her husband,
will bring to pass the destruction of her
royal person. What a silly piece of spite!
Yet it is impossible not to laugh when one
sees it done."

Here her over imaginativeness and
marvellousness have carried her back to
the middle ages, and either in frolic or
earnest, she practices the ideal crime for
which Eleanor of Cobham, Duchess of
Gloucester, did penance in the streets of
London. But let us tell the editor of
the Diary, that an illiterate foreigner
would not have heard of it.

Another curious instance of her mar-
vellousness is—

"At luncheon her royal highness was in
high spirits. 'Shall I tell you something
very curious?' she said. 'I knew it was in
vain to stop the tide, so I did not attempt
it.' I went one day,' she continued, 'in
September to walk from my house at
Blackheath with Miss Garth to Mr. An-
gerstein's who was very ill at that time;
I went out the back way from my garden
through Greenwich Park, so that nobody
could know me.' Hem—thought I. 'Well,
my dear——, I was followed by two gipsies,
who insisted on telling my fortune;
I have no money, said I, but they persisted
in following me and did so till I came to
Mr. Angerstein's gate; I then told them
that if they would wait there, they should
tell my fortune when I returned. I found
them there on my return, and what do you
think they told me?' The princess looked
fixedly at me, and rolled her eyes with that
quick, penetrating glance which seems to
examine all the folds of one's thoughts at
the same moment. 'I am sure, madam, I
cannot guess,' 'Why they told me that
I was a married woman, but that I should
not be married long; and that my heart
was a foreigner's, and that I should go
abroad and marry the man I loved,
and be very rich and happy.'"

All these eccentricities are strangely
contrasted by the vigour and power her
repartees sometimes take; this as an in-
stance when speaking of young William
Austin.

"I replied, 'I thought it was nobody's
business who the boy was, and that I, for
one, had no curiosity to know.' 'That is
for why I tell you,' replied the princess.

"Then somebody ask me who Willikin
is de child of? De person say to me, 'Dey
do say, he is your royal highness's child.'
I answered, 'Prove it and he shall be your
king.'"

Does history furnish a grander reply?

But by far the most interesting portion
of the work relates to the Princess Char-
lotte. The editor is no friend to the me-
ney of that right royal lady, whom all
England sadly mourned, or greeted by a
nation's welcome to the husband of her
choice. A candid reader will see the deep
and bitter trials of the young princess even
through the veil of misconstruction with
which they are invested in this work, and
will feel for the difficult position in which
she was placed between her father and
mother. When freed from the tracas-
series of that miserable state, we see her
lead a life of the purest wedded love in
the blissful retirement of Claremont, we
feel convinced that the paths of peace
and duty were the real choice of the
Princess Charlotte. Remembering always
that the writer of the Diary is evidently
inimical to the then heiress of England.
We extract the following portrait of her
drawn previously to her happy marriage.

"To-day, I was again one of the guests at
Kensington. The princess Charlotte was
there. She is grown excessively, and has
all the fulness of a person of five-and-
twenty. She is neither graceful nor ele-
gant, yet she has a peculiar air et tous les
pratiques de la royauté et du pouvoir.
In spite of the higher powers of reason and
of justice, these always cast a dazzling
lustre, through which it is difficult to see
the individuals as they really are. The
princess Charlotte is above this. The
height, extremely spread for her age; her
bosom full, but finely shaped; her shoul-
ders large, and her whole person voluptu-
ous; but of a nature to become soon
spoiled, and without much care and exer-
cise she will shortly lose all beauty in fat
and clumsiness. Her skin is white, but
not a transparent white—little or no shade
in her face—but her features are very
fine. Their expression, together with that of her
general demeanor is noble. Her feet are
rather small, and her hands and arms are
finely moulded. She has a hesitation in
her speech, amounting almost to a stam-
mer, an additional want, of her being her father's own child;
but in every thing, she is his very proto-
type. Her voice is flexible, its tones dulcet,
except when she laughs; then it becomes
too loud, but is never unmusical. She
seems to wish to be admired more as a
lovely woman than a queen. Yet she has
lost quickness both of fancy and penetra-
tion, and would gain reign despottically, or I am much mistaken. I fear that she is capricious, self-willed, and obstinate. I think she is kind-hearted, clever and enthusiastic. Her faults have evidently never been checked, nor her virtues fostered. The 'generous purpose' may have risen in her breast, but it has never been fixed there. How much does every day's experience convince me, that from the crowned head to the labouring peasant, no fine qualities are truly valuable without a fixed principle to bind them together and give them stability.

The princess Charlotte was excessively gracious to me; the wind blew my way 'woosingly,' but that was all. Never was a truer word spoken by man, than that princes are a race à part.

"Lady de Clifford has got inflamed eyes, and has been obliged to come to town. Princess Charlotte is in consequence shut up in the castle with the queen grandmother, and so all will remain as it is for the present. The prince's going in person, or not, to the house on Monday, is uncertain; a negotiation I hear is carrying on between Lord Wellesley, Canning, and the Whigs, in order to turn out the present ministry—that would be a good deed; but I dread Lord Wellesley as a minister more than any others: he is ambitious, haughty, extravagant to excess. Alas! poor country! Where Napoleon and Kutusow are, with their armies, no one can tell."

"December, 2nd, 1812.

"The princess Charlotte was at the house, and sat on the woolsack near the throne; two of the princesses came from Windsor to accompany her,—it was remarked, that she talked and laughed much, turned her back often upon papa, and had a certain expressie smile during the speech, which did not displease all the lords, nor all the ladies there. The prince, it is said, was much displeased at her manner; in addition to which, the princess Charlotte spoke to Lord Erskine, and nodded to Lord Jersey! but those from whom I heard this seemed to be diverted only at what had passed, and attached no blame to her royal highness. His royal highness was flurried and nervous, both in going to and returning from the house, but delivered his speech well.—A pretty speech it was. By the people he was received with dead silence, and not a hat off,—some marks of disapprobation even, with scarcely any loyal greeting; only a few plaudits as he went through the Horse Guards,—no general burst of popular applause.

"There was a report of the Prince Regent's being ill, and I was told the King had been and was, since Monday last, in such paroxysms, that they were consider-

ably alarmed at Windsor. I am much amused at hearing that her grace the Duchess of Leeds is appointed first lady to the princess Charlotte."

The political part of the work is curiously corroborated by Cobbett's George the Fourth. We find many parallel passages in regard to the political agitation daringly avowed by Cobbett, of which he and his party made the unfortunate Princess of Wales the puppet and tool. These two publications cast light on each other. We allude to the dictates of Mr. Whitbread and his party respecting the movements of the princess. These works are awful lessons to royal families on the dangers of division, and show how little political demagogues really care for the happiness and interest of those whom they pretend officiously to championize. The scene in the Opera house is extraordinary, and is a favourable specimen of the abilities of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, who on that memorable evening must have had all the powers of her mind clear and unclouded. She is not here far from true greatness of mind.

"Saturday, 11th. I was sent for by the princess this morning to say that she was going to the Opera to-night, and wished me to attend her. Lady C. L. had just left her when I arrived, and the princess complained that her friends tormented her as much as her enemies. I found out afterwards, that this remark was occasioned by one of her friends having advised her royal highness not to take Volkius to the Opera with her.—The two doctors Burney dined with the princess; Lady — , Miss — , and myself were of the party. There came a note from Mr. Whitbread, advising at what hour she should go to the Opera, and telling her that the emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the Institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tormented the princess, and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is—and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the Opera, to the princess's, and all her attendants infinite surprise, we saw the regent placed between the emperor and the king of Prussia and all the minor princes, in a box to the right. 'God save the King' was performing when the princess entered, and consequently she did not sit down.—I was behind; so of course I could not see the house very distinctly, but I saw the
regent was at that time standing and applauding the Grasinis.—As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the princess’s box and applauded her.—

We, who were in attendance on her royal highness, intreated her to rise and make a curtsey, but she sat immovable, and at last, turning round, she said to Sir W. Gell—‘My dear, punch’s wife is nobody when punch is present.’—We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her; but she was right as the sequel will prove.—‘We shall be hissed,’ said Sir W. Gell.—‘No, no,’ again replied the princess with infinite good humour, ‘I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband’s mouth; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name.’ The prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the princess, most unfortunately; I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eyewitness of the circumstance, know the princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the prince took the applause to himself; and his friends, or rather his toadies, (for they do not deserve the name of friends,) to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say, that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!—

When the opera was finished, the prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had his royal highness left the box, when the people called for the princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curseys, and hastily withdrew.—I believe she acted perfectly right throughout the evening—but every body tells a different story, and thinks differently.

—How trivial all this seems, how much beneath the dignity of rational beings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and in this instance this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales’s interests, therefore it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and as I was present, I can and will tell the truth.

—When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles-street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the princess’s carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton house, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was her royal highness they applauded and buzzed her royal highness till she, and Lady ——, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned.—The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton-house.—‘No, my good people,’ she said, ‘be quite quiet—let me pass, and go home to your beds.’—They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, Long live the princess of Wales, long live the innocent, &c. &c. She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told.

Sunday, 10th.—The park (Hyde Park) was crowded with multitudes of spectators, and all the kings, emperors, and grandees, foreign and English, rode and drove about, while the people flocked around them, applauding and huzzaing. Princess Charlotte drove round the ring in her carriage, and looked well and handsome—what a strange and gallant sight for the princess of Wales, her who ought to be, from her rank, her relationship to some of these foreign potentates; and her station in this country, the first to be honoured by their attentions, thus to see herself so completely cast aside! Whilst they were in the gay throng in Hyde Park, she drove with Lady —— to Hampstead and Highgate. Lady —— told me she was very tired of that amusement.

We finish the present notice with one of the princess’s notes in her own spelling.

We have suppressed some curious passages, because the princess is rather more addicted to swearing than was her majesty Queen Elizabeth.

‘Dear ——,

‘I found a pair of old earrings which the d—— of a Q——, once gifted me with. I truly believed that the sapphires are false as her heart and soul is, but the diamonds are good, and £50 or £50 would be very acceptable for them indeed. I am quite ashamed of giving you all this trouble, but believe me,

‘Yours.’

The present volume concludes with the preparation for the departure of the princess of Wales from England, and we defer further comment as we propose to give a further notice next month of this very extraordinary work, from which the journals have already so largely extracted.

Mary Raymond; and other Tales. By the Authoress of ‘Mothers and Daughters.’ In 3 vols. Colburn.

One story, and one alone, in this collection, can attract the attention of a reviewer, which is the short and terrifi
tale of Mary Raymond; the rest are reprints from the “Keepsake” and other annuals; and, being the result of the forced task for illustrative plates, present few of the genuine characteristics of Mrs. Gore. Moreover, we have a complete aversion to Anglo-continental tales of domestic life, which are about as natural as Gallie-English fictions.

The home, the real home of Mrs. Gore’s talents is the domestic interior of metropolitan life, ranging from the imitative fashionists to the actual possessors of dominions and dignity; in the first she is the most successful; she can follow these classes into the country, but she must adhere to them as colonists from London; she knows nothing of country society, or the manners and habits of the noblese de campagne. When Mrs. Gore passes beyond the pale of metropolitan society, either into the regions of historical romance or foreign novelettes, her wand is broken, and the spell, whereby she secures our attention, at an end. The acute perceptiveness we always find in this lady’s works ought to make her an impressive moralist, and consequently a valuable as well as amusing writer. We are not attempting to cast the least imputation on Mrs. Gore’s writings as possessing immoral tendency; our regret is, that such forcible pictures of human crime and folly are not made subservient to the high end of teaching her sex to avoid the evil and choose the better part. Now, for instance, Mary Raymond, possessing a maintenance of three thousand pounds, must be considered, by all readers of common sense, as a fool, or something worse, for marrying a maniacal tyrant for the sake of an establishment. Had Mrs. Gore shown her miseries as the fruit of her own want of firmness and feminine delicacy, in accepting a monster she loathed, rather than live honestly on a narrow income, we should have said this powerful story had a moral end, for, if Mary had had to choose between utter destitution and Merstham, she becomes directly an object of sympathy. It is the fault of the author, in leaving her a happy medium, which makes Mary somewhat an object of contempt. This fault springs from one of Mrs. Gore’s unrefined mannerisms; her blind passion for wealthy heroines, when even her destitute orphans cannot be worthy or interesting without possessing the mere trifle of three thousand pounds—not, indeed, sufficient to buy pins, it is true, and, therefore, she is forced to obey an unkind uncle, and give her hand to a husband who ultimately strangles her, and who must have been at least as evil a creature before marriage as afterwards. How differently would Sarah Stickney have entered into this tale; how truly would she have shown that “Conduct is Fate.”

But, as the story stands it strongly reminds us of the French princess, who asked Madame de Genlis, when the poor were dying of a famine, “why they did not eat bread and cheese;” and we too would ask, why Mary did not live on the interest of her money, rather than marry a man who went mad in his own wickedness.

A great deal of the reckless extravagance of the present age may be traced to the exaggerated statements of novelists de société, of the imaginative wealth possessed by their unreal shadows, while real property is depreciated and scorned on the same account. Many a girl who has not three thousand pounds, and never will possess that sum, will read this tale, and really believe that it is right and fitting for a woman possessing a respectable independence to marry a person she can neither honour nor esteem, rather than go without a carriage and a house in Portland-place. We would wish to see our powerful female writers record, for instruction sake, the realities of life, and not inculcate its follies.

Mrs. Gore apologises for the resemblance of “Mary Raymond” to a tale lately published by the most popular author of the day; perhaps “The Confessions of a Madman,” by Dickens. Resemblance in incident is of little consequence when the subject is diversely handled. The scene we give, as a specimen, forms a strong distinction between this tale and any others of the same class.

“The unfortunate Merstham was seated in his own apartment, when, by previous arrangement, they were introduced together; nor did he raise his eyes on their entrance, or give the slightest token of consciousness of their presence. He appeared stupified by grief, or overworn with watching; and on his hard sullen face was a beard of four days’ growth, to increase the natural severity of his expression. After a few inquiries after his health, and general condolences to which he deigned no reply,
Sir Charles left Dr. R——an opportunity for his proposal; having peremptorily exacted of his son that he would refrain from all interference in whatever discussions might ensue.

"Endowed with considerable suavity of address, the doctor displayed great tact in the sophistries of phrase polite, in which he contrived to envelope all that was calculated to give umbrage to the husband, in the measure he was required to propose.

"Mr. Raymond’s eyes remained steadily fixed on the countenance of Merstham, while Dr. R—— attempted to make his meaning as little plain as possible; but the louring brow of the mourner gave no sign that he either heard or understood; and again when the work of eloquence was recommenced with similar pains and labour, and similar lack of effect,—he answered not a word! A glance of intelligence now passed between the bland physician and Sir Charles Raymond, implying ‘the poor man is overpowered by despair, and incapable of attending to us; let us leave him to himself,’ when George Raymond, forgetful of his promise, or unable to control his feelings, suddenly quitted his chair and confronting Merstham, sternly exclaimed,

‘We are come, sir, to request your sanction to a professional examination, with a view to elucidate the causes of my cousin the late Mrs. Merstham’s untimely decease.’

‘You have it, gentlemen,’ replied Merstham, without raising his eyes from the ground.

‘Not if the measure be in any degree painful to you, my dear sir,’ added Sir Charles.—‘God forbid that poor Mary’s family should do any thing to aggravate your suffering,’

‘God forbid!’ repeated Merstham with the same mechanical insensibility.

‘But having been favoured with your permission,’ persisted George, ‘it only remains to——'

‘Mr. Merstham has of course as much interest as myself in ascertaining the causes of his and our bereavement,’ interrupted Sir Charles. ‘It will be better, therefore, for himself to point out the persons he wishes to be called in, and——'

‘I have already said, fulfil your own pleasure, gentlemen!—I can do no more!’ —said Merstham, in a hollow voice. ‘Call in whom you will,—the whole town of Hyde, if you find gratification in such exposures.—I have no further option in the subject.’

‘There will be no exposure, my dear sir,’ interposed the mild physician. ‘Rely upon me, that all shall proceed in the most regular and ordinary method: taking upon myself to render you a report of the information we may deduce from the exercise of our most painful duty.’

‘But Merstham lent a careless eye and ear to these professional assiduities. Again, he had relapsed into sullen silence; nor was it till Dr. R——, recommended one of his florid harangues that he abruptly observed, ‘Complete your arrangements elsewhere; I have nothing more to hear or to reply.’ And straightway commenced a sort of rocking movement upon his chair, as if to soothe down his impatience of their officious importunities—a hint upon which all parties felt compelled to quit the room.

‘But what was the irritation of Raymond to learn from Mrs. Stanley immediately after leaving Merstham’s presence, that during their delays and discussion, the coffin, had been soldered up for ever!

‘Nothing can be easier than to have it opened!” was his first indignant exclamation. ‘Tis a thing that has frequently been done in similar cases.

‘Only under circumstances of great suspicion,’ observed the surgeon.

‘Nothing but urgent necessity can ever warrant the disturbance of the dead,’ added Dr. R——. ‘To unsolder a coffin is a work of difficulty, and the attempt would give rise to a thousand painful rumours.’

‘I, for my own part, will sanction nothing of the kind,’ said Sir Charles, in a more positive tone. ‘There is no plea, no pretext for it! The ready acquiescence of Merstham in our wishes, is a proof of his innocence: and since, most unfortunately, the examination did not occur in the first instance, let us not be instrumental in molesting the remains of my poor niece for the gratification of our own susceptibility. I shall immediately acquaint Mr. Merstham with my determination; then leave the house till to-morrow, when I understand from Stanley the funeral is to take place.

‘And having cast a hurried glance upon the coffin, now hidden beneath its all and surmounted by the customary lid of nodding plumes, Sir Charles with moistened eyes quitted for ever the fatal apartment; cheerfully followed by the medical man, and most reluctantly by his son. George Raymond alone re-entered with his father the chamber in which Merstham was seated. He desisted from the rocking movement as they drew near, and when Sir Charles observed,

‘Having found the last melancholy operations up stairs already concluded, the coffin soldered and fastened down, it appears to me inexpedient to create unnecessary disturbance to the sacred remains.’ George Raymond was almost startled by the sud-
den gleam of triumphant cunning, of irrepressible exultation, that brightened the countenance of Merstham.

"'You have judged rightly,' he murmured, in a hoarse, hollow voice. 'You neglected poor Mary as a child, and injured her as a woman;—'tis as well not to persecute her as a corpse.—It were a bitter jest that Sir Charles Raymond took more heed of his dead niece than he was ever known to do while she was alive.'

"To resent the ravings of a half frantic man would have been absurd: and Mary's uncle and cousin quit the room in silence, lest the offensive rebuke should be repeated. They encountered Merstham but once again;—even on the brink of the grave, when ashes were re-committed to ashes, and dust to dust.

"But was that chamber in truth a fatal chamber? Had its walls indeed echoed to the stifled groans of the murdered, to the cry of a victim's dying anguish?—Had those lips to which the relaxation of after death imparted so soft an expression, been previously distorted by the pangs of a violent end?—Had they called aloud for aid,—for mercy, and in vain?—Had they faltered a response to the admonitory question,— Desdemona! have you prayed tonight?'

"That secret rests with the Almighty! —But in a private asylum for the reception of lunatics, at Southampton, there exists an unhappy patient who for years has sat rocking himself upon a chair; incessantly muttering between his teeth, 'I baffled them all,—I baffled them all!—I cheated the lover,—I cheated the uncle,—I cheated the proud, insolent, overbearing family!—I shut her up in her coffin, and secured her from them for ever.—And now she is mine again,—now she is mine. Are you not mine, Mary?—answer me, child, are you not mine?—She can't answer!—she groans,—she does not speak,—there is blood in her mouth,—hide it,—close up the coffin,—don't say I did it,—don't say I strangled her!—No, no, never, tell them how I managed to make you my own again,—Mary,—Mary,—Mary.'

"The incoherent cries and a solitary gravestone in the village churchyard of Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight, are all that remain to testify of the destiny of Merstham's wife."

Love. By the Authoress of 'Flirtation, &c.' In 3 vols. Colburn.

Lady Charlotte Bury's new novel possesses many claims to public attention. It unites the character of the domestic tale with that of the novel de société, and perhaps takes the most useful department of both, its subjects are our aristocracy, its writer a daughter of the highest grade of our nobility, both in ancestry and rank, and as on perusal we find the work, notwithstanding its somewhat mawkish title, most powerfully written, we can truly say that it is entitled to the distinction it cannot fail of obtaining.

Lady Charlotte has declared that she has given a narrative entirely founded on facts, and we believe her, from the peculiar evidence of our own feelings in the perusal of the tale.

Instead of ending with a marriage, her story begins with the wedding of her heroine. A court beauty, and an heiress, to boot, marries Lord Herbert, one of the handsomest men in the peerage. Womanhood can scarcely produce a more lovely character than Lady Herbert, her whole heart is centred on her lord, and she requires his in return, but Lord Herbert's heart is unfortunately occupied with dogs, horses, dice-boxes, and a few other women besides Lady Herbert, and of course their married life is unhappy, and love, the theme of Lady Charlotte's story, presents to the lips of her heroine a noxious draught, although her passion is virtuous and hallowed by marriage. Lady Herbert has taken into her house, and brought up under her protection, a destitute girl, Anna Clermont, and extended her protection to her brother, in kindness. Actuated by this beautiful principle, if there be any thing which can give freshness to existence, it is the consciousness of being useful to others; not that vain self-flattering patronage which idle people, who want to be of consequence, mistake for charity; but the quiet, unknown influence which exerts itself secretly in doing good, and whose reward is a reflection from the happiness of others; it was this motive which alone actuated Lady Herbert in her conduct to the Clermonts.

By the conventional laws of fiction, a person in the situation of Anna Clermont is generally depicted as a perfect, or at least a highly interesting character, and it is desirable that authors should support by their powerful influence the weaker position in society. If Lady Charlotte has drawn Anna Clermont from life, she is fully justified in holding up such a warning picture. If it be a fancy sketch, the task was a cruel one, because it may create prejudice against the in-
nocent and unfortunate, and prevent the generous from performing many a good deed. Be this as it may, intense talent is shown in the development of the bad passions of this quietly wicked girl, who turns her knowledge of character, and of the silly pride of superiority apparent in very weak men, to the worst of purposes.

This billiard scene is often seen in real life than in the pages of a novel.

"Of all the men who have ever touched the subject of love, not one knew what form it takes in woman’s breast so well as Lord Byron, and even he is sometimes at fault. A woman only can paint the endless varieties of the passion as it exists in various women, under various stages of its ravages; and of their several stations and situations.

"So spake Miss Clermont one day to Lord Herbert, as she sat in a window with a volume of the poet in her hand.

"What do you say, Miss Clermont? he asked, as he pulled his dog’s ears till he made it scream, merely for idleness—what horrid weather it is; I cannot get one day’s coursing."

"Well, never mind the weather, try to amuse yourself at home. Will you teach me billiards?"

"With the greatest pleasure," he answered, as if she had done him the utmost service, by finding him at that moment a pleasurable occupation. They proceeded to the billiard-room. Lord Herbert chose a mace from the stand, and gave it her.

"No, no," she replied, "if I undertake anything, I like to do it thoroughly; I will play with a cue, or not at all."

"Pho, Miss Clermont, you will never learn with a cue, believe me; begin, at least, by the less difficult instrument."

"What shall we play for?" asked Miss Clermont—taking up two or three cues, and placing them in her hand, as she ran her eye along them to ascertain their weight and truth of line.

"Play for! That’s a good joke; as if you had any little of me. You, who never played before."

"I have played a little," she answered, "with my brother when he was in town; but you knew little how we passed our hours at that time; we seldom saw you then; but come, let us to our game—what shall we play for?"

"Nay," replied Lord Herbert, "since you are so skilful, let our stake be, that the winner shall pay the loser whatever guerdon may be most acceptable to them."

"Done," said Miss Clermont. "Done," echoed Lord Herbert; "and now to our game."

"She bowed, threw her cue lightly in the air, twisting it, and caught it dexterously.

"Well done, that dexterity of hand and eye makes me look at my antagonist with fear. I give you the first ball, of course—to a lady I could not be so uncourteous as do otherwise."

"A game is a game," said Miss Clermont, "it is a strife and must be striven for fairly. We will both strike our balls, and, according to the rule, that which lies nearest the allowed mark shall be the right of precedence in playing."

"Lord Herbert laughed and bowed, and did as he was ordered; but he looked more at his antagonist than at the table, and, drawing a quick sharp stroke, his ball rebounded back against the cushion, and wandered over the table in all directions. Not so Miss Clermont’s; she had placed one foot firmly on the ground, lifted the other gracefully, not in a masculine attitude, in the air, and bending her figure slightly over the table, drew a gentle but deliberate and sure aim, and measured her distance so precisely that the ball stepped, as it were, into its own place.

"Now," she said, "I take my right, having gained it. Into which of the pockets do you choose I should bag the red ball?"

"You do not mean to go through the game in this style," he answered laughing.

"We shall see," was her reply.

"Into the right-hand pocket, then," he answered, his eye expressing a sort of surprise that it was pleasant to her to create. Again he beheld the graceful line of her bending figure, her rounded arm, the delicate hand, the eye of searching and assured glance. Again she gave the electric blow; the balls flew, reeled on the pockets’ brim, and then both dropped into it as though it had been the business of her life to have mastered the game.

"By all that is skilful," exclaimed Lord Herbert, "I wish I could do as much! but it is not possible you should always play thus; it is accident, confess it is; a lucky chance merely."

"Will you do me the favour, Lord Herbert, to place the balls?" He obeyed. "Now, shall I cannon on the right-hand side or on the left, by ricochet?"

"Oh! the impracticable by all means! and the impracticable appeared as practicable to her as the easier achievement. In fine Miss Clermont carried the whole game without giving Lord Herbert time to make one single ball. His surprise was extreme. His praise of her skill was unbounded; and as he eulogised her knowledge of the game, his own peculiar favourite game, he felt that her fascination was as complete as her skill. Some days after, Lord Herbert had collected various sporting gentlemen from distant parts of the county, and they had met at dinner; he talked of nothing but
of Miss Clermont's wonderful skill and knowledge of billiards, and proposed to her, in the evening, to play with him, that all might witness the truth of what he had asserted. Miss Clermont acquiesced, and she commenced in her own brilliant style of play, but gradually Lord Herbert became piqued; she saw he did so, and she imperceptibly declined from her usual security of aim, made several false strokes, and finally ended by allowing him to come off victorious; then he lauded her skill to the very skies, and she was aware that she had not piqued his vanity; she played well, but he played still better. Thus must it ever be, in regard to every thing a woman does or says, if she would wish to maintain her power over a man. The judges, who had stood round the table watching the game, were quite as much deceived as Lord Herbert himself; they believed him to be the best player. Miss Clermont whispered to Lord Herbert,

"'Make a match between me and any of your friends. Give them odds—even in their favour. Let the sum you stake be first moderate, then double it; and you shall see whether my hand will forget its cunning, or my right hand its skill.'

"He looked at her in a very peculiar manner, and then proceeded to make a match with one of the gentlemen, backing Miss Clermont. At first she allowed her adversary to take the lead. Lord Herbert began to tremble for his hundred pounds; but, by a very complicated and difficult manoeuvre, she took the lead, and never suffered him to play again, but carried the game with an ease and a security which astonished the beholders. The murmur of applause was great, and the surprise genuine; but they could not believe that her success was attributable to skill, they conceived it to be a lucky chance, as Lord Herbert had done when he first played with her, and the man who was defeated was anxious to renew the contest.

"'Double or quits.' 'Agreed.'

Miss Clermont lost, or seemed to lose. He was quits with Lord Herbert. She appeared much vexed; but again nearing Lord Herbert she said, in an under tone,

"'Touch him for five hundred now; and I will put the money in your pocket as assuredly as I will this ball into the back pocket on the left hand,' which she did on the instant.

"Lord Herbert, although somewhat alarmed, was now completely under her control: he proposed five hundred to the gentleman, and it was accepted. All stood round, deeming Lord Herbert sure to lose; for, they argued, the greatness of the sum must render her nervous; and though she plays brilliantly, still it must be only a matter of chance after all. This time Miss Clermont put forth her whole strength; she might have been said to walk over the course; she took the lead, and held it throughout the game. Once she paused, and said to her adversary,

"'Come, I will not pocket the red ball this time, but I will lay you so close to the cushion that you shall make nothing of the advantage.'

"'Lord Herbert looked dismayed. She will lose, he thought, by her imprudence—like all women, she will be confounded by her own success; but he was mistaken, it was even as she had predicted. Her coolness and taunt had had the effect of provoking her antagonist, he totally missed his stroke. It was again her turn to play, and she carried the game without ever allowing him to have a single chance. There were murmurs of astonishment, and shouts of applause; and Lord Herbert's face was flushed with a thousand various expressions. Miss Clermont betrayed no visible emotion beyond a smile; and her downcast eyes seemed to evade the glances of admiration which she received from all the men, from all except Lord de Montmorenci. Lord Herbert saw in his countenance some expression which he disliked, and as he passed him he said, in a marked emphasis not to be misunderstood,

"'Those who do not feel happy when I have obtained success, are not my friends; and to cast a puritanical reproach upon the person—a woman too—who has done me such a signal service as Miss Clermont has done, is not sincerely interested in my welfare.'

A woman who could take up a billiard cue with its unavoidable routine of masculine attitude, however sly and secretive her demeanour, is herein described as a bold hard character after she has thrown off the decors of female reserve. Lady Charlotte has been curiously consistent in finishing up the career of this Anna Clermont. She too feels love, a dark malicious passion in accordance with her character, and she is made by it intensely wretched.

The character of the noble child, Sarah Hubert, is finely drawn and boldly original. "Sarah" is more frequently seen in life than fiction. Her love is unhappy, she marries without love, and seems very fairly to fulfill Mrs. Malaprop's celebrated axiom, "that it is much better to begin with a little aversion."

The end and object of this novel are to show the noxious effects of love on female happiness, in every variety of character, whether good or bad. We will not contest the instances that Lady Charlotte brings, as she declares them instances from
life, and the moral atmosphere of our metropolis, high and low, makes it too probable that such things are true. We simply wish to ask the homely question, did God mean it to be so? If he did, love must remain a moral poison to the end of the world, and like prussic acid and malaria, people must take as little of it as possible, make the best of it, and rest convinced that to write books of complaint on the subject is altogether useless. But we are by no means certain of the noxious influence of God’s good gift when rightly used. If a man whose most active faculties are justice, benevolence, and reason, loves an amiable and virtuous woman, wholly for herself, and she returns his love, they must when united possess a fair share of happiness. But if the good will insist on loving the worthless, or what is still more productive of evil, the weak in feeling passion for the wicked, every variety of sin, violence, and sorrow, must sully the too much abused name of love.

But we must not forget we are reviewing a courtly author for the “Court Magazine,” and we cannot, therefore do better than take our readers at once to court under the auspices of Lady Charlotte, and then bid her farewell for the present.

“It was a proud day for Lady Herbert, when she beheld her beautiful daughter in all the flush of youthful bloom, decorated with every outward adornment which could heighten her charms, and yet herself remaining as humble, as free from affectation, or any undue love of homage, as though she had not been gifted above her companions, and as she passed along the corridor and up the great staircase which led to the drawing-room, Lady Herbert’s eager ears drank in the praises of her child, which resounded in loud whispers from every beholder. But the envy and detraction which, like a shadow, follow still the footsteps of the renowned, failed not in this, as on all similar occasions, to vent its spleen, and the question of ‘Who is she?’ was answered in an under tone,

“Oh! the daughter of the Lord Herbert, about whom there was all that shocking history a few years ago. He was shot, you know, by the governess’s brother, with whom he ran off,’”

“Pray, sir, do not tear my lappet from my head.”

“Indeed, madam, it is impossible I should not crowd upon you, I am so pushed by the persons behind me.”

“Help there, I beseech you?” cried seve-
about? Well, you surprise me; I cannot see any thing to admire in her.'

"And the fashionable friend conversing with that lady, answered in the same strain.

"Every new person, you know, excites a moment’s attention. I don’t think there is any marvellous beauty in the girl; rather naiuse, I should say.” Then turning to a male friend, — “Devilish handsome, though; but truth is not always to be told, especially not when speaking of one woman to another.’

"When Lady Herbert found herself once more before the sovereign, she was obliged to summon up all her courage; for she knew that a thousand eyes were upon her, and that her melancholy story would be advertised to by a thousand tongues, the greater part of malicious and spiteful kind: but amongst them were scattered a few kindly faces, who, perhaps behind feathers and lappets, made signals of approval and pleasure which cheered her spirits. On the whole, she gathered up sufficient praises of her daughter even to satisfy her partial heart. But the basty and rude manner in which the whole court are driven past the royal circle, like a flock of sheep, has something in it so ungracious and so unsatisfactory that it cannot make a drawing-room a popular thing. Those who remembered old times, lamented their former admission to the presence of the sovereigns — so different, they said, from the present fashion. Then they explained how the whole court (a select court) were assembled in the same chamber, and every person was talked to in their turn, as rank or favour obtained for them the privilege of being more or less noticed. Now, everybody goes to court; there is no distinction in doing so.

"For my part,” whispered Lady Arabella Norman, a fine lady of the by-gone age, “I shall never come here again. I have seen the rabble rout twice, and that is enough. Nobody will miss me, and I shall miss nobody.”

"‘Ah,’ said Miss Herbert, ‘that is just my case, if it depended on myself I never would come here again; one feels degraded by being-crushed to atoms, and having one’s clothes torn off.’

‘My dear young lady you are very sensible; but each one must belong to their own time, and make the best of what is going. It won’t do to stand still in the middle of the course, and look sturdily, and say I will not walk on with the rest. Old folks naturally belong to the past, but the young belong to the present; and so it is wiser for them, as long as their own good principles are not infringed upon, to move on with their contemporaries in all matters of no vast moment. You will come to many drawing-rooms, Miss Herbert, and shine at them all, my dear. But though I am Lord Tracey’s daughter, I need not come here again, and shall not.”

“This conversation passed in the long-room, where people wait for their carriages, and to see those whom they may wish to see: and here it is that ladies have leisure to detect all faults in each other’s dress, as well as person. The observations Miss Herbert overheard were to her quite new, and not without amusement. Amongst them were the following:

‘‘As I shall declare, there is Lady Henderson turned into a beauty! Was there ever such a metamorphosis? how has she contrived it?”

‘‘Don’t you know? Why, by the wonderful cosmetic recently brought from Turkey,’ replied Mr. Melville. ‘It will wash a blackamore white, I am told, and make the toughest hide soft and transparent; besides, her clever old grandmother has taught her a thousand secret spells. The fact is, you know everything is to be done by pains and living in the world, and looking into the secret ways of others. For my part, I have no credence in what you call your natural beauties; all nonsense that. Did you ever see a raw-bred red-cheeked country-girl look well, even though she might have a fund of beauty; never till she was well schooled in the world and its ways.”

1. Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum.—Parts 51, 52, 53, 54.
4. Asphallic Mastic, or Cement of Seyssel.—By F. W. Sims, Civil Engineer, &c.—Weale.

The January and February numbers of the Arboretum proceed with the history of the Conifer, and will particularly delight the reader by the history of the cedar. We think Mr. Loudon is not aware of the antiquity of that noble tree in this country, and would strongly recommend him to inquire into the history of the noble cedar walk in the beautiful garden of Isworth Abbey, near Bury, the seat of J. Cartwright, Esq., for we have a strong suspicion that those majestic trees were planted by the former monastic owners of that antique domain. With the January number is given a part of Index.

The Architectural Magazine for January, contains another important paper on the subject of heating buildings with various stove contrivances of steam and hot air. Our own private opinion is, that most of the confabulations of public
edifices within the last ten years, have been greatly owing to these new-fangled contrivances. Lewisham Church and the Houses of Parliament were avowedly thus destroyed.

We have the authority of the conductor, Mr. Lin, for giving the preference in domestic use to the open cheerful English grate as the best warmer of apartments, when cleverly modified by the construction of Count Rumford. These magazines are full of interesting matter; the new fuel, quoted from the "Literary Gazette" is also there discussed. Among the observations on the burning of the Royal Exchange, a correspondent congratulates the metropolis on the prospect of widening Threadneedle-street. We grieve over the work of Sir Christopher Wren, which even now would give width enough, were the building not encumbered by paltry shops, and care nothing for Threadneedle-street, being certain that citizens are most comfortable in the sort of darksome dens where their sires made money before them. We do not think that mammon loves to live in wide streets.

The Suburban Gardener gives us the model of a most charming Elizabethan villa, and withal a few erections we think more consistent with suburban taste, having seen some flourishing in the Mile End-road exceedingly resembling those in physiognomy. However, we will not murmur at the outward appearance of these rather port-looking houses, when we consider the valuable instructions this work contains for their interior safety and comfort. Altogether the "Suburban Gardener" promises to be a great assistant to the well-being of domestic economy.

The fourth pamphlet is devoted to the description and uses of the new Seyssel Cement; the chief part is occupied by the details of those who have tried it, and may be considered in the light of facts and documents. We find that Mr. Sims considers it the cement which the ancients used to build their almost indestructible architecture: if so, it will introduce a new and desirable era in building. We find that Mr. Loudon views it in the same light as we do. If it has a tithe of the excellences stated, it is a wonderful discovery, the value of which time will show.

A shorter treatise on Short Hand we never took in hand. If Tommy Thumb were to turn reporter to Parliament, we think he could manage to carry this light little volume; yet it is multum in parvo, and promises to condense and abbreviate the noble art of stenography, without which there would be few reporters, and without reporters, no newspapers, and without newspapers—but we give up the harrowing detail of such a concatenation of evils in a free country, not to be contemplated without horror of the results, moral and physical. Good readers, buy the little book, and do the best you can to understand it.


Last spring we gave deserved commendation to the predecessor of this pleasing volume. The present series continues on the same plan, and enriches the juvenile library with the narrative of many highly interesting facts in which close research and propriety of selection are apparent. Both volumes bear indubitable evidence of a highly-cultivated mind, well stored with elegant and useful information.

In some instances this information is original, as in the following entertaining fact illustrative of natural history:

MRS. F.

"Your mention of the fire-fly (Elator noctilucus), reminds me of a curious circumstance, which took place at Corfu. A young officer, who had lately joined the garrison, was one evening on duty, when he observed sparks issuing, as he thought, from the powder magazine. The alarm was immediately given, and the guard turned out, when it proved, on further examination, that some fire-flies fluttering over the magazine had awakened the apprehensions of the young officer, who had never seen these insects before."

HENRIETTA.

"Is the fire-fly a native of England?"

MRS. F.

"No; but the winged fly of the glow-worm is luminous, as well as its crawling companion; and I have constantly seen it in a summer's evening fly into the rooms attracted by the light of the candles. It is generally about the first week in July that these insects make their appearance; but the time when I saw them in the greatest numbers, was towards the end of June, 1825. I was then at Heidelberg; and one afternoon that we were walking among the ruins of its splendid castle, we became so interested in recalling the fortunes of Elizabeth of Bohemia, the wars of the Pala-

* Fact.
† In 1835, 1836, and 1837.
tinate, and all the other events of historic interest of which this castle was the theatre, that we were unconscious how late it had become before we turned our steps homewards. The green banks of the path which led to the town, were covered with glow-worms and myriads of luminous insects were flying about, which we easily caught with our hands. At the time, we took them to be fire-flies; but on comparing them subsequently with the plates of that insect, we found that they were the winged glow-worm (Lampyris noctiluca) of our own country, which we never before had happened to have seen.


The lessons in this excellent little volume are those of truth and virtue, blended with the tone of refinement which ought to pertain to the instruction of the children of the higher classes. Lady Tuite’s dialogues on religion possess the inestimable advantage of being given in comprehensive and simple language. The instances of moral truth are forcible, and we are particularly pleased with the chapter which relates the anecdotes of the Prussian military academy.

The preface to this admirable little book ought to be read by all parents, it is the address of a mother, who having worthily performed her maternal duties, is anxious to persuade others to do so likewise.


The character of this imposing, full-length portrait, by Mr. George Hayter, is the Statuesque. It represents the Queen upon the throne of her ancestors, before the Lords and Commons of England, assembled to open the first parliament of her reign; and therefore cannot, as a painting, be classed among the familiar or domestic portraits. Being destined, moreover, to adorn one of the great civic halls of the British metropolis, through the gracious presentation of our youthl sovereign, both as to size and style it is most appropriate. The drawing is excellent—the figure stands well out—in positive relief—considerable freedom is evinced in the handling of the general details, and the chiaro scuro is well managed for distant effect. We perceive that it is to be forthwith engraved, with the fac-simile of the royal autograph, and the execution of the plate is entrusted to the talented Mr. Henry Cousins.

"It is well known," says a recent author, "that from an early age the Queen has been accustomed to rise early, the practice is still continued, with some trifling abatement; a quarter before ten is the appointed hour for breakfast, but early or two and previously devoted to the despatches which awaited the royal signature: the morning repast being announced, it is usual with her Majesty to direct one of the attendants to request the company of her "mamma;" who, since the accession to the throne, never enters the presence of her Majesty without a formal summons: indeed, once for all, it may be as well to remark, that the illustrious relatives, hitherto inseparable, are never seen together excepting at table, or in the drawing-room; and on these occasions, the conversation is never known to turn on state affairs. The Duchess, who is a great reader, generally dilating on the subject which last engaged her attention; and her Majesty, who certainly possesses her share of that inquisitiveness not peculiar to her family, has been known to protract the meal till more than one summons from her minister has been gently whispered in her ear. It is now twelve o’clock, and her Majesty is ushered into an apartment, where, waiting to receive her with all duteful obedience, are the cabinet ministers. It is here, perhaps, more than in any other situation, that the philosophy of the woman is pre-eminent seen. Though the strictest etiquette is observed by the officers of the household, a few preliminary compliments only suffice to introduce the real business of the day. A certain document we will suppose is handed to her Majesty, and before a word is suffered to pass the ministerial lip, the Queen has deliberately possessed herself of its contents. It is curious on these occasions to watch the countenances of the responsible advisers of the Crown; their indications of course varying with the importance of the subject matter under contemplation; but the perusal having been accomplished, a look from her Majesty is sufficient to unlock the door of utterance. It is not often, perhaps, that the royal mind is obtrude to the ministerial project, but when such happens to be the case, the unfortunate wight who has the conduct of the matter, would much rather have been called upon to brave a broadside from the opposition benches, than the silent though expressive mistrust of her Majesty’s placid eye. But independently of the demands upon her time, which arise from the domestic concerns of the government, there are others, which arise from the numerous and frequent presentation of foreign ministers and others.
Leisure for those occupations which contribute so much to exalt the character of the ladies of Great Britain, is hardly permitted to the Sovereign, who has no sooner traversed the labyrinth of public business, than the hour of dinner approaches. Yet even this interval, brief as it is, is frequently seized upon for a walk or drive, a drawing or a souvenir. The dinner over, we pass to the drawing-room, the only repose of the Sovereign, next to the sanctity of devotion and midnight solitude. And, oh! how delightful is the scene,—Listen! tis the majestic tone of the organ, or the soft murmur of the lute, or the thrilling cadence of the harp; and see the unconscious object of universal solicitude, how her very being seems identified with the music. Deem not thyself apart from that universal sympathy, which comprehends the great family of man. More than woman thou canst not be,—less than Queen thou art not!!

The Engraving from Mr. Parriss Portrait of her Majesty. Greaves.
The interesting portrait of her Majesty we last month noticed in terms of praise. The etching, by Mr. Wagstaff, promises well for finish, and we doubt not with attention to the minor points, hinted at by us, that it will give a charming reduplication of the beauties of the original. The plate is an excellent cabinet, fourteen inches by eighteen in height.

By the outlay of one poor and insignificant sovereign, her Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects can now gain the perpetual, pictorial presence in their own boudoirs of the most estimable and lovely.

This elegant little publication, beautifully printed by Maurice, is embellished with seven engravings. The Royal Exchange, A.D. 1560, is handsomely shown in well-executed plates of good size; the one, the interior the other a view from the south—also the Royal Exchange and the Tun in Cornhill, A.D. 1640, which exhibits the spot, such as it should even now be, if space could be found for the purpose. There is also a picture of the altered front, A.D. 1821. The publication makes its appearance at a very seasonable time, and the speed and beauty with which the whole has been done, would make us suspect that the author verily had something to do with the angels of another region, and was engaged at his work long before the fire was thought of.

The Duke of Wellington and Sisters of Charity.—The wounded were well attended, and by none more than by a good Sister of Charity, whose interesting story, Madame de Palastrin, of Toulouse, in 1815, related to Mr. Howard, of Corby, as follows:—"Sœur Marthe resided at Besançon, and sold some land, to enable her to relieve the sick and wounded. A French general said to her, in a tone of in-ny—'Sœur Marthe, your friends the Spaniards are going to-morrow.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'but the English are coming in, and Sister Marthe is the friend of all the unfortunate.' Indeed, nothing could exceed her humane care of the wounded officers and soldiers. The Spaniards sent her many gifts of gratitude, all of which she returned more than once. They then sent her a silver crucifix, which she accepted, as they had written upon it, 'Que Sœur Marthe ne pouvot refuser l'image du seigneur.' In acknowledgment of her charitable services to our army, Lord Wellington requested her to accept the land he had re-purchased for her. When Louis Dischuit was restored to his throne, she made an effort to reach Paris, that she might find an opportunity of returning her thanks to Lord Wellington, and of seeing the King. Monsieur (the Duke of Angouleme) who had known her at Besançon, carried her up to his Majesty, and said 'Je vous presente mon pere aine.' It not being considered etiquette for nuns to appear at court."

Re-paving of Oxford-street.—The annual expense of keeping up the repairs of this street is stated to have been 4,000l. The repairing is to cost 20,000l., which sum could be obtained by an annuity of 1,100l. The resolution was carried, on the 3d of February, by a majority of the vestrymen of eighteen in number—viz., for the motion, 25; against it, 7.

The Winter Palace, St. Petersburgh, which, with its contents, was destroyed by fire, was of the value of 2,000,000l. The balls, and other entertainments, are very numerous. The Imperial Family were present at a grand masked ball given early in January.

 Paying for Information.—A man was asked the other day, "if Waterloo Bridge was a losing concern or not?" "Go over it, and you will be told," was the reply.
THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It was stated that this house was to open on the 24th of the present month, but we do not at present see any appearance of its so doing; the season is, however, close at hand, and we understand the following artists are engaged:—Persiani, as the prima donna, who will be supported by Moriani, as tenor, and a new basso. The ballet, up to Easter, will be led by Duvernay, supported by Couston and Mabille, two of the best male dancers of the day. Albertazzi will also appear very shortly.

Cerini, Assandri, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache are expected in England in April, who, in conjunction with Persiani, will regale the elite with the most modern approved works, together with those of the old masters. Among others, the new opera of "Parisina" will be performed.

At Easter, the two Elisirs will come out in a new ballet, by Deshares. The new French tenor, Duprey, may also visit us for a short period. The choruses are to be strengthened, and will be entirely under the control of Signor Costa; and, altogether, we think we have every chance of having an opera worthy the patronage of a young and talented Queen, who can appreciate merit, and who enjoys the drama, music, and spectacle.

DARBY LANE has nothing new, excepting the appearance of Mr. Charles Keau in Shakspeare's historical play of "Richard the Third," as altered by Cibber. Mr. Keau has the head-work to comprehend the character of old St. Paul's, but he cannot supply the physical wants of his nature, therefore Hamlet is still his forte. As an actor, we are not inclined to award to Mr. Keau the very high station on our boards in every character which many of our contemporaries have assigned to him. With many parts of Mr. Keau's Richard we were very much pleased. We will particularise the opening soliloquy, as also that in the fourth act, at the time of the murder of the young princes, and the tent-scene. The scenery (by the Messrs. Grieve) is beautifully painted; the view of the interior of old St. Paul's, with the lying-in state of Henry the Sixth, forms a very imposing scene. Her Majesty visited the theatre in private, and, we are happy to say, directed Mr. Bunn to inform Mr. Keau that she was highly pleased with his performance.

We shall next month give a more decided opinion on Mr. Keau's merits than we have yet done—we hope his next character will be Macbeth.

The old opera of the "Duenna" has been revived, with Mr. Phillips as Father Paul; but the music does not seem to please, after the more brilliant productions of the present day.

COVENT GARDEN.—Since our last, the novelties have not been of a very brilliant description. Auber's new opera (the plot of which has been so successfully forestalled by the minors, and which we gave in Feb-

ruary's critique of the Olympic) has met with but a dubious welcome; indeed, on the first night of its performance, there were so many dissentient voices, that the announce-

ment was withdrawn for some days from the bills. The music has been arranged by Mr. Loder, and although it has much of the character of Auber's productions—it can never rank beside "Masaniello," "Fra Diavolo," and "Gustavus." Miss Shir-

reft took the part of the Domino Noir, and acquitted herself very creditably; but Mr. Wilson was quite out of the element. Miss P. Horton, as Jacinta, was encored in the opening song of the second act—"If sickle Fortune." Mrs. Serle (late Miss Novello), who has not been on the stage for some months, went through the part of Estelle with much propriety. Mr. Manners improves upon acquaintance; and Mr. Hammond has a character more suited to his peculiar humour than those generally al-

lotted to him. There has been much care and expense lavished on the opera, which we regret the more, as it is not likely to be a prime favourite. It only shows the folly of transplanting French productions to our English boards under the existing law of copyright. Had the "Domino Noir" been brought out some months ago, it would have possessed the charm of novelty, although it would have been a rough, unfinished work; but now that sufficient time has elapsed to get it into a state something like that in which an opera ought to be brought out, we find the whole mysteries of its plot entirely unravelled by almost every minor in London; consequently the effect is lost, and the thing comes vapid on the public taste. We have always been opposed to the translation of plays, more especially of those possessing humour. The music character is immense to convey wit from one language to another; consequently the foreign author loses nearly all his original power, and, doubtless, his "good humour" too, when his productions are profitlessly (to him) transplanted to our stage, at the same time that our native dramatists have fair cause to grumble that their pieces are thrust off to make room for those of foreigners—so that both are dissatisfied. We are now alluding
Theatres.

"Mackintosh and Co.". The plot, although amusing, is at the same time rather disgusting—we shall therefore not enter upon it. Power and Bartley made the folks laugh, and of course the piece, on that account, was received with universal applause; and everybody seemed to think that old maxim—"'Tis better to laugh than to cry"—a very good one.

Opera Buffa.—Mecordante's opera, "Elisa e Claudio," has been produced with much eclat. There have been no striking novelities. Her Majesty has frequently honoured this theatre with her presence, which, as well as good music, has caused this well-conducted house (which is now closed) to be attended in a manner the theatres are not often, for so long a continuance.

St. James's.—On the night of the 30th January this theatre produced a version of the "Black Domino," in the title of which is concealed a burletta, the talented Mrs. Stirling sustaining the character of the incognita with a considerable degree of spirit.

"'Tis She! or, the Maid, the Wife, and the Widow!" is one of those burlettas constructed so as to display the cleverness of one actor in three different characters. We cannot say much in favour of it;—Mrs. Stirling was not so happy as in many of the pieces in which she has taken similar parts.

"Bruno le Filleur" has been translated for these boards by Mr. T. H. Bailey, and brought out under the title of the "Spitalfields Weaver."

The Olympic.—For a wonder, the Widow has not treated her visitors with a new dish during the whole month. She has, however, accommodated them by transmogrifying the order of the bill of fare, on which we fully dilated in our number for February last.

Adelphi.—Signor Hervio Nano—the Gnome Fly! The performance of this extraordinary individual in the "Bizarre Flight of Fancy" is indeed wonderful. As to the plot of the piece, there is none; the whole interest is concentrated in this curious animal—biped, we presume, he must be called, although he partakes more of the character of the living things he represents. As a baboon, he is matchless—rolling a tub along the stage, while he is on the outside of it; swinging, chattering, and looking so much like an ape, that no one would take him for any thing else, if he were not seen in a few minutes bounding across the stage in the shape of an enormous fly; then climbing up perpendicular places, along the side of the theatre, and over the very ceiling! Indeed, we cannot describe his performance—to be appreciated, it must be seen. We should have condemned the introduction of such a representation at one of the majors, but we regard it as perfectly legitimate with
Mr. Yates's contract with the public, and therefore we say, go and see the Gnome.

"A Maiden's Fame; or, a Legend of Lisbon," is a new drama, from the pen of Mr. Bernard. The story is full of incidents, and is well sustained, but we cannot stop to dwell on it, one part of it reminds us of the old tradition of the "mistletoe bough." NORTON FOLGATE.—The play-bills teem with "Cinderella" and "Honey," so that the bee of Norton Folgate is not idle to its own interests and the public wants at the eastern part of the city; but we have been unable to hazard so distant a visit during the inclement nights of the past month. Strange it is that the theatres, notwithstanding the extreme cold, have all been so well attended.

SURREY.—Here we are regaled with a new drama, under the title of "The Earl of Poverty." It is founded on an old English legend, connected with the wooden house which stood in days gone by, in London-wall. The author (Mr. G. Almsr) has made a very interesting drama, which has been repeated frequently during the month, before very crowded audiences.

VICTORIA.—Wrench and Oxberry are performing in a new burletta, called "My Three Clerks." Among the several novelties are "Louise; or, the White Scarf," and "The Echo of Westminster-bridge."

The Bonaparte Family.—The proscription of this family seems to be gradually wearing off in France. Madame Murat is now a resident in that kingdom; the Prince de Murat, a nephew of Napoleon, was received by Louis Philippe, immediately on his arrival at Paris the other day, and permission was readily granted him to remain there a fortnight. The Princess Marie d'Orléans danced with the two sons of Jerome Bonaparte at a court ball given not long since at Stuttgart: even the enmity of etiquette has, therefore, ceased.

Celebrity.—A small town called Beeze, in the Grand Duchy of Pozen, bids fair to enjoy a conspicuous place in the annals of roguary. An action is at this moment pending in the Prussian courts of law, in which the whole population of the town are accused of theft. Three hundred of the inhabitants are at present under arrest.

Profits of Purgatory.—From an account of the Madrid hospital lately published in a Spanish newspaper, it appears that from the year 1824 to the year 1837 there had been offered up 548,921 masses for souls in purgatory, at an expense of 1,666,714l sterling. It is pretended that by the efficacy of these masses, no fewer than 1,041,697 souls were released from the torments of that region.

Ancient Tea Urns.—In the ruins of Pompeii an urn was found containing a hollow metallic cylinder for the insertion of a hot iron, by which water or other substances might be kept warm. Tea-urns, therefore, are not entitled to the appellation of modern inventions.

A Hint for British Philanthropy.—At Havre, a public chaudfuir, or warming place, has been established this winter, to receive the poor of every class. In many other cities of France also, similar establishments are about to be formed, and for otherwise ministering to the wants of the poor by every means which humanity can suggest at such a rigorous season.—Le Commerce.

Wolf Hunting.—An active war is now carrying on against the wolves, which have appeared in great numbers in the arrondissement of Avemnes, upon the borders of the forest of Mormal; these ferocious animals have prowled as far as the very gates of Laudrecies, and approached likewise close to Bavay.

Christ's Hospital.—A late rather warm discussion among the governors of this excellent institution, had not only the good effect of showing how diligently the executive of the civic free-schools watch over their interests and discharge their duties, but to elicit, also, a very amiable trait in the character of our gracious young Queen. We allude to the return of the address (superscribed by the royal autograph, as prayed for by one of the governors), to Henry Sharp. An additional feature in the course of sound and useful instruction given in the school, we are happy to hear, is contemplated by the establishment of a French professorship. Such liberality on the part of the governors is worthy of this intelligent and auspicious age. On the list of candidates we perceive the name of the Rev. J. Mudry, M.A., whose excellent lectures on "The True Origin of the French Language," delivered at some literary and scientific institutions of the metropolis, afforded us much gratification. We should heartily rejoice to see the exertions of this talented gentleman permanently devoted to such an institution as Christ's Hospital.
January 29, 1838.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Lord Steward, Lord Melbourne, Sir Hussey and Lady Vivian, Lady Portman, Lady Mary Stoppard, the Hon. Miss Pitt, Miss Cavendish, Mr. and Lady Theresa Digby, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, the Marquis of Headfort, General the Hon. Sir William Lumley, and Colonel Buckley. The band of the Coldstream Guards attended during the evening.

The distress of the poor ofBrighton having come to the knowledge of the Queen, her Majesty directed that 20L should be forwarded to assist in relieving them.

30.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne.

The royal dinner party included M. de Hummelauer, the Austrian Chargé d’Affaires, the Earl and Countess of Surrey, Lord Melbourne, Lord and Lady Worsley, and Mr. and Lady Louisa Cavendish. The band of the Scots Fusilier Guards attended during the evening.

Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Col. Cornwall and Baron Knarsbeck, had a day’s shooting in Richmond Park.

31.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Judge Advocate General.

The royal dinner party included Baron d’Omont, Earl and Countess of Lichfield, Earl and Countess of Albermarle, Lord Morpeth, Mr. and Lady F. Howard, and Mr. and Lady L. Lascelles.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to extend to the Royal Humane Society the same annual support as his late Majesty.

February 1, 1838.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council.

Her Majesty gave audiences to Marquis Lansdowne, Earl of Albermarle, Lord Duncan, Marquis of Conyngham, Earl of Minto, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston.

The royal dinner party included Lord and Lady Ashley, Lady Fanny Cowper, Sir H. Wheatley, the Treasurer of the Household, the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cavendish, Mr. and Lady Theresa Digby, and Sir F. Stovin.

The band of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards attended.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge had a dinner party at Cambridge House; amongst the company were H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the Netherland’s Minister, and Madame Dedel, Baron Munchausen, the Hanoverian Minister, the Duke of Dorset, Lord and Lady Cowley, Lady Burghersh, Lord Redesdale, the Hon. Mr. Wellesley, the Hon. Mr. Molineux, Mr. Culling, C. Smith, and Col. Jones.

2.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Lord Chamberlain, Lady C. Berkley, the Hon. C. Murray, Lady Portman, the Hon. Miss Pitt, Miss Cavendish, Lady Theresa Digby, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, Lady M. Stoppard, the Marquis of Headfort, the Hon. General Sir William Lumley, and Col. Buckley.

3.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne and John Russell. Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent honoured the performance of Elisa e Claudio, at the Lyceum, with her presence. The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knarsbeck, and Colonel Cornwall, was also present at the Opera Buffa.

4.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new palace. The Bishop of London preached the sermon. The Duke and Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor-street.

5.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne and Sir H. Vivian. Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean in Richard III., at Drury Lane Theatre, with her presence.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean, in Richard the Third, at Drury-Lane Theatre with her presence. Her Majesty arrived at the theatre at seven o’clock.

6.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Hill and Melbourne.
The royal dinner party included Lords Melbourne and Faulkland, and Mr. and Lady Augustus Byng.

The band of the Coldstream Guards attended in the evening.

The Duke and Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the British Institution in Pall-mall.

7.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lord Melbourne and several of the foreign ministers. The royal dinner party included their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Count and Countess Pozzo de Borgo, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and Lords Melbourne and Glenelg.

8.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Melbourne and Albermarle. Her Majesty honoured the performance of "L'Elisir d'Amour" at the Lyceum with her presence. Her Majesty arrived at the theatre at nine o'clock, accompanied by her august mother, and attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Durham, the Hon. Miss Pitt, Mrs Cavendish, Lord Lilford, Col. Cavendish, and Col. Buckley. The state portrait of her Majesty for the City of London, which Mr. G. Hayter had been commanded to paint, was exhibited this day at Buckingham Palace in a finished state. The Duchess of Gloucester entertained the Duke and Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta, at a small dinner party at Gloucester House.

9.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The royal dinner party included the Lord Steward, Lord Melbourne, the Hon. H. and Mrs. Lambton, and the Hon. C. Murray. The band of the Grenadier Guards attended during the evening.


11.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the New Palace. The Rev. Dr. Short officiated, and the Dean of Chester preached the sermon. Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The Duke of Sussex visited her Majesty. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor-street, South Audley-street.

12.—Her Majesty attended by the Countess of Durham and Colonel Buckley, visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace.


13.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Lord Melbourne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The royal dinner party included the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Melbourne, Lord Leveson, Lord and Lady Lilford, and the Hon. H. Cowper. The band of the Scots Fusilier guards were in attendance.

16.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne. Her Majesty honoured Mr. W. C. Ross, miniature-painter to her Majesty, with a sitting. The royal dinner party included Lords Ebrington, Palmerston, Melbourne, Dalmeny, Byron; Lady and the Hon. Miss Dillon, and Lord C. Paget. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge honoured the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with their company at dinner at Stafford-house.

17.—The royal dinner party included Lords Melbourne and Glenelg. The band of the Life Guards attended in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George honoured the Olympic with their presence. The Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, visited the Duchess of Gloucester, at Gloucester-house.

18.—The royal dinner party included Lords Melbourne and Glenelg. The band of the Fusilier guards were in attendance.

Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the New Palace. The Bishop of Salisbury officiated. Lord Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty, Lord and Lady Torrington, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse, joined the royal dinner party. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Augusta, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel. The Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.


20.—Her Majesty gave audience to Lord Melbourne. The Marchioness of Tavistock attended, as the Lady in Waiting, on her Majesty, in the room of the Countess of Durham; and the Earl of Uxbridge and
Vice-Admiral Sir R. Orley succeeded Lord Liford and Colonel Armstrong as the Lord and Groom in Waiting. The Duke of Norfolk joined the royal dinner party.

21.—Her Majesty held a levee at two o'clock at St. James's Palace. Shortly before two o'clock her Majesty, attended by the Duchesse of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Marchioness of Tavistock, arrived from the New Palace.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to the Queen:

The Earl of Clare, by Viscount Morpeth.
Lord Teignmouth, by General Lord Hill.
Sir Henry Ellis, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.
Sir George Rose, by the Lord Chancellor.
Hon. John Charles Dundas, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.
Sir James Flower, Bart., as High-Sheriff of Norfolk, by Lord Albermarle.
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, by the Earl of Devon.
Sir Frederick Hamilton, Bart., by General Sir George Anson, G.C.B.
Hon. Richard Fitzgibbon, by Marquis Cornwallis.
Hon. St. George Foley, by Lord Foley.
Mr. Edward Foley, M.P., by Viscount Clive.
Mr. Edmund Jerminham, by the Earl of Surrey.
Mr. Skirrow, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Agar, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Henry L. Bulwer, Secretary of Embassy to the Sublime Porte, on repairing to his post.
Mr. Thomas Estcourt, by Mr. Estcourt.
Mr. Timney, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Goring, M.P., by the Earl of Surrey.
Mr. Sergeant Atcherley, Attorney-General of the County Palatine of Lancaster, by Viscount Clive.
Mr. Mayers, Agent for Barbadoes, by Lord Glyneg.
Rev. George R. Gray, by the Hon. General Lygon, M.P.
Mr. Disney, by Mr. H. Tufnell.
Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, K.H., Gentleman of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Chamber, by the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.
Mr. Frederick Elliot, Agent-General for Emigration, by Lord Glyneg.
Rev. William Webb Ellis, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle.
Rev. Joseph George Tolley, by the Rev. Dr. Dakins.
Mr. George Byng, M.P., by Lord Torrington.
Mr. R. B. Winkfield, by the Lord Chancellor.
Mr. C. Hampden Turner, by Sir William Curtis, Bart.
Mr. Henry Larkins Ewart, on his appointment to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, by the Right Hon. Lord Foley.
Mr. Acland, by the Earl of Devon.

Mr. G. W. Hope, to deliver the ensigns of the Bath, worn by his late father, General Sir Alexander Hope, by Lord Montagu.
Mr. Charles Purton Cooper, by the Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Trelove, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.
Lieutenant Cowley, 5th Dragoon Guards, by Sir Martin Archer Shree.
Colonel Hugh Baillie, by the Right Hon. Henry Corry.
Lieutenant-General Sharpe, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Vivian.
Vice-Admiral Sir John Beresford, by Sir W. Parker.
Lieutenant-Colonel Gillies, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Barton.
Captain Flower, 25th Native Infantry, on his return from Bengal, by Sir James Flower, Bart.
Captain Sir Andrew Green, on appointment as Extra Naval Alide-de-Camp to Her Majesty, by Lord Minto.
Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Bullen, C.B., K.C.H., by the Earl of Minto, G.C.B.
Major-General Sir Charles Thornton, by the Master-General.
Mr. O'Connell, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. John O'Connell, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Morgan O'Connell, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Mr. Fitzsimon, by Lord Morpeth.
Rev. John George Storie, by the Bishop of Eluy.
Dr. Latham, on his appointment as Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty, by Sir Henry Halford.
Dr. Arnott, on being appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, by Sir James Clark, Bart.
Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, by the Lord Chancellor.
Lieutenant-Colonel Salwey, M.P., by Sir J. Hobhouse.
Mr. B. Barnard, by Captain Alsager, M.P.
Mr. Alcock, High Sheriff of Surrey, by Lord Arden.
Venerable Archdeacon Robinson, by the Bishop of Hereford.
Viscount Southwell, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Earl of Brecknock, by the Bishop of Rochester.
Earl of Courtown, by Lord Montagu.
Lord George Loftus, Grenadier Guards, by Colonel D'Oyley.
Lord Redesdale, by Lord Montagu.
Lord Arthur Lennox, by the Duke of Argyll.
Lord Henry Russell, by Lord John Russell.
Lord Charles Russell, by Lord John Russell.
Lord William Bentinck, by Lord Hill.
Lord Kenyon, by Lord Hill.
Hon. Edward Bouverie, by the Earl of Radnor.
Sir George Strickland, by Lord Morpeth.
Sir George Grey, by Viscount Howick.
Sir Charles Lemon, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.
Mr. William Villiers Stuart, M.P., county of Waterford, by Lord Morpeth.
Hon. Mr. O'Callaghan, M.P., for Dungarvan, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Winston Barron, M.P., by Lord Palmerston.
Mr. Villiers Stuart, by Viscount Morpeth.
Sir William O'Malley, 7th Royal Fusiliers, High Sheriff of Mayo, by the Marquis of Sligo.
Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. Rice Trevor, by Lord Charles Fitzroy.
Dr. Moffitt, 12th Royal Lancers, by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Cumming, K.C.H.
Mr. M'Mahon, High Sheriff of the county of Clare, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Richard Spoor, Mayor of Sunderland, by Lord John Russell.
Sir William Somerville, by the Marquis Conyngham.
Mr. Henry Grattan, by Sir John Hobhouse.
Major Macnamara, by Lord Morpeth.
Sir Thomas Ussher, on his return from Bermuda, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.
Sir Henry Bedingfeld, by the Duke of Norfolk.
Sir George Clerk, by the Right Hon. Henry Corry.
Sir Rowland Hill, M.P., by Lord Hill.
Sir Robert Hagan, Commander R.N., by the Earl of Minto.
Sir Charles Abney Hastings, by Lord Charles Manners.
Mr. Bridgeman, M.P., by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Boswell Middleton Jalland, by the Right Hon. Lord Worsley.
Mr. Lyle, Deputy-Lieutenant for London-derry, by Lord Morpeth.
Mr. William Pinney, by the Earl of Ilchester.
Mr. Longden, Deputy-Lieutenant for Kent, by Sir Alexander Dickson, K.C.B.
Mr. Edward Ellice, by the Earl of Durham.
Mr. Philip Howard, by Viscount Morpeth.
Mr. Gordon, Secretary of the India Board, by Sir J. Hobhouse.
Mr. Travers, Surgeon-Extraordinary to Her Majesty, by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse.
Mr. De Horsey, by Colonel Cavendish.
Mr. John Greathed, by the Marquis of Cholmondeley.
Mr. Eyre, by Major-General Sir J. Cockburn, Bart.
Mr. Mitford, by Lord Redesdale.
Major-General Cleland, by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Donkin.
Mr. William Cotton, by Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart.
Mr. C. H. Oakes, by Sir W. Young, Bart.
Mr. Logan Hook, Collector of Customs, on his return from Sierra-Leone, by Major H. D. Campbell, late Lieutenant-Governor.
Rev. J. Endell Tyler, by the Dean of Chester.
Mr. G. G. Campbell, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.

21.—VOL. XII.—MARCH.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Robinson, Bart., by Lord Fitzgerald and Vessi.

Town-Major White, of Portsmouth, by Major H. D. Campbell.

Captain Alsager, M.P., by the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P.

Captain Sullivan, by Sir C. Sullivan, Bart.

Captain Franklyn, by General Sir F. G. Macleod, Bart.

Captain Thurloe, by the Vice-Chamberlain.

Captain Robert Manners, on promotion, by the Adjutant General.

Major Allen, by Captain Pechell, R.N.

Captain G. Berkeley, by the Earl of Euston.

Captain Theobald Jones, R.N., by Admiral Sir W. Parke.

Lieutenant-R. P. Dawson, on his appointment to the Grenadier Guards, by the Right Hon. G. R. Dawson.

Major Barneby, M.P., by Colonel Viscount Eastnor.

Ensign Henry J. Coote, 22d Foot, by General Sir Benjamin Stephenson.

Captain Hawkes, M.P., by the Earl of Lichfield.

Captain Keating, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. S. Keating, K.C.B.

Lieutenant Brickenden, by the Hon. Cecil Forster.

Lieutenant-Colonel Smythe, by Sir J. R. Carnac, Bart.

Colonel Baker, Royal Wilts Yeomanry, on his being appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.


Lieutenant G. B. Dawson, Rifle Brigade, by his father, the Right Hon. George R. Dawson.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clive, by the Duke of Wellington.

Captain J. D. King and Cornet J. R. Warner, by General Sir S. Hawker.


Lieutenant Hutchinson, on return from the West Indies, by his father, Lieutenant-General Sir W. Hutchinson, K.C.H.

Lieutenant-General Sir J. Cockburn, Bart., by Admiral Sir G. Cockburn.


Captain M. Johnstone and Ensign F. Johnstone, by Admiral Sir F. Malcolm.

Second Lieutenant Kirby, R.M., on his appointment, by his father, Commander Kirby, K.H.

Cornet Miller, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Cumming.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shiel, Secretary of Legation at the Court of Persia, on his return: Major Burney, K.H., on his return to the Cape; and Captain Burney, R.N., by Lord Palmerston.

Major General Frazer and Captain J. H. Frazer, by Lord Glengyle.

Cornet Bernard, by Lieutenant-Colonel Stawell.

Major-Generals Phillott and Pynn; Colonels Pym and Reid; Majors Whitty and Vivian; Captains Somerville, Lethbridge, Stow, Otway, Bridges, and Hyde; Lieutenants H. E. Wilmot, Dixon, E. Price, Nedham, and Stagg, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Admirals, Sir H. Neale, Bart., and Fleming; Vice-Admiral Sir W. Gage, on return from service; Sir Thomas Harvey, K.C.B.; Captains Sir T. Mansell, Garth, Mason, on return from service, and being appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, J. N. Campbell, Muntz, P. J. Douglas, G. Falcon, and Marshall; Commanders Harvey and W. A. Willoughby; Lieutenants N. F. Edwards and H. Dunlop, on return from abroad, by Lord Minto.

Lieutenant Westmackott, by Major-General Sir F. Mulcaster.

Rear-Admiral Skipsey, by Vice-Admiral Sir R. Otway.

Rear-Admiral Bouvier, by the Earl of Radnor.

Colonels Briggs, Wyatt, on his return from India, and Vaper, on return from India; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir C. Hopkinson; Captains T. J. M. Johnstone and E. Willoughby; Lieutenants J. Grissell, R. Smith, and Chalmers, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse.

General Sir R. Ferguson; Lieutenant-Generals Sir J. Bathurst, Sir S. Hawker, O'Loghlin, and Need; Major-Generals Sir F. Trench and C. Nicol, on promotion; Colonels Wood, K.H., Forster, Proctor, Sir C. Dance, Arnold, on reappointment as Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Llewellyn, and Bourchier; Lieutenants Colonels Chichester, W. G. Moore, Campbell, K. Clark, and Sir J. S. Lillie, by Lord Hill.

Captain Ellice; Commanders Smyth, on return from the Polar voyage, on promotion, and Robertson, and Lieutenant R. D. Pritchard, on his appointment, by Sir C. Adam.

Lieutenant-Colonels Berinctuck, Wedderburn, and Armytage; Captains F. Paget, and Lord F. Paulet; and Lieutenant G. J. Johnson, by Colonel Fremantle.

At the last levee, Mr. Henry Cohen was presented to the Queen, on his appointment as Miniature Painter to Her Majesty, by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Vernon Harcourt.

After the levee Her Majesty held a private investiture of the Most Hon. Military Order of the Bath.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was invested in the Royal Closet with the ensigns of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Keating, Major-General Sir William Johnston, and Lieutenant-General Evans (Spanish service), were severally invested with the ensigns of Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath. The Knights Commanders were respectively introduced by Sir William Woods (Clarenceux King of Arms), Officer of Arms of the Order Mr. Martins, Gentleman Usher of the Sword of State, attended the ceremony with the Sword of State.
Her Majesty gave audiences to the Field-officer and the Captain of the Guard, Viscount Melbourne, Marquis Conyngham, Earl of Albermarle, Viscount Palmerston, and Lord Hill.

The Earl of Uxbridge and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway were the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

Her Majesty and suite returned to the New Palace after the levee. The royal dinner party in the evening included the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, and Lady E. Howard, Viscount Morpeth, Viscount Melbourne, Lord and Lady John Russell, and Lord Hill.

Switzerland, Canton of Lucerne. — Foreigners entering this country must be furnished with a regular passport. Persons remaining more than three months in the canton must obtain a permit. A foreign citizen exercising a profession, or who has lived four years in the canton, is obliged to demand of the Lower Council an authorization to settle in it. Foreigners must be provided with certificates of birth and good conduct; prove that they have the means of existence; furnish bail to the amount of 800 frs. when bachelors, and 1,600 frs. if married. Foreigners can purchase land and house property. Political refugees must give an exposé why they fled their country, and, when admitted, cannot (if well conducted, and until convicted by a tribunal of participation in acts calculated to disturb neighbouring states) be expelled. — [Order of the Grand Council of Lucerne. Helvetic, Jan. 30, 1838.]

The Monks of Füzfers, having demanded the dissolution of their convent, the Pope's nuncio in Switzerland refused on the 10th of January to receive and transmit their petition to Rome.

The Lakes of Bienna and Morat, Switzerland, have been entirely covered over with ice, and the eastern part of the lake of Neuchâtel, between the town and the bridge of Thiele, was frozen over.


Measuring Distances in Holland. — In the villages of Holland, among the peasants, the distance is computed by the smoking of their pipes; and they tell you that from village to village is about a pipe and a half, two pipes, half a pipe, &c. &c.

BIRTHS.

On the 3rd ult., at Nooton, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Hon. Dean of Windsor, of a son.

On the 2nd, at Scarlets, Berks, the lady of the Rev. J. E. Austin Leigh, of a daughter.

On the 7th, the Countess Albizzi, of a son.

On the 8th, the lady of W. H. Ludlow Bruges, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

On the 7th, at the vicarage, Ware, the lady of the Rev. H. Coddington, of a daughter.

On the 7th, at Milton Abbot, Devonshire, the lady of the Rev. St. Vincent and Hammick, of a son.

On the 9th, at his house in Hertford-street, Mayfair, the lady of Robert Robertson, Esq., of a son.

On the 11th, at his house in Cumberland-street, the lady of Langham Christie, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 11th, at his house in London, the lady of Dr. Holland, of a daughter.

On the 11th, at Blackheath Park, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Penn, of a son.

On the 14th, at Bisham-cottage, Marlow, Lady Henchir, of a son.

On the 15th, in Duchess-street, Portland-place, the lady of J. Marston, Esq., of a son, and heir.

On the 15th, at 32, Devonshire street, Portland-place, the lady of A. B. Chisholm, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 16th, at Montague-square, the lady of J. Roach Boyell, Esq., of a son.

On the 17th, at Woodstock, the lady of Robert Dashwood, Esq., royal engineers, of a daughter.

On the 18th, at Trebium Lodge, Brecknockshire, the lady Ely Osborn, of a daughter.

On the 21st ult., the Right Hon. the Countess of Burlington, of a son.

On the 31st, at Richmond, the lady of J. Bryan, twins, a boy and a girl.

On the 14th, at West-end House, the lady Elizabeth Orde, of a daughter.

On the 10th, in Belgrave-square, the lady of John Drummond, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 14th, at Firgrove, Farharn, Surrey, at the house of Sir G. H. Barlow, Bart, G. C. B., the lady of R. W. Barlow, Esq., of a daughter.
MARRIAGES.

On the 9th, at All Souls Church, Marylebone, the Rev. W. B. Bonaker, A.M., of Prussia House, Evesham, and Vicar of Church, Honeyborne, Worcestershire, to Louisa, widow of the late J. P. Geary, Esq., of Nottinghampplace, and Milford Hall, Salisbury.

On the 6th, at Ore, near Hastings, the Rev. W. E. Lord, rector of Northiam, Sussex, to Elizabeth P., widow of the late Charles Fye, of Edinburgh, M. D.

On the 8th, at Paris, the Viscount Du Pin Delaguerive, chevalier of the order of Malta, nephew of the Duke of Reggio, to Emmeline, eldest daughter of C. P. Cooper, Esq., one of her Majesty's Counsel. The principal members of the families of Oudinot, de Coura, de Beaufort, and de France, were present at the ceremony.

On the 10th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Cochrane, Esq., son of the late Hon. Basil Cochrane, of Portman-square, to Mrs. Stawell Chudleigh, of Devonshire-place, widow of the late Rev. Stawell Chudleigh.

On the 13th, at St. Marylebone Church, the Rev. Dr. Dicken, rector of Norton, Suffolk, to Caroline Mary, daughter of the late G. Huddleston, Esq., of Greenford, Middlesex.

On the 13th, at All Saints Church, Southampton, the Rev. R. Maynard to Charlotte, only surviving daughter of the late E. Middleton, M. D.

On the 21st, Thomas W. Whigham, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Tillyer, Esq.

On the 21st, at St. Alphage, Greenwich, John Taylor, eldest son of the late J. Bracy, Esq., of North Yarmouth to Elizabeth Holden, second daughter of Lieut. de Montmorency.

On the 22d ult., by special licence, at Muncham Park, Oxon, the seat of his Grace the Archbishop of York, Capt. Octavius Vernon Harcourt, son of his Grace, to Mrs. Danby, of Swinton Park, Yorkshire. The ceremony was performed by his Grace. Among the company present were Mr. and Lady E. Harcourt, Lord and Lady Norreys, Mr. and Lady F. Harcourt, Col. and Lady C. Harcourt, Mrs. Holwell Holwell, (sister of the bride) &c. &c. After partaking of an elegant dejeuner, the happy pair left for St. Leonards Hill, Windsor, the seat of Mr. Harcourt, Esq.


On the 7th Dec., on board the Palmrya, on his passage to England, John Jackson Ferring, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Queen's Advocate at Ceylon.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd ult., at the Rectory, Tarrant Hinton, Blandford, Dorset, the Rev. R. Corry, M. A., formerly fellow of Dulwich College, and for 30 years morning preacher at St. George's, Bloomsbury.

On the 3rd ult., in Dublin, in the 21st year of his age, Lord Richard Wedesforde Butler, fourth son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde.

On the 5th ult., Thomas Creevey, Esq., one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital.

On the 6th ult., at Kensington, Eliza, the beloved wife of the Rev. Charles Driscoll, Lecturer of Stratford, Bow.

On the 8th ult., at Clapton, Col. Morris, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Bengal Establishment, aged 88.

On the 9th ult., at 26, Connaught-square, after a few days' illness, the Hon. Mrs. Stopford.

On the 16th ult., at the Deanery, Bangor, the very Rev. John Warren, M. A., Dean of Bangor, and Prebendary of Lichfield, aged 71.


On the 15th ult., at Acton Lodge, Middlesex, aged 58, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Montgomery, of Blessington, County of Tyrone, Ireland.

On the 18th ult., at Gloster Place, Marylebone, the Rev. B. Lawrence, Rector of Darley Dale, Derbyshire.

On the 17th ult., at Farnborough Park, near Bagshot, Mary, wife of George Morrant, Esq., and daughter of the late E. Shirley, Esq., of Ealing Park, Warwickshire.

After a severe and protracted illness, aged 59, the Rev. W. Bayly, D.D., Vicar of Hartpury, Gloucestershire, and for 22 years headmaster of the Grammar School, Midhurst.

On the 18th ult., at her residence, Shernford Park, Sussex, after a long and painful illness, Esther, relict of Lieut.-Col. By, of the Royal Engineers, grand daughter of the late J. R. Barker, Esq., of Fairfield Park, Gloucestershire.

On the 22nd ult., in South Audley-street, Mary Dorothea, wife of Edward Knight, Esq., jun., of Chawton house, Hants.

On the 18th ult., at Rochester, Kent, Lieut.-Col. W. Hinde, late of her Majesty's 65th regiment.


On the 22nd ult., at Spring Grove, Richmond, aged 87, Lady Price, widow of the late Sir Charles Price, Bart.

On the 2nd ult., in Portman-square, Mrs. Deacon, in her 86th year.

On the 5th of December, of yellow fever, on the passage between Sierra Leone and Barbadoes, the Hon. G. R. A. Clements, fourth son of the Earl of Leitrim, and Lieutenant in command of H.M.S. Brig, Haryp, aged 26.

On the 6th ult., at Leamington, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Aburthnot, Bart.

On the 20th ult., in Gordon Place, after a short illness, Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late William Stringer, Esq., formerly of Ashford, Kent.

On the 19th ult., at Dalkeith Palace, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Carteret.
MARITIME TREACHERY: A NAUTICAL TALE.

BY M. CAREY.

It was a hazy night when the brig Rapid was running before the wind. Captain Beaver was a cautious sailor, and as the weather was somewhat squally, he had struck his royals and reefed his staysail, not caring to make much way during the night, for fear of being run foul of, or running foul of some other vessel. This extreme caution did not exactly suit the tempers of some of the youngsters on board. Running six knots an hour was slow work for them; had they been in charge of the vessel, they would have brought her close to the wind, and made as much way as wind and canvas would have allowed. There was accordingly a knot of these giddy fellows descanting on what they termed the folly of the captain, in sauntering along at a snail’s gallop. By some means or other the captain caught a word or two, which gave him a notion of the subject of their conversation; and as he was determined to put a stop to any attempt at calling his judgment in question, he cried out to an officer, “Mr. Stephens, be so good as to desire those gentlemen to come aft, as I wish to speak with them.” The word was passed, and in a few minutes the parties were alongside of the captain.

They looked at each other in confusion, suspecting that the captain was displeased with them, as he looked at each with a reproachful air: dead silence ensued, for none attempted even to inquire why they were summoned.

Captain Beaver stuck his hands in his pockets, and paced up and down; then he made a dead stop; then again he walked; but suddenly paused, and looked full in the face of George Danvers.

“So, sir,” said the captain, “it appears you are not altogether satisfied with my method of working the ship! Perhaps you will have the goodness to favour me with your advice at this critical juncture?”

“Sir,” replied George, “I only thought——”

“Well, sir, go on,” rejoined the captain. “You only thought.—Pray what did you think?—Oh, silent.—

2 E.—VOL. XII. APRIL.
Maritime Treachery.

farer of some foreign nation, and his unshaven beard gave him the appearance of a man somewhat stricken in years. No sooner had he reached the deck, than the pinnacle, which had held on by a boat-hook, suddenly broke away, and was out of sight in a moment.

"The pinnacle is gone, your honour!" exclaimed the boatswain.

"Gone!" echoed the captain, "and left this man behind! What's to be done with him?"

"There is no alternative," added the stranger, "I must remain on board."

"So it seems," said Captain Beaver. "But who, and what are you? There seems a good deal of mystery about you, and you look—"

"How do I look?" said the stranger, quickly.

"Why, truly," said Captain Beaver, "you look as if you had been stolen from a gibbet, and that's the candid truth."

"I have been unfortunate," said the stranger, "and have only just escaped from captivity, where I have been kept in a state of slavery, and compelled to work in disgraceful fetters; look where the galling iron has left its work;" as he said this, he bared his wrist and showed it to the captain. "Those friends that bore me hither in the pinnacle, were men possessed of noble hearts, they pitied my sad fate, and aided my escape. Oh, sir, when you shall be assured of the miseries I have suffered, you too will feel for me."

"Well, well,—go forward," said Captain Beaver; "get food and rest, and in the morning I will hear your tale, I am too busy now." The stranger bowed, and went forward; the watch was changed, and day began to break; the mist gradually cleared, and gave promise of a fine morning. Land was now visible, like a dark vapour on the sea. The captain consulted his chart, and finding he had plenty of sea-room, and a steady breeze, ordered the royals to be bent, and the reefs shook out; a few hours' sail brought them into soundings, and shortly after they came to anchor at Malta.

The stranger, who had turned into one of the sailor's hammocks, slept soundly for some hours. The bustle and movement on deck, first aroused him, and having been informed that Captain Beaver desired to see him, he was not long before he attended him.

"Young man," said Beaver, "you and I must become better acquainted. I am not going to spin any round-about rigmarole long yarns, but come right up the wind at once. You are on board of one of his Britannic Majesty's ships, and as my officers and crew are all picked men, I must have no foul-weather swabs aboard, therefore, as captain of this ship, I must overhaul your log-book, and if you don't answer signals, why I must pop you ashore the first opportunity." A pause ensued. The stranger at length collected himself, and related as follows:

"Like yourself, I was once the captain of a ship—I will not mention her name, nor will I name my persecutors, who have ruined my fair fame, and who fondly imagined I should have died in the place from which I have just escaped, it is now seven years since I was in the navy, and although I am not yet forty, the sufferings, both mental and bodily, which I have endured, have brought on premature old age."

"Why, that's true enough," interrupted Beaver, "I should have taken you to be near sixty,—but go on."

"I went out in the expedition against the French commanded by Admiral Byng. Every body knows the disastrous issue of that undertaking. Many a brave man suffered a share of odium undeservedly. Chagrined with the ill success which had attended us, I entered on board another ship some time after, and met with better fortune. We engaged and captured a French ship, infinitely our superior in every respect. We returned to England in triumph, bringing our rich prize with us; I had the good fortune to attract the captain's notice, by being one of the first to board the enemy and having felled a Frenchman to the ground with a handspike, at the moment he had placed a pistol to the back of our captain's head, and thus saved his life. I had also nailed our colours to the staff after they had been shot away. He felt the obligation, and thinking such courage in a youth not twenty years old deserving of encouragement, sent me to London with the despatches. I executed my commission faithfully, and returned to our ship laden with honours. Many promotions took place, and I, amongst others, was placed on the list of lieutenants. But a wayward fate seemed to clinging to me; some of the officers were extremely envious of this mark of favour and deter-
mined to work my ruin. Indeed, I may date my misfortunes from this time. Some of them, from want of other causes, taunted me with having been concerned in the late unfortunate affair at Minorca; and a youngster, who had, like myself, been promoted, had the audacity to say in my hearing, that the honour of his promotion was tarnished by being placed on the same list with a coward. His eye at that moment glanced towards me; I could not be mistaken as to whom he had directed his insult; he had wounded me in the tenderest part that a brave man was vulnerable, my honour was at stake, my blood was fired. I quickly advanced towards him, and demanded if he intended the epithet of coward for me. With the utmost indifference he replied, I might place whatever construction I pleased on his expression, as he should not condescend to give any explanation to one who had disgraced the British flag. Unable to bear his insolence any longer, I struck my defamer to the ground. In a moment all was confusion on board; he rushed aft to the captain, the blood streaming from his cheek, and pointed me out as the aggressor. Unfortunately I had no witnesses in my favour, the incentive to this act of violence was only known to a few, and those were my bitter enemies, and they aggravated all the circumstances against me. That I had been guilty of a breach of discipline was most true, and it unfortunately happened that my slanderer was the captain’s nephew. Enraged at my intemperate conduct, and ignorant of the provocation I had received, the captain ordered me under arrest, that I might be brought to a court-martial as soon as we reached the next station. We were then on the Mediterranean, not above twelve hours’ sail from Sardinia. I was below, lonesome, forsaken, and spirit-broken, when I distinctly heard the voice of the man on the look out, exclaim, ‘Strange sail ahead!’ The hum of voices, and the noise and bustle above, roused me; I would have rushed on deck, but being placed under arrest, I dared not without orders. It was agonizing—I could hear the orders given to clear for action, yet was I debarred from joining in the glorious struggle. The first gun was fired—it was like a dagger through my heart—I was paralyzed—my senses wandered—I raved—I foam at the mouth like a madman. The action now became general. Suddenly a pause ensued—I listened—I could only catch amongst the confused murmur of voices, a few broken sentences, ‘Our captain,—Is he dead?—No, wounded—Mortally! We must strike.’ ‘Strike!’ echoed I. ‘Britons,’ I ejaculated, ‘strike to an enemy! Not while I live to prevent it.’ I rushed on the deck, where to my horror and dismay I beheld two cowardly lubbers in the act of lowering the colours: I seized a pistol from the belt of a dying officer, and rushing to the flag-staff, swore that I would blow out the brains of the first man who dared to strike. The cowards appeared awestruck, I drew back, ‘Britons, be firm!’ I exclaimed, ‘belong your enemy; she is not more than double our force, and what is that, compared to British bravery? Double shot your guns, my friends, and give her a hearty welcome. Well done, well done! now lay her alongside, and grapple her, we can but die once, let us then die gloriously!’ My words acted like magic on the crew, who, without recollecting my rank or station on board, fulfilled my directions with alacrity.

‘Who is that man?’ faintly inquired our dying captain, ‘convey him to me. I advanced towards him, the blood was streaming from his wound, his eyes were closed, ‘My brave friend,’ said he, ‘whenever you are, I thank you. But my sight is gone, and I am denied the satisfaction of beholding the form of the brave man who stands before me. Speak thou! who are you?’ I declared my name. He started in surprise, ‘Ah! Moreland, the prisoner!’ he exclaimed. ‘But no matter, this act at once obliterates your former fault. My first and second lieutenants are both dead. You are the bravest officer in the ship; now mark me, all of you,’ and he raised his voice as he continued, ‘I delegate the command of this ship to this young officer, see, therefore, that you obey him. Go to your duty, my brave fellow, persevere in the noble course you have begun, and success is certain.’ At this moment we came alongside of the enemy, and prepared to board; meanwhile our captain was removed below. After much exertion we boarded them on the larboard bow, and fought our way along the larboard gangway to the quarter-deck, and after a dreadful slaughter, the enemy surrendered, and victory was ours.”
to inform the captain of our success; he was just able to articulate 'Thanks, thanks, I die happy; continue in command of the vessel, farewell.—I can no more.' He sunk on the couch, and life was extinct. I lost no time in making everything secure, and having placed a sufficient number of the crew on board the prize, sailed away in triumph. I had determined to follow up our successes, for I soon learned that a brig which had sailed in company with the Spaniard, had borne away soon after the action commenced, and had taken shelter on the coast of Barbary. From this and other circumstances, I suspected that our enemies were in some degree connected with the pirates on that coast, and my suspicions were increased by discovering that the log and ship's papers of our prize had been all thrown overboard before she surrendered. Therefore, I steered towards Tripoli, and called a council on board our ship, when I developed the whole of my plan to the officers. They, however, received everything with coldness and indifference, and I soon perceived that a spirit of insubordination existed, which, unless vigorously checked, would lead to a complete mutiny. I therefore broke up the meeting, giving them to understand, that as the command of the ship had devolved on me, until a successor was appointed, I was determined to be obeyed. This resolute conduct in some degree had the effect of suppressing the rising jealousy of my brother officers, as far as appearances went; but I felt assured that if opportunity offered, they would destroy my authority. We were then in sight of Tripoli, and within a mile of the shore, I could plainly discover the object of our search riding at anchor. We bore away, determined to wait till dusk before we commenced the attack. The boats were prepared, which were to cut out the Spaniard; our vessel was placed athwart the stern of the brig, so that she could rake the deck, and thus divide their attention, while we boarded in the smoke. An hour before the attack began, the officers who had hitherto treated me with such marked disrespect, came forward in a body, and told me that they felt sorry they had so rashly opposed the plans which I had adopted, but that they had then made up their minds to give me their support without further argument, under a hope that a second triumph would ensure them all speedy promotion.

"Flushed with the hopes of victory, I saw not the snare which those dastards were laying for me: little did I imagine the treachery that was about to be exercised towards me. The boats were all ready, and I jumped into the gig which was manned by picked men, the other boats followed in silence, as had been previously arranged. The enemy observed not our approach till we were alongside, when, with a hearty cheer, we all started up and began the attack; I clambered up, and boarded on the starboard gangway; my cutlass was drawn, and I turned round to urge my men to the attack, but judge of my surprise, my indignation, when, instead of being followed by the crew, I found the boat had pushed off, and left me on board at the mercy of a barbarous enemy. Yes, my aching sight beheld, by the blue light of the rising moon, the boats returning to the ship, her sails spread to the wind, and ere two hours had passed, she was completely out of sight. My heart bled as I surrendered my sword to the commander of the brig, and barbarian as he was, he could not refrain from evincing his contempt for the dastards who had betrayed me. I was conveyed on shore a prisoner, but my hard fate had made a strong impression on the daughter of the commandant of the fortress. Through her means the horrors of my captivity were softened, and I felt grateful for her kindness. She was in the habit of taking excursions in the bay, and on these occasions the governor's pinnace was always manned for her; I was often amongst the crew, and to this circumstance I may attribute my liberty. I had been a prisoner seven years, and my hopes of ever seeing my native country, and obtaining justice on my treacherous companions, had nearly fled. One day, however, we were ordered to have the eight-oared galley ready for the governor's daughter. It was a beautiful serene morning, and the water in the bay was as placid and unruffled as if it were glass. The lady sat in front of me, and as I pulled the oar, her dark full eye seemed fixed upon me so steadfastly, that I could hardly withstand her scrutiny; I could not account for the strange feeling that crept o'er my senses, I almost forgot my duty, and twice made a false stroke with my oar. She kindly
attributed it to illness, and seemed to feel an interest in my fate. We reached the plantation a few miles up the lake, where we were to land, and at this place there was to be a little merry-making in consequence of its being the anniversary of the birth of the young lady. All seemed happy, every face wore a smile but mine; I could not bear their mirth, and I retired from the scene of merriment to indulge in solitude. The governor’s daughter had noticed my departure, and followed me with a determination to learn the secret of my sorrows. Judge then of my surprise when her voice struck upon my ear, as I thoughtfully reclined on the mossy bank, ‘Briton, cheer up,’ said she, in a kind tone of voice; ‘this is a day of festivity, and I would see you happy, like the rest of us.’ ‘Ah! my kind mistress,’ said I, ‘he that is for ever estranged from his native country, must ever feel a pang when he casts his eye on the rolling sea that divides him from it. Remember, too, the treachery which left me here a prisoner; those very wretches who betrayed me will probably obtain the bright rewards which should have been mine, and will, no doubt, denounce me as a deserter from my country’s flag; say, then, my kind mistress, how can I be happy while these reflections are ever uppermost in my thoughts?’

‘She, pausing a while, then looked steadfastly in my face said, ‘you desire to return to your native country!’ ‘That is most true,’ I replied. ‘And would that make you happy?’ she continued. ‘Happiness, I fear, is beyond my reach,’ I answered, ‘but my heart would be at rest, for I should then have an opportunity of rescuing my character from disgrace, and confounding the traitorous villains who betrayed me.

‘‘Enough!’ said she, ‘you shall have your wish: return to the festival, assume an appearance of gaiety, even if you feel it not; leave all to me, and you shall have your wish.’ With these words she quitted me. Surprise and sudden joy rivetted me to the spot. I was bewildered, and hardly capable of returning thanks. The occurrence seemed to be a dream; to have freedom so suddenly placed within my reach after seven years’ captivity, I could hardly believe it. And yet the angel form that bid me hope smiled upon me as she spoke, and the benign goodness of her heart shone through her eyes as she gave the last look at parting. I returned to the gay throng, and as it was a festival day, I soon observed that the slaves and captives were treated as well as the best. But the star which shone above them all was, the governor’s daughter, the fair Zorayda—my preserver, my benefactress—oh! how I loved her at that moment, she seemed to me as if she were an angel sent from heaven to cheer my drooping spirits. I became more cheerful, and looked with pleasure on the merry dancers as they tripped along—the shades of evening, however, gave notice to close the sports; the boats were ordered to be ready, and we all prepared to return: how different were my feelings when I resumed my place in the boat—Zorayda, my guardian angel, was placed in front of me again. The sight of her cheered me, and as I pulled the oar, I whispered a prayer to Heaven for her happiness. We soon reached the Fortress, and as Zorayda stepped on shore she bent her eyes on me; I had raised my arm to assist her out of the boat, and as she passed me, in heavenly accents she whispered, ‘you shall have your wish.’ Our company having safely got on shore, we had nothing further to do than to put up the boat for the night. At this time a confidential officer and a black man, whom I had often observed in attendance on Zorayda, remained at the boat contrary to custom. The officer told the boatmen they need not wait, as Zorayda had obtained a holiday for them, and they were to spend a merry night in the Fortress. At this intelligence they set up a shout of joy, and went on shore. I was about to follow, when the black man took my hand, and drawing me close to him whispered, ‘remain.’ He watched the others till out of sight, and then placed a paper in my hand. I had some difficulty in tracing the lines, for the night was fast drawing on; but I could distinguish the words, ‘these are your friends, they will lead you to liberty.’

‘I dropped on my knees in thankfulness to Heaven, while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes. The officer and the black pointed to the pinnacle. I understood them, I leaped on board, and they followed me. We spread the little sail to the wind and plied the long oars, and were soon out at sea. ‘The night, as you well know, was bright for several hours, but soon a hazy
atmosphere clouded all around, and left us shrouded in complete darkness. It was at this juncture that I heard a confused murmur of voices on board your ship, which served to guide us, and enabled me once more to get on board one of my country's ships. "This, sir, is my history, and I leave you to judge whether or not I deserve your assistance."

"You deserve it, and shall have it," exclaimed Captain Beaver. "As sure as I live, you are the British officer that was reported to have gone over to the enemy, and had likewise attempted to betray his ship and crew to them: the bitterest curses were vented on you by men of every rank, and your name was erased from the list, as being no longer an officer fit to be trusted in the British fleet. But cheer up, my brave fellow, we shall see England again ere long, and then you shall face the swabs who have run you down, and obtain justice. Cheer up, I say, you shall have the best the ship can afford; for I hold it to be an Englishman's first duty to aid and protect the true defenders of our beloved country."

This speech was accompanied by a hearty shake of the hand from honest John Beaver, who safely stowed his new acquaintance in the cabin.

No sooner had the recreant crew betrayed the brave Moreland to the enemy, than they weighed anchor and steered for England.

The ringleader in this treacherous affair was one George Burnside, who from his petulant and overbearing disposition they nick-named "Firebrand." After a stormy discussion he was elected captain, and at his suggestion the ship was put on her course for England. He likewise advised that they should either report their victim Moreland as having died of his wounds, or as having deserted to the enemy: by which they would thus obtain all the prize-money for themselves. The party opposed to him wanted to run the vessel into an enemy's port, and make a safe bargain as they called it. This plan was however over-ruled, and Burnside's adopted. They reached Falmouth in safety with their prize, and each of the officers was rewarded and promoted for what was supposed to be the result of great courage and excellent discipline. There were, however, some amongst the crew who did not feel easy under the circumstances, and one John Bolding who had seen much service, exclaimed loudly against the villany that had been practised. Burnside looked on him with great suspicion, for he had repeatedly and openly said it was a dastardly affair: indeed on one occasion, when Burnside spoke in an angry tone and told him to go below, or he would put him in irons, he said that it would be the worst for him if he did, for he had a tongue in his head, and perhaps when he got to England he might say more than he would like to hear. Burnside was so enraged, that he drew his pistol and swore he would shoot him unless he obeyed; but John Bolding looked fearlessly at him as he exclaimed, "Fire away then if you will; you will cut a good figure at the yard-arm for it! If murder is committed," continued he, "there are plenty of witnesses to fix it on the perpetrator." Burnside knew he was right, for a slight glance around, fully convinced him, that the crew were ready to interfere in Bolding's behalf. Bolding was however persuaded to quit the deck, and there the matter rested.

When the vessel had reached England, and the prize-money been awarded, one of the men asked him why he did not go and get his share; to which Bolding angrily replied, "I can't bring my mind to take it, for I am confident I shall never enjoy it, knowing as I do that he who most deserves it has been treacherously left in the hands of the enemy as a slave. I'll tell you what it is Will Tranter, we are all a set of scoundrels together; we have stood by as idle spectators, while our popinjay officers sent adrift the bravest fellow that belonged to our ship: what good then is the prize-money and the wages; I won't touch a farthing of it, unless our brave Lieutenant Moreland has his share of it." "I feel that you are right," said Will Tranter, "perfectly right, and I sorely repent having delayed giving information of the circumstances to the big-wigs on shore." "It is not too late," said Bolding, "and I have made up my mind. We are now safe in Portsmouth Harbour—our new captain will be on board to-morrow; to him I will unfold the whole of this foul-weather course which has been pursued, and give these puppies in laced jackets a bit of a keel-hauling."

This matter being settled, they retired to their berths, determined to put the'r
plan in execution on the following morning. But their plan had been overheard by some of Burnside’s agents, and he contrived to see the new captain before he came on board, to whom he represented the two men Bolding and Tranter as disorderly and inefficient seamen; and his assertion being supported by others of his accomplices, the captain believed them, and they were authorised to discharge the men. They did so, and contrived to get them drafted on board a vessel bound to the Cape of Good Hope, and thus got rid of the witnesses of their villainy.

Years passed on, and nothing was heard of Moreland. Burnside and his companions were separated, having been appointed to different stations, and nothing remarkable occurred until during a cruise in the Atlantic. The ship in which Burnside sailed caught sight of a French privateer. They gave chase, and shortly came up with her; they engaged her, and after a sharp action succeeded in capturing her. Her captain was mortally wounded, and the English commander went on board his ship, attended by Burnside and others of the crew, in order to receive his sword. But what was Burnside’s surprise and dismay, when in the person of the French commandant, he beheld his chief accomplice and companion Darlington. It was this same Darlington who freely seconded the proposition to betray poor Moreland to the barbarians. He cast his hollow eye towards Burnside, and his countenance became horribly distorted as he recognised his companion in iniquity, “Ha!” he exclaimed, as he covered his eyes with his hands; “take him away, let him not haunt my aching sight. I am a traitor to my country, I confess. Yes, I am a deserter from my ship, and I deserve death by the hands of the executioner; but how great the agony that fills my heart, when the sight of that villain reminds me of the treachery we exercised towards the brave Moreland. Yes, we betray edhim, I, and that vile traitor there; but the hour of judgment has arrived, death grapples with me, and drags me hence to atone for that vile deed—Mercy! Mercy! ’ He convulsively grasped the sail cloth on which he was laid; his eyes became fixed, his jaw fell, and in another moment life had fled.

Burnside stood pale and motionless, his hardened heart had received such a shock, that he was taken quite aback; he dared hardly raise his eyes. He was well aware that it was at his suggestion that Darlington had gone over to the enemy; and now his dying words had spoke in evidence against him. Fearfully he raised his head, his eyes met those of his captain. He looked sternly at him, as he addressed him, “Mr. Burnside, what am I to think, it is now above seven years since Mr. Moreland has been heard of, and it was supposed he had gone over to the enemy; but there exists a doubt, which—” “Surely, sir, you do not give credence to the ravings of a madman?” interrupted Burnside.

“The dying man’s declaration,” said the captain, “is such that we are bound to believe it; but at all events, I am neither your accuser nor your judge. Circumstances require that I should have this matter inquired into, and I must therefore place you under arrest, until our return to England.” Burnside was accordingly conveyed a prisoner. Shortly after the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth, a signal was made from Spithead of the arrival of the brig Rapid from the Mediterranean. The vessel which contained John Bolding and Will Tranter had only returned a few days previously, and was then safely moored in Portsmouth harbour. Burnside was examined before the proper authorities, but the evidence was deemed too vague to affect him, and he was about to be discharged from custody, when information was brought to the president of the court that two witnesses were at hand. Burnside’s countenance changed, he looked anxiously towards the door, but when he saw Bolding and Tranter enter, his fortitude forsak him. Their evidence was conclusive at first; Burnside rallied, and forcibly appealed to the court whether the evidence of two men who had acknowledged a guilty participation in the treachery exercised towards Moreland ought to be relied on. The effrontery with which Burnside supported his argument was such, that the court seemed undecided. Captain Beaver, however, got intelligence of what was passing, and hastening on board, gave a paper to the president, wherein he requested that the persons named therein might be immediately arrested. On the perusal of the paper a murmur of surprise ran through
the court. Captain Beaver having been in-
formed of the avowal made by Bolding
and Tranter, said it was quite correct.
Burnside hastily turned towards him, and
angrily exclaimed, "How know you
that? What proof have you?" "The
best in the world," exclaimed Beaver.
"Look up, you lubberly pirate," continued
he, as he advanced to the door, "look up,
and try if you dare dispute my proof." In
an instant the brave, the ill-treated More-
land appeared. "Here is my proof!" ex-
claimed Beaver. Burnside reeled back,
and would have fallen had he not been
supported; he hid his face in his hands,
and in a voice of agony called out, "Hide
me from that horrid spectre, take me
hence, I am guilty, but not prepared to
die." He was taken away; and More-
land's misfortunes having been made
known by Captain Beaver in his blunt,
but honest manner, he was congratulated
by all present on his fortunate escape.
Moreland was soon after rewarded in a
manner commensurate with the eminent
services he had achieved, by being raised
to the rank of Post Captain; while the
miserable Burnside, who had been con-
demned to death, broke from his confine-
ment, and dashing overboard, attempted
to swim ashore; his strength, how-
ever, failed him, and ere he had swam
a hundred yards, he sunk to rise no
more.

THE DROWNED PAGE.

From Schiller.

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

"Knight! squire!—who dares plunge into that whirlpool?
"In it I fling this golden cup:—the abyss
"Already, black as night, hath swallow'd it!
"Who brings it back, 'tis his—I give it him."

Thus spake the king, as from a jutting crag,
Far beetling o'er the main, he cast the cup
Amid the roaring waves of fell Charybdis.

"Who then, once more I ask, has strength of frame
"And heart enough to fathom yon abyss?"
The knights and squires surrounding hear his words,
But all are silent—gazing on the waves
Indomitable; but none would make essay
To win the cup; and thrice the king exclaims:
"Is there, then, none who dares plunge in the gulf?"
And all stand mute as heretofore.

A youthful page stepp'd forth from 'mongst his mates;
Of gentle mien, yet resolute, and he
Unclasps his girdle and throws off his vest:
Whilst the bystanders there, of either sex,
Gaze with admiring and most anxious eyes.

Advancing to the edge of that jagged rock,
A dizzy stance, he contemplates awhile
Th' abyss—and therein sees the waves engulf'd
With foam and roar—anon, re-vomited
By Charybdis, leap madly into air.
Or, rolling with growl like hollow thunder,
In surge that boils, and swells, and bubbling breaks,
As though 'twere wrought by fire's fierce agency.
The hissing spray shoots even to the clouds,
And in the sunbeam shows a tinted mist
Of evanescent radiance; wave on wave
Succeeds unceasingly, and still the gulf
Nor empties, nor exhausts its eddy wild—
As though the lab'ring sea, in deadly throes,
Gave to a new one birth. Th' impetuous flood
Its fury bates at length; and, through the foam,
White, sparkling like snow-flakes, the cavern shows
Its dark and gaping jaws, and entrails vast,
Seemingly penetrable to hell itself;
The seething swirl with gurgling violence
Struggles awhile, and then within th' abyss
Sinks down in whirling vortex.

That self-same instant ere the surge remounts,
The brave young page commends his soul to God.
And ...... cries of horror rend the echoing rocks:
Already has the whirlpool suck'd him down—
The monster's maw mysteriously has closed
Upon the audacious diver—seen no more.
And once again all's tranquil o'er the face
Of that dread gulf, a sullen roar alone
Is dully audible beneath the waves,
Far down amid their cavernous, black depths.
"Adieu! young stripling of the lion-heart!"
From lip to lip bewailingly bursts forth:
Duller and duller grows that cave-pent sound,
And momentary expectation bears
Increase of terror and keen anguish.

Now
Thou might'st fling in thy coronal and shout,—
"He who brings up that diadem may keep
"It and become a king!" I would not plunge,
Seduced e'en by such precious recompense.
For whatso'er the yawning gulf hides there,
Within its bellowing and deep profound,
No mortal tongue will have the bliss to tell,
Within the halls of men the fearful tale.

How many gallant ships seiz'd suddenly
By that far-reaching harpy Charybdis,
Despite the seaman's skill, engulf'd have been
Beneath the billows, which, rapaciously
Eager to devour all, their ravenous jaws
Have nought cast back again save scatter'd wrecks
Of mast and keel!

And now the stifled rear
Grows loud and louder in its hoarse resound;
And seems to make near and more near approach:
The surge now boils and swells, and bubbling breaks,
As though 'twere wrought by fire's fierce agency.
The hissing spray darts upwards to the clouds,
And in the sunbeam shows a tinted mist
Of evanescent radiance; wave on wave
Succeeds unceasingly; and from the gulf,
As though belch'd forth, it rushes with a growl,
Like hollow thunder rolling from afar.
The Drowned Page.

But look!—how from the livid water's breast
Two naked arms uprear themselves, and then—
White shoulders, dazzling as the swan's pure hue.
Who struggletli there with such infinity
Of manly strength and dauntless hardihood?
It is the page—his left-hand grasps the cup,
Which, with a joyous gesture, high aloft
He raises, and his panting chest respires
The air with lengthen'd gasps, as he salutes
Once more the ever-blessed light of heav'n.
"He lives! behold him!" in swift interchange
One to another the bystanders shout:
The black abyss hath not swallowed him.
Unharm'd, the gallant youth emerges from
The jaws of death, and triumphs o'er the gulf
And its dread whirlpools.

Glist'ning with brine
The youth advances 'mid the joyful crowd,
And at his sovereign's feet he throws himself,
And on his knees presents him with the cup.
The monarch to his lovely daughter makes
A sign; she fills it to the jewell'd brim
With rare and generous wine, and thus the youth
Elate, accosts his liege:—

"Long live the king!"
"What bliss to breathe again the od'rous air,
"To feel the warming blaze of cheerful day!"
"How terrible is all below! Weak man
"Should never dare to tempt the Gods! O ne'er,
"Ne'er should he rashly dream of knowing that
"Immortal wisdom veils in night and terror!

"With lightning speed, down, down I whirling went,
"E'en to the bottom dragged; there, resistless,
"Terrible, a torrent from the riv'n rock rush'd
"Prone upon me; by the conjoined force
"Assail'd, of two most furious currents,
"Round, round I spun, like to the mobile wood
"Twirl'd 'neath the urchin's lash, resistance all
"Impossible. Then Heaven, which I invok'd
"In that so hideous and pressing peril,
"Show'd me a rocky point that far below
"Bas'd in the oozy bottom of the sea
"Sprang upwards—it I seiz'd with grasp
"Convulsive, and so 'scaped from present death.
"And lo! the glittering cup was hanging near
"Suspended by a ruddy coral-branch
"Over the dread abyss.

"Far downwards, far,
"To depth immense, my sight peer'd through
"A sort of redd'n'd gloom, and though my ear
"Could 'midst the awful silence nothing catch
"Of that so dreadful place, my eye discern'd,
"Affrighted, salamanders, dragons, reptiles;
"In motion all, about that vent of hell.
"There crawl'd and twin'd, in slimy folds enlac'd,
"Most hideous groups—and loathsome fishes,
"Thorn-back'd, horn'd, and heap'd together all;
"Sea-dogs, and sturgeons—monstrous, terrible;
"The frightful shark, hyaena of the seas,
"Cur'd my blood to ice as he disclos'd
"His gaping jaw, thick-set with arrowy teeth.

"And there I hung—in dismal consciousness
"Of peril sore, and strange, and imminent.
"From human succour far remote—sole being
"Rational, 'midst those mis-shapen creatures;
"Of all abandon'd in a solitude
"Most frightful, at a depth where never might
"The voices of my fellows penetrate,
"Surrounded by the monster progeny
"Of that lugubrious desert.

"A mortal agony came o'er me when,
"With simultaneous and startling rush,
"They came, by millions, to devour me.
"Aghast, exanimate, I loos'd my hold
"Of that kind coral-branch, in lock'd embrace
"Round which, till then, convulsively, I clung;
"Sudden the vortex, in its fury wild,
"Involv'd me spinning through its spiral course,
"And that was my salvation: for to life
"And light once more it brought me back again."

But brief surprise the monarch testifies.
"The cup is thine," quoth he, "and thee this ring
"Assign I too (a priceless diamond),
"If thou essay'st once more to dive, and bring
"Me true account of that which passeth there
"Down in the ocean-caves."

His daughter fair
Heard him in soft emotion, with a smile
Caressing, gentle, thus she supplicates:—
"Cease, father mine, this cruel dispert, cease:
"At your behest, he hath achieved that
"Which none else dare. If, rashly curious,
"Your impious impulse prove ungovernable,
"Let your bold knights surpass the hardihood
"Of that young page."

Rudely the monarch then
Seizes the cup, and hurls it down the gulf:—
"If to me yet once more thou bring' st it up,
"I hold thee bravest far among my knights,
"And thou in happy bridalsh shalt enfold
"Her, who for thee, but instantly, hath shown
"In tender prayer and mute inquietude
"An int'rest dear."

These thrilling words, with force
Supernal, master that bold stripling's heart;
His eye, as on the royal maid he looks,
Gleams with audacity; her lovely cheek
He sees grows red, then pale .... "Aid, aid! she swoons!"
Such precious guerdon fain to win, sheer down
From the rock's height precipitate he darts:—
Life is well stak'd for her!
The Haunted House.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD.

Great has, doubtless, been the anxiety of those who have become acquainted with this history to follow the footsteps of the stranger, as he quitted the Rose Tavern, after his short and unsatisfactory interview with young Fanny Lynne.* There was nothing in it which might conduce to an explanation of the past, or even offer consolation upon it; and, for the future, it was involved in an equal obscurity of doubt and perplexity; the only difference being, that, in the contemplation of this, he resigned himself to despair, and in the remembrance of that he sunk into grief, for which there appeared neither promise of alleviation nor prospect of redress.

Indeed, that vivid imagination and waking spirit of fancy—that easy excitement and sensitive acuteness of mind—that impulse of living fervour and quick vitality of passion, which, assuming its brightest form, now and then appears in the likeness of true poesy, and then again creates such genius as gives eternity to art; this very same principle of nature, joined to a less perfect intellect, or lost amid the confusion of a defective judgment, has served only to produce madmen and enthusiasts, or other eccentric individuals, whose perversity of action has made them the pity and wonder of their fellow creatures. Among these we would note down some, whose susceptibility and delicacy of sensation have brought upon them the ridicule of the vulgar, as being of an exquisite sensitiveness and over-refinement of feeling; and others, also, whose singular organization has taught them to believe in supernatural visitations, in the coming of spirits, in the signs and tokens of another world, in the hearing those "airy tongues that syllable men's names," and thus they have resigned themselves to such thoughts and doubts as make up the bitter measure of human superstition.

But this was not, perhaps, the nature of Edmund Lewisteme; at least he would have been the last person to suspect so. Yet it was something too much like him.

As, therefore, on this eventful evening, he wandered towards his home, it may well be conceived that he was scarcely accountable for his own actions, and certainly not to be envied for his self-possession and happy indifference of mind. It might be even figuratively affirmed that he was only alive to his own anguish, and breathing of the sorrow and misery that engrossed him. In this state of distraction, in all the aberration of real woe, he hurried from the place, and threading the streets at random, cursed inwardly that unhappy fate which had thus doomed him to lose all that was dear—dear as his own soul, and how much dearer than that hateful life with which he was still burdened.

It is true that those who are not lovers, or only so in the common acceptance of the term, might find some difficulty in the comprehension of such extremity of affliction. But he would have said that the love which is of intellectual growth, an emanation from the heart, the instinct of a pure nature, whose strength may well teach us inward wisdom, though its weakness be betrayed by outward folly; such sentiment as this is the love of one star to another, the fervour of the sun to the earth, which, blessing it with its beams, makes it a world of abundant happiness, or hiding itself in the shadow of another world, in the hearing those "airy tongues that syllable men's names," and thus they have resigned themselves to such thoughts and doubts as make up the bitter measure of human superstition.
of its glory, leaves it a barren and un
beautiful desert; the grove of peace or
the dwelling of despair; and so had his
deserted bosom now become.

Acting upon the suggestion of such
thoughts as these, he roamed upon his
way, and at length came opposite the
house where Emily Astel had once resided.
It had been hallowed by her footsteps; her presence had rendered it
sacred to his memory. To this consola-
tion he betook himself. And so it
seemed that stone and mortar might
grow eloquent, if once the human mind
found a mute meaning in them; and
standing there his sorrows insensibly sof-
tened at the recollections thus restored,
and under this influence he drew forth
the letter—the paper given him by
Fanny Lynne, and leaning under the
light of a lamp in the near door-way,
purused its contents. A passage of it
ran thus:—

"I do not blush to tell you that I have
lamented our divided affections; and yet,
even now, I hold one comfort to my
heart, dear as your image to me. It is
the hope that you will seek another, one
whom you can love as a constant friend,
and love her in memory of me. Thus
you will afford me such content as the
thought of your happiness cannot fail
to inspire. This lock of hair—accept it.
Remember, it is the last relic which
the dead bequeaths to the living. It
tells you that it is time to forget. My
kiss is buried in the winds which bring it.
Adieu! Be happy, and believe me
so."

These words, so emblematic of her
whom he loved, brought peace to his
mind; for the absence of the object of
our affection is rendered beautiful by the
manner of its departure; and thus com-
forted, even upon the thought, he turned
his reluctant footsteps towards home, and
this was not far distant.

He took his way up the open street,
an ample space of thoroughfare, flanked
on either side with spacious and old-fa-
shioned mansions, which were then, and
are, indeed, now, not unfrequently inha-
bited by professional men and merchants
of considerable and well-known reputa-
tion. Before one of these he halted,
and stood in the wide road-way, looking
upward with an intensity of curiosity
somewhat singular, considering the ob-
ject which occupied his attention.

Two heavy brick dwellings, of an am-
plitude of dimension and dignity of
height which implied certain respect-
ability of station on the part of their
owners, were here joined together, house
to house, in one cumbrous mass of un-
adorned uniformity; but, from a distinct
and wide-gaping break in the buildings
which arose on each side, they assumed
the appearance of detached residences,
alone in solitude, even though surrounded
by peopled streets and avenues branching
off in every direction. One of them
was the residence of Edmund Lewis-
teme, barrister, a man of high eminence
and much reputed wealth, and, moreover,
father to the hero of this history.
But the other dark solemn pile of hoary
brickwork? It was the far-famed haunted-
house, and during twenty years it had
well supported its terrible and discredit-
able reputation.

There was something in it even then
which attracted observation, and after-
wards created surprise. Many hours
had passed, worn away by Lewis-
teme in the violence of agitating thought and
the heedlessness of sad despondence;
and now the cold creeping of the wind
whispered him distinctly that it was
near midnight. And yet, notwithstanding
this, a wandering light floated from
window to window, pale, indistinct, shad-
dowy, uncertain; it glared like a beacon
borne by no human hand. He glanced
a look towards the door of substantial
oak, barred and barricaded with mass-
ive bars of iron, and, as he well re-
membered, it had not turned on its
hinges since his earliest boyhood. We
may accustom ourselves to strange things
in life, but never to contemplate an
enigma without the desire to unravel it;
least he could not do; and the same
thrill of curiosity, the same impulse of
active courage, though mingled with awe,
stirred in him as heretofore.

At that moment a figure glided through
one of the upper apartments, and a faint
ray gleamed athwart the building and
vanished. With motionless vision Lew-
isreme still gazed upward, and no evi-
dence of his senses was here belied; in
the casement immediately above the
street lamp burning clearly below, the
shadow of that apparition still stood, as
wan and unsubstantial as something un-
colourful, and yet too much resembling
that which is mortal. Again the light
broke wandering through the room, and again the form had departed. He looked and looked, but it was lost in the ample recesses of the dwelling, and he fled down the nearest avenue from whence he could command a view of the interior of the back premises, and the same luminous wanderer from chamber to hall, and to and fro, backward and forward, till weary of beholding, and hopeless of discovering the cause, he gained admission to his own house, hastened up stairs, bade the gaping domestic go to rest, and throwing himself upon the sofa in his own apartment, began to ponder upon late events and emotions, and above all, on the singular appearance which he had just witnessed.

We have said that he was conversant with the doctrine of spirits, and perhaps he believed in the possibility of all things, even that the improbable might come to pass, and be made familiar to us. Deeply read in the theory of many sciences, and apt at the conclusions which might be drawn from them, he had looked into the marvels of creation, had beheld the beauties of nature, and he either did see, or thought he saw, an ever acting principle, which, steadfast to itself, produced from certain causes always the same effect; but this had been known to belie itself, and, for the purpose of working some great ulterior destiny, it had been cast aside. Lewisteme had long since learnt, in fact, how weak is the wisdom of man, how inefficient is all philosophy when it attempts to prove things which were not designed for our comprehension, far beyond the highest flight of human intellect—mysterious as they are awful; for, as there are many objects which our bodily strength may not uplift, so there are some others removed from our mental capacity, and hidden, like invisible worlds, from our knowledge and contemplation.

Thus, in the dread darkness of night, as he reclined there, the shadows of passing and indistinct thoughts possessed him. Among them, there arose the vivid recollection of such facts as had been repeated in his youth, relative to the events which had marked out the house contiguous to their own, as a place accursed from the deed committed there, and infested by the shade of that being whose life had been sacrificed beneath its roof. But the superstitions of our childhood fasten too strongly upon us ever to be shaken away, and a secret, inward awe at present accompanied them.

In that house, the life which had been shed there, again assumed its living likeness of corporeal flesh, again moved and breathed, and walked in restless perturbation, as if still willing to renew discarded nature. Audible sighs had heaved there, and echoed in the broad daylight; and whispers had sounded at summer noon tide, and in wintry eve; and during night time, where departed spirits wander at will beneath the moon, in solemn darkness, accents still more strange had startled the listening senses. Voices had been heard, and smothered cries; and unseen footsteps crept from place to place, breaking the silence as they went along, and now were traced roaming beside the bed of those who slept, or with a louder tread from chamber to chamber, from door to door, from stair to stair, and landing-place to hall, they made themselves familiar to all who dwelt there, broke on their heavy slumberers, thus bidding them repeat a passing prayer of terror or of peace, before they sunk again to short repose.

These were the facts as they were detailed, from time to time, by those who had inhabited the house, and who, by these fearful and repeated visitations, had, at last, been compelled to quit it; and this precise relation had been substantiated by each individual who had known its precincts.

Now, although some had heightened the story with all the exaggerations of ignorance, or through the influence of fear and inherent superstition, yet others had thought of it with wiser suggestions, had doubted the evidence of their senses, or imputed their fear to a native horror of the events performed there. Nor was this the first time that Lewisteme had wavered between these opinions, or had had intimations or revelations—that confirmed or destroyed them.

At this hour, moreover, his senses were acutely alive to every impression, and teeming with that prophetic divination through which we are, sometimes, permitted to see, or rather perceive, the scenes that await us. Not without dread, and neither without emotion, had he that evening heard the shriek of Fanny Lynne, upon hearing of the wreck of the Halcyon. That shriek smote upon his heart with the sudden knowledge of some future
woe which he should deeply suffer. He needed no mortal voice to tell it him. It were vain to say that he had not heard the words of the dragoon, and it is true that he did not hear them. But an inward thrill of secret sense, the voice which has appealed to us all then spoke within him, and with oracular tongue revealed the certainty of some misfortune attending him.

Under this idea he had returned home, and reserved unto himself the tears which were ready to burst forth, and in the anguish of this sensation, at this last instant of night, he lay brooding in that intense indistinctness of thought, more nearly allied to a dream than to any thing else in the range of our conceptions beside.

Why not? The haunted house might have an occupant, and yet not a being of animal life, or earthly substance, but some creature conjured up by the inquisitive and restless nature of those who had dwelt there, the phantom of something which had once existed—a form to which the excited vision of all who had beheld it had given the same vitality—the same identity, and yet it was superhuman, spiritual, and of another sphere, and something unknown in the catalogue of existence.

In the infinite creation around, there must be regions of undiscovered life—perhaps an universe of nature unexplored, objects which lay beyond us in the vast campaign of infinitude—creatures of an eternal and never-ending duration. We have been content to believe that all the myriad stars were planets, revolving like our own, filled with the essence of light, and teeming with human kind resembling ourselves; and why not imagine this earth surrounded with preternatural existences, beings who have once lived, and have come back amongst us, and who sometimes, and for some great end, have been permitted thus to reveal themselves. It was a horrible and yet a pleasing thought—a wild but still seducing fantasy; and in this meditation, Edmund Lewisteme sunk asleep, fast locked in the insensitivity of heavy, though disturbed repose.

Around, in the ample and lofty chamber, the waning lamp now cast its curtain of gloomy shadows, which hanging in hush masses from ceiling to floor, shrouded the walls, in the distance, with the leaden hue of the coming darkness of night, while the objects in the open space were presently, one by one, shut out from the view. The light, with its yellow halo of circling brightness, stationary round the flame that burst there, was at last alone visible in the deepening gloom, though it still served to throw its ghastly radiance on the figure of Lewisteme where he reclined, and to image out the intellectual countenance of dreaming thought, and the majestic beauty of his manly form, just touched with the melancholy grace of passing dreams.

But as he slept, from the chaos and obscurity of his mind there gradually uprose the picture of scenes far distant, and strange representations of those whom he might never see again, but in the fanciful guise in which they now appeared to him.

From the wide world of visions there arose the oft-repeated form of Emily Astol, now in maiden beauty, as she had sported with him, now in distress of anxious sorrow, then in offended dignity, at all his cold neglect; and then again he clasped her to his heart in one long ecstasy of kind forgiveness, till stealing terror crept upon his senses. The form he held grew cold in his embrace, and faded into quickening decay; then, as a ghastly wreck of death, it hung upon him, and as he shook it off in agony, it frowned itself back into virgin sweetness, and tempted him again to tenderness.

Thus was he troubled with the shades of his distracted fancies, when, all at once, they assumed an aspect and a likeness more akin to reason.

The hoary hills and steep precipices which had been heaped up in the dimness of sleep to obstruct his restless wanderings, or which had changed into deep ravines or the dense caverns of some wide abyss wherein his foot rested, were suddenly gone, and from the twilight darkness of this confusion, the rolling depths of a wide-swelling ocean spread out its desert of waters before him. Night was upon the sea, and neither moon nor stars were reflected upon its waves, for the sky above presented a waste of unfathomable obscurity, where cloud rolled upon cloud in sullen succession, as unvaried as the tossing and turbulent monotony of the billows which lay below them.

Presently the huge hulk of a vessel floated by, and myriads of human faces
peopled the rigging and crowded the deck; pale as the apparition of death itself, they stood immovable to his sight, and among them Emily Astel again appeared; but the keel still ploughed swiftly its way upon the sea, still agitated and thrown to and fro in the foaming waves which bore it along. It mocked, however, his unrelaxed pursuit, and as he still followed the spectres who clung to its ruins, derided him with the dead silence of grim and taunting smiles.

The moon now rose refulgent from the darkness, until the grizzly clouds were tinged with breaking light, and silver radiance glanced upon the bosom of the ocean; but beetle crags of pointed and jutting rocks overhung the rifted passage; the frothy waves rose high, and the hoarse winds moaned responsive to the deep murmurs of the storm; and as the chill darkness grew darker about them, strange and wild cries mingled in the whirlwind. The ship writhed, and cracked, and groaned in mournful echo, but still she rode triumphant over the hurricane; and now the blackness of night eclipsed it from his vision, and now again its spectral outline allured him in pursuit, when, ah! that instant, as he gazed towards the overclouding moon, it had belied him, and from its ebon fringe of hoary clouds one of the ghastly visages which manned the ship then shone in the lack-lustre paleness of decay, and taunted him again with the mockery of laughter. But he turned his sickening sight away, and the shadows of night again crept over him.

Thrown from wave to wave, or sinking in the abyss of ocean, or rising in the fearful swell of waters, Lewisteme still dreamed on, tortured with that indefinite horror, yet bound down with that indescribable thraldom of slumber which forbids us to break loose from the band which so oppresses us. The vessel still toiled upon the waves, and though unseen by him, he yet clung in firm contact with it, grasped by its floating cable, and was dragged irresistibly along through whelming waters, and over sharp-prickling spars, and he still went by the creaking ruin which bore him onward.

At last, and after a murmuring pause, which spoke even of the strangeness of death, a solemn and momentary silence came upon him. The forked and vivid lightning flashed through the heavens, seeming to pierce him through with its unerring fire. The rocks frowned in beating horror, and, as the sky grew darker, the wind held its sobbing breath. The circling waves lifted themselves into mountains. At this instant the rigging and mainmast of the vessel flashed into the waters. The ship groaned heavily, deeply, she split asunder, and through the blank horror of that crash alighted on its crumbling ruins, the figure of Emily Astel was restored to him. She beckoned smilingly as she departed; and, as the hulk of the gallant bark strained to its last timber, one deep and awful shriek broke through the silence of his dreams, and the dream was washed away.

But now, through the contending waters, and through the crested billows, in the dread darkness of the tempest, and in the wide confusion which over-whelmed him, his straining arms still held one precious burden, and bore it resistless through the surging of the sea which swept by.

Yet, onward and onward, forward and forward, he still struggled, and no welcome land, a haven of safety, was near. That heart which beat to his own, beat more feebly and more feebly, and the dear form which he clasped grew cold and frozen; but on through whirlpools of ocean he was hurried, and one instant he sunk back in the depths of the sea, and another his anxious feet touched tremblingly the sands which sunk beneath them.

“Dead, dead,” he murmured, as he clasped her closer to his bosom; and the sullen winds gave back the echo of his words. His weary frame struck with a fearful shock upon the beach, and as he touched it he gasped a long-drawn breath, drew a deep sigh; “Oh! she is gone, is gone!” he faltered out: and Edmund Lewisteme was once more awake to the world about him.

The light had burnt into a deadened flame; the room was veiled in close obscurity; his senses were reeling under the influence of sleep, his soul fainting within him at the thought of his dream. But yet there, leaning over him, and, looking with kindred eyes of light, that searched into his own, rising up with him as he rose up from his couch of broken slumber, so there he beheld Emily Astel, beautiful as when living, but pale as the deathly form which he had held just now
so closely to his heart. Yes, there she was, and it was no delusion, nor yet a sleeping fancy, but a wide-waking vision.

He gazed, half wrapt in horror, and half in stupefaction, and in a mystery of awful wonder continued to contemplate her.

That fair and maiden figure, clad in the simple vestment in which he had so often seen her, now even, as if living, gifted with soul and life, stood there. The slender waist, in all its exquisite perfection, might tempt him well to clasp it. Those ebon curls, in wavy masses, that curl upon the bosom, might allure him to the touch: those dove-like eyes, impassioned, tender, pleading, they spoke an eloquence that he too well had studied. The lips might teach him how to kiss, and still they spake not. Strange! And yet it was so.

But now, breaking asunder from the last bonds of sleep or of distraction, he rushed forward and would have grasped it. It glided from him, eluded his mortal touch, and paused, and stood again. But nothing less than the strong power of madness could conjure such a shape. She must be living, breathing in his presence, or otherwise misery had brought along with it its latest curse of madness.

“Emily, Emily!” he whispered, “is it you? Dear girl! sweet image! phantom! shadow!—speak, but once, let me entreat!” and as he advanced, the apparition retreated from him; but though it haunted him he received no answer, and it seemed that a rigid smile gave token of recognition. That smile, so wild and sad, told him it was some strange and unknown being—a phantom—and not his own beloved.

Lewistene had faith in spirits, yet, nevertheless, he trembled as he beheld, and was breathless, in the solemnity of deepest awe; and the more so, that now when he followed or approached it, it glided from him, and still his footsteps were upon it. At length, he knit his courage to the effort, and as it halted in the entrance of the chamber, he sprung forward. In close approach he looked intently at it, and peered into the lustre of its eyes, until his spirit fainted at the task, his reeling senses shrunk from it, his limbs trembled, and he sunk in sensible agony against the doorway.

But this was but the emotion of a moment. He was roused by the creeping cold that stole over him, and the frozen dew of horror which burst upon his brow, while all his tingling senses seemed alive even to the minutest sound. Could it be himself whispering to himself? or was it an audible voice beside him which repeated, “gone, gone, she is gone?” and yet it might be nothing more than fancy. Touched, however, as with the magic wand of quick-reviving life, he started round, but no human being, nor motion, nor voice of mortal thing was near. The dead silence of the household encompassed him. He listened for an instant. The floating shadow of some raiment, light as a passing vapour, seemed to glide through the downward staircase. He darted to the balustrade, and held the light above the depth of hall and vestibule, and even then, the flowing garment and slender figure, as if wrapt in a cloud, were seen to pass away from him. The fleeting radiance of the face dawned once again upon him, gradually retiring and fading into the vaulted archway of the passages below.

Lost in bewilderment, he looked into the twilight vacancy, but the shadow had departed, and the lapse of the passing instant swept over his mind, even as a short eternity of time, wherein the crowd of innumerable thoughts and emotions were mingled in painful confusion. He turned away in sorrow and in awe, when the breath of passing sighs was, or appeared to be, heaved close beside him. The echo of it touched his heart. He started, took a hurried glance about him, and slowly retired to repose.

* * *

The wreck of the Halcyon was forgotten, and the every-day world went on the same as ever. The story was worn out and no more worthy to be repeated, or the news being no longer new, had lost its interest to the listener. The tale would not henceforth reward the tale-teller.

But from the first hour of this fatal intelligence, it had lived in the remembrance of Lewistene; and though time had hidden it, yet would be, with all the industrious scrutiny of misery, search into the horror and mystery of this calamity. In truth, he would have given all the blessings of life, and that a thousand times over, to have known how the event had hap-
pened. Whether death had come and gone in an instant, or if his dread visitation had been divined beforehand, the terror of his approach made known by slow degrees, and in the suspense of sad uncertainty? But of what avail the question, though he yet yearned to have an answer.

In such thoughts as these did Lewisteme amuse his sorrow, but some secret indefinite dread was on him, from the dream of that unhappy night, when Emily, in the pure likeness of her spirit, appeared. The night before, and the night before, even at the very hour when the "perfidious bark" had sank beneath the waves, she in the same mortal guise had come to him. Three times this spiritual visitor had come, the warning and certain token of her departed soul. The force of his thoughts had now risen into madness. His shattered nerves vibrated to every breath of passing life, or of inaudible silence, and he was all instinct to the approaching misery, when the news of the wreck and all the fatal consequences smote upon his heart, and smote but once ere he forgot himself in short oblivion.

But this deep frenzy of impassioned grief was now abated, and as his mind recovered its lost power, he was anxious to discover if it were only the semblance of an imperfect vision which he had beheld, or whether her dear shade had come to warn him of his impending sorrow.

If he had beheld her spirit, then surely she would come again. Once broken from the bondage of corruption, might she not comfort him with visitations that spoke of other worlds? She might. But the hours of night rolled on, the grey misty vapours of darkness passed away, the sullen moments when the ghosts of the dead return to earth crept by one by one, cold and deserted, lifeless and voiceless, the past was not revived, and her too precious shadow no more came near to take away the bitterness of his affliction.

But the period wherein the wandering spirit is permitted to this earth, the term vouchsafed to the still living soul to cling to its native clay, that short duration, might now be over. Yet the vexed and perturbed shadow, who roamed in unseen footing through the haunted house, was an evidence against this, and the mystery of that mysterious dwelling he was resolved to fathom.

He recalled the days of his youth. The father, the counsellor, was a man of the world, and as he was too intimately acquainted with, and indeed studious of, the things of this life, to be betrayed into any fanciful speculations upon those out of it, it was, perhaps, no wonder that the reports then in circulation were heard with indifference, or only regarded as curious instances of the absurd credulity and ignorance of those who propagated them. Besides, as the old gentleman was a matter-of-fact man, he had no idea of ghosts taking up their abode between four walls of habitable brick and mortar, and thereby outsting the right occupants, so he lived in the house himself.

But very soon after, some certain manifestations of discontent from its ghostly inhabitant warned him to depart, at least so it was said. Edmund Lewisteme, who was then a boy, full well remembered cries of mortal anguish and tumults of uproarious and fiendish merriment, strange sounds and frightful accents, in the rooms above; and when they occupied these apartments, the same fearful and unnatural intonations were heard from below. And every means were taken to discover the cause, but it remained hidden till his father, fairly worn out in the attempt, quitted this dwelling for the one next to it, locked it up, and opening a communication between the two, undertook to elucidate the facts, and set the matter to rest. But this was not to be. The place was haunted, and none would live in it! and therefore, like other things of reputed bad character, it was deserted, and had fallen into the ruin of long neglect.

All this Lewisteme remembered, and restless of the event, he rose from his bed of sickness, determined to re-open the door between the two buildings, to frequent the house and prove the existence of the phantom, if, in truth, it were so.

The night is, however, the time for secrecy and silence, and through the livelong day, the anxiety of his mind rendered him unfit for other occupation but that of counting the hours, till, as the shades of twilight fell slowly over the city, and wiped away all outward objects from the view, he became aware of the necessity of preparing for his adventure. Nor was he insensible to his own weakness, but, on the contrary, he dreaded the possibility of discovery; what could be
more ridiculous than to be found prowling in quest of apparitions? to be a seer of spirits, a seeker of ghosts, a hunter after the marvellous? It might well be regarded as something absurd, and sometimes even he doubted his thoughts and actions, believing that his right senses had forsaken him. But no, this was not the oblivion of madness, but rather the true memory of reason. And so he stole from every interruption, feigned to retire to early rest, and listened to each retreating footprint that passed upon its way to repose, till the sure instant, when the deep silence of the household gave intimation that he might stir forth upon his design without danger of exposure or fear of interruption.

He cautiously emerged from his place of slumber, and his movements as he crept forward defied echo to reply, so secret and stealthy was his progress. His tall and heavy shadow darkened the staircase as he went, throw its giant reflection on the walls, or fell in diffused and shapeless masses upon the flooring of hall and gallery and chamber, through which he passed. Nothing of all this attracted his attention, he was still in his own house, and his gaze was now turned upward towards the dome of the spiral flight of stairs which he ascended. Immediately within the hollow circle of its shade, and leaning over the highest railing of the baluster, a figure had long since caught his observation, and fixed his straining senses; might he believe the evidence of sight, it was nothing more but fleeting fancy? The flowing hair, the brooding eyes, the shadowy form, pale, cold, exanimate,—yes, it was Emily Astel.

He bounded forward as if her living body had been restored. The shade delayed itself, another leap, and he was on a level with it. And fleeter than the glancing of summer lightning, and swift as the passing wind, that bends the grass and herbage as it flies, in a still shorter interval the shadow, if such it was, had vanished. He looked around him, no motion, no object, no echo,—again he was deceived.

Yet even this gave but new impetus, and another impulse to his design. The calmness of determination came upon him; in strictest scrutiny he gazed about, and with decided pace he now went forward, and entering a huge deserted attic, began to explore the ample darkness that every where surrounded him. And even once more, in the dim twilight, that airy shape still seemed to stand alone.

This time he could not be mistaken. It waved him forward, and smiled in mournful smiles as if of recognition, and yet as though whole worlds of living space lay wide between them—it was sorrow, but soothed into immortal peace; and slowly and in charmed surprise Lewissteme advanced. It was, and yet it was not she; alike, but still how changed; yet still the terror of the grave might so return her to him, so woe-begone and blighted. He scarcely breathed. The spirit retreated from him, and again, step by step, he advanced, till leaning against the wall as if in the languor of evanishment, or in the faintness of a fast decay, the form reclined. Awe-struck and bewildered he beheld it; and did his senses ever once more betray him! The panel seemed to open where she leaned, the shadow glided backwards in motion scarcely visible: again the aperture was about to close, when the wan shade again went forward. The blood of Lewissteme ran cold as ice from head to heel, and frosted at his heart. The face was changed, too, like a mortal, one branded with human passions, wild, unearthly, stamped with woe. His very soul was sick. One wandering glance, and the delusion faded like some fast-fading dream. The panel moved, and closed at once.

Lewissteme remained upon the spot, his reeling senses spun round and round, and tottered to their ruin; but with an effort greater even than strength, he held them to their devoted task, and thus recalled his mind unto itself. But this was but the triumph of physical might over bodily infirmity; and powerful as the last struggle of reason, when it throws aside the bondage and the chain of its insanity.

Yet what could it mean? what mystery of heaven, or of nature, was here unfolded. He lifted up the light, and surveyed the room in every direction. The moving panel was no such thing, it was the door, the deserted and secret mode of communication with the haunted house.

Here then might be deception; and that he should be cheated by some paltry scheme or well-concerted plan, the thought was too absurd. In anxious haste he
inserted the key which, rusty and disused, grafted and screwed in the iron lock, but did not act upon the wards, or turn within it, till at last, in mad impatience of delay, he seized and shook the door until it trembled; at another fierce attack it opened, though it appeared that some living and substantial thing was leaning against it, to hinder and defeat his entrance. He gave it no second thought, but, pushing through the spring, darted into the centre of a huge vaulted and raftered apartment, tenanted by heaps of dusty lumber, where the spider's web had wove itself; and black with the murky darkness which hangs in clouds of confined air, or in more heavy masses of obscurity, thick with the deepening shades of condensed vapour.

He walked swiftly through the chamber. A fresh cold wind blew in upon him, and played among his hair, while the flame of the light flared in unsteady motion; and from whence could such reviving freshness come? The further door of the room was just ajar, as if that moment some human being had been there, and had left, thus carelessly, the sign of his retreat; and Lewistone bethought him what it could mean. The state of the atmosphere suggested that there had been no circulation of the air since time unknown. It was stagnant with the sense of suffocation, cold and humid with pestilent moisture of rain and dews and melted snow, which had pierced through and dripped from the decaying roof. It was never, indeed, a habitable portion of the mansion. He hastened forward, passed, crossed the room, and ere he descended the stairs, gazed into the profound depths that lay below.

"Come, come, come!" whispered a voice, and it sounded beside him; "no harm is near to one so kind; then come."

Soft as the voice of some fairy elf, heard at the stillest hour of fairy moonlight, when she stays the belated peasant on his way, and charms him into hearing her dreamy song of silence, so sweet, and like to this were these murmured accents.

"Who speaks?" he asked at last; "what voice is near?" and after an interval he repeated, "who speaks? what help do you require?" But deepest silence was about and near him, and only the echo of his footsteps was heard as he slowly descended the stairs; but yet once more the audible whisper breathed to him, "Come, come; no harm is near,—come, come!"

He continued his way, looking anxiously on all sides, till finding himself on the first landing-place, and an ample space beyond, he would have willingly entered the apartments; but the same sound breathing from below stairs, arrested his attention and changed his design. The invisible guide still whispered, now on one side and now in advance, and it still whispered on, and Lewistone followed to the chambers beneath, and there he made another effort to enter; and this time no voice stayed him. He traversed the dilapidated rooms, once the resort of gaiety and mirth; but the tarnished gilt cornices and silk hangings only told of by-gone laughter and content, and he turned once more away. What was to be the issue of his folly? He listened, but no voice appealed to him, and he awaited in hesitation and painful suspense.

At this instant the clock struck, and its silver tones, as it counted the hour distinct and clear, were heard to strike as if in the very house itself. It was indeed no distant intimation of the time, but a sure sound that touched acutely upon the organ of hearing, to which it spoke emphatically. Aroused, as of a voice of life had called, he rushed round the circle of the room, dubious which way he should turn next, and uncertain what to do, yet inwardly confirmed in the idea that some base trick was played.

He halted in wraught thought, and then, from chamber to chamber, hurried, in the wild excitement of one intent not only upon unravelling some mystery, but upon braving every danger to which it might conduct. He hastened from place to place, from gallery to vestibule, and searched each shady crevice and every ample opening of any space, but nothing was either to be found or seen.

He was now in the lower hall, and the house was tranquil, for there was neither movement of life nor token of existence. He stood listening in the desert loneliness, till the calmness and yet the superstition of religion mingled in his emotions. But presently that voice was heard, like some melodious concord even from the secret soul, and sweet and musical was the low murmur of exquisite melody which bade him attend and listen.
Soft! the silence breathes a prayer,
The passing hymn of solitude,
To ween the soul away from care,
That no sad passions may intrude,
If lasting sorrow stir the wind
To murmur secret sounds of woe;
Yet holy thought still lives behind,
To hallow all we feel and know.
This sunlight on the present cast,
'Tis the spirit of the past.
There rest awhile, and dream of peace—
Though memory dwelleth every where,
Yet grief may sometimes seek release,
And hope may bury her despair.
And yes, e'en love you may recall,
And quit it with so kind a kiss,
Though mingled tears together fall,
'Tis consecrated into bliss.
Then take it to the heart at last,
'Tis the spirit of the past.

But where was the voice, and where
the being familiar with this sweetness?
It sounded in the air that floated wide
above him. Again he looked upward,
and the glimpse of the pale brow and
ebon tresses caught his view, retreating
from his gaze.

"Emily, dear girl!" he cried, and he
sprung forward. The breezy rushing of
garments fled onward, though invisible;
but now, yonder, the shadow of loose
floating raiment fluttered in the distance.
He bounded on his way, swift as the
spirit fleeing from his pursuit, when sud-
denly the rustling and the stir of quick
retract was over, and he stopped in new
bewilderment. He glanced about, and
the furtive wandering of his look was
fixed at once upon the thing which he
beheld.

Just within the nearest doorway, firm
as a statue, the ghastly figure stood; wan
and shadowy and, delicate as woman, but
firmly knit and of gaunt stature, resem-
bbling man. Pale as marble, cold and
passionless as the dead, inanimate as life-
less clay, and shrouded in a nameless
garb of tainted whiteness, it was trans-
fixed there. Was it the shade of the
murdered woman, or the ludicrous de-
ception of some living man? The first
thought thrilled through him with in-
tense dismay, and the latter he an-
swered with derisive laughter. And
still the immobility of the creature ex-
cited doubt and dread.

"Why, why are you here?" whispered
Lewisteme: "speak!"
The stern speechless placidity of the
being awed him into silence, and in
silence he beheld it.

But now the dread suspense was fear-
ful, and still he could have laughed in
mockery, and kicked it hence as some
base trickery of folly. At length, clench-
ing his double fist, he rushed upon it.
Sure it was not fancy, but some body
came in contact with his touch; and a
short minute after the apparition gliding
past his reach, was seen in the distant
darkness of the chamber, and as he pur-
sued, it faded away by slow degrees,
and shrunk into seeming nothingness.
Lewisteme smiled coldly as it departed.

Even common pride, however, revolted
at the idea of being mocked and derided
by such consummate absurdity. He now
examined the spot intently, and found
that it was another door to the apart-
ment: so, trembling with indignation,
he sprung upon the lock, and shook it
till the hinges creaked again; but no
human strength of one man might
force it open, and as he considered of
some expedient for so doing, that same
airy voice repeated, "Come, come." He
started round; the sound still led him
onward, still before him and above him,
and thus until he reached the highest
part of the wide mansion.

Here was the ruined attic through
which he had first entered; and which
way should he now direct his steps? A
sharp breath of air blew across his path,
the flame of the light wavered and flashed
upward, and was deadened into darkness,
and again that distant voice of melody was
heard. It was an air that Emily used to sing.
The Haunted House.

Follow, follow, love is flying;
Swifter than the hour is dying;
Through the night, eclipsed by stars,
Through the moonlight's silver bars,
Through the day-time's golden beams,
Fleeting fast, as thought in dreams;
Thither, whither? every where
This unseen spirit of the air,
Thou may'st follow it for ever,
And shall find it never, never.
Now it lightens in the eye,
Or breathes itself upon a sigh,
Or it lingers in a kiss,
Or melts away in tears of bliss.
This blush of beauty fades as fast,
Ere the shade be seen, 'tis past:
Then chase this folly as you will,
The tempting truth betrays you still;
But seek it where 'twill not depart,
Love lives within the heart—the heart!

He stood amazed, until mute echo was sunk away into the darkness, and nothing was heard to break the drowsy monotony of night, but the sighing of his inward distress. Was this a dream, or could it be madness? Had Heaven forsaken and left him the slave of his imagination? or had the sorrows of earth destroyed the better reason which had been given him? The shade, the form, the voice, but spoke of his insanity; and leaning against the wall, the hot tears broke from his eyes; the first which he had wept since Emily was dead.

The passion of his grief was deep and long, and when he arose from it the breaking morning warned him to depart. In this utter exhaustion of mind he retired to rest, and when his unsuspecting friends beheld next day his haggard appearance, his restless debility, and broken health, the father repented of his opposition to an attachment apparently so strong, and the mother in womanly tenderness sighed out the sympathy she dared not trust herself to express. But Lewistene, distracted with various thoughts upon the last night's events, was perplexed with doubt of all he had beheld; for sometimes it resembled too much some vision of the distempered mind, and now it assumed the likeness of frightful reality.

At length, worn out in the contention of misery and grief, he sunk upon a bed of sickness, where any further elucidation of these facts was consequently, for the present, denied. But notwithstanding this disappointment, he was determined to seek the occasion for ample proof and exposure of the circumstance which had caused him so much torment and mental disquiet, and the period of his recovery was fixed upon as the time destined for his attempt.

_____________________________

SPRING VIOLETS.

Bright harbingers! Ye spirits of Truth,
That wreathe the Spring as emblems of youth;
That tell the winter has pass'd away,
Like shadows of night before the day.

O! welcome to earth, ye sky-born flowers!
Pure as the drops of the early flowers;
True as the rainbow that shines afar,
Bright as the rays of the vesper star.
Thy perfume floats o'er the silent vale;
As over the maiden's cheek so pale
When weak she lies on the bed of death,
Returning health spreads its first fresh breath:

Or the faintest blush that speaks of bliss,
In the sweet thrill of a virgin's kiss;
Bright beautiful blossoms, come to dwell,
In each shady nook, and forest dell.

The wish of love in the lone heart hid,
Too good for the world it lives amid,
Too modest it's rightful birth to claim,
It's Hope, to another, e'er to name.

Yes! like that love which conceal'd will lie;
Beauty that courts not the passer by;
The innocent breast more pure that grows,
Reflecting alone its own white snows.

Thou wilt find, sweet flowers! some eyes can trace
Thy modest worth, in its hiding place;
And hearts, that affection thus can prove,
Deeper, than those of the world, do love.

Come then, bright azury blossoms, come!
Make the mossy glade thy peaceful home;
Spread thy green leaves for a lowly bed,
And hymns of incense over them shed.

For some, like me, on thy flowers will gaze,
'Till their thoughts ascend to heaven in praise;
For by thy coming, a Father's hand,
We know still shelters our native land!

UMBRA.

PELADE, THE CREOLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE ANTILLES.

(From the French of Eugène Chapus.)

Before the promulgation of "the rights of man," by the French convention, had reached the inhabitants of their colonies, according to the assertion of a few old planters, they enjoyed the most profound tranquillity. Men led there an apparently tranquil life; that is, the wealthy white proprietors had engrossed every advantage. Some were living in magnificent country villas; others in splendid town mansions; whilst the creole, as well as the negro, ground to the dust by a long habit of humiliation, and the consciousness of the necessity for passive acquiescence in the contemptuous treatment to which they were subjected, felt themselves deprived even of the hope of a happier condition.

It is, nevertheless, just to acknowledge, that the authorities still retained outward respect for some clauses of the code noir. They had not then trodden entirely under foot the remnants of the wisdom of Louis XIV., and it was not altogether uncommon for a white person openly to profess even regard for the creole race.

M. de Popingère, one of the oldest planters of European birth at Guadeloupe, was of that small number. He led a retired life upon his estate, which was in the depth of a charming valley, formed by the lofty heights of Sainte Anne; there he admitted to family
intimacy a creole, named Pierre Louis. This man of colour was worthy this particular distinction, for he undoubtedly possessed more real merit than the majority of the planters upon the island, whether white or coloured, amongst whom his wise and moderate principles were freely admitted. But the whites were jealous of the popularity he had acquired among the natives, and the most suspiciously minded persuaded themselves that, in the event of a negro revolt, Pierre Louis might easily avail himself of such a juncture to rule them at his will.

"Take care," they frequently whispered in the ear of M. de Popingère, "that man of colour, whom you welcome so cordially, will eventually assume to himself greater weight than his due, and in the end will consider himself your equal."

One day a letter was handed to M. de Popingère from his son, who was then absent from the colony, which contained the following passage:—"It is to me, my dear father, a subject of the greatest disquietude, that you are constantly receiving into your house Pierre Louis and his son Pelage, whilst my sister Leonie is residing with you. Judge of the bad effect your inconceivable weakness has produced, by the necessity for this caution, which I proffer, even from such a distance; my bosom burns with rage at the bare notion of so odious a friendship as may result from it."

For the first time M. de Popingère reflected upon his inconvenient acquaintance with Pierre Louis, not solely on the latter's account, but relative to the young Pelage, upon whom, until that moment, he had bestowed but a secondary consideration. The hint that his own son had given him, now naturally aroused his attention, and he arraigned him before the tribunal of his thoughts, examining every circumstance of his life and conduct, and he was indeed terrified at the retrospect.

"I am guilty," he exclaimed to himself, striking his dry and attenuated hand upon his wrinkled forehead; "I have compromised the honour of my house, by exposing my daughter to the never-ceasing importunities of a man of colour. Leonie has seen nought of this Pelage but the bright side of his character, and perhaps the evil is already past remedy."

M. de Popingère gave way for several moments to these misgiving thoughts; then suddenly changing his disposition of mind, whilst caught by some ridiculously vain reflection, he continued— "But I am not such an idiot as to deliver myself up to such conjectures. My son, with his ordinary impetuosity, must have been dreaming. A creole inspire affection in the heart of my daughter! the offspring of a slave! of one of those abject wretches I see yonder in my cotton fields! Away with such absurd fears. Between these two young persons such an intimacy can alone exist as connects the superior with the inferior, that is to say, respect on the one side, protection on the other."

Thus reasoned the planter alternately, as his thoughts and inclinations carried him; sometimes the dupe, sometimes the sport of his prejudices; in imitation of that portion of society, which loftily plumes itself upon its superior illumination in the paths of reason.

M. de Popingère, however, whilst fortifying his mind with the impossibility of any sentiment like that of love establishing itself between his daughter and the son of Pierre Louis, conceived it would be but prudent for the future to interdict the admission of the young man.

His resolve made, he instantly acquainted Pelage, as unscrupulously as ancient feudal lords comported themselves towards their vassals.

M. de Popingère, however, flattered himself that this exclusion would not interrupt his friendship with Pierre Louis; but the latter ever identifying his son's cause with his own, recognised no separate interest; and as his son was excluded from the white planter's dwelling, he considered it would be compromising his own dignity himself to appear there any longer.

A report of this rupture was not slow in spreading itself, and every man construed it as swayed by the interest of his caste or position in society.

M. de Popingère's conduct was approved by all the whites, whilst with persons of colour it gave rise to feelings of slight irritation; they would not comprehend that it was needful to put an end to relations, whose existence formed a monstrosity in institutions and manners which were of so exclusive a character; and the circumstance was considered solely as an act of degradation towards all men of his caste.
The day following this ratification, the white planter, at the approach of sunset,—the only hour favourable for walking in those burning regions, accompanied his daughter in her stroll along the sea-shore. Any other eye than that of M. de Popingère's would have perceived that his poor child had been weeping all night. The breeze had not yet risen, and the ocean smooth and listless as a surface of oil, reflected afar the fantastic constructions of opal and rubies, in which the sinking sun pavilioned himself. Plantations of cotton, fields of maize, and coffee woods placed abreast of each other, with the sun-rays glancing behind them, formed an immense checker-work, the compartments of which were filled up with every shade of green. It is well known that in those islands the face of the country wears no uniform tint; vegetation ever dying, and as uneasiness renewing itself; bounteous nature, not prodigal of her labour, decks her offspring in the richest and most varied colours.

The silence which reigned over this opulent and interesting champagne was then unbroken; but the effect which might have touched any other heart, did not produce from M. de Popingère the slightest comment, habituated as he was to gaze frequently on similar scenes from his birth. As for Leonie, one only thought seemed to sum up her existence; from time to time she contorted to tear herself from the profound reverie in which she was plunged, to watch the mysterious movement of some bird winging its flight from one acacia to another, to follow with abstracted gaze a withered leaf eddying through the air.

The planter now directed his steps towards a creek upon the shore near his own dwelling, where the negro fishermen were accustomed to laud their rich evening spoil, which was caught in an adjacent bay. It was gratifying to him to watch the negroes unload their canoes, and draw forth the captured fish from their pods and nets.

Whilst M. de Popingère was thus amusing himself, Leonie, seated on the trunk of a cocoa-tree, lying prostrate on the sand, listened mechanically to the soft murmurings of the surging tide, whose tiny waves then rolled in gentle ripples at her foot. Whilst listening to the lulling sound, the poor girl indulged in the recollection of one of those thrilling melodies which cannot be heard without its chords awakening in us either painful or pleasurable remembrance. A tear stole furtively from her eye, but she dared not weep, too conscious of the necessity for hiding from her father's gaze the secret planted in her heart. How pitiful were her sufferings!

The cause which produced that unusual palor of countenance, those red and swollen eyes, and plunged the maiden into a train of reveries which mastered her reason, would not long have evaded detection at the hands of a tender mother. How soon her anxiety would have been awakened, and with unceasing solicitude she would have importuned her daughter, and elicited a declaration of that secret whose existence was almost self-evident. But, alas! M. de Popingère beheld or heeded not Leonie's dejection; and had he noticed a change, he would undoubtedly have attributed it to any other than the right cause, and, in his paternal solicitude, would have instantly dispatched a messenger to the town for a physician.

At this juncture the terrible words of the revolution in France, of the year 1789, "liberty" and "equality," pealed in dread thunder, as far even as Guadaloupe, and with one accord the whole island answered the magic syllables with joyful acclamation.

The whites, unable to comprehend the effect of the extension of liberty and emancipation to the wretched castes of colour, and deceived at first by the impulsive movement and infallible consequences of that great political convulsion, welcomed it themselves with blind enthusiasm. They hoped to have turned to their own profit the gerns of liberty which it announced. The aristocracy of the Antilles, jealous that the functionaries from the mother country until then had been exclusively invested with certain local powers, and the administration of affairs, hailed with the utmost transport a scheme of regeneration, which, agreeably to its prognostications, seemed well fitted to raise them to the first rank; but this illusion was not of long duration.

Those rights, the possession of which the colonists invoked and loudly pro-
claimed, in order to destroy a monopolizing European power, failed not in turn to be claimed, and with still more reason, by the men of colour. It was the sole end to obtain this power, which the oligarchical pride of the whites strove to reach. On the other hand, the coloured race desired only to relieve itself from the incapacity with which it was enthralled, and the creoles of Martinique, to whom this miserable boon was brutally denied, were already supporting their petition by force of arms.

The planters of Guadaloupe, equally unjust towards the coloured class, as were those of Martinique, opposed those persons with all their influence, who would have adopted measures of concession, which, indeed, could alone save the colony from a general conflagration. Some few amongst them went so far as even to publish it their opinion, "that the advantages which the public voice declared, were assured to all by the regenerated French constitution, were not, indeed, intended for a country of slaves."

Thus advanced, by gigantic strides, a revolution which the obstinacy of the whites rendered inevitable. The new doctrines had already propagated themselves even among the huts of the negroes, who were secretly beehiving themselves. Assemblies of coloured men were convened at all points of the colony; the troops which composed the garrison, and the negroes, began to comprehend that it was by them and for them that the revolution ought to take place. Symptoms of obtusion everywhere manifested themselves; there were every where organised clubs which agitated questions of vital importance to this excepted class.

Amid the general movement, the quarter of Sainte Anne was not idle; there also clubs sprung up whose debates exceeded all the others in violence; for the revolution had found the population of this part of the island already in a state of fermentation. The misunderstanding which had arisen between the two families of Popingre and Pierre Louis, had prepared their minds to take part in the general dissatisfaction. But their resolution was not the sole cause of the strong irritation in this particular quarter. At the commencement of these great political events, the brother of Leonie had hastened to his father, to consult about the protection of their property, and the family safety. Charles de Popingre, possessing many rare and noble qualities, had, also, all the passion and pride inseparable from a colonial education. His was an ardent and lofty mind, to which, however, the prejudices of caste had unhappily given a false direction; he carried the sense of honour even to the height of fanaticism; and, as he entertained the conviction that the coloured race had no other part allotted to it in this world than that of slavery, his contempt for it was, at the same time, a sentiment and a principle.

It may be easily conceived in what disposition of mind this young man witnessed the public manifestation of the opinions of the creoles; he had made the paternal mansion the focus for deliberations and action, whence emanated the greater part of the resolutions and measures afterwards adopted by the colonial assembly; in whom alone rested the power of governing the country. All these deliberations arose from the pretensions of the creoles, and the hauteur and extravagant infatuation of their prejudiced opponents.

Hard by the meeting place of the white club, the house of Pierre Louis had become a rendezvous for the men of colour, who, in those moments of agitation, pretended also to discuss and regulate things touching their social interests. There they mustered a formidable reunion of minds and arms, capable of shaking the colony to its foundation. The two clubs met in presence of one another—watched each other's movements with inquietude, estimated their mutual strength: and on both sides their passions had acquired such a degree of intensity, that every day was expected to bring forth some dreadful catastrophe.

Several months elapsed without any explosion having taken place; and although the neighbouring islands were a prey to all the horrors and misery of a civil war—that species of civil war which, in the colonies, brings in its train such disasters as are unparalleled elsewhere. Blood had not yet been spilt upon the soil of Guadaloupe, where the inflamed passions of men carry them into a state of delirium; and make them implacable and reckless. As soon as the sabre is drawn from the scabbard, and the musket
pointed from behind dense thickets, bands of slaves, armed with the deadly poniard and the torch of incendiariam, first overrunning the country, then seize upon the towns, pillaging, murdering, and playing the parts of executioners momentarily. Both parties, actuated by the most malignant hatred, pursue and harass each other, never relax their demon work, as they are unceasingly in each other's presence; for the extent of the country is circumscribed within narrow limits, and there they are, as it were, upon a platform surrounded on all sides by the abysses of the ocean which repel them backwards again, and there exists no means of flying from, or avoiding the enemy: on whatever side the eye turns, it encounters the uplifted poniard striking its victim.

An island civil-war under the tropics, is, in this respect, still more horrible than in large tracts of country, notwithstanding which one hardly deigns to run over the historical details which speak of the sad revolutions which the colonies have undergone; and even the generous Briton, professing Christianity, reads in the daily paper soul-barrowing details of a revolt having taken place upon this or that island of the West Indies, or of the Canadas, with apparent apathy; or if there be any sense of feeling, there is not exhibited the slightest outward emotion either of terror or pity.

iv.

The family of M. de Poppingére had scarcely passed an entire night in tranquillity since the commencement of these events, which occupied the whole attention of the colony. The desections of the slaves, and increasing neglect of labour, became more and more frequent. With joy, which they sought not to conceal, the men of colour beheld these signs of discontent and independence manifesting themselves among the slaves, who were an essential portion of the fortune of their adversaries. They well knew that this continued dismemberment of their property must in the sequel produce total ruin.

The whites accused them of being the instigators and fosterers of these events; they accused them also of prompting their negroes to insubordination, and they accused Pierre Louis and Pélage in particular, because they governed their party by the great moral ascendancy of their influence. Charles de Poppingére failed not to point out Pélage as being the most influential, if not the exclusive cause of these minor commotions; he cast the whole responsibility on the young man's head, whom he hated, from the humiliating thought of the supposed existence of an affection between Pélage and his sister, and he hoped to avenge this injury by unceasingly making him the butt of every attack.

Under the pretext of endeavouring to bring about a pacific understanding, the oligarchical party had obtained from the governor, entirely devoted to its interests, an authority to create certain federations, whose first care had been to prepare a list for proscription, in which the principal men of colour figured. Charles de Poppingére took especial care that the name of Pélage should be inserted among the foremost of offenders.

Nothing more was required for carrying these plans into execution, than the concurrence of the troops which composed the garrison of Pointe-a-Pitre. To attain this end, the white party combined all their efforts, whilst the men of colour exerted their influence to hinder the soldiery from giving compliance to the resolves of the colonial federation.

v.

The evening preceding the day on which it was evident that the fate of the colony must be decided—when the anxiety of the two parties had reached its climax, messengers were seen passing and repassing on the road to Sainte Anne. Political partisans had thronged the respective dwellings of Poppingére and Pierre Louis. In the midst of these stormy proceedings the presence of Pélage had become indispensable to the men of colour, who saw that their dearest interests were likely to be compromised, as in the knavish shuffling of a pack of cards. One thought, however, yet more poignant than this political inquietude, possessed the bosom of the young man, and he would have given upon that evening half his existence for two hours' freedom.

Accordingly he summoned his favourite negro.

"Jemmy, I have need of your services; can I depend upon you?"

"Oh, massa!" exclaimed the negro; by which brief ejaculation he eloquently expressed the astonishment which such a doubt caused in him.
"You know, then, the spot down there, behind the source of the Gallets, by the side of the Red Rock; you will repair thither this evening at ten o'clock, with this letter."

"Yes, massa."

"There you will find two females. Before addressing them you will clap your hands thrice; if at that signal you hear some one sing, you will approach them and deliver this letter to the white female; but you must swear by your Maker never to mention her name."

"Yes, massa, I swear."

"Then listen to me attentively, and take this watch," continued the young man, "perhaps it will happen that you may not see any one there on your arrival; in that case, you must not stir from the spot until you perceive these two hands united together at this spot," and Pélage indicated midnight upon the dial. "If the night should not prove clear enough for you to distinguish the hands, you will press this knob, and then count the number of strokes you hear sounding. When it has struck twelve, if no one appears, you will return and bring me back the letter."

"Yes, massa."

"You understand me clearly, do you not? Recollect that this paper contains a secret upon which the happiness of your master depends. Jemmy, it was I who buried your father and your mother; it was I who stood sponsor at your baptism; it was I who made you a Christian; and now I confide into your hands a solemn trust."

"Yes, massa," replied the weeping negro.

On seeing the tears roll down the cheeks of the poor slave, Pélage felt some compunction at having pressed his fidelity so far as to elicit such a touching mark of gratitude.

He might have trusted to the negro's fidelity with the utmost reason for confidence; for his devotedness is a spontaneous emotion of nature, the springs of which remain free from the rust of tutored egotistical and base reservation. The long habitude of slavery, the moving power of whose existence dwells in a volcano extrinsic of itself, engenders almost invariably in the negro an entire abnegation of himself. He becomes a kind of body blindly obedient to the intimations of a mind unidentified with the same envelope, and which ever acts the stronger because unchecked in its resolutions by physical sufferings. "Advance—fall back—stand still," commands the white, and the negro must obey: he submits to all the consequences of these orders with the passiveness of an inconceivable heroism, upon which no need of praise or applause is bestowed.

Jemmy had soon finished the necessary preparations for his mysterious mission, and when night fell he set out light and joyous of heart with his precious letter. The whole quarter of Saint-Anne appeared as if it were abandoned, so completely circumspect had political events rendered the inhabitants. Here and there a negro, prompted by the hope of an hour's courtship with the sable object of his affections, was crossing the fields in the direction of some neighbouring estate. The faithful Jemmy had also a mistress dwelling hard by the road he traversed; but on that evening, the most beauteous negress, the smoothest skin of Congo, the purest ebony of Caffraria, the most slender and agile of the daughters of Mozambique, all their powerful attractions combined would in vain have tempted him to stray from his route. Then Jemmy, grave and thoughtful, with his mission, would have beheld his loved one with indifference, and have continued his march uninterruptedly to accomplish the sacred promise he had made to his master. Accordingly he allowed himself only the time absolutely necessary to reach the Roche-rouge, whose huge dome-like vault overhung the source whence sprung the limpid waters of the little river des Gallets. It was a sequestered spot, which, with its surrounding scenery, was well fitted for romance, and where all the soft illusions and charms, born of mystery and solitude, could enrapture the eager soul of a devoted lover.

Jemmy having seated himself at the entrance of this vast hall of stone, lighted his pipe ready for duty, following strictly the lessons of his master. Patiently he waited, and attentively listened —then listened and waited again. Three several times, at sufficiently long intervals, he replenished and finished his pipe, yet no one came. At last he felt for the watch, in order to consult its chimes. He pressed the spring and heard it distinctly strike once.
"That won't do," he said to himself. He endeavoured to distinguish the position of the hands, but the heavens were enveloped in clouds and starless. The night was indeed sombre, and the cruel negress seemed only to mock him, a poor negro. He set himself again smoking, with all the resignation of his slavish nature, to while away time, without ever once recurring to the motive of his mysterious mission.

After further moments of anxious expectation he again took the watch, now for the first time comprehending by the cold, which was penetrating his body, arising from the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, that a long time must have elapsed since he had first been at his post. He pressed the spring and listened—and the hammer struck again, once.

"That won't do yet," said he, as he began to walk briskly backwards and forwards, to preserve himself from the cold with which he was numbed.

Had he only ventured upon some one of those melancholy airs which he had learned from the Virginian mariners, he could easily have charmed away the long hours of expectation; but his master had said nothing on the subject, and he could not decide upon assuming to himself such a responsibility.

He sat, therefore, listeneing in the silence which reigned around, and his attentive ear thought it heard footsteps at a little distance, and again he thought that so light a step could only be that of woman; but in vain he stretched his head on the side whence he felt persuaded the object was coming. All was quiet, and it might be said that the curious trees hushed even the breathings of their foliage that they too might listen. Notwithstanding this profound tranquility, Jimmy was not the less convinced that he had deceived himself, and that the hour had arrived for the fulfilment of his mission. Wishing to assure himself, for the third time he struck the repeater, and was prepared to count as far as twelve. But, in spite of his usual courage, his mind was seized with a vague impression of terror, when he again heard it strike only once. A wondering sentiment of native superstition took possession of his mind, and he was tempted to believe that all that was now happening was the result of sorcery, for the poor negro had never reflected upon the ambiguity of repeaters, in the triple declaration of the nearest hour—half-past twelve, one o'clock, and more, and night to half-past one. He would then have preferred being engaged in a scuffle with three of his equals than to be involved in this enigma, which troubled his very soul, and he felt disposed only to return home.

"Who goes there?" shouted a voice to him; "who is it?"

In distinguishing the voice of a human being his terror of zombies was dissipated, but he was then at the mercy of sad reality, and a consciousness of the mission with which he was charged interdicted him from replying.

That night Charles de Papingère was patrolling the neighbourhood, and passed at some little distance from the Gallets, whose source was at one boundary of his plantation. He had been attracted to the spot by a luminous point which shone redly amidst the darkness. He was soon aware that this was produced by a glowing pipe, and suspected that some negro was concealed there. The advanced hour of the night, the proximity of his canes, and crops of cotton, suggested the liveliest apprehensions of danger to his wakeful mind.

"It's some villainous negro," he inwardly repeated, "who has been ordered to set my property on fire. Who knows, indeed, but that he may be there to assassinate us?"

Jemmy judged that he had numerous assailants when he heard the footsteps advancing towards him, and thought only of escape. He therefore threw himself flat upon his face among the tall stalks of the sugar-cane which covered the ground, and the better to effect his purpose he began to crawl on his hands and knees, wriggling and dragging himself along like a scolopendra. His pursuer was for awhile at fault; but the weight of Jemmy's body crushed the dew-covered herbage, forming a silvery track. Some stars also shining inopportune, through a wide rift of clouds, illuminated his pathway.

"Fire!" was the command given to the negroes; "fire upon the white wreaths."

Jemmy heard the command simultaneously with the discharge of the volley. He would have redoubled his speed, but his left arm on a sudden refused its as-
sistance. He felt by the pain and stiffness which had paralysed the use of it, that it had been struck by a ball. He quickly raised himself; his faithful heart thought less of the danger and suffering which menaced himself, than of his master, whose happiness depended upon the letter which he carried. He was solicitous to secure it with certainty from the risk of capture. He crumpled it between the fingers of his unwounded hand, then ground it between his teeth and swallowed it; after which he placed his trust with more tranquillity in Providence for a happy rescue. When at last he had gained a little open plot, he turned himself east to reach Sainte Anne's, where he arrived harassed with fatigue, weakened by his effusion of blood, having described a long circuit, the more effectually to throw those out who pursued him.

The young planter beat about with his band unsuccessfully in every direction. At day-break he bent his steps homewards, plunged in a train of reflections, without being able to arrive at any conclusion concerning it, and his mind was oppressed with fearful inquietude.

VI.

The negroes resumed their ordinary labours on the day following, when, at the hour for the distribution of yams and stock-fish, a messenger was seen approaching at full gallop, apparently the bearer of important news.

On the previous evening the great federation had assembled. The grenadiers of the 14th regiment, which composed the garrison, refused to take part in it, and had repaired to their barracks, where they displayed the tri-coloured flag, refusing also openly to take the oath required of them.

The town was in the greatest state of fervour, but the slight incident of the morning was now no longer the cause, for the governor, who had summoned in the utmost haste all the officials of the oligarchical party to deliberate with him upon this new emergency, had, together with the principal functionaries, placed himself in the midst of the refractory troops, and disarmed them, after tearing down the tri-coloured standard, so that, in appearance, every thing was restored to order.

A vessel, which the people on the coast recognised by its raised bowsprit and tall masts to be a man-of-war, had been signalised in the offing from the heights of Colson's Island. Its entrance into port was waited for with the utmost impatience; for divers reports, inimical to the one party and conformable to the wishes of the other, were in circulation upon the object of her mission. A negro fisherman who had just landed, pretended, indeed, that this vessel was the bearer of a decree of complete emancipation of the coloured race.

At this news the whole negro and creole population had collected in menacing groups upon the quays. Negroes and men of colour threw themselves indiscriminately into all the canoes, pigmies, and skiffs which were found disposable, in order to meet the vessel under sail, so eager were they to learn the nature of the despatches it had on board.

Whilst the several crews, some rowing, others sailing, were ploughing the roadstead, the frigate, which had doubled the point of Colson's Island, progressively expanded its once slender proportions to the anxious eye of the gazing multitudes. For a short space of time her top-gallant masts alone were visible above the heights of Sandy Bay; then, having got into the wind, her bows were perceptible, and all her lower sails could be counted, straining her dark masts and cordage.

Prolonged shouts arose from the little fleet of barks which covered the waters of the bay. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved aloft on witnessing the frigate hoist the tri-colour, and confirm her ensign by the salute of a gun. The magic sound, implying that strength had become the ally of liberty, electrified them; they boarded her, some scaling her decks, others grappling her port-holes, and hauling themselves up the side by her rope-ends, in the best manner they were able.

But the attention of those who were collected together at different points of the harbour was now directed towards an elegant yacht that had just stood off from the shore, having on board several officers of the governor's staff. They in their turn were about to inform themselves of the object of the visit of this ship of war, which, if conformable with the reports in circulation, they were to notify the governor's orders for its instant departure from the shores of Guadaloupe.

[Let us turn our eyes from our own
blessed shores to those of a colony of our own, where the choicest of Britain's troops are at this moment of our writing about to relieve their own peaceable countrymen from the dominion of faction.

Ed.—There, indeed, though the cases are vastly different as to the object of each, we can easily imagine how welcome this visit was to the men of colour who swarmed her decks; they threw themselves into the arms of the sailors, eagerly shook hands with the officers: their shouts formed a chorus of which _liberty_ was the burden; and a long and surging echo of their voices reached the shore to kindle enthusiasm in the ranks of their brethren.

The Constitutional Assembly having effectually seen in the obstinate prejudices entertained by the whites against the other castes, an infallible cause of ruin and disorder to the colonies, was anxious to guarantee their safety by a decree which granted to the people of colour the enjoyment of civil and political rights. A second decree, passed by the Legislative Assembly, further added to these first concessions that freemen of every class should be admitted to vote at the parochial meetings, and be deemed eligible to hold offices as public functionaries.

At the receipt of this intelligence the officers on board the yacht hastened their return to the shore, and shortly after their arrival the Forts l'Union and l'Épée opened a fire from their batteries upon the frigate anchored within a short distance of them. The leaders of the white party had assembled, and came to the resolution of repelling this expedition by force, thereby declaring war against republican France. They, at the same time, prohibited, upon pain of death, any one introducing or propagating the _seditious_ decrees of that metropolis in the colony.

Compelled in the outset to decline a combat so unequal, the frigate, commanded by Lieutenant Lacrosse, gained the offing, and sailed for the neighbouring island of Sainte Lucie, where a great number of patriots and men of colour had long previously taken refuge, wearied with the galling yoke which weighed upon them at Guadaloupe and Martinique.

**VII.**

The resolution of the governor and his oligarchs threw the coloured population into a state of stupor, the first effect of which was completely to paralyse them.

But such a measure, only to be explained by the blindest passion on the part of the whites, together with the delusive calculations they made upon the defence and resources possessed by their party, chimed the death-blow of their power.

The men of colour who had boarded the frigate could only regain the coast by landing on distant points of the island, for the fire kept up by the forts swept along the whole roadstead, at which the spirit was raised to the highest pitch of indignation.

Thus was burst asunder the last link which had by a species of miracle until that moment repressed the multitude. War broke out then with fury, not such a war as places two armies in presence of one another, struggling for some leagues of country, for the honour or the caprice of a nation; nor a war which slays symmetrically from a distance, with ball and bullet, but a hideous and fiend-like strife from behind hedges, in short and crowded streets, and from window and house-top; a war, indeed, carried on with the knife, by fire and poison, man felling man, in which the most numerous party is ever sure of the victory.

Large masses of negroes and coloured men were now quitting their habitations for places of public resort, where they organised themselves into legions.

At the same time these events were passing at Pointe-à-Pitre, the country people whose exasperation even surpassed that of men inhabiting towns, assumed a formidable attitude.

At Sainte Anne, and the sad circumstance still lives fresh in the memory of many persons, nothing could equal the fury which manifested itself at that epoch. The men of colour flocked together upon the shore, shouting—"Death to the whites! Destruction to our oppressors!"

"Let us march against Fort de l'Épée!"

"Ay, ay, to the Fort de l'Épée!"

"Friends, we have no leader. Who will command us? Who will direct our efforts?"

"We want a chief."

"A chief, a chief!"

And they immediately proceeded to the noisy election of a colonel.

"Let us have Magloire."
"We are for Jarry."

"No, no, Simoni is the man for us."

"Pelage! Pelage!" loudly shouted the greater number. "Let Pelage put himself at the head of us: Pelage is the man. Where is he! let him come forward."

Pelage at these acclamations stepped forth from the crowd, and without further preamble took the command offered him by the unanimous concurrence of his party.

A moment afterwards this mass was in motion. The columns moved forward, uttering the most terrific yells, which rent the air far and wide. And in this disposition they arrived at the foot of the little fort of Fleur de l'Épée.

There they were, unprovided with a train, or indeed any materiel for a siege. On the part of the besieged, too, of a verity there was but little appearance of fortification-work; here and there a counterscarp, a bastion, with its flanks and salient angles. On the part of the besiegers, again, there was neither trench nor palisades, with their interlacement, to shelter the working-parties; not a jot of all those extravagances of the military art. Death then might travel between the two parties unchecked, and pass from side to side without obstacle, and naked they must rush against the fort-fire, presenting their breasts to a shower of bullets.

"Forward!" was the word.

In each open embrasure of the fort there appeared, like a fixed and immovable eye, enough of itself to freeze their blood with terror, the gaping mouth of a cannon, so pointed as to hem down each advancing column. Of a sudden a dense smoke spouted forth, and before a detonation was heard a ball struck the front lines of a battalion; then it opened for itself a way through the compact masses which followed, and a long train of men, stretched upon the ground, attested for a moment the course which that invisible agent of destruction had taken. The men in the ranks soon closed in again upon the vacant ground, and the gap disappeared as instantaneously as does the vast hollow produced by a broad and deep wave in the belly of the ocean.

The cries and hurras of the negroes and men of colour, which till then rung the air, were suddenly hushed, and each looked silent and serious; their fury and their rage deprived them of utterance; for, as they approached still nearer, their ranks were fearfully thinned from the fort batteries. Ball succeeding ball in rapid succession, tore through the masses, and mowed down whole divisions. Limbs flew here and there, hurled aloft even like branches torn off by the wind, and the blood ran down the black and shining bodies of the soldiers; many of them were also bespattered with white patches, the scattered brains of their ill-fated comrades.

But when they heard the words pass from chief to chief—"Fix bayonets! Charge! Forward!"—that was, indeed, the moment to have witnessed the ferocious ardour of those sable bands which then manifested itself. A force ten times superior to that of the besieged would have inevitably yielded against such a united shock as that which followed. The fort was accordingly carried. At every point the ramparts and escarpments overflowed with the blood, and were filled with the bodies of negroes and mulattoes. When success had crowned their efforts, they threw themselves into the innermost enclosure of the fort, like tigers springing from the heights of rocks upon the camp of a company belonging to a caravan; or, like famished blood-hounds darting upon their prey.

"Death to the whites! death to all prisoners!" was the universal shout.

More than one arm, freed from its chains, had stifled its late master in the deadly grasp of man to man. More than one slave's poniard had pierced the bosom of his late owner. More than one sword of the mulatto had carved the triumph of equality upon the flesh of the whites—when Pelage, bearded with blood and dust, appeared in the midst of his men, to stop the massacre of the conquered, for their forces had ceased to be on an equality.

In the intoxication and confusion, attending success, each marked out his enemy, and claimed him as his prisoner, and had his chosen victim on whom to satiate his vengeance—either a white who had long insulted his feelings—or, for the most part, a hard-hearted master.

"Well, comrades, what more is there to be done?" cried Pelage aloud, "are you going all to fight against that weak handful of men?"
“Let every soul perish! all! without one exception!” was ejaculated in reply.
“‘Yes; death to all the whites! So long as one remains there will be slavery for us."
“‘It’s your affair, my comrades; but the world will not fail to say that we were wholly unworthy of liberty.’
“We only want our prisoners; leave us our prisoners.”
“It is I, then, who refuse them. Forget not that here I am your chief. The success of your cause depends upon our union. Break it not,” cried Pelage, with a loud voice, “or woe to you! woe to us!”

At these words the fury of the soldiers calmed itself; some few murmured out imprecations against a clemency which smelt of treason; but at the beat of the drum which Pelage commanded, they dispersed and joined their comrades, with orders to put themselves in readiness to march upon the town, where the revolt had had a success equal to their own.

Pelage, in hastening to the succour of the whites, had expected to find Charles de Popingère in the midst of them, and his heart beat with a mysterious and secret joy at the idea of becoming the liberator of that haughty colonist, whose disdain had so frequently been a cause of humiliation to him. Pelage formed the intention of meeting the whites, in which case he intended to command his men to retire, and then, advancing toward Charles de Popingère, address him in these words—“Remember, Monsieur de Popingère, that you owe your life to the unfortunate Pelage.”

But the accomplishment of this purpose was not permitted to him.

VIII.

Foreseeing the certain reduction of Fort Fleur de l’Epée, their only military position of importance, and the success of the revolt, the whites, who long since had entered upon negotiations with the English, hastened to send to Prince Edward’s Island, then one of the chief naval stations of the West Indies, to solicit aid and a prompt intervention. They engaged to place Guadalupe under English jurisdiction, on condition of receiving its assistance towards suppressing the revolt, and their being afterwards allowed to resume their former preponderance and privileges.

The English did not show themselves dead to this appeal, as the traitorous leaders of the white party had prepared the negotiation with much skill, and Charles de Popingère was charged with the important mission. Circumstances were urgent, and the peril imminent, and they fully relied upon his unremiting ardour and great resources of mind, no less than upon his implacable hatred, when contesting against the independence of the negro and the creole.

Such rapid success had far outstripped the expectation of the colonists, who had hoped that their resistance would have been sufficient to have allowed the English fleet to show itself upon the coast, and effect a diversion for their safety. But it was not so; the English did not appear soon enough, and the two parties, left to try their respective strength, did not struggle long ere the triumph of one party was complete. The whites, beaten and repulsed on every side, dislodged from all their military positions, saw that their only chance of life was in precipitous emigration. Every kind of vessel in the roadstead, cutters, coasters, sloops, and doggers, was unable to suffice for the eagerness felt by the discomfited party to quit the colony, whereby they left the island in the entire possession of the republican mulattoes and negroes.

All the white colonists had not, however, yielded to this revolutionary terror. Those who had merely taken a part upon principle in the resistance opposed to the emancipation of the island, judged with reason that they might remain without personal danger.

The elder M. de Popingère was of this number. In his eyes the act of emigration was a sort of acquiescence and confirmation of the superiority, as well as the right of the opposite party, and long the possessor of every luxury which fortune could procure, he considered that life was a thing impossible to be borne when a man was compelled to struggle with want. He could not eke out to himself a straitened and necessitous existence—an old man and a colonist, he still sought the same indulgences to which he had been accustomed: to dwell amidst his stores, filled with rum and taffia, with sugar and coffee, with cocoa and cotton; to wander amongst his plantations, covered with rich produce and savoury fruits; to gaze upon long canoes, which pied for fish at the
bottom of the bay, which were exclusively his; to command the services of his horses and his mules, that he might be transported from one end of the island to the other; protected by blinds of ticking from the ardour of the sun; and provided with voluptuous hammocks wherein to rock himself to sleep during the more sultry hours of each day.

Such was the life agreeable to M. de Popingère; a superabundant and luxurious existence, a portion of which would have proved sufficient for an entire population of any European town.

A solicitude egotistical and personal was allied to these thoughts, which was still more powerful in the eyes of the colonist, as to the future fate of his Leonie; when, had he been willing to have expatriated, he would have hesitated ere he exposed so young a child to the great perils of the sea, now infested by pirates, before he had provided her with a home elsewhere.

An incident wholly unexpected soon afterwards contributed to give a greater force to his resolutions. Pierre Louis, his old neighbour, had not been unmindful of what was still due to their former intimacy under such menacing circumstances; he presented himself at the mansion of the white colonist, to assure him of his safety. "My son," uttered the worthy Pierre, "has charged me to tell you, monsieur, that he will be answerable for your house and property, so long as he and his party possess the honour of protecting their own interest."

This was a bold pledge, and the execution of it presented more difficulties than the zeal of Pélage had suggested to his mind. The negroes, unsupervised in spirit, impatient of every kind of restraint, began to spread themselves in bands over the country, following their brutal passion for vengeance and destruction, indiscriminately slaughtering one while a white, at another a man of colour, as prompted by their rude and sanguinary caprice. They were the blind enemies of order and regularity, as is ever the result of great popular commotions. To protect the dwelling of M. de Popingère, from sudden invasion by these bands, Pélage had entrusted the protection of it to the care of a company of black soldiers, commanded by his faithful Jemmy.

The junction of the black troops from Pointe-a-Pitre with those of Sainte Anne was effected without obstacle on the part of the whites, whose last fighting men had abandoned the colony. Pélage, relieved for some time from the duties of his command, repaired to Sainte Anne, there to consecrate his first hours of liberty to a devoir of a tenderer nature.

He had quitted the sea-shore to follow a cross-road, the most wildly picturesque of any upon the island. Conceive a defile at times, sinuous as a stream seeking here and there in uncertain paths a bed for its waters, bordered by a double range of rugged mountains, whose gigantic summits covered with stems of slender trees, which jut out over the precipice, letting fall long tendrils with their husks, resembling the cordage and pulleys of a vessel. In some places the interlacement of these trees, forming as it were the groining of a long glazed gallery, was so compact, that the obscurity would have been complete had not the light penetrated, at long intervals, through the immense gaps and aerial breaches, worked by the rains through the coverage of this solitary pass.

By the aid of these feeble gleams of daylight, the attention of the traveller perhaps would have been amused by the strange habits of the various species of an animal world which had taken up their dwellings there; some in deep holes of the abysses and precipices, others in the fissures and crevices of the rocks, so that there was a continual uproar in songs and cries, birds singing and piping, little quadrupeds running terrified from under his feet, and rustling among the bushes. Or there was an army of crabs, that crawling from the tops of the steep rocks, slowly making its way towards the sea-shore to deposit their eggs, to be hatched in the sand. The naturalist can guess what things are crossing his path by the buzzing sound, and the brushing about of their thousand claws, whilst they remove the little hollow stones from the route in which they are traversing.

These retreats, although deprived of air and light, possess equally their vegetable riches, which combine to invest them with a character of beauty peculiarly charming; it is the country of the hedge-aloe, of the guava with its stalks fifteen feet high; of bajucas, that spring from
the rocks to the branches of the trees; like the threads of the spider; and, by a mysterious power, leap over intervals and chasms. It is too the country of the cactus, that flowers only by night, which thrusts itself from the interstices of the rocks, and serpentes along their sides; of catalpas and machevas, whose brilliant red and yellow flowers seem to throw gay smiles over otherwise drear and sombre nooks.

Nature with lavish hand had bestowed every thing, and here the hand of man had made no arrangement. All was united for the enjoyment of solitude; verdure, shade, coolness, and the perfume of flowers: crystalline fountains trickling from the rocks blended their murmurs with the song of innumerable birds of resplendent plumage: dense thickets appeared of cocoa, shadocks, limes, oranges, and an infinity of other fruits interspersed among the foliage of the trees, all cultivated by the operation of nature alone; and a pleasing disorder prevailed which art cannot imitate.

What a contrast for Pelage were these pêceable incidents of the wilderness, after the tumult and scenes of mortal combat! There were the passions which corrode and tear the soul; men in arms who struggled with and slew one another, to know on which side oppression should remain: here were the woods in their solemn repose, animals in peace, flowers opening their perfumed petals, and wasting "there sweetness on the desert air."

But even here, as in the haunts of men, there was no escaping from the consequences of unchained passions; henceforward he was to encounter on every side their hideous and bloody traces!

In a spot where deep lateral excavations had narrowed still more the confined gorge of the pass, where the light of day was a mere mingling of grey and black—through a forest of high leucos, whose smooth and unfringed trunks allowed the sight to penetrate into a glade of some extent—Pelage perceived a fire sparkling, round which two negroes were seated: the reflection of the flame lit up their haggard and wrinkled features. It might have been taken for a cabalistic conference of those supernatural beings, first conceived by the superstition of the natives, and afterwards depicted by the imaginations of poets.

They were, however, neither demons, gnomes, nor goulies; neither were they zingaris, gipsies; but worse than all these, a reality which surpasses and leaves at far distance all other realities, all ideal conceptions. Pelage immediately recognised two moudongres, as they thus designate cannibals in the colonies, those perfectly primitive beings that Africa sometimes finds an opportunity of disgorging through the medium of honest dealers in human flesh. Wandering through the woods into which the indomitable instinct of their nature drives them, these creatures, abhorred even by the negroes who are frightened at them, live without the pale of the most abject civilisation.

It was a horrible sight to behold these two women withered by age and misery, their heads covered with a huge mass of woolly hair, frizzed and matted, resembling in form the clipped box-trees of ancient gardens, and surmounting features the indescribable attenuation of which, projected all the bones of the face, and revealed cavities and gibbosities, strangely illuminated by the red gleams of the fire; and necks covered with wrinkled skin, that fell in loose folds over their fleshless, scraggy breasts. These creatures, in a complete state of nudity, were crouched over the sparkling blaze, voraciously devouring a repast of human flesh.

In the depth of those solitary fastnesses, at a moment when they knew that the war had collected nearly all the white and coloured population of the island upon the coast, they were far from anticipating an interruption to their pleasures; their feeling of security was so complete, that notwithstanding that exquisite fineness of the senses with which these savages are gifted, they did not perceive the approach of a stranger; but as soon as Pelage was in sight, when between them and him, not only a look but a ball might possibly glance, the two hags started up on their feet, and, like famished wolves, that the hunter surprises—crouched over a fresh-found prey, they ran off uttering hoarse and guttural cries.

At the sight of the fire still burning brightly, by the side of which lay the body of a white child, together with all the relics of this infernal scene, Pelage well knew he had before him a frightful
episode of the war that was desolating his country; he knew that it could only be through some act of incendiarism, some massacre, some sudden and unexpected invasion of a habituation of the whites, that this child had fallen into the hands of these infamous wretches, and he could not shut his heart against the bitter reflections such a thought inspired.

It was almost night when Pélagé emerged from the narrow defile into a savannah, whose borders extended as far as the town of Sainte Anne. It was at that rapid hour in the colonies of the passage of light to darkness. One quarter of the heavens, on the side where the sun had just sunk, was still radiant with large zones of saffron, orange, and vermillion, whilst the rest of the immense cupola was already enveloped in the total obscurity. He felt himself more at ease whilst respiring the aromatic air of the savannah, and his gaze, even before it was practicable for him to take in all the perceptible points of the vast horizon which extended itself before him, reverted with an insurmountable anxiety towards the height on which the dwelling of Papingère was built. There was in this movement somewhat of the feeling which possesses the mind of the traveller, when he beholds at a short distance the termination of his fatigues, and hail it with delight.

Suddenly a vivid light, which could no longer be an accident of the setting sun, that fantastic artist of the tropics, a red blaze, accompanied by a long and dense column of smoke, showed itself directly over the spot where the white planter's house was situated. Aboye this glare, whose intensity momentarily increased, showers of sparks mounted and fell in fiery rain—then came a bold spout of flame springing suddenly up into the air, long and pointed as the tongue of a serpent. There was no mistaking it further: the dwelling of Papingère was a prey to the incendiary.

\[x\]

Some hours before nightfall, a small band of negroes, a species of outlaws of the colony, had fallen unexpectedly on the habitation of Papingère, allured by the attraction of pillage and vengeance; for among these insurgents were found a considerable number of M. de Papingère’s slaves, who had come, sword and torch in hand, to settle accounts with their master, and discharge a long arrest of bad treatment. The issue of their enterprise did not appear doubtful to them for an instant.

On their arrival, they found Jemmy and his little troop under arms, occupying a very favourable position. A fire from their files, regularly sustained, failed not to open a passage in the ranks of the former, and to throw disorder and terror among the undisciplined negroes. Stunned at such an unexpected reception, they retired at first in the greatest confusion; but recovering from their surprise, they rallied, and ashamed of having retreated before a handful of men like these, they returned to the attack with more fury than before.

Jemmy, thinking of the danger that menaced Leonie, had profited by this moment of disorder to change his plan of defence. He caused the interior of the house to be occupied by a party of men, of which M. de Papingère took the command, whilst he maintained himself with the remainder, entrenched behind the palisades and plantations which entirely covered them.

Amongst the runaway negroes, some were only armed with old guns, scarcely of any use to them. They saw their party falling every moment, without the engagement taking any turn in their favour. Rendered desperate by a resistance that baffled their hopes, they set themselves to utter terrific yells, in the endeavour to throw terror among their adversaries; at the same time they rushed \textit{en masse} upon the house: it was a last effort of rage. Against this shock, the men who protected the approaches to the house gave way, or fell massacred, permitting the bandits to penetrate into the lower apartments. It was then Jemmy quitte the position he occupied, and fell upon them. Whilst the combat prolonged itself in the interior, the sabre and bayonet were hacking and piercing their victims, until the blood covered the floors in large pools; other negroes outside set fire to the building, in order that at least there might remain a trace of their path, a memento of their vengeance, an expiatory monument to the manes of their slaughtered comrades.

A part of the house had already fallen in under the devouring avidity of the flames, where they were still slaying one
another. Cries of women mingled themselves with the roaring of the fire, the cracking of timbers, and report of fire-arms, for the flame in its ascending progress mounted until it gained the chamber where Leonie was shut up — with several devoted negroes. The furniture and ornaments of porcelain and glass cracked from their expansion; the beams and rafters blazed, and consumed themselves in a thousand little flames, which spouted forth like jets of gas emitted from volumes of thick, black smoke. Outside the house, the remorseless element caught the parasitical plants and arbustes, that tapestried the walls, ran madly and rapidly through all the ramifications of their branches, carrying the conflagration to the very roof.

It was at this moment that a furious and terrible being appeared on the threshold of the doorway. With glaring eye, menacing voice, and implacable arm, he struck down and slew, without mercy, every bandit negro. He strode over their heaped bodies, or clove himself a passage through them. At the mournful cries of the women for help, he had rushed towards the staircase, the balustrade of which, twisting and swaying under the action of the fire, fell with a crash.

Leonie, at the sight of the flames licking and splitting asunder the doors of her apartment, and the increasing yells of the negroes, had swooned, for death presented itself to her in all its hideousness, either by falling into their power, or from being stifled and burned.

The women surrounding her uttered a cry of hope, on recognising Pelage. He approached Leonie, and, as she was totally insensible to every thing passing around, he took her in his arms and rapidly bore her through the flaming corridor.

The fugitive negroes had effected their retreat. They had given way on seeing their chief struck down by a ball. Silence had suddenly succeeded to the yelling chorus of incendiaries and discharge of fire-arms.

"My angel! my angel!" repeated Pelage, pressing Leonie to his heart; "open thine eyes—it is Pelage—Pelage is at your side. Hearest thou not, Leonie? It is the voice of Pelage calls upon thee."

"Thou?" inquired she, fixing her eyes upon the young man.

"Tis I myself; revive, all danger has passed away."

"Oh, yes, it is indeed Pelage! indeed 'tis he! and so near me—how camest thou hither?"

"I have saved thee, Leonie; saved thee from the flames—or worse, the negroes!"

"Thou hast saved me? thou Pelage! oh! repeat the words; for it was thee I implored Heaven to send to my assistance, when death was there and menaced me. It has granted my prayer, thanks, thanks!"

Pelage had deposited his precious burden upon the fresh leaves of a bananah in a hut near to the mansion, and was bending affectionately over her, when M. de Popingere rushed in, followed by his faithful domestics, all eagerly pressing round the hut, begging to see Made-moiseille Leonie.

They placed her in a hammock, and carried her to another little mansion of her father's, nearer the town of Sainte Anne.

These events renewed the ties that formerly existed between Pierre Louis and M. de Popingere. Gratitude, for a moment, was on an equality with pride in the breast of the white planter. He felt that Pelage, to whom alone he owed his life, the safety of his daughter, and the preservation of his property, had sacred claims upon his friendship.

The intimacy of these recently-resumed relations, failed not to give birth to a multitude of reports and conjectures. Some pretended, among other on dit, that yielding to the imperious necessity of circumstances, the haughty planter would not long withhold his consent to the union of Leonie and Pelage; but M. de Popingere, to whom their love was a profound secret, had taken no resolution of such a nature, and, had he been acquainted with it, doubtless, the characteristic pride of the white planter would never have stooped to such a sacrifice.

Pelage formed within himself an exact estimation of the obstacles he would have to overcome; and as these obstacles only arose from the prejudices of caste, he expected, before it would be necessary to reveal the secret of their affection, that time would have consolidated the new political institutions of the colony, and have passed their level over the heads of the two families.
In the calculation of reason, this event was inevitable: all was working the acceleration of its march. In this country it was human reason with its powerful language, that ever eventually succeeds in tearing asunder the veil of human errors; in France it was the national convention. Perceiving no remedy for the evils which desolated the colonies, but in an access of evil, they decreed the absolute overthrow of their system of government. On the 4th of February, 1794, slavery was abolished, and "all men without distinction, dwelling in the colonies, were declared French citizens."

But whilst the metropolis thus regulated the condition of the colonies, the white planters had not discontinued the pursuit of their own measures, and the course of their intrigues with the English, endeavouring to stimulate their desire for conquest, and excite them to a decisive attack; so that on the very day on which the national convention in France passed its decree of general emancipation, a formidable English expedition, under the command of Admiral Jervis, presented itself before Martinique and Guadaloupe.

The evening preceding the day on which the long line of English ships, covering a large section of the horizon, displayed their sails to the eyes of the astonished islanders dwelling by the shore, Pélage and Leonie, having met at the Roche Rouge, were indulged in that sweet discourse of lovers, which flatters and nourishes the predominant sentiment of the soul. They found themselves again on the same spot where they had experienced the first palpitations of the heart, where they exchanged the first oaths of love, in presence of the blue heavens and bright flowers that appeared to smile upon their re-union.

With more freedom than they had ever possessed before, their soft dialogues prolonged themselves hour after hour, uninterrupted by paternal surveillance, M. de Popingère grew daily less and less energetic. Pre-occupied with political events, uneasy concerning his property; separated from his son, from whom he heard but seldom, he found himself, with regard to Pélage, in one of those difficult positions of life, when tossed by contrary ideas and opposing interests, a man is unable to arrive at a determination without violating a feeling or encountering remorse. M. de Popingère left it to time and events to work their chances. He awaited their results.

"When I find myself at your side, Leonie; when I feel the pressure of your hand within my own; when the breeze passing over your bright hair wafts me its perfume mingled with your soft breath, I felt all the saddening remembrance of the past effaced from my mind. Whether foolish or wise, I deliver myself up to the consoling thought that we shall soon reach the end of our sufferings. Tell me, dearest angel, thinkest thou as I do, that the phantoms which separate us are soon about to be dissipated. Dost thou repose confident upon that inspiring conviction, whose charm possesses somewhat of the supernatural?"

"Oh! who then now would dare to interrupt our happiness? Believe me, he who should attempt it would be an insensate. I belong to thee; my life I enjoy at thy hands, for I should have perished but for thee—of a most horrible death. Let them kill me—let them tear this existence from thine—they may do so if it be their pleasure, but my soul is still yours. Pélage, until the present moment I have been a timid and unhappy girl; their prejudices have long terrified my heart; I believed—oh! pardon me—I believed myself guilty of wrong in loving thee; but gratitude and reason have triumphed over and banished those prejudices in which they tutored me. In loving thee, I have yielded to a volition more powerful than my father—more powerful still than the wrath of my brother. Thou seest then plainly that they would essay in vain to disunite us; but let them not attempt it. If thou knewest what it has cost me to preserve our secret!—it wears, it overpowers me, this mystery of our love; and I feel that at every instant it is on the eve of escaping from my lips."

"Preserve it still, Leonie—yet a little while; the hour for divulging it has not arrived. It will come; and, till then, let us dwell with rapture on the anticipation."

"If thou wilt have it so, I am content. Leonie is thine, Pélage, whether our sorrow show itself in radiant smiles, or, obscured into clouds, it menace a chequered and gloomy future."

The next day dismal volleys from the
The colonists, still thirsting for vengeance, aided the policy of Great Britain by causing themselves to be invested with the title of Commissioners.

Charles de Poppingère had claimed the investment of this political office. Among the number of those first proscribed, he hastened to insert the names of Pierre Louis and Pélage; among the property condemned to sequestration, he took especial care theirs should be included; he wished to get rid of them, cost what it might, he was anxious to free himself from those importunate creditors upon the gratitude of his family, and upon this occasion his motives were more powerful than ever.

XIII.

During the time passed by Charles de Poppingère in emigration, charged by his party with full powers to negotiate with the British Government, he was intimately leagued with a personage, whose influence was great in the expeditionary army. He was one of those mysterious beings met with at all points of the globe where diplomacy has its interests to debate, a political ascendency to exercise. They are commonly decorated with a title, wear an embroidered coat, are profuse in their expenditure, but whence they derive their resources no one knows, their origin is an enigma, their social position a perfect problem.

This inexplicable personage, an Italian by birth, and who was known by the name of Dr. M———, had promptly recognised in Charles de Poppingère all the exaggeration, all the impetuosity, all that facility of infatuation natural to the creole character. He found it, therefore, an easy matter to secure his confidence, by caressing some of his prejudices, and by showing himself devoted on the part of his government to the cause of colonial emigration.

In the calculating schemes of Charles, no less an idea entered his mind than that of giving the hand of his sister to this stranger, who would thus be for ever attached to his family. He made no mystery of his wishes toward M———. The latter, skilfully profiting by the favourable disposition of the enthusiastic and impassioned creole, had succeeded in making him believe that this alliance was the sole motive of his conduct, the secret of the support which he had given to the interests of the white colonists,
and the recompense he expected from the friendship of Charles.

By the air with which Leonie had welcomed this stranger, when her brother presented him at the paternal mansion, one might have felt certain that she had divined his projects. Her manner wore all the indifference resulting from a pre-existing love. Her whole soul was a prey to the inquietude with which the fate of Pélage inspired her.

Pélage, although menaced by proscription, could not, however, bring himself to the determination of flying the colony, to exile himself from the country which held Leonie; retired among the inaccessible mountains of Grande Terre, at the head of some few followers under the same ban, he occupied himself with the task of organising a band of resolute patriots, unceasingly to harass the English forces. Until that moment the negroes had only taken partial intervention in the bloody struggles which then tore asunder Guadaloupe. The vital questions which attached themselves to the interest of their feeble caste, had only been agitated in a very secondary manner. They had figured in the scenes and revolutionary mêlées rather through an impulsive instinct than by any reflective determination. Thus we shall shortly see that the unexpected arrival of the news of the abolition of slavery concurred to bring about one of the most astonishing political reactions of which history has preserved the remembrance.

Leonie knew well that life of peril, that fugitive existence Pélage was leading, and worse than all, her terrified mind perceived that no chance of a termination to it nigh at hand.—In this situation, at times she entertained the most sinister projects. She felt herself devoid of the persevering and audacious energy necessary to break every link that attached her to her family, in order to share the exile of Pélage. Her heart would have broken under such a trial. But meanwhile her susceptible and ardent temperament might, in a sudden paroxysm, hurry her on to the last excess of frenzy and despair.

The first occasion on which Charles acquainted his sister with his projects, Leonie, without tears or emotion, displayed a firmness of resolution that perfectly astonished her brother. He endeavoured to penetrate the cherished secret of her heart. Suppleness of mind, insinuation, craft, harshness, menace, all by turns were employed; he strove to touch upon, and bring into play, every spring of the human heart. But she remained impenetrable, opposing merely to her brother’s importunities, a refusal unaccompanied by any explanation. Charles, on his part worked up to the highest pitch of indignation, broke off their colloquy, fearing the issue of it might be marked by some explosion of his hardly-suppressed wrath. He devoured his rage for the moment, without renouncing, however a determination to overcome the obstinacy of Leonie. They both kept themselves on the defensive; and though he had not succeeded in obtaining any revelation from his sister’s inflexibility, he had encountered one in the inspirations of his anger. There he saw the image of Pélage ever present in the midst of them, invisibly directing all the resolutions of Leonie.

Pélage! he! that offspring of a mulatto, barring with an insurmountable obstacle one of his combinations of happiness! He, the ruler of his sister’s mind! reigning over that portion of the name of Popingère! Oh! hell itself had not a torture for such a crime; a native even of the colonies could not devise punishment sufficient to avenge such an affront. And moreover, he knew Pélage to be hard by, among the mountains, menacing at every moment destruction to the tottering framework of power that he was labouring to re-construct. Easily, then, may it be imagined how, prompted by such resentment, he thirsted for the death of that Pélage, that he might discourage the soil of Guadaloupe of him for ever. The very existence of that young man poisoned his own. It was an undying fire that consumed him, the talon of the vulture that tore his very entrails.

In his thirst for vengeance, he occupied himself with ardour in endeavouring to persuade the English commanders to attempt an expedition against the rebels of the mountains. But it was in vain that he continually agitated the question: common prudence forbade such an undertaking. Without acquainting M——i with the motive that made him urge its adoption, he had often spoken of this expedition as a means, among several others, of consolidating the colonial authority,
and he had engaged him to use all his influence with the governor to bring him to a conviction of its urgency.

But unforeseen events, of which history in its annals has carefully unregistered the circumstance and dates, brought about that species of hand-to-hand strife, after which he had so long sighed; and stirred up with it also far higher than ever the hatred and passions of mankind.

XIV.

At this epoch of general conflagration, when maritime communications were but few, the committee of public safety in France, ignorant of the fate of the Windward Islands, had flattered itself at least with preserving Guadaloupe, by dispatching a small force to its assistance. It gave orders that all the land and sea forces disposable for that purpose should unite themselves at Rochefort. A little expedition was consequently formed, consisting of two frigates, a brig, and five transports.

After fitting out in the island of Aix, it received orders to sail for Guadaloupe, to avoid an engagement with a superior force, and to proceed towards the United States of America, if it should find it impracticable to attempt an advantageous attack upon the colonies.

After a voyage of forty days this French expedition was signalised from the shores of Guadaloupe; it showed itself upon the 2d of June, 1794, to the surprised gaze of the white colonists, who scarcely found a month elapsed since they had been re-invested with all their rights and privileges.

Although the English squadron had then momentarily quitted the shores of Guadaloupe, the planters beheld with jeering indifference the appearance of this feeble armament of republican France. They even thought it might afford them excellent sport, dare it risk an engagement with the English forces, composed of troops the most inured to that climate of any in the British service, and who might be supported by a fleet of thirty-two ships of war of all sizes.

But the feelings to which it had given rise among other classes of the population were of very different character. All felt their hearts bound with hope, and secretly resolved to become soldiers when the moment for action should arrive, in which they might free themselves from the combined tyranny of the haughty creoles.

The fugitive bands of Pélage kindled huge fires, indicative of their joy, upon the heights, where they had taken refuge. These flames, scattered along the distant mountains, appeared like so many volcanoes during eruption, ready to inundate the neighbouring dwellings with their burning lava. The men danced in rapid circles round the blaze; and all was uproar and delirious joy upon the mountains.

The night was devoted to preparations for the march. It had been determined by a council of the assembled chiefs that, in order to facilitate the attack of the fleet, a diversion should be made next day, by offering battle to the troops ordered to cover the shore.

Those even who saw the republican bands of France rush to the frontiers barefooted, badly armed—having only for auxiliaries their own bravery and hatred of the enemy—would scarcely have formed an idea of the exact condition of these determined men, who thus marched to confront soldiers well equipped, well drilled, confident in their military experience, and the skilful strategy of their officers.

The greater part—spite of the stings of flies and musquitoes, the long thorns of the lemon-trees and logwood—were naked from head to foot, wearing at most only cotton drawers. The ball with them could never glance along the belt, or fall, repelled by the hard brass-plate of the schako; the lead reached its mark, and penetrated wherever it struck into their smooth skin, as if fired upon a liquid surface.

During the entire night Pélage remained plunged in a deep and sombre melancholy. After having given orders and instructions to the men he commanded, harassed with fatigue and inquietude, he had thrown himself upon a heap of leaves before the fire—his head propped upon his hands, he thus maintained for a long space that attitude so favourable to the concentration of all our thoughts upon one sole subject.

Jemmy was at his side, silent and collected; not that he was a prey to gloomy apprehensions, or to any sinister presentiment; but by a sort of moral, as well as physical dependence—his mind captive like his body—modeled themselves upon those of his master.

"Jemmy," he inquired of his favourite negro, "are my arms ready?"
"Here they are, massa."

"Tis well: to-morrow our columns will descend into the savannahs of Grands Fonds. The fleet will await the signal from our musketry to land in Du Gozier Bay. It is within an hour's march, at most, of the Forts l'Épée and de l'Union. All our dispositions are well taken; the rest is in the hands of Heaven. It may chance, however, that our cause will fail; in that case, Jemmy, if you see our brave fellows fall to rise no more, if you judge that all is lost, and Heaven has spared your life, repair to Salines (Salt River) with a canoe: I will join you there, and we will together quit for ever this land of humiliation and woe. Jemmy, if I do not come to seek you, you will comprehend what my absence means. I shall be no more of this world, and then ——"

The breast of the poor negro was fearfully oppressed. His master's words tore every fibre of his heart. Pelage grasped his hand, and shook it affectionately; both thereupon became silent and serious. The former allowed his head again to droop between his hands; the negro, sorrowful and motionless, remained with his eyes fixed on his master.

xv.

The English and the white colonists, warned by their spies of the military plan of the proscribed bands, had made the necessary dispositions to receive them. Under favour of the darkness of night, they had secretly ambushed their artillery upon the skirts of a wood, which commanded a little savannah, the sole practicable issue from the mountains.

The next morning, at break of day, the mulattoes and negroes descended from their retreat in column,—grave, mute, noiseless, and without precipitation. Those long, dark files of men winding through the narrow and sinuous pathways, formed in their march spiral rings, which, among the declivities of the mountains, bore resemblance to the gigantic baos of Africa, twirling in the sun.

The columns concentrated themselves at the entrance of the savannah, and were found all re-united in open day. Scarcely had they ranged themselves in order of battle, when the English unmasked their batteries, and then commenced a frightful concert from their brazen wombs: Their detonations went bounding from height to height, and vibrated long among the sonorous branches of the neighbouring woods. The artillerists, be assured, had no occasion to rectify their aim; it was a point-blank cannonade, that scorched the outlaws with its very blaze.

Malediction! do they not see that the land-wind blows with a violence as great as if a hurricane were rising, and drives the ships before it away from the coast. No report of a gun, no signal in the air, announces the attack of the fleet. It is now far off the shore, fearing the rocks and sands, against which their rudders and bowsprits would shiver like glass.

And what has become then of all those men descended from the mountains? Almost as many are stretched along the ground as just now were standing on it: the rest have taken flight. In the savannah the congealed blood has formed a dark lake, like the waters of a muddy marsh; the panting flesh still trembles; the scattered members yet shiver: one would have said, on beholding the remains of organic life which still animated them, that there were passion and resentment even in these very relics of humanity.

It was upon a Friday that this combat took place,—an unlucky day, as every one knows, and to the influence of which the negroes failed not to attribute the fatal issue of the affair. "Had we fought on Saturday," said they, "we should be now at the Pointe, for the wind would not have dispersed the fleet."

xvi.

It was a dark and dreary night. The English and the planters, heated with success, pursued with slaughter the scattered remnant of the conquered. During the course of that day, Leonie, at the report of every cannon wafted to her by the wind, felt ready to swoon; her blood rushed back to her heart, her lips became pale and discoloured.

Consumed by the fever engendered by these violent mental agitations, she arose to throw open the windows of her apartment, in the endeavour to catch some distant noise,—some vague indication which yet identified itself with the events occupying her mind. The sky was lowering; a strong wind had risen; large drops of tepid rain fell heavily upon the foliage of the trees; vivid flashes of lightning here and there illuminated the horizon; all around gave symptoms of an approaching tempest.
Suddenly a feeble and agonised voice made her start by pronouncing her name.

"Leonie! Leonie!"

"Is it thou who call'st me?"

Bewildered and almost beside herself at recognising that voice, she descended in the utmost haste, and ran forth to meet Pélage.

He had wished to see her once again ere he quitted Guadalupe; proscribed, tracked on every side, to take this step was the sole remaining chance of saving his life.

"Well, if it must be so, thou shall not fly alone; I will follow thee," cried Leonie in the accents of despair.

"Oh! impossible! the country all around is filled with soldiers in pursuit of me." Pélage had been wounded severely by grape-shot.

"Some linen only to stanch this blood, the loss of which enfeebles me, and then adieu, Leonie, adieu, until happier days shall dawn for us."

"Wounded! bleeding! thou shalt not leave me thus: come in with me; come, or I will call for assistance."

Pélage did not long resist the entreaties of Leonie. His wound was a deep one; he had bled profusely, and felt too surely by his decreasing strength the impossibility of proceeding far in the condition in which he found himself.

A few moments afterwards, a great noise was heard throughout the house, occasioned by the domestics running backwards and forwards. The voices of Charles de Papingère and Dr. M——i were heard giving orders.

Pélage would have made his escape, but could not longer walk. His right leg, inflamed by the presence of lead in the flesh, was unable to support the weight of his body; the effort he had made to raise himself was too violent, and he had fallen back upon his chair in a swoon.

At that moment Charles de Papingère and his favourite entered Leonie's apartment. She had only time to thrust the fauteuil into which Pélage had fallen under the thick musquito-netting of her couch.

"Mercy! mercy! O my brother! have mercy on him! Oh! do not deliver him up!" Then addressing herself to the doctor: "Heaven has sent you hither, sir, to save an unfortunate wounded man."

"What are you talking about?" inquired Charles, unable to comprehend anything from this scene of tears and entreaties.

M——i's cold and imperturbable glance sought around to discover an explanation of this despair; perceiving nothing in the apartment to produce it, he advanced towards the alcoved couch, and raising the thick fold of the curtains, discovered Pélage, who, nevertheless, pallid, with his head fallen over the back of the fauteuil, appeared resigned to all the consequences of his situation.

"Wretched girl!" cries Charles, grasping his sister's arm so forcibly as to make her shriek aloud, "will you explain the presence of this mulatto here?"

"Pity him, Charles! oh, pity him! you see that he is wounded and in agony." Pélage, startled from his stupor by the loud and angry voice of the young planter, exclaimed,

"You are inflicting harm upon your sister, monsieur."

"Infernal discovery! woe to thee, Leonie! woe to him!" and so saying, Charles laid his hand upon his sword.

"Ah! I throw myself at your feet, my brother. Consider well, that man has preserved my life, our habitation, has saved our parent."

Charles, at these words, felt his wrath forsake him. Eager to avenge that which his prejudices taught him to consider as a spot of infamy upon his name, his arm was arrested by the magic power of a grateful remembrance.

M. de Papingère, drawn thither by the noise of this scene, entered with several negroes, and hastened to withdraw him from the apartment.

But the Italian, with a penetrating and imperturbable scrutiny, had arrived at a perfect explanation of all these events. He had pierced with a single glance the mystery of Leonie's heart. He had his rival within his grasp; that obstacle of flesh and blood which opposed itself to his projects of fortune; and he was not the man to allow such an opportunity to escape him.

"There is no time to be lost," said he, turning towards Leonie. "Will you accept my services, young man?"—then addressing the wounded outlaw.

Pélage, comprehending the offer of M——i, thanked him for his interest in his behalf by a feeble inclination of the head.

"He gives his assent," continued he, with an expression of feigned but indefinable delight.

He went out, and after an absence of
considerable length, returned with his surgical instruments. He moreover carried in his hand a small phial, the sight of which caused Leonie an involuntary shudder.

Then commenced a most infernal scene.

He strongly steeped a shred of linen in the liquid which the phial contained, and applied it to the fresh and bleeding wound. A few moments after the application of this dressing, Pélagé exhibited signs of suffering the sharpest torture, the muscles of his face being fearfully contracted.

"The wounded man," said M——i, addressing himself to Leonie, "is on the point of experiencing a crisis; let us hope it may not be fatal to him." And, as if anxious to allay his agony, he steeped the linen afresh in the liquor of the phial, and covered the wound with it. Immediately after, the patient manifested symptoms of the most intolerable anguish; his countenance became livid, his lips frozen, he lost all power of articulating a word, his limbs grew rigid as iron, and his stiffened body slid from the fauteuil, letting the head fall upon, and rebound from the floor, with a hollow and heavy sound.

The famous poison of Java, the lapositénté,* rapid as the thunder-stroke, had wrought its deadly effect; its juice, in which is steeped the weapon destined for merciless slaughter, had carried death into the veins of Pélagé.

Leonie perceived these horrible pre-

* "The upas, or famous poison-tree of Java, has long attracted the curiosity of naturalists, and has been the subject of many wonderful and, as now appears, fabulous tales.
It is one of the largest trees in the forests of Java, and rises with a completely naked stem to the perpendicular height of sixty, seventy, and eighty feet; when it sends off a few stout branches. The bark, which in old trees is almost half an inch thick, on being cut, yields a milky juice, from which a poison is prepared, equal in fatality to the strongest animal poisons hitherto known. The inner bark resembles a coarse piece of linen, which is worked into ropes, and which—after much boiling, washing, and immersion in water—is worn by the lower classes when working in the fields. But it is remarkable that, after being exposed to a shower of rain, this dress produces an intolerable itching, the effect of a small portion of the poison still adhering to the bark. The story of the tree poisoning the surrounding atmosphere is altogether a fable." Encyclopedia Metropolitana. Article—Jav.
See also "Memoir by M. Lebechenu, in the Annales du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle." Cap. xi. and xii., p. 457.

cursors of dissolution; that struggle, in which all the resistance of a youthful and healthy organization exhausted itself in useless efforts against the potency of the poison. She kept her swollen and burning eyes riveted upon the features of Pélagé, but recently so placid, and now rendered incapable of recognition through the fearful distortion of convulsions. At one moment weeping, at another praying the protection of Heaven for Pélagé; then casting herself at the feet of M——i, whom she earnestly besought to save him. Her love by turns assumed every expression of grief, exhausted all the language of supplication, employed every interpretation of despair.

The night was already far advanced, and that long agony still continued. M——i, nevertheless, with a calm voice, had just declared to Leonie that his skill was unavailing, and that the death of Pélagé was inevitable, when the report of cannon was heard booming heavily above the storm then raging with terrific violence.

An announcement had just reached the mansion that the republican expedition was preparing to land its troops. The intelligence it brought of the total abolition of slavery had propagated itself rapidly and terribly as the flame of the incendiary; all the negroes had deserted the white party, and had declared themselves free in the name of the National Convention.

Charles and M——i repaired with the utmost haste to Fort Fleur de l'Épée, and scarcely had they taken their departure, when a band of negroes, headed by Jemmy, fell upon, and effected an entrance into, the dwelling of Popingère, in search of the two chiefs of the white party.

They surrounded the body of Pélagé, who had just expired.

"Massa! my massa!" cried Jemmy, "he has died from poison!"

On hearing the events detailed, which had transpired during that horrible night, he made those around him swear to protect the dwelling of M. de Popingère, for the sake of Mademoiselle Leonie, who had so truly loved his poor master, and to give no quarter to either Charles, or to the author of the crime.

This oath was professed over Pélagé's body by the light of waxen tapers, which mingled their trembling radiance with
the faint and far-off glimmering of the 

rising sun.

XVII.

History thus relates the consequences of the French squadron disembarking. On the 6th of June, the Fort Fleur de l'Epée was carried by assault at midnight, by the republican generals, Cartier and Roger. The enemy, petrified at their audacious temerity, fled with a panic terror, abandoning all its positions, and attributing its defeat to the want of discipline among the royalists who served under its banners, together with their paralytic fear. At break of day, the negroes and republican troops entered Pointe-à-Pitre, and took without resistance eighty-seven ships of every class then lying in port.

Fugitives chased for their lives. Charles de Poppingère and Dr. M——, favoured by a disguise, traversed the sea-shore in search of a vessel by which they might be enabled to quit the colony, and join the English fleet, which they calculated on falling in with at some little distance off the coast, towards the south-west. They had vainly followed all the capricious slopes and windings of Du Gozior and Sainte Anne's shores, when, on rounding the Salt River rock, they discovered, and took advantage of, the canoe of Jimmy—that canoe, which, it will be remembered, was destined to convey Pélage and his faithful negro from their native island.

SOLUTION

Of the Enigma which appeared in the Lady's Magazine, &c., March, 1838.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

Tho' all unnamed, and hid with wily tongue, 'Tis but the praise of Echo thou hast sung: She is the life of many an emerald vale, Stealing the song and panting on the gale! O'er the flood gliding, whispering sigh for sigh Echo pursues her flight, and yet is nigh, Where is the spot, with nature's beauties crowned, But in it's bosom Echo may be found, Ready to welcome each with syren song Ranging the hills and sunny glades along. Nor life, nor tongue, her flute-toned speech supply, Her voice, her dwelling, all is mystery. Yet when old Winter rears his snow-wreathed head, Glad Echo wakes from out her mossy bed, Greeting with merry voice the frosty skies, Then sinking softly, in a whisper dies, Fitting the woods whose summer hue is gone, With mimic blasts, long wound, of fairy tone, Mocking the bugle of the hunter free, Echo, what mystic power can ever equal thee!

SOLUTION BY "E. P."

Sweet Echo! Sweet Echo! how soft the reply, Sweet Echo, sweet Echo, returns to my sigh; The silvery cadence subsides into air, And I listen entranc'd, as if fairies were there: For tho' I call forth each sigh and each sound, And my own voice, alone, reverberates round; Yet so soften'd, so mellow'd, it comes to my ear, It seems like a voice from a heavenly sphere; E'en silence is charm'd, and lends her soft wing, For Echo to float on and sweetly to sing.

Notts., March 3, 1838.

For further particulars, we beg to refer our readers to the back of the page of contents.
FASHION INTELLIGENCE OF PARIS, FOR APRIL, 1838.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 7.—Plate of Details.—1st Baut.—Dress of rich figured satin. Corsage with a waist, and deep folds of the material of the dress, forming draperies à la Sévigné. (See plate.) Short tight sleeve, with two loose, but not deep, puffs put on at the bottom, and finished with a single blonde ruffle, à la Louis XIV. At the inner part of the arm the puffs are drawn up to the point, and finished by a bow of satin ribbon to match the dress. Smaller roselet bows are placed at the top of the centre of the corsage, back and front, and at the top of each sleeve, retaining the folds of the draperies in proper form. Coiffure, the front hair drawn to the sides of the head, which falls in thick tufts of ringlets, is à la Mancini; the back in imitation of the Grecian style, a torsade (roll) of hair goes round the head, and crosses the brow, and a bouquet of large flowers is retained at the left side of the back of the head by a golden arrow; pearl necklace, with an enamelled locket suspended from it.

2nd Baut.—Dress of gros de Naples; corsage quite plain, and à pointe, with a flat blonde tucker put on round the bosom; the corsage has also a slight point at back. Short tight sleeves, with two deep frills, and finished with a deep blonde ruffle; a bow of satin ribbon with long ends is placed immediately, but is replaced at the sides by a t蒯e or tulle, on the outside of the sleeve. The hair is much in the style of the one just described, with the exception of blonde lappets being fastened into the back coiffure, instead of flowers; the back hair is in torsades; the ornaments are gold, richly wrought. (See plate.)

3rd Baut.—Dress of satin, plain corsage, with a double fold of the material round the bosom; a new and pretty finish to the top of a dress. Tight short sleeves, with two rows of fluted trimming at bottom, and finished by a deep and rich ruffle, à la Louis XV.; the fluted trimming is composed of tulle or crêpe. The bows on the sleeves and the cincture, which is fastened in front with a small bow, and two long ends of ribbon, are of satin ribbon. Blonde cap, ornamented with flowers and marabout; the crown of the cap is small, round, and high; a deep rich blonde forms a standing border at the centre of the front, and is placed at the sides by a wreath of marabouts, which droop on the neck at the left side, but do not fall quite so low at the right. A light and beautiful wreath of full-blown roses, intermixed with buds and foliage, goes between the face and the marabouts, and forms one of the most elegant and becoming coiffures that can possibly be imagined. The cap is finished at the back by a standing border of blonde (see plate), beneath which is a full bow of satin ribbon.

4th Baut.—Gives the back of the cap just described. Pink satin dress, low corsage, and long sleeves. Mantle or scarf of filé (netting), trimmed all round with a deep full blonde.

Revers or tuckers for putting round the bosoms of dresses.

The first is of clear cambric, with deep frill at bottom, festooned at the edge; at top a quilling of narrow pink satin ribbon, standing up. A narrow Valenciennes is run on the top edge of the ribbon; the bow in front may be white or coloured.

The second is two falls of blonde put on to a piece of plain blonde, cut in the shape of a pelisse découture, rather deep and pointed at back, and quite cut away in front; a coloured ribbon is merely laid under the upper frill, with a plait here and there to bring it into form; a bow of figured satin ribbon in centre of the front.

The third, at left side of plate, is a drapery in the Sévigné style. It is made of tulle, and brought in regular folds or plaits, trimmed top and bottom with a narrow lace; a rosette of ribbon with long ends in front. The one opposite is for morning wear, toilettet d’Intérieur. It forms a kind of open pelerine or fichu, and is much adapted to a silk or mouseline de laine dress. A quilling of tulle forms the trimming; rosette of satin ribbon with long ends.

The fifth revers is made of satin, with a piping at the edge, and a trimming of satin ribbon; a narrow blonde is put on top and bottom. A revers of this description made of pink or blue satin, with cincture, flowers, shoes, &c., to match, and worn with a dress of white crêpe, gauze, or book muslin, would form one of the prettiest and simplest toilets imaginable for a young lady.

Reticule of rich striped satin, square, with the points merely taken off at the corners.

No. 8. Toiletté des Promenades.—Fashions for Long-Champs. Hat of pink poux de soie; the front large, coming low at the sides, where it is rounded off; low crown,
Coiffures exécutées par M. Locante, brevet des cours de France et d'Angleterre. n. Vaillant, 32.
Papillotes de M. Guinard, rue Lépine, 211.
Bonnet garni de Marabout, Robin, Vels, Mantelet et sac de M. Pellet, rue Richelieu, 95.
Fleurs et Marabout de Chapat fevra.

LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Modes de Long-champs.

Chapeau en tissu de soie garni de dentelle des Mme d'Alexandreau.

Capote en tissu de Naples-Mantelet-chaque en Organdi brodé de laine-Echarpe en tulle application des Mme de M. Pellet à Richelieu, 93-Plans et chapeaux de Chapel paris

1507, Boulevard St Martin, 61.

tried with rich satin ribbon and blonde; a bouquet of white lilac is placed at each
side, under the front of the bonnet. Dress of gros de Naples, plain, low corsage,
tight sleeves; the bottom of the dress orna-
mented with three flounces. Arab Mante-
let.—This we give, not for its beauty exactly,
but to convince our fair readers that we
give them the newest fashions, whilst still
only adopted by the French court, conse-
quentially, months before such articles are to
be seen commonly worn in Paris, or dis-
played in the shop windows. This mante-
let or shawl, may be made of cashmere,
satin, velvet, or even clear muslin for sum-
mer. At back, it has the appearance of a
shawl, the point descends low, it is sloped
out at the neck, so as to fit without a
wrinkle: a small collar, rounded at back,
adds much to its appearance; the shape of
the mantelet in front can be easily cut from
our plate. The guirlande, all round, is
embroidered in floss silks or worsteds.

Second Figure.—Drawn capotte of gros
de Naples, the front large, crown small
and round; a bouquet of roses is placed a
little at the left side, and retains an esprit.
High dress of cashmere, with a single deep
flounce, mantelet of filet, trimmed with
blonde.

Paris, March 22, 1838.

I find, my dear friend, by your letter just
received, that your London season is about
to commence. It will no doubt be the most
brilliant you will have had for some years,
being under the auspices of your young
and lovely Queen. I have been at a number
of routs and soirées lately, and this week
have been round to nearly all our celebrated
dress-makers and milliners, with some of
my friends, so I am enabled to give you the
greatest novelties from the foun-
head.

I told you in my last, that the corsages
à pointe were in vogue, and so they still
continue. Some points are long, some
shorter, and others having little more than
the semblance of a point; the draperies,
à la Stévigné, are frequently replaced by
revers, which you can easily get made from
the patterns I send. The sleeves are still
undecided as to any particular fashion or
form. For full dress, the sleeve is, however,
plain and tight; the frills, slashes, pullings,
and fells are quite the taste of the wearer,
or her couturière. This is fortu-
ate, that we are not forced to wear an
ugly or unbecoming sleeve, merely because
it is the fashion; this I have always thought
an absurdity: frequently it is not the sleeve
that is ugly, but it is the sleeve that is un-
becoming to the figure of the wearer. A
sleeve may suit one arm, one figure, and
completely disfigure another. So now we
are free, let us therefore make use of our
emancipation from the thraldom of fashion,
to set ourselves off to the best advantage.
Rich deep blonde flounces are much in re-
quisation, in full dress. The waists are
long, the skirts very long; in fact, short
trains are frequently to be seen, especially
when the dress is composed of velvet,
damask, rich brocade, or figured satin; and
when made to open in front, with corsage
à l’antique; the corsage covered with jewels,
the skirt looped back with the same, a rich
satin petticoat underneath, with a splendid
blonde flounce going across the front to
where it is met at the sides by the antique
dress; to such as this, a train has now be-
come nearly indispensable. But for dancing
dresses, or those worn by very young ladies,
mixed or unmarried, no trains! These
younger ladies, as they must have a fashion
of their own, have adopted tunics. This
very elegant eastern fashion has become
very general among our Parisian belles.
A long dress of white or coloured satin is
worn underneath; the tunic is composed of
blonde, tulle, tulle illusion, crêpe, gauze,
or even organze; it may only reach to the
knees, or may be a little longer; the lower
part of the satin petticoat may be orna-
mented with a rich blonde flounce, and a
light wreath of roses or mixed flowers may
be put at the edge of the tunic; this form-
ing a heading to the blonde, gives the most
delightful effect possible to the dress. I
saw some of these tunics at the last ball at
the Tuileries, the corsages were half high,
à la vestale, or à la taste of the bosom,
and full to the waist; a simple
chef de or, (row of gold lace trimming,) round
the bottom of the tunic, ceinture to match;
to complete this truly eastern cos-
tume, the front hair in simple bands, thè
back à la Grecque, intermixed with pearls,
a frontière to match; nothing could pos-
sibly exceed the lightness, elegance, or
beauty of these most simple costumes.

I have seen some very pretty velvet hats
for full dress; the crown is quite low, and
quite round, the leaf large and round, a long
feather is placed so as to droop over the
neck at the left side; in putting on the
hat, it is put low at the side, and worn
very much raised at the other side of the
head; or rather to explain more clearly, the
leaf of the hat is not turned up, but the
hat is placed quite on the left side of the
head; two or three very short full lappets
of blonde, embroidered in gold, are a great
improvement to the appearance of the hat,
one falls over the right ear, the other two merely reach the back of the neck. A flower on a toss of velvet, with a jewel in the centre, forms a beautiful finish, if placed over the right temple. A coiffure of plain bandeaux will not suit this hat: the hair should be in ringlets. I forgot to say, that a small chain of diamonds round the lower part of the crown is a wonderful improvement, even a little tordade of gold might replace the diamonds; a bird of Paradise might also be adopted in place of the feather.

In full dress, shoes the colour of the dress or of the ribbons are frequently to be seen, they are less pointed at the toe than they were. For gloves and their trimmings, I refer you to my last. A gold bracelet is often worn just above the glove.

For walking and carriage costume, dresses of velvet, levantine, satin or reps, are adopted; they have mantelets made to match, or the large shawl mantelets rather, which I fully described to you in my last letter; they are still trimmed with fur, fringe or black lace. Mousselines de laine and de soie will again be fashionable this spring. Mantelets and mantelet shawls will be worn. Brodequins, the colour and, as much as possible, the material of the dress, are prevalent. Frills I described most fully last month, have you made any of them?

Cuffs and ruffles of every description continue fashionable, and will be worn all the spring and summer.

The hats continue large, the fronts particularly; they descend low at the sides, and are rounded off; the crowns are not at all high, and are placed so as to sit far back. Velvet, satin, and watered gros de Naples are the only materials employed for hats at present. Feathers are still worn, and flowers seem to become still more prevalent as spring approaches.

The modistes say that drawn capottes will again be in favour; they are certainly light and agreeable in summer.

The pocket handkerchiefs are without hems, but have rich rivieres of open work all round. The lace worn on the handkerchiefs at present is excessively deep, and put on very full. Muslin pelerines brodered will be worn, as soon as the season permits. Pelerines, also, of mousseline de laine, gros de Naples, gingham or coloured muslin, to match the dress, will again be in vogue; indeed, these pelerines are too pretty a fashion to be abandoned; they will, it is said, be made after the fashion of those of last year, rather pointed at back, to reach as low as the ceinture, and to cross at front, the ends fastening just beneath the ceinture; a frill all round, and the pelerine not to meet, nor quite close at the neck; a pelerine of this form, with a frill, such as I described in my last, with a coloured ribbon inserted into the bullion at top, cannot fail to set off a dress to advantage.

Colours for Hats.—Green, grenat, pink, and pale.

For Dresses.—Dark green, grenat, and bleu du roi (purple), with every possible shade of grey; as silver grey, pearl grey, lapis grey, lilac grey, blue grey, and gris cendre: this latter colour is more what you would call drab or dust colour, than grey.

For crêpe dresses, the colours I have seen most adopted, were lemon, pink, and light blue.

Now, my dear friend, that I have done my best, to contribute to the beauty and elegance of your costume, I shall wish you adieu for the present.

Je t’embrasse de tout cœur,
L. de F.——

---

A Soldier’s Reply.—When the Hon. Colonel Cathcart (the veteran Earl Cathcart’s son) waited on Lord Hill a few days since, the General commanding in Chief asked, “What time Colonel Cathcart would require to prepare himself for active service, and proceed to Canada with despatches?” The gallant officer, after musing a moment, replied, “Half an hour, my lord; but, if necessary, I will be ready in twenty minutes.”

American respect for His late Majesty. His late Majesty William IV. and Queen Adelaide, having presented their portraits to the Goldsmiths’ Company, they were, on the 25th ult., for the first time exhibited to the liverymen of the company, when a dinner was given: Sir Thomas Usher, a guest, remarked that the Government of the United States, hearing of His Majesty’s decease, ordered the colours of all ships in their ports to be lowered half mast, a tribute of respect seldom paid to the memory of kings.

M. David is charged with the execution of the tomb which filial piety is about to erect to the memory of Hortense (Ex-Queen of Holland), in the church of Rueil. The daughter of Josephine will be represented thereon en pied, in a similar attitude to that of her mother upon the mausoleum by Cartelier, already raised in the same church, bearing this inscription — “Et Josephine, Eugène et Hortense.”


The “Edinburgh Cabinet Library,” beyond all comparison, issues the best works of its class, and its publishers have besides the happy tact of discovering what is most needed by the public; of the truth of this observation, the present work is an undeniable instance. Where in the world could any one purchase, if he searched for it ever so anxiously, a complete history of the Scandinavian Peninsula? Assuredly, then, such a history was a desideratum in the vast body of English literature. For our parts we were always forced to refer to a pair of pet quarto’s published by subscription in the reign of Queen Anne, which could not be had for love or money. These were of course minus the history of nearly a century and a half, leaving the fiery Swede, Charles the Twelfth, in the midst of his victories.

The present publication is written in a nervous, compact style, replete with information, and very attractive to the reader. The histories of Sweden and Denmark are as closely united as those of England and Scotland; and the rise and progress of both states are fully and luminously traced in these volumes, proceeding in a parallel narrative from their first dawn, when their invading tribes went forth to renovate degenerate Europe by a transfusion of savage energy, down to the reign of Bernadotte and the present Danish king.

The earlier annals of our country are entirely occupied with the exploits and unwelcome visitations of the sea-kings from Scandinavia, when they went forth from the rocky bays and head-lands of Sweden and Norway, to seek, according to their own Runic war-song, "The low-lying shores of a beautiful land."

In the spirited translation of the lamented Mothersill (one of the greatest of our modern poets), a royal leader of the Northmen, sung this spirited strain as he stood on the poop of his galley, scudding before a sharp spring gale; for these predatory gentry usually visited England with the gales of Easter.

Onward Sigurd’s battle flag
Streams onward to the strand!
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!

Every inhabitant of our islands at all interested in the history of his country should attentively peruse these excellent volumes, for without an acquaintance with the origin and statistics of our Saxon and Danish progenitors, our own annals are dark and confused.

The first volume commences with a geographical view of the Scandinavian peninsula; then follow the fabulous and the heroic ages of the countries of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and an account of their institutions and manners: this section is exceedingly entertaining. Witness this curious passage:

"In the Saga of Egill, son of Skallagrím, there is a curious and picturesque account of a civil trial in Norway, in the reign of Erik Blodexce, respecting part of an inheritance claimed by that chieftain in right of his wife, but which had been entirely taken possession of by his brother-in-law, Bergaund, whose suit was backed by the interest of the king, and his queen Gúnhilda. The question was tried at the Gula Ting assizes, where both parties appeared, attended by numerous bands of followers and friends. The court, which was held in the midst of a large field, consisted of an enclosure surrounded and fenced with hazel-twigs, fastened together with a cord, called the vebond, or sacred band. Within this circle sat the judges, thirty-six in number; three districts having returned twelve each. The pleadings commenced in due form, and Bergaund asserted that Egill’s wife, being the child of a slave, could not inherit the property in dispute. But his assertions were denied by Arinbjorn, who produced the oaths of twelve compurgators that she was of ingenuous birth; and as the judges were about to pronounce sentence, the queen, apprehending the result might be favourable to Egill, with whom she was at enmity, caused her kinsmen to cut the sacred cord, by which the court was broken up in confusion."
"The disappointed chieftain challenged his adversary to single combat, and denounced vengeance against all who should dare to interfere. Erik was greatly incensed at this presumption; but as nobody, not even the king or his champions, were allowed to come armed to the assizes, Egill made his escape to Iceland in a bark with thirty men, provided by his faithful companion Arinbiorn. Before setting sail he had found an opportunity of satiating his revenge, by killing, not only his adversary, Bergaunnund, but Erik’s son, Roguvald, whom he had accidentally encountered at a convivial meeting. As a memorial of his indignation on quitting Norway, he stuck one of the ears of his ship in a cleft of the rock, surmounted with a horse’s head, and bearing the following inscription, carved in Runic characters:—‘I direct this curse against the tutelary deities who built this land, that they shall for ever wander, and find no rest nor abiding-place until they have expelled King Erik and Queen Gunhilda.’"

The author of this department of the work we suppose to be Mr. Henry Wheaton. He traces Norman customs, and the first rise of our constitution when cradled among these northern mountains and forests whence they originated: we follow him with delight, and promise our readers a rich intellectual treat from the perusal of his pages.

We get into the broad stream of history with Canute the Great, well known in our Saxon Chronicles; the first volume closes with the successful struggle of Gustavus Vasa. Among the first pages of the second volume, we meet

* * *

"In consequence of this superstitious reverence of forms, the Scandinavian code embraced all living things. Brutes were included in the social compact, and dealt with as if they had been rational creatures. If a beaver was killed, by the laws of Hakon the Good, a fine of three marks was paid to the owner of the ground, ‘both for bloodwite, and hamewite;’ thus recognizing the animal’s rights as an inhabitant of the soil. The old Norwegian statutes decreed that ‘the bear and wolf shall be outlaws in every place’ (Bjorn og ufl skal hvertone utløg vera). Yet even Brunt was entitled to his judicial privileges; for if he had robbed or injured his two-legged countrymen, it was necessary to summon a Tinwald court, and pronounce him liable to punishment in due form. In the Saga of Finboga linem, Rama, the grizzly offender is challenged to a duel, and slain by Finbog with all the courtesies of chivalry. Werlauff, the editor of this saga (Copenhagen, 1812), says, the opinion that Beasts have a reasonable knowledge of Danish is still prevalent in Norway. From these practices, perhaps, arose the idea prevalent in the dark ages, that ghosts and fiends could be laid by the sentence of a magistrate; and that noxious vermin, such as rats, mice, and even insects, might be vanquished by a decree of the civil tribunal."

with the best of the embellishments, an admirably cut portrait of that royal hero; but our author has neglected to inform us whence he derived this treasure, a circumstance which should never be omitted in the introduction of a rare historical portrait. The drawing is spirited and beautiful, and the noble pride of the features, grandeur of the brow, loftiness of the head, and august bearing of the person, give us a true notion of the hero who made adverse fortune bow before his patriot throne. It is a painful contemplation to see the last of his royal line possessing all his moral worth and undaunted courage, die an exile in poverty and loneliness, because, like Prince Hamlet, whom he so closely resembled,

"his noble and most sovereign reason Was like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."

Our author, whom we now suppose is Mr. Andrew Crichton, touches the infirmity of the unfortunate Gustavus the Fourth, with a humane and tender hand, he says—

"Meantime a revolution was secretly fermenting in different parts of Sweden, which gave a new aspect to political affairs, and ultimately led to an alteration in the line of the regal succession. Various causes appear to have contributed towards the accomplishment of this event, amongst which the most influential were the public acts and personal failings of the king himself. In many respects he resembled the best of his progenitors. His private life was unimpeachable; and his zeal for the social and domestic improvement of his people unbounded. His devoted patriotism and inflexible virtue were manifested in the resolute perseverance with which he alone of all the continental sovereigns rejected the offers and defied the power of the French conqueror. But there was in his constitution that family disease which had displayed itself in the eccentricities of Christina and the military madness of Charles XII. His unreasonable obstinacy, his capricious sallies of passion, his conduct towards Sir John Moore, and his whole system of policy in the Finnish and Norwegian campaigns, were all symptoms of that mental derangement which rendered it necessary for the interests of the kingdom to put an end to his reign."

The constant intermarriages with the families of Holstein and Brandenburg had no doubt produced insanity, which displayed itself in the exaggeration of the nobler faculties in the case of Gustavus, whose truth, justice, moral virtue and courage, make us lament that he had
fallen on the evil days of the nineteenth century, by some perverse chance his soul must have wandered from its destination in the sixteenth century, when what was madness in our days would have been lauded to the skies. All his romance seems to have been cherished by his great father, Gustavus the Third, and he was taught to look back fondly to the exploits of his heroic ancestors, instead of progressing with the times. In the sketch of the Dalecarlians, we find his father had given him a nurse from that country.

"The Dalecarlians are a hardy, bold, and industrious race; they have been always remarkable for their inextinguishable loyalty, and their name is celebrated in the historic page of Sweden. In consequence of their tried patriotism, and the many services they have rendered the government, they enjoy the flattering privilege of taking the king's hand whenever they meet him; and it may be mentioned, as another compliment to their loyalty, that the nurse selected for Gustavus IV. was the wife of a Dalecarlian peasant, lineally descended from the heroine Barbara Stigsdotter, who saved the life of the great Wasa from the murderers sent in pursuit of him by Christian. It is perhaps the recollection of these exploits that makes the inhabitants of this province so vain of their superiority that, in their own opinion, no people on earth can compare with them."

Some months ago, we gave our readers the translation of a drama written by the accomplished father of this unfortunate monarch. Gustavus the Fourth was likewise a literary character. About a twelvemonth since his sad career closed, and it is to be hoped his moral virtues and ardent piety will find him rest in a kindlier world than that in which he wore for a time a thorny crown.

The political history of Sweden closes with the visit of the son of Bernadotte to the Emperor Nicholas in 1830, and the remainder of the volume, about a hundred pages, is devoted to the modern customs and statistics of the Scandinavian peninsula and islands, and a clever digest of its natural history, well worth the attention of the reader.

The map is excellent. The wood-cuts rather useful than ornamental, with the exception of the portrait of Gustavus Vasa, which is a beautiful and perfect work of art.

* See March, 1836, p. 176, Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Diary of the Times of George the Fourth. In two vols. (For review of vol. i., see p. 299, March.) Colburn. There is an evident resemblance of style between the first and second volumes of this extraordinary work. The last volume is more feeble in execution, and less evil in spirit than its predecessor, and even some of the remarks in the text are sensible and humane. We notice the apologising manner which pervades the notes of the first volume whenever the text is more than usually daring, while the notes in the second are rather more redolent of scandal than the text. There is some defect of editorial arrangement throughout, for the narrative, illustrated by letters and documents, does not proceed in proper chronological order: for instance, we see the unhappy princess embarked for her final visit to the continent early in the second volume, which brings the reader back again to her residence in England.

The second volume must confirm every one in the notion that the whole emanates from Lady Charlotte Bury and her connexions. In fact, we consider her to be the editor of the first volume, and the historian of the second. Confirmatory of this opinion, we draw the attention of our readers to the frequent allusions and sketches of the visiting circle of the Duke of Argyle, the anecdotes of himself and his guests, and habituées at his country seats, and above all the peculiar character of the negotiation between the Princess of Wales and Lady Charlotte Bury, regarding the appointment of the young daughter of that lady (Miss Campbell) as bedchamber-woman to the Princess. We do not make an extract of it, for the matter is of too private a nature to interest the general reader, rather than to assist him in tracing the source from which this far-famed work proceeds; but we request them to turn to page 165 of the second volume, and read the French letter of the Princess on the subject, and the note by the editor, in which the mother of the young lady stands fully revealed.

At this point of the work, the Princess was for the last time residing on the continent; many pages later, the stream of narration rather awkwardly rolls back to the time when the Princess was at Kensington, illustrative of which we find the
following extraordinary letters from her royal pen.

"Dear —

"I resume my pen again. By the frant which you received on Tuesday, you have seen that Lord Byron was of the party on Sunday; and he was really the hero of the party, for he was in very high spirits, free like a bird in the air, having just got rid of his chains. He intended still to go abroad, but where, how, and with whom, he is quite unsettled in his mind about it. I am sorry to mention, that his last poem upon 'The Decadence of Bonaparte,' is worthy neither his pen nor his muse. So much about him.

"We sat down to seventeen, and the dinner was as merry as any party of the sort could go off. Every body was determined to be good humoured and witty. Even old Borribond did 'son petit possible.' After we had left the gentlemen, and we ladies sat round the fire equal in numbers to the nine Muses, a German flute-player, of the name of Foust, came to assume the place of the Flegod Pan. He worked much upon the feelings of Lady Anne, who was quite enraptured. She went close to the sounds of his flute, looking strangely into his face, as if looking him through and through. Upon the other virgin's heart, Miss Thayman, he had also much effect. She took off her pair of spectacles, and went to the piano-forte to accompany this bewitching flute. Lady Anne acted the pantomime the whole time the music continued. I could admire neither the one nor the other. This heathen god is deaf upon one ear, which occasioned him to produce a great many false notes, and I was too happy when released from this cacophony.

"On Monday, as I mentioned to you, I had a little children's ball in honour of my nephew, little Prince William. Twenty couple never were better fitted for dancing, for beauty, and skill. Lady Anne presided at the head of the large table appropriated for the children. There was no dancing after supper, but fireworks, which made

* There is a deadly venom in his most sublime strains, not like the calm melancholy of feeling and reflection, but like the stinging of the worm that never dies. In his most rhapsodic poems, the sneer, of the comic mask but ill conceals the venom that is preying on his heart."

† Prince William, now the hero of mustachios and balloons, a sort of dandy musti. Of this young excoombs it is related that the Turkish ambassador was observed one day to examine him with peculiar curiosity, and after seeing him for a length of time looking with intense interest into his hat, and then twirling his mustachios with infinite care and grace, discovered that the object of his contemplation was his own face reflected in a mirror, which was fixed in the crown of his hat."

the conclusion of the evening. I confess I was as tired as if I had danced also, from the noise and from the total want of any real good conversation with the grown people. I think, in general, people are grown more old and dull since the two years I have not met them. Nothing of the wine at table exhilarates their spirits, and the high dishes takes them out of their [word missing]. But I am glad to assure you that I have now done my duty for this year, and shall not be troubled again. I wish to God for never with any sight of them.

"Yesterday I made morning visits to Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte, at the Pheasantry; this evening I go to Covent Garden, and to-morrow to Drury Lane, to amuse Willy, and to take away from the dreadful dreary and long evenings I passed with La Pucelle d'Orleans. Every body of my acquaintance almost is deporable to Paris. Mr. Ward went on Monday; the Pools went, like conjugal felicity, to Paris also, and took their only petit fruit d'amour, Emily, with them. Lord Lucan has sold his house in Hamilton-place to Lord Wellington: the former is going abroad for three years, with his whole baggage of children. I say amen, as probably I shall never see them again, for which I shall not weep. The Emperor of Russia is expected in the course of a fortnight, and as he has visited the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, he can have no objection to visit the Regent's wife at Kensington.

"Miss B—— intends to pay you a visit with the brothers. I wish I could as easily as my thoughts do, convey myself to you. You may say a hundred things to a person, but it is impossible to put them all upon paper. You can express your thoughts, but not your feelings, which is my present case. What do you think of the 'Bon dour,' by Madame D'Arblais? It has only proved to us that she forgot her English; and the same suspicion has arisen again in my mind, that 'Evelina' was written, or at least corrected, by Dr. Johnson. There is nothing out worth recommending in either language. I understand that Madame de Stael has been much offended at the Regent not inviting her the evening Louis XVIII. was at Carlton-house. She now laments much that she never came to pay me a visit, and sacrificed me entirely to pay her court to him. She is a very time-serving person. She is going to Paris immediately. A long letter of congratulation was written by her to Louis XVIII, and paying all possible compliments, after having abused them, and done the Bourbons all the mischief in her power. She is a very worldly person, and it is no loss whatever to me never to have made her acquaintance. I shall return to my little mulahell next
Saturday, the 30th, and shall feel myself much more comfortable, and not so damp, as in my present habitation, and to live like ‘La dame de qualité qui s’est retiré du monde. Adieu, and believe me, Yours most sincerely,
(Signed)"  "C. P.—"

Extract of another letter from her royal highness to the same.

"I wish you would persuade Lady Augusta Charteries to come and be my lady of the bedchamber for six months; and in case a great change in my situation should take place, which would enable me to go abroad, to take her then with me, she would either take the six months waiting at once, or divide them in three months, just as it would be convenient to her, as I have good reasons to think of preparing myself, one day or another, for my journey abroad. The late great events on the continent enable now everybody to go over there, and the living there will be so much less expensive. I can only assure you, that 2000l. of English money would make 12,000l. upon the continent. I had lately occasion to transact some money matters abroad; 300 dollars just make 50l. English money, so that I could be very well and very comfortable in a fine warm climate, and liberty into the bargain. I came to the royal menagerie on Tuesday, the 19th, not from idle want of variety, but from duty mixed with very little inclination to be civil to the very uncivilized society of the metropolis. The following day I had a great dinner of twenty people. The chief objects in the picture were the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia, and the Greys, Lansdownes, Cowper, &c. In the evening, every one who left their names at Connaught House, though many repented of their civility, and sent shilly-shally excuses for not attending the party. The next day, the dreadful bore was over by twelve o’clock; the curtain dropped, and I retired in the green-room to my solitary den.

* Lord G.—'s high aristocratic bearing is proverbial, and though there is a tincture of inward unmeaning of mind on his countenance, it is a countenance, nevertheless, that is peculiarly fascinating to women. The curious story told in all the public papers of the day, a few years ago, seems to imply that some cause of sorrow or dissatisfaction preyed upon him, and probably occasions that delusive state of fancy which conjured up the vision of a terrific head, which was related to have been seen by his lordship more than once. It is well known that there are many persons afflicted with an optical disease, which induces them to believe they see all kinds of apparitions, though at the same time they are aware it is a delirium of their senses; but it does not seem in this instance, that the head seen by Lord G.— was owing to this diseased organization, as some of his lordship’s daughters have also (if report speaks truth) beheld the spectre’s head."

2 O.—VOL. XII.—APRIL.

"The other three days I saw nobody except the Prince Condé, who was the only gentleman who showed the least urbanity in taking leave of me. I did not hear or see anything of the fare with the white cockades, neither that le Saint Esprit’ a été offert au Tyran de Syracuse. I think it is a dreadful epigram upon the Regent, comme si on avoit dit que l’esprit et la sainteté lui manquoit. Every body wore white favours for three days following, and any stranger arriving in the metropolis would have supposed that the whole country had been married, and I have said que cetoit le mariage du saint et de l’esprit, uni pour la première fois en Pall-mall. We have now a right to expect wonders from that quarter, so much about nothing. You may easily imagine I have not seen the Duchess of Oldenburgh, and I have also no curiosity to see a Kalmuck face. I shall have to-day Mr. Canning’s party to dinner, which will enable me to get a franc for all this random of mine. To-morrow I give a children’s ball for my little nephew, whose birthday it is. I have invited all the fathers and mothers who have children for that occasion. I am afraid it will be dreadfully dull for the old folks; and then I have concluded for this year of our Lord 1814, with the great and dull world, and shall only devote my hours and days to my especial friends. The Osmolettes have followed Louis XVII. Mr. Craven is gone in the same packet, commanded by Sir J. Beresford, in which the king is lodged, to Paris. His mother sends him to the King of Prussia for the pension as Dowager Margravine to be paid, and even the carriage. His stay will be six weeks, but I am afraid unsuccessful with regard to his commission. Heaven bless you, my dear—

(Signed)"  "C. P."

Among other anecodes of individuals, the story of the late Duchess of Devonshire and her reputed son is once more dishued up for the amusement of the public. It seems, indeed, a species of suicide for a member of the aristocracy to give such a work to the world, but the eager admirers of private anecdotes have certainly been regaled with a more racy treat than they have enjoyed for some time. Sir W. G.—I (we leave our readers to fill up the initials) has contributed his share of satire to these pages: his unfortunate royal friend is thus caricatured in the witty but unprincipled lampoon from which we quote a moreau.

"At one great distance off, and one great while ago, I lived safe wi’ my fader at Branswicke, ye know;"
And although it be not the most favoured of lands, 
Because 'tis surrounded with deserts and sands, 
Yet many fine things may still Brunswick adorn, 
Though the stupidest place that God ever did born; 
And de mens might be brave, and de women be good, 
Though they feed on sour-kraut in a palace of wood. 
So my father took part in all wars and all quarrels, 
And my mother she scold and take care of my morals; 
So she gave me the Bible, but plains'd up some pages, 
Not suited, she said, to all girls, nor all ages; 
But I knew all good Christians should read all dat book, 
So I unpin'd the pages and ventured to look. 
Then she call me one day, and she tell me fine tales, 
Of how I should surely be Princess von Vales. 
I talk of my heart, but she tell me 'twas just 
Like de preach to de wind, for 'twas fixed, and I must; 
But she tell me my husband not send for me yet, 
Till the nation consented to pay off his debt. 
So I soon found my hopes and my pride tumble down, 
And was sold to my husband for less than a crown. 
So I leave old mamma, which I like very well, 
And quit, without crying, both Brunswick and Zell; 
Forget Rostock, and Klopopstock, and Weimar, 
And Schiller, 
With Professor Fonsfrarius, and learned Von Miller; 
And I link to myself, though the thought was in vain, 
I'll be whipt if ye catch me among ye again."

The supplementary letters we look upon in the light of regular filling-up stuff; there is scarcely a passage which arrests the attention of the reader, with the exception of this clever graphic sketch of an odd fact.

"Nature often mixes up the sublime and the ridiculous heedlessly, as it would seem; and I met to-day with a curious instance of her indifference. I forget how it happened; but I was driven accidentally against a curtain, and saw, in consequence, beyond it Lord Castlereagh sitting on a stair by himself, holding his hand to his ear to keep the sound and words of the evidence which the witness under examination at the bar was giving. Notwithstanding the moody wrath of my ruminations, I could not help laughing at the discovery; and his lordship looked equally amused, and was quite as much discomposed. He smiled, and I withdrew. I met him afterwards in the lobby of the House of Commons, when he again smiled, as if we had, as Lord Byron says, 'met in another state of being.'"

We have now closely scanned this extraordinary publication, which will attract more attention than esteem from its readers. The time will come, when the present generation has passed away, when copies of it will be eagerly sought after, for the purpose of throwing light on the characters and conduct of many of the royal and aristocratic personages who composed the court of the regency of George the Fourth.

Raff Hall. By Robert Sullivan, Esq. In three vols. Colburn. Many detached passages in the first volume of "Raff Hall" fully prove the genius of its author. The characters and situations of the ruined family of the house of Maltravers are cleverly drawn; Mr. Sullivan has thrown round the dreary hall and the lonely student of the temple an overpowering interest. We are strongly disposed to question whether the second and third volumes are really the production of the same mind that sketched the bold outlines of the jockey heir of Maltravers, his singular father, or the self-educated hero of the work, and we are inclined to pronounce that it is a literary impossibility. The first volume is not free from faults. Mr. Block is a bore of enormous dimensions, and his wife not much better; yet we follow the story with eagerness, and if it had been sustained with equal power, we must have pronounced "Raff Hall" a great and original work. At present we look upon it as a clever fragment, a coarse ordinary gaudy patch with a rich sable cape, a Spencer of Genoa velvet with a druggest skirt, a grand melody on the organ concluded by a whine on the bagpipes; but why multiply similes, the witty, the observant, the acute Sullivan could not have written the dull, dull last volumes of "Raff Hall" if he had tried to do so.

The portion of the work which belongs to critical surveillance opens with the reception of the orphan nephew of Sir Hector Maltravers by his heir; the scene is admirable, and all the degradations
which the stable and the betting-booth effect in the character of a young man of rank, without better pursuits, are depicted to the very life. At last John Maltravers prepares to ride a favourite black animal as his own jockey. The scene on the course is well done, minute and life-like, as the reader will judge by this extract.

"Presently the bell sounded again, and there was an eager exclamation from a thousand voices at once. They're off! They're off!" Then there was the rapid but measured tramp of hoofs at a steady gallop, and then came the highbred cattle; Rattler taking the lead in scarlet and black, and Beezelubub grinding his teeth indignantly in the rear. As they passed by there was a cry of—"Rattler against the field!" but some gentleman in the next carriage gladdened my heart by observing that the black one also looked very like a winner. As soon as they turned the first corner, I again caught sight of them, going in the same order as at first.

"Beezelubub," said another gentleman, "goes in good style, and seems to be very well jockeyed."

"I was within an ace of crying 'That's my cousin;' but the temptation was resisted, and I continued to look silent and breathless, whilst my fair friends, mounted tip-toe upon the seats, let loose their tongues like a nest of hungry magpies. They were all sweethearts of the young squire, and were in despair at seeing him last; but somebody said that they had to go twice round, and that the black one was lying-by. I saw them till they approached the next corner, when I had to put them straight towards the winning-post.

"'Beezelubub will bolt at that corner,' said one in the stand; 'the boy cannot hold him.'"

"'My pulse stopped beating."

"'No,' resumed the gentleman, 'he's safe round; I'll take three to one he wins it.'"

"The blood rushed through my veins as though they would have burst.

"In a moment the horsemen who kept the course galloped along, cracking their whips again, and crying 'stand back!' with all their might. Then again came the regular but accelerated tramp of the racers: Rattler still foremost, stretching out like a greyhound, and Beezelubub last, with his mouth bleeding, and his eye flashing flames. It was clear to me now that my cousin required no bird-lime; he stuck like a forest fly, and looked as determined as his horse bolted and ran away a thousand miles, it had been the luckiest event that could have happened. My cousin's success brought him in collision with a race of vagabonds infinitely more dangerous than those whom he had left as a legacy to me, because their better education.
made them more seductive, and their calling was more connected with the operations of the mind. Wherever there was any sport at which he could be cheated, thither he was sure to be tempted."

Mr. Sullivan has been the first to initiate us into the mysteries of Temple dinners, and truly the black-robed gentlemen are little to be envied, if all their repasts are as inviting as that seriously given in the following humorous description.

"At last the long vacation was over, and my solitude was somewhat broken by the necessity of dining 'in Hall' to keep my first term. I was introduced to an old sharp-eyed attorney, who looked like a starved cormorant, as a sort of protector and master of the ceremonies on the occasion. At four o'clock the black-robed tenants of these many passages were seen darting round the corners, like evil spirits amongst the catacombs. They were all going to dinner; and my guide hurried me along to get a good place. A tap at something like the door of a chapel gained us admission to a passage, at a table in which stood an undertaker-like man, before a book which would have held the sins of the world from the time of Adam. This book I found contained nothing but the names of lawyers—a sad indication that the profession had good need to make work for one another. A cross was put against my name, as a voucher that I was at all events one durner towards the conclusion of my novitiate. My unlearned garments, as well as those of the cormorant, were then enveloped in a sable robe, and we entered the Hall for our share in 'the feast of reason.'

"The walls were lofty, arched like a chapel, and abundantly enriched with simply carved oak, in which was inserted the arms of countless worthies who had there eaten their way to the bench. There was a long table on each side; one for the students, and all below the bar, and the other for the barristers; at the upper end was a cross-table for the elders, who being better judges, took good care to get a better dinner. When we had all taken our places there was a loud smack at the upper table, like the crack of a hunting whip, and I found this to be the signal for grace, which was said or read by one in a black gown, just as if he was pleading to the judge for his life, with the rope already round his neck. It appeared to me that he need not have been in such a hurry, for he was only an understapper, who was to get no dinner for his pains. When he had done his long story, of which I never could catch a single word, he raised a large book which he held in his hands and gave the table another smack, by way of signal to fall to.

"My friend informed me that our long double row was divided into messes of four persons each, the first of whom had the first cut, then came the turn of the knife and fork opposite; afterwards the maltreated joint re-crossed the table diagonally, and then again, as at first, the bones were passed direct. Altogether it was something like a country-dance, where the person who stands last has the worst sport. That last person happened to be the luckless stranger, and the first was my experienced guide, whose black drapery and bloated visage, crowned by an upright top-knot of grey hair, gave him very much the appearance of a Poland cock. The first dish that ran the gauntlet was a raw leg of mutton, which, being stripped of the eatable parts by my three predecessors, could have tempted nothing short of a cannibal. The wine that washed down this treat, and enlivened my considerate friends for the rest of the day, and some part of the night, was furnished as a footman by the victim who got none of it. The second course was a roasted chantecler, whose drum-sticks stuck out long and strong as the shafts of a tilbury, and who seemed to cut up as tough as if he had roused his neighbourhood for the last dozen years. My cormorant had here also the first cut, and gave himself a wing and all that side of the breast: his opposite neighbour did the same; and, by the time the poor old pride of the farm-yard had 'changed sides and back again,' he had but one leg to stand upon. This was all I got: and as I tugged away at his sinews, I thought he would have chawed my eyes out. The repast finished with an apple-tart, which I have no doubt was exceedingly good for those who could crack the crust; but for my own part I was afraid of my teeth. Before it was quite discussed, I saw the personage who had gobbled grace consulting one of the judges with the large book which had been used to smack the table. I had the curiosity to ask what was the matter, and my messmates informed me that the old gentleman was ordering dinner for the next day. This, when his mouth was still full, was cruelly trying to the feelings of one who had obtained nothing but an ineffectual bite; but I thought it was the way to learn the law, and hoped for better things to-morrow. Another smack and another gabble gave us notice to quit as soon as we pleased; and, leaving my mess to the enjoyment of bad wine and worse jokes, both at my expense, I returned to my gloom with something very like disgust."

Up to the last page the first volume is replete with clever description, witty remarks, and original views of social life; when all of a sudden the author's spell is broken, the characters are whisked off to the continent, where they play a series of confused melo-dramatic tricks in the masquerade of brigands, till we cease to care what becomes of them.
The style is also as much changed as the tenor of the story; an inextricable confusion pervades the remainder of the novel, which reminds us of the efforts people make to read volumes when half asleep. We can discover no gleam of the power that enchanted us in the commencement of the work, for from the moment the characters leave England, the interest we took in "Raff Hall" is broken never to be renewed. We would say to our readers the moment that Italy or Switzerland is named as the future scene of action, in a modern novel, shut the book, the author has really done with his tale, and a system of common-place road-book boring is about to be commenced. In support of our criticism, let the readers of modern fiction recall the failure of interest when wound up to the highest pitch by the change of scene in Lady Morgan's powerful opening of the romance of the "Princess," and the chapters of verbiage which follow in the author's struggles after the interest he had abided with so little judgment. Even Lady Charlotte Bury's recent clever novel of "Love" is greatly injured by this process. We could produce many more instances. Perhaps "Pelham" is the only work which is not ruined by the change in the scene of action. The ancients were not such bad judges after all, when they recommended their unities of scene, time, and place.


Eloquent language, imaginativeness, pathos, and even discrimination of character, occasionally strike the reader of "The Poet's Daughter". The author is evidently endowed with all those excellent materials for the composition of a good work, if she possessed professional skill of working them up together into a complete and beautiful whole; but the present novel is, we think, the first she has ever published, and we are disposed to think the first she has ever written. The usual fault of young writers is conspicuous in the pages of "The Poet's Daughter"; this is the introduction of ten times more personages than can be employed in the natural course of a story. We strongly recommend the fair writer to study how to effect a concentrated interest by means of a few well-sustained original characters, avoiding the waste of strength and spirit which inefficient supernumeraries always occasion. Above all, the fair writer ought to turn her attention from the treacherous commendations of puff reviewers, which praise actual faults as excellences, merely because they are the most prominent features in the execution of an unskillfully written novel. Such criticisms always speak in praise of an author who introduces a multiplicity of personages whom they are pleased to call characters, forgetting that names are more easily written than characters defined and embodied. Misled by the delusive puff praises which are mere advertisements, young authors aim at filling their pages with a numerous dramatis personae, for which they can find no proper employment, and these men and women of straw become a regular nuisance, which neither author nor reader know how to get rid of. Hence the failure of many productions which in detached passages, actually display genius.

The author of the work we are examining displays most power in scenes of sorrow and terror; mirth and comic satire are far from the bent of her genius, and her attempt at the latter in the introduction of Miss Williams is an utter failure. Domestic scenes and the tragedy of home life are evidently her forte; she should tame down her Byronic flights, and study the minute workings of passion in the realities of life, where the sufferers are not occupied by affectation and exaggeration of feeling, which are indeed the chief faults both of society and fiction in the present day.

The extract we offer to our readers, though a frightful instance of unguided passion verging on insanity, is a specimen which shows that the writer possesses power if she knew what to do with it.

"Mortals, who, like Jesse Bently, have given themselves up to the dominion of their own passions, and have neglected to seek the Divine assistance and protection, are thus left defenceless, and exposed to the horrible suggestions of the tempter, who sometimes seizes suddenly on his prey, and hurries them instantaneously into the abyss of crime. During her silent drive home, a terrible thought entered Jessie's soul—she knew not whence it came, but suddenly it was before her in hideous clearness, and she felt as though an unknown and mighty power had taken possession of her. Vainly did she struggle against the fearful dominion—vainly attempt to shake off this appalling night-mare of the soul; there it remained in startling distinctness, till, hurried on by a
mysterious impulse, she began to analyse it. A voice of unearthly sound seemed to whisper in her ear:—Sedley loves you, and were you free, you might yet be blessed? —free—free—again and again did that sound resound in her ear in hoarse murmurs, and haunt her brain to madness. Bently was the only bar between her and happiness, and were he dead, happiness would woo her with open arms. By degrees her mind was worked up to a pitch of frenzy, and a terrible design formed, with clearness and method often found in madness. They arrived at home at last, and the Major alighting from the carriage, offered his hand to Jessie to assist her in descending the steps, but with violence she pushed it from her, and, with a shuddering scream, fled rapidly into the house. Major Bently followed her in alarm, and found her sitting near a table, resting her head on her arms, and rocking her body to and fro, while she moaned as if in pain. Gently he approached her, and inquired if she were ill.

"At the sound of his voice she again started from her position, and gazing wildly at him, repeated slowly, and in a deep, terrible voice—illé!—yes,—I am ill indeed!" Bently was shocked to the utmost, as the light of a lamp revealed to him the expression of her countenance. A lock of her jet black hair hung wildly over her face, her eyes glittered with a cold deadly look which surrild his blood, her cheeks were of an ashy paleness, and her thin bloodless lips were closely compressed, while her hands were alternately firmly clenched or rapidly passed over her brow, on which stood the large drops of mental agony. The veins on her temples and in her throat were swelled almost to bursting, and her breath came with a hissing sound.

"For some moments Major Bently stood appalled, and) in silence, contemplating this fearful spectacle; at length he exclaimed in hurried accents— For God's sake, Jessie, tell me what thus agitates you! By a violent effort Jessie assumed a calm, quiet appearance, and assured her husband that it was nothing but a violent nervous headache, to which he knew she was frequently a martyr; and she entreated him to leave her for the night, as she felt that nothing but perfect quiet would restore her. Major Bently felt re-assured in some measure, and when it was arranged that she should pass the night on a couch in her dressing-room, and he had insisted on her taking a compounding draught, he parted from her, and in the space of an hour slept the sleep of a tranquil conscience.

"The whole house was hushed and still, and the only sound to be heard in it was the loud ticking of a large clock on one of the landings, which ever and anon chimed the quarter hours. All was quiet,—she was vanished. Jessie. Fixed and motionless she sat in her dressing-room; having bolted the door; and her black velvet dress suited well with the tragic expression of her countenance and attitude, as the flickering light of a dim lamp fell on her. It seemed as though life had fled from her inanimate form, so marly pale and rigid were her features, and so still was the stare of her distended eyes. Suddenly the clock chimed a quarter past twelve, and its cheerful tones fell in startling discord on her ear, and aroused her from her attitude. Her countenance underwent an extraordinary change, and, hastily rising, she threw herself on her knees, and held up her arms to heaven.

"Gradually a faint colour revisited her pale cheeks, the muscles of her mouth quivered violently, the wildness and darkness in her eyes were clouded and quenched in tears, her breast heaved convulsively, and a violent paroxysm of grief shook her frame. In this lucid interval the memory of her late thoughts came upon her like a hideous dream, and she tried to persuade herself that she had indeed been sleeping. She pressed her hands upon her temples to still their quick throbbling, and closed her eyes tightly, as though she would shut out some terrible image, then throwing her arms across the couch by which she was kneeling, she dashed her head against them in mute despair. Something struck against her forehead, and gave her acute pain; she raised her head hastily, and looking to ascertain the cause, found that the gold setting of a splendid bracelet on one of her wrists had cut her brow—the bracelet contained a miniature of her mother! As she gazed on it in stupefied grief, a drop of blood oozed from her wound, and fell on the benign features of the miniature. Jessie shuddered at the sight, and hastily rubbing off the spot, she continued to contemplate that face which she remembered as having smiled upon her in innocent childhood—those mild eyes which had so often wept over her waywardness and unkindness—those lips which had so often called down blessings on her head. The powerful tide of filial love rolled back on her heart, and with it came anew the remorse which had well-nigh killed her on that tender mother's death.

"Again, she saw her bending over her in sickness, and refusing to seek the rest denied to her darling child; again she felt on her cheek the warm maternal kiss, which had blessed her morning and evening in the joyous days of early youth. By degrees her imagination grew heated, and images of past times arose thick and fast, and visions of the mourned and dead flitted before her eyes. Her parents stood near her, and appeared to gaze on her with looks of tender pity and mild reproach; but when she stretched her arms towards them, and strove to clasp the dear forms, they suddenly vanished. These friendly visions were succeeded by dark figures, which flitted in frightful indistinct-
ness across the chamber, and beckoned her to follow; voices whispered in her ear the talismanic name of Sedley, and with that name came courage to nerve her wavering resolution, and hope to cheer the prospects of the future, when one terrible hour should be passed.

With a convulsive shuddering she unclasped from her arm the bracelet containing her mother's miniature, and without once venturing to look at the gentle features, she placed it on her toilet; a lamp stood on the table, and on glancing casually at herself in the glass, she started back, and held up the light, to ascertain whether it were indeed herself, or some fearful vision she saw therein reflected. Her hair hung over one cheek, and the other was ghastly pale, save where the blood had trickled from the wound in her forehead, and had left dark stains; her eyes were distended and fixed, and a fiend seemed to look out from their depths; her features were pinched and compressed, and the last few minutes of mental anguish had wrought the work of years in her face. Madness and crime had set their mark on it, and the joyous bright expression of youth had fled for ever. Again passing her hand hurriedly across her forehead, and drawing a long, shuddering breath, she crossed the apartment with swift and noiseless steps, and opening the door, paused on the landing, and stood opposite the clock, on which she unconsciously fixed her eyes. Another quarter struck, and she proceeded to descend the stairs. With surprising method and coolness she entered the drawing-room, and took from one of the tables a curiously wrought dagger, which usually lay there as a valuable antique; slowly she drew the weapon from its sheath and examined the point, then sheathing it again, she passed from the room and ascended the staircase, without once pausing, till she reached the door of her husband's room. Steadily and noiselessly she turned the handle and entered the room, then depositing her lamp at the foot of the bed, she stole round to the side of it.

Bently was in a profound sleep, and the light falling full on his features, revealed their calm and peaceful expression.

He lay on his back, with his face upturned, and for many seconds the unhappy maniac stood contemplating her intended victim, the husband who had loved and trusted her, and selected her, a portentous orphan, from the rest of the world, to be his solace and blessing.

A table stood by the bedside, and on it lay the open Bible, which Bently was in the habit of reading every night on retiring to rest. Jessie's eye rested for a moment on the pages of the holy book, and these words were before her:—'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

This sentence made her blood creep and her teeth chatter; she turned hurriedly away from it, and looked again on the calm sleeper, who slumbered under Divine protection.

As her eyes wandered wildly over his countenance, they gradually re-assumed the frightful glare of insanity. A slight movement of the sleeper caused her to retreat behind the curtain for a few moments, but again all was still, and she stole from her hiding-place and returned to her former position, and bending down over his face her frame shook as with an inward convulsion, and a hissing sound came from between her clenched teeth.

She then arose from her recumbent posture, and with trembling hands unsheathed the weapon and prepared to strike with it; but her arm felt powerless, and a complete paralysis appeared creeping over her faculties. She repeated to herself the name of Sedley, and her energies returned.

With terrible accuracy she placed the dagger's point on Bently's heart; for an instant she paused, and glanced around, and shuddered, then drawing in her breath heavily, she flung her whole weight on its hilt, and forced it through the body of her unhappy husband.
Poets? One poem well chosen from the works of every real poet of the present day might have formed an acceptable volume.

From the book we have blamed, we select one true poem, which possesses more of the spirit of lyric verse than is often offered to living royalty. The fact on which it was founded was full of inherent poetry, and the author of these lines has put the circumstance in a proper light, without flattery or exaggeration.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O maiden, heir of kings,  
A king has left his place;  
The majesty of death has swept  
All other from his face.

And thou, upon thy mother's breast,  
No longer lean adown—  
But take the glory for the rest,  
And rule the land that loves thee best."

The maiden wept;
She wept, to wear a crown.
They decked her courtly halls—  
They reined her hundred steeds—  
They shrouded at her palace gate,  
"A noble Queen succeeds!"

Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,  
Her praise has filled the town;  
And mourners, God had stricken deep,  
Look'd heartening up, and did not weep!

Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,  
For tears had dimmed her eyes:
She only knew her childhood's flowers  
Were happier pageantries!

And while the heralds played their part  
For million shouts to drown—  
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart—
She heard through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept!

She wept, to wear a crown,
God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved!

The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,  
As those pure tears have moved;
The nature, in thine eyes we see,  
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guerdeth liberties;
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,  
With blessing more divine;
And fill with better love than earth's  
That tender heart of thine:
That when the thrones of earth shall be  
As low as graves, brought down,  
A pierced hand may give to thee,  
The crown which angels wept to see,  
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown.

The River and the Desert. In two volumes. By Miss Pardoe, author of the "City of the Sultan." Colburn.

An afternoon may be pleasantly whiled away in the perusal of these light, lively volumes. Miss Pardoe's style is pretty and lady-like; even her little egotisms are entertaining. If there be no great depth or originality in her observations, yet she skims gracefully over the surface, and gathers here a flower and there a sentiment, in a way which pleases many female readers, more than valuable information would.

The "River and the Desert" is a work for the boudoir, and its proper place is to repose on the perfumed cushions of satin divans, during the morning visits of courtly belles, ready to afford a pleasant turn to conversation, especially, when the fair readers have travelled on the same route which Miss Pardoe describes—and there are few among the aristocracy who have not, for the "River and the Desert" when interpreted, in parlance simply means: a tour in the south of France: the work is by no means connected with the oriental travels of the fair authoress; the River is the 'arrowy' Rhone, the Desert the Grande Chartreuse: readers must not therefore expect the scenery of rivers in the fair, but trodden land beyond the celebrated iron gates, or desarts which stretch themselves beneath the sway of the sultan. No matter, Miss Pardoe views every thing with true poetic feeling, and casts the prismatic colourings of her own brilliant imagination on whatever meets her gaze. The south of France, which she describes with all a poet's ardour, will be perfectly new to the indolent, the careless, and unobserving; while those who are as lively and full of traveller's enterprise as herself will join with pleasure in this record of their doings. The same courage which carried Miss Pardoe in disguise into a mosque, seems to have been exerted in her visit to the cemetery of the cholera at Marseilles; her description is full of poetic feeling and colouring.

"Imagine a space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady! At first each body was committed singly to the grave—it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of immortelles. Affection and regret had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of
the beloved and lost. But this "luxury of woe" endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—and filled them which had thronged the walks now crowded the burial-place, and, too frequently, they dug up the graves they had forgotten, and shared them with their employers.

"Others, as they pried up their frightful task, recognized among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and imperfect work, sought to violate the proper tombs around them, in order to deposit within their recesses the remains of these who had been dear to them!

"Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright, sunny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beautiful, and nature, pranked out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering, that, suddenly as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto been defiled, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead.

"For a brief interval the panic was frightful; the scorching heat of the unloading sun—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be superadded to the misera which was already feeding the malady.

"In this extremity, the mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen digging up the soil from deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio, who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them.

"The same prayer was murmured over a score; the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for a while the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue their task.

"It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yard, and the troops stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead, compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labours of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred!

"The compulsory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon this spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-visited. The sun was shining upon them, insects were humming about them, on those which had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud; on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of its streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but they lay there, long, and silent, and saddening—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood.

"It was awful, as I paused beside these vast tombs, to remember that two short months had passed them—to stand there, and to picture to myself the anguish and the suffering, the terror and the despair, amid which they were wrought; to know that within their hidden recesses were piled indiscriminately the aged and the young, the nurseling and the strong man, the matron and the maiden; and, above all, it was affecting to trace the hand of surviving tenderness which had planted the record-cross, and the tributary wreath, upon some spot of the vast sepulchre, which was believed to cover the regretted one. I say believed; for who could measure with his eye that fatal trench, and make sure note of the narrow space where his own lost one lay, above or beneath, or in the midst of that hour's victims?

"Would you endeavour to divest yourself of these revolting images, they are brought back upon you with tenfold force, as you pause at the termination of the trenches; for there your eye falls on a tall black cross, crowned with "immortelles," and bearing the inscription:

**Cholériques du Mois de Juillet.**

"You turn away with the blood quivering in your veins; and a second cross, wreathed and fashioned like the first, marks the graves of the**

**Cholériques d'Aout et Septembre.**

"And here, thanks to an all-gracious Providence! the last-formed trench yet yawns hollow and empty for full two-thirds of its length. The Destroying Angel slowly furis his wings,—Death, glutted with prey, pauses in his work of devastation—"I do not think that I shall again have courage to enter the cemetery."
Miss Pardoe’s talents are of an order far more suited to the successful cultivation of fashionable poetry, than to the establishment as a certain and enduring fame as a sensible prose writer. We believe her assertion that an ornate style is natural to her, and comes without labour; but at the same time we would recommend her to study to restrain its flowery exuberance which leads her to write such passages as the following, where she describes the amphitheatre of Nimes, or rather her own sensations when there.

"I lingered hour after hour about the building, shivering with that strange chill which is ever the atmospheric concomitant of ruin, and with that ringing silence in my ears which must be felt ere it can be understood."

There is good poetic thought lurking among the inconsistencies of this flighty sentence, which would have been appropriate if well expressed in verse, but it is a deformity in a prose work on reality: solidity of thought and utility of purpose are vigorously exacted by the present reading public from all writers who step out of the bounds of imaginative prose. Cui bono? is a question constantly demanded by all classes, excepting the courtly and far niente fair ones to whose notice we have strenuously recommended the pretty pages of the "River and the Desart."


Public attention has been deservedly attracted by the high finish and intrinsic worth of the publications issued by Van Voorst. We have now a first number of another beautifully illustrated work on natural history. This naturalist’s name is sufficient to recommend the work.

The number commences with strayed turtles which have been captured on our coasts. By this arrangement Mr. Bell furnishes the student with food to consider the curious gradations of the tortoise tribe to that of the lizard, and thence from the slow-worm to snakes.

A spirited wood-cuts of the gaily marked ringed snake concludes the number, and we can answer for the correct likeness of this startling, but really harmless creature, which sometimes intrudes on our woodland walks; indeed, we may observe to our fair readers, that a due study of natural history would dissipate many idle horrors regarding snakes and slow-worms, creatures that really are far less noxious than gnats, and less venomous than horseflies.

Part 5 of "Yarrell’s British Birds" will be a favourite, for it commences with some of the most interesting of our native songsters.

Robins, blackbirds, and the redstart are very well drawn, and the literature will be read with pleasure. This number is a desirable companion in an early spring walk, for country ladies are better acquainted with some birds by name than by view, as these charming creatures sing from their leafy bowers entirely concealed from sight.

Every bird’s history ought to be accompanied by a representation of its nest and eggs, which suggestion we offer to the consideration of the conductor of the work as an improvement.

The King’s Wager. An Original Drama. By T. E. Wilks, Esq.

Strange.

We think Mr. Wilks has produced his masterpiece, the characters of Lilac Lovel and his tutor Buckingham are both in the true spirit of the times: the second and third acts are really elegant and full of spirit, and we bespeak for it an enduring popularity. One little mistake he has made in the situation of Flora, which may be easily rectified, who might very well be a maid of honour’s lady’s-maid, but not maid of honour to Catherine of Braganza, Queen of England. Royal etiquette was still more strict in the seventeenth century than it is in the nineteenth, and would no more have permitted the advancement of Tybba, the watchman’s daughter, to such a station, than her present Majesty would choose a new policeman’s daughter to fill the office of Lady Flora Hastings. We recommend Mr. Wilks to study the rank, duties, and office of a maid of honour, for, indeed, we cannot suffer Miss Flora to pass muster as such in the Court Magazine, and we beg that for the time to come she may take rank according to her degree; but she is a pretty lively flirt, not a wit too exalted in intellect for a lady’s-maid.
Amilie; or the Love Test. Composed by W. M. Rooke. Duff and Hodgson.
In January, we accorded the highest praise to Mr. Rooke's opera of "Amilie; or, the Love Test;" which the beauty of the music justly merited.
We have now the pleasing task of reviewing the several melodies with which the composition abounds.
Recitative and Air, (Mr. Wilson), "Who has not marked." A true Alpiner melody, (Andante), redolent of the free joyous air of the mountain top, introduced by a short, but bold and appropriate recitative, (Allegro), easy of execution, and brilliant in effect.
Hymn (Miss Shirreff) "Rest, Spirit, rest." A composition of great purity, but requiring dramatic accessories to give it full effect.
Air, "Come to the Vine-foest." An arch, lively allegretto, in triple time; very prettily sung in the opera, by the very pretty Miss P. Horton.
Recitative and Air (Mr. Phillips), "My Boyhood's Home." A plaintive melody, very expressively and touchingly sung by Mr. Phillips. A severe and chastened style characterises this composition; the words of which are given in our January number.
"Oh! I remember." Sung by Miss Shirreff. To which we can apply the same remarks as in the preceding air.
"Dare the Fox invade our land." A trio, in the good old style of English glee composition—simple, nervous, and spirit-stirring, as a trumpet call, even without the accompaniment. Amateurs will be delighted with this effective piece.
The "Tyrolean Yager Song." (Mr. Wilson and Chorus.) The chorus, "To the Mountain away," and national song and chorus, "Sound, sound the Horn," are concerted pieces of equal vigour, whether as regards instrumentation or vocalization, but requiring orchestral accompaniments to do them full justice.
"When the Morning first Dawns." (Allegretto.) A charming little Tyrolean air of Miss Shirreff's, requiring only moderate powers of execution, to render it pleasing and brilliant, as a chamber-song—not its least recommendation. For the words of this song, see January number, p. 109.
"Under the Tree." A strikingly-original song; sung with very good taste, by Mr. Manvers, in the opera; but among the solos, perhaps, the gem is,—
"What is the Spell." A truly beautiful andante, ushered in by a most graceful violoncello solo, given as symphony in the piano-forte arrangement. This song may be fairly taken as a test of the stertling character of Mr. Rooke's genius for melodic composition, apart from the sound instrumental harmonies, by which that gentleman's conceptions are invariably seconded. We consider that music, of such a character as this, must tend to give to the modern English school, an impulse, hitherto so long needed.

A Grammar of the German Language.
By Professor Donatti. Cox.
The German student, who has been assisted by the first edition of Donatti's Grammar, will perceive that many valuable improvements have been effected in the new impression, besides which all the typographical errors in the former edition have been carefully corrected, the whole getting up is likewise considerably improved; the work now deserves to be considered as a standard manual, and as such we can recommend it to our readers.

Lectures on Dante.—Signor A. C. Albites commences, on the 23rd of April, at half-after two o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, a series of six lectures, which, on so inviting a subject, cannot fail to obtain him much patronage.

Her Majesty's Portrait.—Mr. Boys has succeeded to the utmost of reasonable expectation in the elegant and light finish which has been given to Her Majesty's Portrait, by W. Lane, Esq., R.A., in his drawing upon the stone. The coloured and plain will make very agreeable company.
THEATRES.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The season commenced at this house, on Saturday, the 24th, with Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula," and Deshayes' Ballet of "Masaniello." Madame Persiani appeared as Amina, a dangerous part, after Grisi, and the lamented Malibran. Persiani seemed, however, to give perfect satisfaction; and the difficult finale, "Ah non giunge un amor pensiero," was twice called for repetition. Persiani's voice is of extraordinary compass, and her execution easy. Madame is not beautiful, but exhibits a pleasing intelligence of countenance.

Signor Borrani, a baritone, and Signor Tai, a tenor, were also new candidates for favour, and they are an acquisition to the stage, though not likely to be stars of the first magnitude. In the ballet of "Masaniello," Mademoiselle Bellon also made her first appearance. Her style is light, agreeable, and graceful.

The house was very full; the arrangements in the orchestra are improved, and the house patched up, but not beautified.

The company this season will consist of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Elizi, Eckerlin, Assandri, Signors Rubini, Tumburini, Lablache, Borrani, Morelli, De Angioli, and Galli. Moriani, the new tenor, as stated last month, will appear in the course of the season.

Rubini and Lablache both retire from the stage at the termination of the season.

In the ballet department, we are to have Duverney, Bellon, Forster, Copere, Giubelbi, and Fanny and Therese Eisler; Monsieur Dor, Couston, Coralli Coulon, C. Mabille, and most likely Taglioni.

On the 5th instant, Donizetti's new opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," will be produced. The other novelties will be "Parisa," "Il Giuramento," "Inez di Castro," and a new Opera by Balfe, together with a new Ballet, and the "Nozze di Figaro" will be revived.

Drury Lane.—We have now seen Mr. Charles Kean in his third character, and although we still withhold final judgment, we are not at all inclined to withdraw the several, though brief, remarks made in our former critiques. Mr. Kean showed great good sense in selecting the character of Hamlet for his debut before a London audience; as, perhaps, more adapted to his physical powers, than any other part in the whole range of popular plays, and success crowned his exertions. He had never seen his father perform in Hamlet; his personation therefore of the character, was the result of his own study and capabilities. "Richard" was next, and in this character he had witnessed the performance of the great actor; it was therefore but natural to expect that many of the hits would be imitations; and there is no small merit in following a good example; nevertheless, in Richard, he was not half so successful as in Hamlet. Mr. Kean, or his advisers, next made choice of a character, which merely portrayed certain passions, without being clothed in the beautiful garb in which Shakespeare (the pride of every English heart) has set the heroes of history upon the stage, as well as the children of his own fancy. Sir Giles Overreach never has been a favourite character with the public, not with men of learning, and yet "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" is called a stock-piece. Why actors have chosen it as a trial of their abilities, we cannot conceive; for although it may be true, that the last act nearly redeems the play, yet it is ill-pleasing to an audience to sit through four tedious acts, for this alone: could not, therefore, some play have been chosen suited to Mr. Kean's genius, where the piece itself, in all its bearings, took a natural and favourite hold of the audience? Why not try his skill in Othello, Macbeth, or Lear?

It is not required of us to speak much of Massinger's comedy of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," except as regards the acting of Mr. Charles Kean; and it is not until nearly the end of the play, that the part of Sir Giles Overreach becomes conspicuous. Mr. Compton, however, who is nearly new to a London audience, having only last season made his debut at the Lyceum, must not be forgotten. In the character of Marulli, Compton has proved himself one of the first comedians on the stage; and in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," he more than divided the applause with Mr. Kean. The scenes are excellent, wherein, after having recommended Wellborn, the spendthrift, to hang himself, he adds—

"Or if you dare not do the feat yourself, But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble, Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken? Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder, And so despatch the business?"

And his increasing astonishment, when Wellborn, instead of accepting any of his kind proposals, asks him to dine with him at the Lady Allworth's; and again, in particular, when he meets Lady Allworth.

We are glad that Mr. Compton is shortly to take the part of Jerry Sneak, in the "Mayor of Garratt;" when we hope to have further occasion to praise him.
The striking parts of Mr. Kean's Sir Giles, exclusive of nearly the whole of the fifth act, which is admirably played, are at the commencement of the second act, when he suggests to Marcell, that in order to obtain his neighbour's property, which cannot be bought, and is a blemish to Sir Giles's estates—

"I'll therefore buy some cottage, near his manor; Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences, Ride o'er his standing corn; and, in the night, Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs; These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses, Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him. When I have married him thus two or three years, Though he sue in forma pauperis, in spite Of all his shift and care, he'll grow behind-hand."

In the third act, when instigating his daughter Margaret (Miss Poole) to marry Lord Lovell, ending with, when she suggests that such a husband might forsake her—

"How! forsake thee? Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm Shrunken up, or wither'd? Do there live a man, Of that large list I have encounter'd with, Can truly say, I ever gave inch of ground Not purchased with his blood, that did oppose me? Forsake thee! He dares not. Though all his captains—echoes to his will—Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong, And be himself, at the head of his bold troop; Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship, I'll make him render A bloody and a strict account, and force him, By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour. Meg, I have said it."

Indeed, for excellence of acting, we should have quoted the whole scene, were the language "fit for ears polite."

Again, part of his interview with Lord Lovell, respecting his daughter's marriage, is good; but the speech at his exit bad.

Again, the part in the fifth act, of which his father made so much—

"There's a certain buzz of a stolen marriage—do you hear! of a stolen marriage; In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd; I name no parties."

And then to the end of the play, with the exception of—

"H! I'm feeble: Some unkind widow sits upon mine arm, and takes away the use of it."

Which wanted the feeble sweetness which the language required. The play ends with the death of Sir Giles; it having, we presume, been thought expedient to omit the moral, with which Massinger made it to conclude.

We cannot, however, leave Mr. Kean, for whose welfare, from a knowledge of his private virtues, we cannot but be anxious, without pointing out a few errors which might easily be avoided. The consumption of art is, after all, simple nature. The long pauses in which Mr. Kean indulges, are then unnatural—the forced tone of voice (an imitation used by his father), in which he delivers many speeches, is unnatural—as, also, the manner in which, when in a fury, he stamps the stage. But now-a-day, the works of the poet must give way to those of the musician. Nevertheless, we earnestly hope that next month we shall be enabled to follow Mr. Kean through the character of Macbeth; which is decidedly one of the most interesting and beautiful of Shakespeare's conceptions.

On the 10th ult, Mozart's "Zauberflöte," or, The Magic Flute," was produced to a crowded audience. We witnessed the performance of this opera, in 1833, when the German company was in England; Schroeder Devrient taking the part of Pamina; Herr Hitzinger, that of Tamino; Herr Dobler, Serastro; and Herr Uetz, Papageno, the Bird-catcher. It has now been remounted, and got up with great splendour; due regard being held to the dresses, properties, &c. The plot, however, is so mystical, that we will vent our affirmation, that not ten of any audience ever understood the meaning of all they saw. We will, however, endeavour to enlighten ourselves and the public, first, by an extract from the book of the opera, the words of which are by Mr. Planché.

"According to Plutarch, the Egyptians held two principles; one good, the other evil. The good principle consisted of three persons, Usiris, Isis, and Orus, their son: the evil principle was Typhon, to whom all bad passions, diseases, tempests, and earthquakes were imputed; Osiris was synonymous with reason or light; Typhon with the passions, without reason or darkness; and the whole plot of this opera turns upon the struggle between these two oldest of contending parties for the mastery of Pamina, the daughter of an Egyptian enchantress, and priestess of Typhon, ycleped the Queen of Night. The Magic Flute, by the agency of which Tamino is destined to acquire an influence over the mind of Pamina, has the power of inspiring love, the most potent of human passions. Bestowed on him by the powers of darkness and evil, it is of course merely sensual—purified by the powers of light and reason: its magic is made subservient to the best and holiest of purposes, and guides the faithful pair through all worldly dangers, to the knowledge of the eternal Truth, as typified by their initiation into the mysteries of Isis."

Many of the airs are old favourites on our barrel organs; witness the "Manly Heart," the words to which now are:
DUET.—Pamina (Miss Romer) and Papageno (Mr. Balfe).

Pamina—Soft pity first the heart invading, For love will soon an entrance find.
Papageno—My heart ne’er needed such persuading, To love ’twas always first inclin’d.
Both—In vain would mortals love forswear, His gentle chain all hearts must bear.
Pamina—Two souls that gentle passion sharing, Must surely make a heaven below.
Papageno—In spring time, when the birds are pairing, I always think exactly so.
Both—Yes—mortal here, and gods above, Own “Love is Heav’n and Heav’n is Love.”

And “Away with Melancholy,” which may be said to be the air of the opera.

Miss Romer, as Pamina; Balfe, as Papageno, the Bird-catcher; Phillips, as Sarastro, the Priest-King of Memnon; and Templeton, as Tamino, are all deserving of praise.

We would, however, advise Mr. Templeton, if he will dress in pink, not to stand in front of the pink tower which in one scene is placed to the right, at the back of the stage; as bad-sighted people might mistake one for the other.

We must not omit to add, that the scenery is most beautifully painted, and if Mr. Bunn continues to give two such first-rate attractions in one evening, we hope to see the house as it has been, full at full price, every night.

COVENT-GARDEN.—We last month fell into a mistake common to all the periodicals and newspapers, (owing to the ambiguous manner in which the authorship was hinted at in certain charges prior to its advent,) by ascribing the new drama, entitled the “Lady of Lyons,” to Mr. Chorley. It is from the pen of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer; but although it has gained a footing with the public, we still consider the plot of the piece to be most improbable and unnatural, and the play altogether unworthy of its author.

The tragedy of “Coriolanus” has been revived with much splendour. Macready taking the part of Caius Marcius. We cannot help remarking the judicious regard now paid to costume and scenery at both Majors; a critic of the olden time would be astonished to witness the taste and skill here displayed in these matters.

The scenery of Rome is beautifully painted, attention having been minutely paid to the precise era in which the tragedy is cast.

No other novelty has been produced during the month, and we hear that in consequence of the attraction of the “Lady of Lyons,” Mr. Sergeant Talfourd’s new tragedy will not be brought out until after Easter.

ST. JAMES’S.—“Jenny Jones,” on St. David’s day, visited the St. James’s Theatre. Whether St. James or St. David was the attraction we are not bound to tell; however, Jenny brought with her two new faces, viz. a Mr. and Mrs. Caufield, of whom we have no reason to complain. The piece is an amusing little trifle, we select the following as specimens of the words:

BALLAD—JENNY JONES.

Cupid, he has lots of flowers, Roses, pinks, and blue-bells gay, Stolen from his mother’s bowers, To entice young hearts away; Spurn him, maids, when he offers, And for others let him range, Since he takes for what he offers, Beauty’s two lips in exchange.

He is false, fair maids, believe me, False when he would seem to please, Giving “true” but to deceive you, In exchange for young “heart’s-ease.”

He deceived sweet William silly, William was, I own, too bold; William ask’d for Venus ivy, But was left with many a gold.

SONG—EDWARD MORGAN.

MR. CAUFIELD.

The Smile of Yesterday.

Though time may fly, though years may roll, Thine image next my raptured soul, Will cast a bright, a sunny ray, As though we met but yesterday.

Not ages pass’d on Afric’s soil, A life of labour, care, and toil, Will three sweet accents dear remove, Which gently whisper’d first I love.

Believe me then, as fondly o’er Thy form I hang to part no more, I bless that bright, that sunny ray, As tho’ it shine but yesterday.

Birds on the spray—behold the bloom, Burst forth to hail the queen of June; But cold as winter will be May, Without the smile of yesterday.

On the 5th, Auber’s opera, “L’Ambassadrice,” was played for the first time in this country with considerable success. The plot (which often recalled to our minds the opera of “The Postillon,” brought out at this establishment last season) is intended merely as a conveyance for the music, as, in fact, there is scarcely any plot at all. Braham and Miss Rainforth were encored in several pieces, and the music is altogether worthy of the pen of Auber.

OLYMPIC.—Last month the young widow had not brought new supplies for the theatrical market, but no sooner had the new month commenced, than she marched forward with increased force, and produced the new burletta entitled “You can’t Marry your Grandmother.” We should like to know if this is a quiz upon Charles Mathews, who we hear has, or is about to lead Madame to the hymeneal altar! Whether or no, it is a capital piece for fun, and is cast in the
strongest possible manner—nearly every talented member of Vestris's unique company appearing in it. The plot is simply that Sir Rose Bloomly (Farren) has a charming ward, Emma Melville (Vestris), and together with the young lady is much annoyed that his grandson Algernon (C. Matthews) will not prefer her to the number of beauties with whom he is continually flirting. Sir Rose takes the notion that jealousy may give power to the little sleeping God of Love. He accordingly pretends that he has married Emma himself, persuades her to join in the plot, and not only makes his grandson sensible that he (the grandson) is really in love with Emma, but nearly drives him to distraction. However, the worst part of the business is that Bloomly senior is so delighted with his character of bridegroom, as to wish Emma to marry him in real earnest. But he is forced to abandon his suit on Algernon's throwing himself at the lady's feet, who immediately declares a decided predilection in favour of the younger Bloomly. There is an amusing underplot formed by the amours of Tom Small (Keeley), a page, and Ready (J. Vining), a footman, who are rive for the affection of Mrs. Trim (Mrs. Orgier), a lady's-maid.

The excellent acting of all parties is likely to ensure this piece a successful run.

Another amusing trifle is a burletta, from the pen of Mr. Oxenford, entitled “What have I done?” which, if it be true that Charles has married his grandmother, ought to have been uttered by him instead of Farren, into whose mouth the exclamation is put. As the plot is novel we will endeavour to find room for it. Bounceable (Mr. Keeley) has married Julia (Miss Murray), who before her marriage to him, has been courted by Ensign Jenkins (Mr. Stoker). Jenkins, who is in possession of certain love-letters, which, of course, Julia is anxious to have returned to her, proceeds to Rochester in the stage in order to procure them. Mr. Peter Perkins (Farren), an old bachelor, chances to be her fellow traveller, and is on his way to Maidstone to attend the sale of a farm which is to be put up at one o'clock. He is, however, detained at Rochester by the importunities of Julia, who, without explaining the precise object of her excursion, entreats his protection and assistance. Meanwhile Bounceable himself arrives at Rochester, meets Jenkins, reproaches him with his behaviour in exhibiting to a room of company the portrait of another man's wife, and finally challenges him, at the same time telling him his life is not worth a rush as he is a dead shot, noted at the shooting gallery. “Nothing happens,” Perkins, without knowing what is going on, and perfectly innocent of any evil intent, is reviled by all parties. In vain he asks, “What have I done?” He is threatened with the united vengeance of every one as a hoary-headed sinner. In this state he enters the house of Colonel Stansely (W. Vining), where Bounceable, the Colonel's lady (Mrs. Macnamara) becomes jealous of the attention the Colonel shows to Mrs. Bounceable, and demands from Perkins, who has promised her his protection, an explanation, which he is unable to give. The duel takes place; Jenkins is wounded, and Bounceable rejoices. The whole affair is then explained, every body is satisfied, and all shake Perkins by the hand, who still perfectly ignorant of the influence his conduct has had on the catastrophe, repeats, as the curtain closes, his oft-repeated interrogation, “What have I done?”

ADELPHI.—Mr. Power and the old pieces have proved so attractive at this theatre that not a single novelty has been produced during the month, besides which, for the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent, Yates has not precisely lent but sent his company over to the Surrey.

SURREY.—As we have above stated, the Adelphi company have been performing here on Wednesdays and Fridays, the house has been a complete warm-bath, from which doubtless many of its visitors have caught (as is often the case after similar indulgences) very bad colds.

VICTORIA.—The old pieces have produced good houses at this theatre every evening, and especially when those of the metropolis were closed.

GARRICK.—Mr. Parry the comedian has opened this little house with a very fair company. Mrs. Stirling takes several of her favourite characters; and a Miss Honor from the Haymarket is a very promising vocalist. The theatre is much frequented by the children of Israel.

NORTON FOLGATE.—Continues to prosper, but no novelty worth mentioning has appeared. Honey would do well to follow Vestris's example, and not attempt opera.
VIVAT REGINA.

Feb. 23.—The royal dinner party included Viscount Melbourne, Right Hon. Sir George Byng, Sir George Anson, &c. The band of the Grenadier Guards were in attendance.

24.—The Duke of Sussex visited Her Majesty. The royal dinner party included Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian Ambassador, Countess Sebastian, Ibrahim Sarim Effendi, the Ottoman Ambassador, Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, Miss Spring Rice, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, arrived in town at half-past four o’clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness Tavistock, Miss Spring Rice, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty visited the Princess Augusta at St. Leonard’s; her Majesty alighted at Marlborough-house, the Princess at St. James’s Palace. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess after her arrival.

25.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new palace; the Dean of Hereford officiated. The Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty.

26.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o’clock; it was attended by the Lord President, Lord Chancellor, First Lord of the Treasury, Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, President of the Board of Control, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary at War, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse. The Princess Sophia Matilda arrived in town, and visited her Majesty at the new palace. A new sovereign, having her Majesty’s effigy, was submitted and approved of. The royal dinner party included Marquis Anglesey, Ladies Mary and Eleanor Paget, Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Treasurer of the Household, and Lord Alfred Paget. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance.

March 1.—Her Majesty honoured the performance of Mr. Kean, in Richard the Third, at Drury-lane Theatre, with her presence, soon after eight o’clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness Tavistock, Miss Spring Rice, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, arrived in town at half-past four o’clock, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness Tavistock, Miss Spring Rice, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty visited the Princess Augusta at St. James’s Palace. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess after her arrival.

2.—The royal dinner party, at the new palace, included the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount and Viscountess Howick, Marquis Headfort, and the Right Hon. C. P. Thomson. The band of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards were in attendance. The Duke of Cambridge, Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta at St. James’s Palace.

3.—Her Majesty, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness of Tavistock, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Hon. Colonel Cavendish, honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

4.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the new palace, the Dean of Hereford officiated, and the Bishop of London preached. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George St. and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house. The Duchess of Kent visited the Princess Augusta at St. James’s Palace. The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Duchess of Kent at the new palace. The Princess Augusta visited the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace.

5.—The Queen Dowager and the
Princess Augusta visited Her Majesty at the new palace. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

6.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. Her Majesty, attended by Lady Caroline Hervey, took an airing in an open carriage and four, with outriders, in the Parks. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, honoured Covent Garden Theatre, at half past seven o'clock, with her presence, attended by Countess Charlemont, Lady Caroline Barrington, the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Fingal, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Princess Augusta visited the Duke of Sussex and the Princess Sophia at Kennington Palace.

7.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. Her Majesty rode out on horseback for two hours, attended by Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, the Earl of Uxbridge, and the Hon. Col. Cavendish. At the royal dinner party, the Lord Steward, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Foley, and Lord Laidlum. The band of the Scots Guards. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage. Countess Charlemont succeeded the Marchioness Tavistock as Lady in Waiting; and Earl Fingall and the Hon. William Cowper, the Earl of Uxbridge and Sir Robert Otway as Lords and Grooms in Waiting. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, &c., honoured Viscount and Viscountess Beresford with their company at dinner: the Duchess of Gloucester joined the party during the evening.

8.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o'clock at the new palace. Her Majesty gave audience to the Lord President, Viscount Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, Lord Hambleden, Lord Glenelg, and Viscount Palmerston. The Controller of the Household, the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cavendish, Miss Cavendish, and Col. Buckley joined the royal dinner party. The Horse Guards band attended. The Princess Augusta and Sophia Matilda visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

9.—Her Majesty had a dinner party at the new palace. The company consisted of the Beltzen minister, Earl and Countess of Surrey, Earl Talbot, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Clements, and the Hon. F. Grey. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

10.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Baroness Lehzen, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir George Quentin, rode out on horseback. Among the company at Her Majesty's dinner party were the Baron Munchausen, the Hanoverian minister, the Lord Chancellor, Earl and Countess Grey, Lady Georgina Grey, Earl and Countess Rosebery, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Mahon, Lord Ossulston, Sir W. and Lady Maria Sammecville, and Mr. C. Greville. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George honoured the Duchess of Sutherland with their company to dinner.

11.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge also attended the service.


13.—The royal dinner party included the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lady C. Lennox, the Lord Steward, Earl of Shellard, Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, Mr. Backhouse, and Col. Fox. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager drove out in the Parks, and visited St. James's Palace. The Princess Sophia and Matilda visited the Duchess of Cambridge.


The following are among some of the addresses and petitions presented to the Queen:

Lord Brougham, accompanied by Captain Hansard, R.N., Mr. J. Sturge, and the Rev. T. Scales—an address on behalf of the Negro Apprentices in the British Colonies, adopted at a numerous meeting of the friends of the Negro, held in Exeter-hall, on Wednesday, March 14, 1838, representing the wrongs of the Negro population in the British Colonies, imploring Her Majesty's gracious interposition in their behalf, in order that the system of Negro Apprenticeship in those colonies may terminate on or before the 1st of August next.

Rev. J. Burnet, Rev. W. M. Bunting, Rev. P. Clare, W. D. Crewdson—an address from the females of Manchester and Salford, on behalf of the Negro Apprentices in the British
Colonies, signed by 38,385 females, praying her Majesty to bestow a gracuous consideration upon the state of the Negro Apprentices of the British Colonies, for the purpose of promoting their full and complete freedom.

Earl Stanhope—an address from Hull, praying for a remission of sentence on the Glasgow cotton-spinners.

Mr. W. A. Williams, M. P. for Monmouthshire—an address from the Ladies of Chesh- stow, in favour of the entire freedom of the West India Apprentices.

Mr. Haughton—an address from Carlisle town.

Mr. Trench—an address from the Spitalfields Weavers.

Mr. Vereker—an address of congratulation from the Corporation of Limerick.

Lieutenant-General Thornton—an address from himself, imploring the Queen, as Supreme Head of the Church, to direct both Morning and Evening Prayer to be constantly performed on every Sunday in all churches and chapels belonging to the Established Church.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to her Majesty:

The Marquis of Queensberry, on succeeding to his title, and upon his appointment to the Lieutenancy of Dumfries-shire.

The Duke of Marlborough, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Campbell, of Islay, by the Duke of Argyll.

The Earl of Carnarvon, by the Earl of Denbigh.

The Earl of Plymouth, by Lord Colville.

The Earl of Wicklow, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Earl Cowper, by Earl de Grey.

Viscount Drumlanrig, on his appointment to the 92nd Highlanders, by Major-General Sir J. Macdonald, Adjutant-General.

Mr. H. Busk, on termination of office, as High Sheriff of the county of Ayr, by the Marquis of Ailsa.

Mr. W. Tooke, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Mr. M. A. Goldsmith, by Sir H. Seymour.

Mr. Stratton, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Mr. A. Warburton, by the Earl of Rose.


Sir S. Howard, by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse.

Hon. and Rev. A. S. Phipps, on his marriage, by the Earl of Euston.

Right Hon. T. Lefroy, M. P., by Viscount Lorton.

Hon. C. Scarlett, by Lord Abinger.

Hon. G. Hamilton, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Hon. F. Villiers, Coldstream Guards, by the Earl of Jersey.

The Rev. Dr. Card, by the Bishop of London.

Mr. W. P. Matthews, Treasurer and Secretary to Board of Charitable Bequests, Ireland, by Viscount Morpeth.

Lieutenant Clifford, on going to Canada, by Colonel D'Oyley.

Mr. Butler, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Kinderley, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. J. Wigram, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. A. E. Chalon, R. A., on his appointment of Portrait-painter in Water-colours to her Majesty, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A.

Mr. G. Winchester, on appointment to the hon. corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.

Mr. Pemberton, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

The Bishop of Derry, by Earl Grey.

Lord de Tabley, by Lord Hill.

Lord Lifford, by Lord Sandon.

Lord Sandon, by Lord Wharncliffe.

Lord Elgin, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Lord Carteret, by Earl Cawdor.

Mr. D. Pollock, on his appointment as her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Spence, one of her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. F. L. Holt, Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. V. Harcourt, Grenadier Guards, on his marriage, by the Archbishop of York.

Sir J. Wrottesley, by the Duke of Sutherland.

Sir H. Fletcher, by Major-General Sir Patrick Ross.


The Hon. J. Howard, by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. J. H. Hawkins, by Mr. E. W. Pen- darves, M. P.

The Rev. Dr. Bowles, by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Hon. Colonel Grant, M. P., her Majesty's Lieutenant, Inverness-shire, by the Bishop of Rochester.

Lord Melgund, by Lord Minto.

Hon. H. Legge, by the Right Hon. Sir C. Bagot.

Captain G. Elliot, R. N., by Lord Minto.

The Hon. L. H. King, by Viscount Lorton.

Rev. Dr. Spry, Prebendary of Canterbury, by the Earl of Devon.

Mr. C. Courtenay, by his father, the Earl of Devon.

Rev. H. Courtenay, by his father, the Earl of Devon.

Rev. A. Fitzroy, by the Earl of Euston.


The Rev. G. Burrard, Chaplain in Ordinary, by Admiral Sir H. Burrard Neale, Bart.

Mr. West, by the Earl of Devon.

Rev. G. Stopford, by the Earl of Courtown.

Hon. W. Duncombe, by the Hon. Sir E. Cust.

Rev. R. W. Browne, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Hon. J. S. S. Jermyngham, Secretary to her Majesty's Legation at Lisbon, by Viscount Palmerston.

The Dean of Lincoln, by Lord Carteret.

Mr. Staveley, by Viscount Morpeth.

Mr. Houston, M. P., by the Hon. Colonel Grant.
Mr. H. Davis, jun., by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Burge, Queen's Counsel, as agent for Jamaica, by Lord Glenelg.

Earl of Romney, by Viscount Sydney.

Mr. Baring, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Scyle Hayne, by Lieutenant-Colonel Seal, M. P.

Mr. Ashton Yates, by Lord Morpeth.

Mr. P. R. Welby, by Lord Morpeth.

The Venerable Archdeacon Glover, by the Duke of Sussex.

Lord George Quin, on his return from the Continent, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Samuel Anthony, by Sir James Eyre.

Mr. Gordon Rebow, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Mr. Augustus O'Brien, by the Earl of Euston.

Mr. Edward Pardoe, by Col. Scott, Scots Fusilier Guards.

Mr. Leonard Edmonds, Clerk of the Crown, by Lord Brougham.

The Rev. Edward Repton, by the Bishop of London.

The Rev. S. Demainbray, Chaplain in Ordinary, by the Bishop of London.

Rev. Thomas Scudel, by Lord Brougham.

Dr. Stormont, Surgeon R. N., by Captain Berkeley, R. N.


Dr. William Hall, by the Earl of Carnarvon.

Mr. Martin Smith, by the Right Hon. T. S. Rice.

Mr. Clementson, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Hope Johnstone, by the Marquis of Queensberry.

Mr. Samuel Platt, by Sir Felix Booth.

Mr. Frederick Hodgson, M. P., by Lord Henniker.

Dr. Phillimore, D.C.L., the Queen's Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Herbert Jones, on his appointment as Solicitor-General for Van Diemen's Land, by Lord Glenelg.

Mr. George Farren, to present his work on the Mortalities of Pigs, dedicated by her Majesty's special permission to the Queen, by Lord Lyndhurst.

Mr. William S. Sands, of St. John's, New Brunswick, by the Marquis of Downshire.

Mr. Bethell, M. P., by the Lord Bishop of Bangor.

Mr. Gillon, M. P., by the Duke of Argyll.

Mr. Seton, on his appointment as one of the Puisne Judges at Calcutta, by Sir John Hobhouse.

Mr. Walbanke Childers, M. P., by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Clay, M. P., by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope, by Lord Carteret.

Mr. Henry Coope, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Essex, by Viscount Lorton.


Hon. Captain Cust, by the Hon. Sir E. Cust.

Captain Brennan, by Lord Morpeth.

Colonel Sir H. Seymour, on being appointed Extra Equerry to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, by the Earl of Denbigh.

Mr. Vigors, M. P., county of Carlow, M. D. Roche, and Mr. A. French, by Lord Morpeth.

Ensign Miller, by Sir J. Mc'Grigor, Bart.


Ensign H. B. Norman, by General Sir T. Hammond.

Captain Ebrighton, by Colonel Fremantle.

Lieutenant-Commander, by Colonel Greenwood.

General Viscount Lorton, by the Marquis of Thomond.

Captain Wood, by Colonel Wood.

Captain Long, M. P., by Lord Lidford.

Captain Isham, by Major Hyde.

Mr. G. Burrrard, by Admiral Sir H. Burrrard.

Neale, Bart.

Mr. Dunn, M. P., by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. W. Bennershassett, by Col. Fitzgibbon.

Mr. Miller, by Sir J. Mc'Grigor, Bart.

Mr. Moore, Gentleman of her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Chamber, by Earl Fingall.

Mr. Evans, M. P., by Sir H. Parnell, Bart.

Mr. Hall, M. P., by Lord Fitzalan.

Mr. W. F. White, by his father, Gen. White.

Mr. A. Leftey, by Viscount Lorton.

Mr. Gossehin, by his father, Vice-Admiral Gosselin.

Mr. W. Addams Williams, M. P. for Montgomeryshire, by Lord J. Russell.

Mr. Haughton, by Lord Morpeth.


Dr. Boisragon, by Lord Melvin.

Major Johnstone, by Sir George Murray.


Colonels Shawe and Bowles; Lieut.-Colonels Wigram, S. Balfour, Chaplin, M. P., and Hope; Captains Boyle, Hulse, and Tolemache; Lieutenants Munday, Tierney, Milman, Perceval, Hons. L. Hope and A. Graves, and Mr. Clayton, on going to Canada, by Col. Fremantle.

Admirals Lawford and Sir W. Hargood; Vice-Admirals Poyntz and Hall; Rear-Admirals Young and Sir G. Mundy; Captains P. Wallis, Baynes, Herringham, Lapidge, and Sir J. Coghill; Commanders G. Elliot and Urd, on promotion and return from the East Indies; and Lieutenants Segrave and Keys, by Lord Minto.

Generals F. Maitland, Sir H. Pigott, Lieutenant-General Sir R. Darling, Major-General the Marquis of Tweedale, Colonels Wood, Sir R. Harvey, Sir E. R. Williams, a Court, Captain Close, and Lieutenant the Hon. G. Maynard, by Lord Hill.


Majors H. Blackley, E. Jackson, Captain

Colonel Beatty, Captain Calamy, Lieutenants Piers, W. W., and Wade, by Colonel Wagrove.

Captains Bruce and T. Martin, by Sir E. Bruce.

Colonels Shuldham, Sutherland, Major G. Allan, Captain J. Spencer, Lieutenant Pyner, and Ensign Colville, by General Sir C. Colville.

Captains Windham, Dent, Vansittart, Lieutenant Bathurst, and Mr. F. Gilder, by Colonel Fremantle.

Major Kelly, Captain R. Williams, and Lieutenant Kelly, by General Sir P. Ross.

Major Scarlett and Lieutenant Grignon, by Lord Abinger.

Lieutenants Stephenson and C. Seymour, by Colonel Scott.

Lieutenant-General Sir A. de Butts and Colonel Daniell by Sir H. Vivian.


Captains Goodman and Trick, by Lord F. Someret.


Captain Knox and Lieutenant E. Scott, by Colonel Brotherton.

Colonel D. Damer, by Sir G. Seymour.

Colonel Home, by Sir J. Lushington.

Major Pippin, by Gen. Sir L. Widdrington.

Major Boileau, by Sir D. Gilmour.

Ensign C. Coape, on his appointment, by Viscount Lorton.

Captain J. L. White, by Gen. Sir T. Pritzlaff.

Cornet E. Barnett, on his appointment, by Sir R. Ferguson.

Captain Archer, by Sir G. Anson.

Major-General Thackeray, by General Sir F. M'Lean.

Ensign Cavendish, by Colonel Cavendish.

Captain Sir L. Curtis, Bart., by Sir G. Cockburn.

Lieutenant J. B. Manuell, by Mr. Manuell.

M. P.

Major-General the Hon. Sir H. King, by Viscount Lorton.

Colonel Paty, by General Sir W. Houstoun.

Captain H. Vysse, on his promotion, by Colonel Greenwood.

Captain Richardson, by General the Hon. B. Lygon.

Captain Fletcher, by the Duke of Sussex.

Captain Stack, on return from India, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Pringle.

Major Baron Schmiedern, by Lord Uxbridge.

Major W. Stopford, by Lord Courtown.

Captain Hooper, on return from abroad, by Sir J. Mordaunt.

Captain Sir J. Phillimore, by Admiral Sir W. Parker.

Mr. W. Clifford, by Sir R. Price.

Mr. Colquhoun, M. P., by Lord Lilford.

Mr. T. Bateson, on appointment to the 60th Rifles, by Sir R. Bateson.

Mr. Hargreaves, by the Duke of Hamilton.

Mr. Morrish, by Sir G. Anson.

Mr. Barry, M. P., by Lord Morpeth.

Mr. Plunket, by Lord Fingall.

Messrs. W. Miles and P. W. J. Miles, by the Earl of Ilchester.

15. Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Parks, attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Baroness Lezzen, Miss Cavendish, Earl Fingall, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Col. Buckley. The royal dinner party consisted of the Bishop of London, Earl and Countess Stanhope, Lady W. Stanhope, Viscount Melbourne, Lord and Lady Cowley, Hon. Miss Wellesley, the Master of the Horse, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanley, and the Hon. W. Fox Strangways. The band of the Royal Horse Guards were in attendance. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in a carriage and four. The Duchess of Kent visited the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.


17. The royal dinner party included the Marquis of Headfort, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Mrs. and Miss Cavendish, and the Hon. C. Murray. The band of the Coldstream Guards were in attendance. The Duke of Sussex had a dinner party at Kensington Palace, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was present.

18. Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at the new palace. The Rev. Dr. Short officiated, and the Bishop of London preached. The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, accompanied by Lady Clinton, Miss Hudson, and Earl Howe.

19. Her Majesty took an airing on horseback in the Parks, attended by Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lezzen, Lady Mary Stopford, Marquis Conyngham, Earl Fingall, Earl of Uxbridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir George Quentin. The royal dinner party were joined by Viscount Melbourne, Treasurer of the Household, Lords Alfred and George Paget, and the Hon. Gen. Arthur Upton. The band of Scots Fusiliers were in attendance. The Princess Augusta, Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

20. The Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Ilchester joined the royal dinner party. The Countess of Dur-
ham and Lady Harriet Clive succeeded the Countess Charlemont and the Hon. Mrs. Geo. Campbell as Ladies in Waiting, and Lord Byron and the Hon. C. Murray, the Earl of Fingall and Sir F. Stovin, as Lords and Grooms in Waiting to the Queen. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in a carriage and four.

21.—Her Majesty held a levee at St. James's Palace, attended by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Countess of Charlemont, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, Sir F. Stovin, and Master Cavendish, Page of Honour. Her Majesty was escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge attended the levee. Baron Frederick de Zaudt, Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, was presented to Her Majesty by Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to the Queen:


The Hon. Baron Dimsdale, by Viscount Melbourne.

The Hon. Francis Scott, by the Marquis of Lothian. The Bishop of Lichfield, by the Bishop of London.


Mr. Frederick Pollock, as Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. Dr. Schwabe, by Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister.

The Rev. Mr. Bridges, by his father, Sir Henry Bridges.

The Rev. Charles Martyn, by Sir James Flower, Bart.

Dr. Gordon, by Sir Henry Halford, Bart.

Mr. Wingfield, as Master in Chancery and Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Simkison, upon being appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Whitmarsh, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Wakefield, on his appointment of Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Henry Charles Hoare, by the Earl of Denbigh.

Mr. George Edward Anson, on his marriage, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. W. Evans, M.P., by the Duke of Devonshire.


Mr. H. C. Singleton, by the Earl of Huntington.

Mr. Richard Hotham Pigeon, Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, by the Earl of Ickle. Mr. R. A. Gray, jun., on appointment as one of Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by the Right Hon. Lord Foley.

Mr. Henry Baskerville, Madras Civil Service, on his return from India and change of name, by Sir John C. Hobhouse, Bart.

Mr. Thomason Hankey, jun., by the Governor of the Bank of England.

Mr. Bannerman, by Viscount Melbourne.

Mr. Breerton Trelawney, by Sir F. Stovin.

Mr. John Gallibrand Hubbard, by the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston.

Mr. Phillips, R.A., by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.

Major-General Ellice, Commanding Western District, by General Lord Hill.

Mr. Lynch, on being appointed Master in Chancery, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Macleod, M.P., Her Majesty's Lieutenant of Cromarty, by Lord Melbourne.

Mr. Ferguson, M.P., as Lieutenant of Fife, by Lord Melbourne.

Mr. Jevon Perry, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Major Frederick Johnston, unattached, by the Adjutant-General.

Lord Norreys, by the Archbishop of York.

Captain Barton, 6th Bengal Cavalry, on his return from India, by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Barton.

Captain Barton, unattached, by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Barton.

Captain Lord F. Gordon, Ist Life Guards, on promotion, by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

Lieutenant Donville, Royal Artillery, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lieutenant G. W. Denys, on going abroad, by Major-General Sir William Gomme.

Lieutenant H. R. O. Saville, Royal Artillery, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lieutenant Edward Batty, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, by Sir Henry Wheatley.


Cornet Robert Pollock, on his return from India, by his father, Sir Frederick Pollock.

Captain Fring, R.N., of Her Majesty's Ship Inconstant, on his return from Halifax, by Lord Minto.

Capt. Basil Hall, R.N., by the Earl of Minto.

The Marquis of Bredalbane, by Viscount Melbourne.

The Marquis of Northampton.

Marquis of Carmarthen, by the Marquis Conway.

Viscount Maidstone, by the Marquis Chandos.

The Earl of Orkney, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sir Henry Bridges, by the Earl of Erroll.

The Archdeacon of Derby, by the Duke of Devonshire.

The Dean of Chichester, by the Bishop of London.

Sir Archibald Murray, by Lord Lynedoch.


Archdeacon Spencer, by Lord H. J. Spencer Churchill.

Lord Valletort, as Queen's Aide-de-Camp, by Lord Hill.
Lord Henry Cholmondeley, by the Marquis of Cholmondeley.

Lord George Paget, by the Marquis Conyngham.

Lord Clements, by Lord Conyngham.

Lord Emlyn, by the Earl of Ilchester.

Sir George Staunton, M.P. for Portsmouth, by Earl Amherst.

Sir George Philips, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., by the Earl of Brecknock.

Hon. John Elliot, M.P., by the Earl of Minto.

Hon. Octavius Duncombe, 1st Life Guards, by the Hon. Colonel Cavendish.

Hon. Edward Stewart, Deputy Chairman of the Customs, by Viscount Hawarden.

The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, D.D., the Rev. H. Heugh, D.D., the Rev. D. King, and Mr. George Thompson, by Lord John Russell.

Mr. Senior, Master in Chancery, by the Lord Chancellor.

Rev. Dr. D'Uly, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. Dr. Parish, on his return from India, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. Dr. Maddy, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, by the Bishop of London.


Hon. Captain Rous, R.N., by Marquis Conyngham.

Hon. Philip Bouvierie, Rev. Dr. Beattie, of Glasgow, by the Earl of Durham.

Hon. Captain Best, R.N., by Lord Kenyon.

Rev. Dr. Frederick Nolan, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Dickinson, by the Earl of Ilchester.

Mr. Addison, by the Earl of Lichfield.

Mr. Stomer, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Mr. Gilbert Heathcote, by the Earl of Surrey.

Mr. Lucas, by Viscount Templetown.

Mr. John Alexander Hankey, by the Right Hon. C. Pollett Thomson, President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Kingsmill, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. James Morier, by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Frederick Calvert, by Lord William Bentinck.

Mr. Grafton, by the Marquis of Headfort.

Mr. Staunton Kirwan, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Guiway, by Viscount Morpeth.

Mr. Dumergue, Surgeon Dentist to the Queen, by the Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. Harris, by the Earl of Devon.

Captain Mahor, by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

Mr. Ellis, M.P., Q.O.R.S.Y., by the Marquis of Downshire.

Captains Erskine Wemyss, R.N., by Admiral Sir Robert Otway.

Mr. Pakington, M.P., Queen's Own Worcestershire Yeomanry, by the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P.

Ensign Frederick Moor, 1st Royals, by Col. Sir Samuel G. Higgins.

Lieutenant Thomas Harcourt Powell, on his appointment to the Scota Fusiliers Guards, by Colonel Aitchison.

Colonel Meyrick, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Major Hon. G. Keppel, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Lieutenant O'Callaghan, B.N., on return from foreign service, by Sir C. Adam.

Major Tinting, by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Captain Russell, R.N., by the Duke of Cleveland.

Captain Moorsom, on promotion, by Colonel Aitchison.

Captain Campbell, by Lord Foley.

Lieut.-Col. Wigram, by Colonel Fremantle.

Lieut.-Col. Hall, on promotion, by Colonel Cavendish.

Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans, on being appointed a Commander of the Bath.

Ensign Browne, on his appointment to the 69th Regiment, by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Browne.

Lieutenant Balfour, by Viscount Cole.

Mr. Kimble, by Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.

Lieutenant Kimble, by the Adjutant-General.

Captain Campbell, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, by Marquis Conyngham.

Lieutenant Lucas, by Mr. Hawkes, M.P.

Lieutenant Watt, by Lieutenant-General Sir S. Hawker.

Lieutenant Roberts, Royal Engineers, by Sir F. Mullcaster.

Lieutenant Augustus H. S. Young, 5th Regiment, by Lieutenant-General Sir William Pringle, on return from India.

Commissary-General Adams, by General Sir William Houston, on promotion.

Captain Henry Hume Spence, R.N., by Vice-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr.

Captain Sir Spence Vassall, R.N., on receiving the honour of Knighthood, by Lord Holland.

Mr. Speirs, M.P. for Richmond, by the Duke of Hamilton.

Dr. Andrew Baird, late Naval and Medical Inspector, by Rear-Admiral Sir William Parker.

Captain J. E. Alexander, K.L.S., on returning from an African expedition of discovery, by Lieutenant-General Sir Rufane Donkin, G.C.H.

Captain Charles Robinson, Royal Marines, by Colonel Wingrove.

Lieutenant-Colonel R.Y. Butler, Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency Major-General Sir Murray McGregor, Governor-General of the Windward Islands.

The Rev. J. Delaford, by the Earl of Limerick.

Mr. Perry Williams, one of Her Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Brecon, by Colonel Wood.

Lieutenant-Colonel Studd, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daly, by Lord Hill.

Colonel Aitchison, by Lord Hill.

Colonel Pasley, by Lieutenant-General Sir Hussey Vivian.

Colonel Egerton, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Phipps, K.H., by Sir Hussey Vivian.

Lieutenant-Colonel Paske, by Sir John Hobhouse.

Mr. Silvertop, by the Duke of Cleveland.

Mr. Michael Jones, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Mr. Chichester, M.P., and Mr. Wilbraham, by Lord Ebrington.

Rear-Admiral Rowley, on promotion; Captain George Martin, on return from foreign ser-
Mr. Geary and Mr. Hussey, by the Earl of
Brecon.
Mr. Thornton and Mr. Richmond, by the
Cancellor of the Exchequer.
Mr. John Tindal and Captain Sir J. Mar-
shall, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.
Captains P. Cameron and J. Jones, by Lord
Glenelg.
Mr. Hodgse, M.P., and G. Thompson, of
Edinburgh, by Lord J. Russell.
Mr. G. P. Bushe, Rev. J. French, of Edin-
burgh, and Rev. J. Harper, of Leith, by the
Earl of Durham.
Mr. Egerton and Mr. T. Egerton, by Lord
Stanley.
Mr. Williams, by Viscount Melborne.
Captain Hawskshaw, by Sir F. Mulcaster.
Ensign Wmman Wynn, on his appointment
Mr. Drummond, 14th Regiment, by Mr. C.
to the 83rd Regiment, by the Hon. Major-
General Lygon, M.P.
T. D'Eyncourt.
Captain D. Murray, by Lieutenant-Colonel
Buckley.
Ensign Francis George Scott, on his appoint-
ment, by Lieutenant-General Sir C. Halkett.
Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, on return from
the Mediterranean and promotion; Vice-
Admiral Gesselin, Rear-Admiral Sir J. Brent-
ton, Sir H. Lilliar; Captains Sir W. Dickson,
H. O. Love, on promotion; Chads, on return
from India; H. Nourse, R. Gordon, Berkeley,
Codripton, on appointment to Her Majesty's
ship Talbot; Commanders J. W. Bazalgette,
W. Dawson, W. Kelly, D. Marsh, J. Nott,
H. Crease, E. Nepean, W. G. W. Whish, on
return from West Indies; J. Shuter, on ap-
pointment to Her Majesty's ship Des.; R. Eden,
and Lieutenant Thomas B. Maynard, by the
Earl of Minto.
Messrs. Oriel Vivesh and F. B. Elton, on
return from India; Dr. W. Evans; Major-
General Sir Donald Macleod, on being made a
Knight Commander of the Bath; Colonel
Fagan and Lieutenant-Colonel Frith, on return
from India; Captains J. H. Low and F. C.
Manning, on return from India; Lieutenants
R. H. de Montmorency, G. W. Stokes, T.
Price, and T. Place, on return from India, by
Sir J. C. Hobhouse.
W. Wynne Pendragon, Major-General Hass-
sard, Colonel Davies, Lieutenant-Colonel G.
Brown, Captain W. Montgomery, Lieutenants
Knox, R. H. Crofton, A. G. Burrows, Sho-
veller, H. G. Ross, and R. P. Radcliffe, by the
Master-General of the Ordnance.
Mr. Jenkins, M.P., Lieutenant-Generals B.
Reynardson, Sir J. Macleod; Sir L. Grant,
Goldie, Major-Generals Sir L. Greenwell; Sir
C. B. Vere, and Mr. J. Norton, by Lord Hill.
Sir J. M'Gregor, by the Duke of Wellington.

22.—The royal dinner party included
Prince Estehazay, Austrian Ambassador,
Prince Nicholas Estehazay, Marquis and
Marchioness Lansdowne, Lady Louisa
Fitzmaurice, Earl and Countess de Grey,
Viscount Palmerston, Lord and Lady
James Stuart, Lord Emlyn, Lord Charles
Wellesley, and the Lord Chamberlain.
Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and
Prince George of Cambridge were present
at the grand military dinner given by the
Duke of Wellington to a party of officers
on their departure for Canada.
23.—The royal dinner party was joined
by the Earl and Countess Cowper, Earl
Fingall, Lord and Lady Ashley, Lord Mel-
gund, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord
Fitzalan. The band of the Royal Horse
Guards were in attendance. The Duchess
of Northumberland had an audience of the
Queen. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager
took an airing in a carriage. Prince George
of Cambridge visited Her Majesty at Marl-
borough-house.
24.—Her Majesty, accompanied by
H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured Sir
Francis Chantrey with a visit, to inspect
the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Mun-
ro. Her Majesty was attended by the
Countess Durham, Lord Byron, Hon. Col.
Cavendish, and Sir F. Stovin: Lady Mary
Stopford was in waiting on the Duchess
of Kent. The royal dinner party included
the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lilford, Con-
troller of the Household, Lady Mary
Lambton, and Col. and Lady Harcourt.
The Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty
the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-
house. The Duke and Duchess and Prince
George of Cambridge bid farewell to the
Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury
with their company at dinner.
25.—Her Majesty and her august mother
attended divine service in the Chapel Royal,
St. James's. Her Majesty the Queen Dow-
ager and His Royal Highness the Duke of
Cambridge also attended the service. Her
Majesty was attended by the Countess of
Durham, Miss Cavendish, Lord Byron,
Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick
Stovin. The Duchess of Kent was attended
by Lady Mary Stopford, and the Queen
Dowager by Lady Clinton and Earl Howe.
The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge
visited the Queen.
26.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of
Gloucester dined with the Princess Augusta.
Her Majesty, accompanied by Her Royal
Highness the Duchess of Kent, rode out on
horseback. Her Majesty was attended by
Miss Cavendish, Baroness Lehzen, Lord
Byron, Marquis Conyngham, Earl of
Ex-
bridge, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Sir Frederick
Stovin. Lady Mary Stopford at-
tended on the Duchess of Kent. Her Ma-
jury the Queen Dowager and His Royal
Highness the Duke of Sussex visited the
Queen at the new palace. The royal
dinner party were joined by the Earl of
Durham, Lady Mary Lambton, the Lord
Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Earl and Coun-
tess of Albemarle, and the Marquis of Head-
fort.
BIRTHS.

On the 27th of February, at the Cedars, near Putney, the lady of Col. the Hon. Leicester Fitzgerald Stanhope, C.B., and also Knight of the Royal Greek Military Order of the Saviour, of a son and heir.

On the 28th Feb., in Norfolk-street, the Hon. Mrs. Ellison, of a daughter.

On the 29th, in Lower Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. Lady de Talmey, of a daughter.

On the 4th March, the lady of C. W. Hooke, Esq., Chester-square, of a daughter.

On the 27th Feb., at Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Fraser, of a son.

On the 5th March, in Great George-street, Westminster, the wife of S. V. Surtees, Esq., of one of her Majesty's judges in the island of Mauritius, of a son.

On the 11th March, in Portman-square, the lady of Sir J. P. Orde, Bart., of a son.

On the 14th March, at George-street, Hanover-square, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Chas. A. Harris, of a son.

At Great Granden Villarage, Hants, the lady of the Rev. F. E. Grece, of a son.

At Brighton, the lady of Chas. Thorold, Esq., of a son.

On the 22nd Feb., at Naples, Viscountess Chelsea, of a daughter.

On the 17th March, in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the lady of Colonel Raper, of a daughter.

On the 21st Feb., in Stanhope-street, the Countess Cowper, of a daughter.

On the 21st March, at Brighton, Lady Augusta Seymour, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 21st, R. Ford, Esq., of Heavitree, Devon, to the Hon. Eliza L. Cranston, eldest daughter of the late Lord Cranston.

Feb. 27th, at Ludlow, Shropshire, Lieut.-Col. John Colvin, to Josephine, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Baker, R.N.

On the 5th March, at Brighton, Wm. James Maxwell, Esq., to Caroline Lounan, eldest daughter of Sir David Scott, Bart.

On the 24th March, at Chevening, Kent, Capt. Havistock, to Frederica Markham, daughter of the late Dean of York.

DEATHS.

On the 14th ult., at Southend, Kent, Anne, relict of Admiral Mitchell, aged 73.

On the 11th, deeply lamented, Philipp Lybbe Powys, Esq., of Hardwick-house, in the county of Oxford, aged 73.

On the 11th, in Jersey, Sir Thomas Le Berton, formerly President of the Royal Court of that island.

On the 17th, Mrs. Maria Calvert, sister of the late Sir Harry Calvert, aged 69.

On the 18th, at Brighton, in the 11th year of her age, Lady Mary Gwy Egerton, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wilton.

At Hastings, on the 14th, Lieut.-Gen. W. Millar, Director-General and Col. Commandant of the Royal Artillery, aged 73.

On the 19th inst., after a few hours' illness, Edward Sydney, son of Dr. Spurgin, of Guilford-street, aged four months.


On the 16th, at Petworth, Caroline Honoria Louisa, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert.

On the 16th, at Florence, the Right Hon. Lord Selsey.

On the 21st, at Wormleybury, Herts., Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., aged 90.

On the 26th, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Louisa Harbord, sister of the late, and aunt of the present Lord Suffield.

At his residence, Liverpool-street, Sir William Rawlins, Knt., aged 86.

On the 4th, at Torquay, Thomas B. Fyler, Esq., a magistrate of the county of Middlesex, and formerly Member for Coventry.

On the 15th ult., at Madeira, the Hon. Arthur Baring, youngest son of Lord Ashburton.

On the 8th, at Leamington, after three days' illness, the Hon. Isabella Jemima Coeks, in her tenth year, third daughter of Lord and Lady Eastnor, and grand-daughter to Lord C. Somers.

On the 7th ult., Jane, relict of Major-Gen. James Miller, of the Royal Artillery, aged 54.


On the 6th Dec., at Baroda, Col. Thomas Burford, of the 13th Native Infantry, Commander of that division.

On the 2nd, James Putnam, Esq., greatly respected. His early life was passed in the service of His Majesty, George III., in North America. His name is recorded among many charitable institutions.

On the 12th, at Euston-square, Capt. George Morton, late Paymaster of the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

On the 12th, at South Stoneham, Hants, Emma Monckton, second daughter of Col. Bourchier.

On the 12th, at Drakelow, Derbyshire, Alexander Charles, eldest son of Sir James Crawford, Bart., aged 44.

On the 10th, at Burnfoot, the residence of her brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Mrs. Briggs, relict of the late John Briggs, Esq.


On the 27th Feb., in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Hunsworth, Esq., and mother of H. D. Hunsworth, Esq., of Shropshire-hall, Norfolk.

On the 29th Dec., at Granada, Daniel Gibbons, Esq., aged 56, Member of Her Majesty's Council, and 40 years a resident in that island.

On the 25th Feb., Major John Lloyd Jones, of the Hon. East India Company's service, in his 60th year.

On the 21st ult., at Cloughby Mortimer, Louisa Martha Hallowes, widow of the late Colonel John Hallowes, of Ashford, in Kent, aged 75 years.
A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

UNIVERSAL SERIES.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

UNIVERSAL SERIES.

SKETCHES AND STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

No. IV.*

ACCESSION OF LOUIS DEBONNAIRE, A.D. 814.

CHAPTER I.

The immortal spirit of the great emperor of the West, freed from its earthly tenement, had winged its way to those bright mansions where, with kindred spirits, it longed to be at rest. Charlemagne ceased to exist. Great was the sensation of sorrow at Aix-la-Chapelle, the metropolis of his mighty empire. Ambitious schemes of aggrandizement animated the hopes of some, and whispers, in no unmeasured terms, of plots and seditions, passed current throughout the town; whilst obsequious minis-

* This series of Tales of the French Chronicles, comprises—
No. I., published April, 1837, p. 239; Queen Fredegonda, anno 1597.
No. II., published June and July, 1837, pp. 388 and 15; Queen Marie-Antoinette, anno 1787.
Q—VOL. XII.—MAY, 1838.
sole her. To a highly cultivated mind, Tullius possessed every personal advantage; and his curly hair and beard were dark as ebony, and his finely arched brows, contrasted singularly with eyes of the lightest blue, wherein might be traced Gaulish, as well as Roman extraction.

The youthful Berengaria on the other hand, sylph-like and graceful, fair and animated, exhibited the noble features, the proud yet sweet expression which distinguished her father. Playful and affectionate, but imperious, the still unformed character of the princess presented both shining qualities and glaring defects, which latter, however, the tender solicitude of Tullius was gradually rendering less apparent.

"Weep not, Berengaria, weep not, beloved,\" said Tullius, taking the hand of the youthful mourner; \"thy father's glory yet surviveth him, and whose existence was ever more glorious than that of our emperor?\"

"These tears flow not for my father,\" cried the princess, vehemently; \"I know Tullius, that he is happy, now that he hath exchanged his earthly crown for one of immortality; Charlemagne is even now, seated in the kingdom of the elect, at the right-hand of Divinity, and in the presence of kings David and Solomon, to whom he is relating his glorious exploits. No! 'tis not for him, I weep, but for ourselves, I weep. Why, with all his magnanimous virtues, did he not possess that of loving his children for themselves?\"

"True, Berengaria,\" returned Tullius; \"his paternal affection did partake of egotism; yet, it behoveth us not to judge Charlemagne as we would judge other men; how immeasurably great is the distance between him and every other? He loved his children; but he loved them for himself alone, and to satisfy this egotism, he refused to sanction his daughters' marriage; yet in him methinks, this sentiment of personality was even excusable. Charlemagne desired a family with whom he could rest in peace, from the many cares of his weighty empire. Had he not wars to carry on; revolts to suppress; laws to frame; grievances to redress, and to rule a people fanatically attached to their own barbarous customs, to civilize? He sought domestic happiness as a relief from his labours; he liked to see his hearth and table surrounded by loved and smiling countenances, and thus surrounded, he felt happy himself, and doubted not but that the feeling was reciprocal. Separated from his sons, upon whom he had bestowed the government of distant provinces; deprived of his wives, who had nearly all paid the great debt of nature; what society would have remained to him, had he consented to the marriage of his daughters? Would they not, one and all, have quitted the paternal roof? thus leaving the great eagle alone in his eyrie, to brood over his solitude, and to envy the obscure, but happier lot of swallow or sparrow.

"Thou art always kind and noble, Tullius,\" said Berengaria, smiling and chasing away the tears that still bedewed her cheeks; \"thou art better than I am; yet, well as thou may'st defend him, I repeat that Charlemagne, sacrificed our happiness to his own. Though emperor and hero, he was not the less a father, and as such, performed not his duty in depriving us, during his life time, of a happiness which he knew so well how to appreciate, as is amply testified by his own frequent marriages. Not caring to leave us wholly unprotected after his death, or still worse, leaving us in the power of brothers who evince not the slightest fraternal affection; from whom moreover, we can expect nothing else than harshness and tyranny.\"

"But listen, Berengaria! The daughters of kings and heroes resemble not the daughters of the serf; they must learn the difficult task of sacrificing their own happiness to the greatness of their sires; to the dignity of a throne. The fragile wants of human nature—the humble exigencies of the heart, must bend before such duties as they have to perform.\"

"I tell thee, Tullius,\" returned the princess, impatiently, \"that these are mistaken notions; examples of female heroism are undoubtedly to be found in the annals of Rome; but in our degenerate age, Tullius, such examples have become rare. Wherefore, if these great sentiments of self-denial are always expected from us, the daughters
of kings, wherefore should we, high-born maidens, be exposed to like passions with the daughters of the lowly serf? We find such maxims it is true, in the works of the philosophers of old, which we have studied together; but believe me it is in their writings alone, that the sentiments expressed, are to be found; the proof is, that nearly all my sisters, like myself, are privately married. Would it not then, have been wiser for my father to have sanctioned these marriages, and given us husbands in whom, after his death, we should have found protectors? But no! he was inflexible—thought but of himself. Oh! may the anguish that we suffer, and the errors of some of my sisters, be not the prelude to still greater misfortunes!"

"Thy fears are unfounded, Berengaria, believe me they are," said Tullius, attempting to reassure his youthful partner; "thy brother Louis, who hath inherited this kingdom, and hath thus become the arbiter of our destinies, is just and pious."

Berengaria shook her head. "Believe it not," she uttered despondently. "Were he other, than as I paint him," said Tullius, "why should his subjects of Aquitaine, over whom he hath so long reigned, have conferred upon him, in testimony of their love and gratitude, the surname of Débonnaire?"

Berengaria was silent. "Well, Tullius," she resumed, after a pause; "and what are thy intentions? what dost thou hope to gain from my brother?"

"To gain his pardon, my beloved; his sanction to our union; fear not, I will kneel and pray, and paint our love so fond, so true, so free from all ambition; the thoughts of thee, my sweet Berengaria, will lend eloquence to my words. Were thy brother's heart of adamant, he would relent."

"Tullius, thou believest all men to be as good as thou art; but thou knowest not Louis."

"Nay, sweetest, let's not think ill of thy brother. We have no right to fear, I tell thee. I will lay claim to none of the privileges annexed to a royal union. On the contrary, I will offer him my fortune, my services, and the trifling knowledge I possess, which thy father was pleased to appreciate; or, if our presence at his court should give him umbrage, we will remove to my possessions in Lombardy."

"Useless, useless, Tullius!" exclaimed Berengaria vehemently; "I repeat to thee, our only hope is in flight. Let us, I conjure thee, not e'en wait my brother's arrival, but profit by the short interval that remains."

"Flee, Berengaria! Act as though we were guilty?"

"Are we not already deemed such? Is it not therefore better to escape while yet we can, and seek a refuge, where we may await in safety the uncertain results of Louis's clemency?"

"To remove thee from this palace, would no doubt draw the indignation, mayhap the vengeance of thy brother upon thy head, and if we have committed an error, it is upon mine alone, that vengeance must fall. Again, I tell thee we have no right to fear; I know Louis."

"And I too, know him," echoed the princess; "wherefore I tremble; he is morose, fretful, cold-hearted and suspicious; the monastic education he has received, has increased the natural acerbity of his temper and character. His is not a heart to be softened by the sufferings of humanity. No piteous tale of unhappy love would ever draw a tear from his eye; the slightest deviation from what he calls duty, in its most rigorous form, is a crime in his eyes; nay, doth he not even carry his own sense of virtue—or what he calleth virtue, to the very verge of cruelty: how often doth he even pass the line in severity? Nay, hear me out, Tullius," she continued, as she saw her husband about to interrupt her. "Tell me," she pursued, "what hope have we, that Louis will sanction our marriage, when the magnanimous, the indulgent Charlemagne—notwithstanding his esteem for thee, would never have consented to have given thee his daughter? for, Tullius! when I hinted at the subject in his presence, and spoke of his clemency in favour of his secretary, Eginhard, and my sister Emma, I trembled to see his brow darken, and his eye assume a menacing aspect. In short,
Tullius, I was silenced; I lost all hope, all courage, for I saw that this single concession had exhausted all fatherly affection of which his heart was capable.

"Thou deceived'st me then," said Tullius, gravely, "in saying thou hadst a hope he would relent?"

"Tullius! cruel Tullius! look not thus reproachfully upon me," cried the princess throwing her arms around him; "I said it not to deceive thee, but to vanquish thy scruples. Alas! by what other means could I have done so? and then 'twas for our mutual good, Tullius. Nay, love! chide not, but smile again upon thy Berengaria, and let us not think of the past; but for the future—Tullius—my husband, let's escape while yet we may."

"By flight, Berengaria, we risk not only thy honour and thy liberty, but, perchance, even thy life; and that is too precious to trifle with; ask me not, love, to take thee hence, for where could I conduct thee? Where place thee in safety? Where find a corner in this vast empire, remote enough to conceal thee from the justice of our new emperor? If thou dreadest thy brother's severity, I promise not to disclose the secret of our union; we'll wait for better times, love, if thou wilt."

"Alas! thinkest thou that our marriage is a secret to any in this palace; surrounded as we are by spies? Believe me, Tullius, that ere my brother arrive, many lips will be open to pour forth accusations against us, if they have not done so already. Go! thy security drives me to despair; thou judgest men after thine own heart; thou believest them kind and generous and good, but alas! to our bane, thou wilt find out thy error when it be too late."

And the unhappy Berengaria hid her face upon her husband's shoulder, while her tears flowed afresh. "Remember, Tullius," she added, after a lengthened pause interrupted by frequent sobs; "remember, that my existence is so closely interwoven with thine, that the stroke that reaches thy heart, will infallibly rebound upon mine."

Tullius, deeply distressed at witnessing the anguish of his youthful and devoted wife, tried by every means in his power to console her.

"Weep not, sweetest!" he exclaimed, "there, let me," as he suited the action to the word, "kiss off these tears; who can tell, my gentle love, but that thy brother's accession to the empire, may be to us the forerunner of days of long sunshine and happiness! Louis will pardon us, dearest, and then think of the pride, the joy of thy Tullius, in proclaiming thee his bride before the universe; think, how thy tenderness will render him an object of envy, for thou art loveliest among the lovely, Berengaria: and good and noble too."

"Well, I will not weep, I will do as thou dost, and even try to chase away these dark forebodings; I will only think of the happiness of loving thee, and listen to the sweet words, Tullius, which, coming from thy lips, are always new; but it is not for thee to be proud of thy Berengaria, but for her to be proud of thee, for thou art as superior to the rude barons of our court, as the tall cedar is to the lowly byssop. They know how but to fight and hunt—whereas thou, Tullius, knowest the names of all the stars, the name of every plant, of every animal. All the great men of Greece and Rome, are known to thee; thou art acquainted with their language, and their eloquence is thine. Then thou art brave and handsome to look upon; thine eyes, wherein I have learnt to read the inmost wishes—nay, every thought of thine heart, rival the azure tint of heaven, in brightness of colour. Ah! Tullius, what horrible thoughts assail me when I gaze upon them! Knowest thou, that the king's justice hath doomed many to the penalty of losing their eyes?"

And she shuddered, and hid her face in her veil.

"True, this penalty, love, hath, in divers instances replaced capital punishment; but it was scarcely ever resorted to by our great monarch."

"Charlemagne thought, and justly, that the loss of sight was equivalent to that of life, and he deemed it more cruel to condemn a fellow-creature to drag out a wearisome existence surrounded by perpetual darkness, than to enclose him at once in a tomb. Thus, this most cruel of sentences hath fallen into disuse. Under thy father's rule,
the criminals who deserved not death, were banished. To me, Berengaria, even death, would be more welcome than this darkness of the tomb; for oh, to live, and not to see thy smile, thine eyes, thy cheeks whereon the lily blendeth with the rose. Still, I could hear the soft and gentle accents of thy angel voice. I could distinguish the fairy lightness of thy step, the rustling of robe and veil; then I could touch thy hand, that soft trembling hand that respondeth to my pressure. Yes, yes, even blind—Tullius could feel happy, were his Berengaria near."

These words were scarcely uttered, ere the noise of hastily approaching footsteps, was distinctly heard in the adjoining gallery. In another instant the door was burst open, and the Princess Radegonda, one of the Princess Berengaria's sisters, entered the apartment, followed by Count Aldwyn. The countenances of both, were deeply expressive of anger and indignation.

CHAPTER II.

"Radegonda! my sister! what hath befallen thee?" cried the terrified Berengaria, rising from her cushion, and rushing towards the princess.

"A plot, Berengaria," replied Radegonda sternly, her eye on fire, her colour heightened: "we are betrayed. The issues of the palace are strongly guarded, and Aldwyn's egress hath been interrupted."

"What meaneth this?" asked Berengaria, instinctively approaching Tullius, as if to shield him from the unknown danger. "What meaneth it?"

"Nothing more, perchance," said Tullius calmly, "than a general precaution, which may in nowise affect Count Aldwyn."

* Count Aldwyn, was the last descendant but one, (his own son) of one of those ancient and noble families of Franks, who had originally crossed the Rhine with their king, Clovis, and entered Gaul in the year 486, where they founded a powerful monarchy. He had served under Charlemagne, and was one of the bravest, though perhaps, one of the least refined of the officers belonging to that emperor's court. The high spirited princess Radegonda, to whom literature and the arts were as mere dross in the scale, compared to military valour, found in the congenial disposition of the count, an object worthy of her highest esteem and affection. Some few years previously to the death of the great mo-

"On the contrary," interrupted the fierce warrior: "I presume it to be a caution that affects me alone, and one, I'll warrant, of Lord Warncher's contrivance. He has never pardoned Radegonda's preference of me, and profits by the slight authority he holds, to detain me prisoner: for the coward durst not attack me sword in hand. But let him beware; I seek not to escape, and if our new emperor, instigated by this vile flatterer, call me before his tribunal, I shall not hesitate to appear, and teach them that Aldwyn knows how to defend himself. Meanwhile, pressing business summons me abroad, and I come, my Lord Tullius, to demand from you, the key of the private passage, by which you enter Berengaria's apartment."

"Here," said Tullius, "is the key, and I will even conduct you thither, myself: one of my vassals guards the passage, and not knowing you, may oppose your egress."

"And what," said Berengaria, laying her hand upon Aldwyn's arm. "What have you to fear, brother, from Lord Warncher?"

"Warncher, no doubt, hopes to make his court to Louis, by accusing me of pretending to the hand of one of the imperial princesses."

"Tullius, then, runs the same danger," said Berengaria, turning pale. "Know you not, Aldwyn, that we too, are privately married?"

"As our cause is the same," said Tullius, coming forward; "methinks, Count Aldwyn, we should do wisely to concert together as to our means of defence—in case of accusation."

"My defence, Lord Tullius, will be simple, answered the warrior, proudly: "I shall let the new emperor know, that I consider myself sufficiently entitled by my birth, and by the services I have rendered to the state, to aspire to the hand of his sister: that Radegonda thought so too, and that it is now no longer time to retract, as it is long since we have entered into the holy bands of wedlock. If this be not sufficient, I shall quit the court with Ra-
degonda, and offer my allegiance to another sovereign."

"I should like," said the haughty wife of Aldwyn, "to see a king of Aquitaine, whose life has been nearly passed within the walls of a monastery, disdain an alliance with one of the bravest barons of the court of Charlemagne—and he too, perhaps, whose sword has most effectively contributed to the definitive subjugation of Saxony!"

"And Tullius, too, dear sister," said Berengaria timidly; "has he not rendered services to the state? Did his good sword remain in its sheath when the Saxons were to be conquered? and has he not, with his own revenues, founded schools and monasteries?"

"No doubt," replied the rude Frank warrior, a smile of disdain curling his lip, "no doubt, sister, these are indisputable claims on the favour of Louis Débonnaire. Besides, lord Tullius knows that his Roman descent is another qualification in the eyes of our new sovereign. His fears, at least, are unfounded."

"And who has told the count," inquired Tullius proudly, the equanimity of his temper slightly ruffled by Aldwyn's words and manner. "Who has said that I had conceived fears? But if you have none, sir count, I summon you instantly to follow me to the private passage, which, though unknown at this moment, may shortly cease to be so."

The impetuous Aldwyn laid his hand upon his sword, and his eyes flashed anger:

"My Lord Tullius!" he retorted, "you have a manner of offering a favour, which makes me hesitate to accept it. It were well, indeed, that you should serve me as a guide, for I am not familiar with secret passages. My ingress and egress to and from Radegonda's apartments have been by the public entrance, in the noon day, in the sight of men, and not under the cover of darkness."

"Count Aldwyn," replied Tullius indignantly, "if I have not entered Berengaria's apartments by the public entrance; it is because her honour is dear to me, and because I would screen from the envenomed tongue of slander, the fair fame of the lovely girl who, in the presence of the universe, I am not yet permitted to call my wife."

"Tullius!" interrupted Radegonda, vehemently, "it is by my desire that Aldwyn thus enters my apartments, publicly, without precaution, without fear. A daughter of Charlemagne should feel herself above calumny, should know how to despise the insults of her inferiors. Know also, that if my husband condescends to ask for your private key, it is again by my desire: he was in the act of forcing a passage through the guards, when I had him called back to my chamber."

"Alas! alas!" cried Berengaria, in a voice of despair, and clasping her hands together in agony. "Is family contention now to be added to our other misfortunes? Does not our only hope lie in our being united?—our cause is the same—why these words of angry import? Radegonda, Aldwyn, Tullius! cease this strife! And thou, my husband," she continued, turning to Tullius with one of those sweet looks peculiar to her, which never failed to disarm him of anger; "dost thou not recollect how often thou hast repeated to me that, 'a house divided against itself must fall?'"

These words of the gentle girl had their effect. Tullius pressed the youthful peacemaker to his heart as he replied:

"Thou art right, Berengaria, thou art right, my love: this is indeed a moment when dissension must prove fatal. Count Aldwyn!" he added, turning to the Frank and at the same time extending his hand in token of amity, "if my words have been offensive, pardon them. I have forgotten yours."

The warrior, his own fierce nature somewhat subdued, took the proffered hand, and, pressing it, replied:—"We are brothers, Tullius, let us then be friends. And now if you will accompany me to my palace, we will concert measures for our mutual defence; there at least we will be safer than here."

"Thanks, brother; but my disappearance from this palace, if it were a lengthened one, might lead to a suspicion that my conscience is not clear, and as such is not the case, I shall remain and await the emperor's arrival."
Berengaria was about to insist upon her husband's following Aldwyn, when the door opened, and one of the trusty servants of the princess Radegonda entered the room, terrified and out of breath; "Flee, madam, flee!" he cried, "and you too, count Aldwyn; troops are crowding into the palace, with lord Warncher at their head. Some of the princesses have been already shut up in their apartments, and the lords Wiltsen, Thudun, and Clodoald arrested. 'Tis said that lord Warncher, as well as the count Wala, have been invested with full authority to act in the name of the emperor, who arrives tomorrow: report speaks of exiles and executions amongst the pretenders to the hands of the princesses.'

Berengaria uttered a piercing cry.

"I told thee, Tullius!" she muttered, almost inaudibly, and at the same time fell nearly senseless into his arms.

"Warncher and Wala my judges!" cried Aldwyn, fiercely.

"Humble not thyself to them!" cried Radegonda, raising her voice. "Submit not to the dastards! Go, Aldwyn, mount thy charger and rally thy friends and followers. I will remain here to demand by what right, by what authority, my brother dares deprive me of my wedded lord. I shall teach him that the princess Radegonda hath a spirit which, at least, is not to be trifled with. I shall show him that I neither depend upon the ancient king of Aquitaine, nor upon the present emperor. Charlemagne himself invested me with free domains, whither I shall retire after my interview with Louis; there at least we shall be at peace."

"Tullius, my own Tullius!" cried Berengaria, recovering to consciousness and to a sense of the misfortunes that seemed thus hovering over them; "Tullius, my beloved! flee, I conjure thee while yet thou may'st. Leave me here to soften Louis' heart, but save thyself;—if not for thine own sake, save thyself for mine."

And the young wife, throwing herself frantically into his arms, pressed him convulsively to her bosom, as though she thought to let him go, were to resign him at once to the hands of the executioner.

"Unsheath thy sword, Aldwyn!" said Radegonda, proudly. "And let's see who durst oppose our passage."

The princess Radegonda, followed by Berengaria, Tullius, and count Aldwyn, entered a low and private gallery, which led from one of the outer courts to the private apartments of the princess Berengaria; there, however, their progress was shortly arrested by the approach of the vassal whom Tullius had placed as a guard inside the entrance. Making a signal to the little party not to advance, he crept softly to the further extremity; where, with his ear close to the door, he listened for some moments with breathless attention: at length, returning on tiptoe, he whispered, in accents replete with consternation, "Master, the issue is discovered; the troops are about to force the entrance."

"My lord Tullius," said Aldwyn, who had overheard these words, "we have our swords; my advice is, that we proceed."

"Not so mine, brother," answered Tullius calmly. "Not that I have a doubt of our success; but it would be acting in open defiance to our sovereign, and even now you thought like me, that we have nothing to fear from the emperor's justice——"

"Nothing to fear from his justice," hastily interrupted the haughty wife of Aldwyn, "but every thing to fear from the jealous hatred of his courtiers. A daughter of Charlemagne has methinks some right to exact obedience in this palace; follow me, therefore. Gaul! I command thee, open yon door!"

"No, Radegonda, it must not be," said Tullius decisively, and at the same time retaining his servitor, who was about to obey the orders of the princess. "Such a step," he continued, "would compromise both you and Berengaria, and after all avail us nothing. 'Twere better, if Warncher and Wala have orders concerning us, that we give ourselves up without resistance, and await patiently and fearlessly the result of Louis' arrival."

"Cowardice!" ejaculated the princess.

"I yield to Warncher and Wala!" cried the count, in a voice of determination; "never! Tullius. If it be Aldwyn's fate to fall into the power of
his enemies, it will not be living at least! Let's return then to thy apartment, Radegonda; if they come to arrest thy husband, 'tis there he must be found, lest they should imagine he shrinks from the avowal of a title which it is his glory to defend."

"Thou art right, Aldwyn, let's return." And the princess prepared to quit the passage.

"And Tullius! my husband! what will become of him?" shrieked Berengaria. "Oh! my sister, leave us not, at this dreadful crisis; leave us not, for pity, for mercy's sake; or, if thou wilt, take Tullius with thee." And the unhappy girl laid hold of her sister's garments to retain her.

"Fear not, sweetest Berengaria; fear not for me," said Tullius, advancing and taking her in his arms; "believe me, I have nought to apprehend. Come, I will first place thee in safety and then quit the palace by the public entrance; or if I should be asked to deliver up my sword to thy brother's deputies, I will do so readily, and await in confidence the issue of the emperor's determination." They had already retraced their steps a few yards, when their attention was arrested by an increased commotion at the further extremity of the passage. In another instant the door was burst-open and an officer on duty at the palace entered:

"My lords!" said he, addressing the husbands of the two princesses, "I am sent to conduct you into the presence of lord Warncher."

"Return to thy master, slave," answered the Frank fiercely; "and say, that count Aldwyn obeys not the orders of a cowardly denunciator."

"My lord count," returned the envoy respectfully; "the orders are peremptory. Mandates have arrived from Orleans, investing the lords Warncher and Wala with full powers to act in the name of the emperor."

"Thou hast thy answer," again responded Aldwyn.

"Let those, whom this affair concerns, comply with this tyranny," observed Radegonda, sharply. "It neither affects the princesses nor their lords."

"Pardon me, madam," persisted the officer, bowing low; "it is precisely against the nobles who aspire to the hands of the princesses, that these orders have been issued.

"Did I not tell thee to begone?" cried Aldwyn impatiently; "go, or I will show thee the way;" and he was about to put his threat into execution, in no very gentle manner, when he was retained by Tullius:

"Peace, my brother," he cried. "Let us not resist the emperor's commands, and thus aggravate the danger of our position by offering a useless resistance."

"As you will, my brother," answered the impetuous count. "Come, knave," he continued, turning to the messenger, "conduct us to the presence of your insolent master, and let's see whether he or I shall have to undergo this interrogatory!"

"Farewell, then, my much loved lord!" cried Radegonda, embracing the count; "and forget not, either in the presence of Warncher or of Louis, that thou art the husband of a daughter of Charlemagne, whilst I will not cease to remember that I have to sustain the dignity and honour of the name of Aldwyn!"

"Tullius! my own Tullius!" cried Berengaria despairingly and clinging to her husband. "Go not! they will take thy life!"

"Peace, peace, my beloved!" whispered Tullius, pressing her to his heart; "they cannot harm us; believe me, we shall soon meet again. There! go! another kiss then, if thou wilt—and let us be gone! And thou, Radegonda; thou, who art courageous, support, console, calm her: tell her that those who saw good cannot reap evil, and that Louis cannot persecute those whom Charlemagne loved and protected.

So saying, he placed his nearly insensible wife in the arms of her sister; and with Aldwyn followed the officer.

After some moments they found themselves in the presence of lord Warncher. At the right hand of the deputy stood his nephew Lambert, a youth of singular promise, the bearer of the despatches, who, like his uncle, was one of those who enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the new emperor. A large group of persons, consisting of nobles, officers, and guards surrounded the chair of state, which, elevated sc-
veral steps from the ground, formed a kind of throne whereon sat Warncher, in all the majesty of a judge presiding at his tribunal. When Aldwyn appeared, the lips of Warncher were observed to contract, and a smile of the most demoniacal revenge was seen to pass over his harsh and stern features.

Aldwyn, perceiving the joy of his fierce enemy, advanced boldly. "Since what time," he asked, sufficiently loud to be heard by all present, an expression of savage irony at the same time kindling up his eye:

"Since what time hath the timid hare ventured to summon the greyhound to its tribunal?"

Warncher bounded with rage upon his seat, and his face grew purple; he understood the allusion, being aware that his military reputation was rather of an equivocal nature. Qualities, in fact, of a diametrically opposite character had won for him the esteem and favour of Louis Débonnaire. Quickly recovering his sang-froid, and replying in the same metaphorical strain in which he had been addressed:

"It is," he answered, "since the humble greyhound seeketh to ally itself to the race of the lion and the eagle!"

A general burst of hilarity followed this response.

"Let thy varlets cease their merriment," cried Aldwyn, stamping with rage, "or, by'r lady, they shall not lack matter to increase it; for thy pretensions, though less justifiable than mine, were no less audacious;—with this difference, that the lioness hath turned her back upon the hare and sent him disappointed to his kennel."

Tullius, foreseeing how the debate was likely to end and dreading its results, now spoke for the first time:

"My lord Warncher," he asked, interrupting the angry opponents, "would it not be wiser to cease these bitter recriminations, which seemingly have nought to do with the matter in hand, and explain to us the mission with which you say you are charged relative to count Aldwyn and myself?"

"My lord Tullius," answered Warncher more calmly, his anger abated by the mildness of the speaker's address; here we recognize your prudence, and esteem you highly for it. My nephew and myself consider ourselves entitled to the submission and respect of those whom it has pleased us to call into our presence; representing, as we do, our gracious liege, into whose hands the sceptre of this mighty realm has just fallen, who has commissioned us to inquire into the nature of your connexion with the princess Berengaria, as well as to interrogate count Aldwyn upon that which he so ostensibly holds with her sister the princess Radegonda."

"My lord Warncher," replied Tullius, his voice slightly altered, but at the same time preserving his wonted dignity of manner; "question me, if you will, upon the acts public and political of my life, and I will answer freely; but, my lord, paying at the same time all due deference to the sacred character with which you say you are invested, I refuse to permit you to penetrate into affairs which, being exclusively personal, can have nought to do either with the state or the present examination."

"You are mistaken," my lord, returned Warncher, with some hesitation of manner; for, in reality, he had been simply charged with the arrest of those officers who were suspected of having any connexion with the princesses, and his assumption of the character of investigator or judge, was an arrogation of power which he had merely assumed in order to satisfy his own personal hatred against Aldwyn; "you are mistaken, my lord," he again repeated more firmly.

Tullius bowed.

"My lord," he resolutely but respectfully pursued, "my determination is, to recognize in the emperor alone, and in his quality of brother to the princesses, the right of interrogating me with respect to his illustrious sisters; these are family concerns, my lord, of too great moment to the majesty of the throne and the dignity of the princesses to be publicly debated."

A murmur of approbation ran through the assembly at these words, and Warncher himself inwardly acknowledged the justice as well as the delicacy of the sentiment.

"My lord Tullius," he said, "we respect your refusal."

"And me!" cried Aldwyn, in a loud
voice; “without disapproving the silence of lord Tullius, whose position differs from mine, I say, that I consider it an affair which should be debated in the presence of the whole universe—one in which I am proud to be an actor—one, as honourable to me, as it is disgraceful to my accuser: yes, here—in the presence of all men, I acknowledge—nay, glory in, my relations with a daughter of the mighty Charlemagne. Yes, let all men hear; I love the princess Radegonda, and am equally beloved: our nuptial vows have been exchanged—our spousal rites solemnly performed before the altar of this very palace. Our union too, has been already blessed by the birth of a son, which union, let the emperor Louis blame or approve, remains equally indissoluble.”

“This union,” replied Warncher exultingly, “if true that it exist, is a crime for which you, count Aldwyn, will be punished, and a stain from which the imperial family will shortly free itself.”

“This union, caitiff!” retorted Aldwyn furiously, “is one which my death alone can dissolve; and even then, the princess Radegonda will remain till her latest hour my widow. It is a crime, thou sayest;—answer, is it not one that thou too didst seek to perpetrate?—A stain! know that even a daughter of Charlemagne, were he ten times emperor, can receive no stain from her alliance with an Aldwyn. Better, wouldst thou say, for her to have espoused some petty prince of Lombardy or Saxony: one of those whose blood has tinged the blade of Aldwyn’s sword. Or better still, had she espoused a lowly, base born churl, like thee! But Radegonda knew better; she accepted the proffered hand of Aldwyn—of her father’s friend. while she crushed the hopes and spurned from her presence, the audacious minion who thus dares to insult her through her husband!”

In vain Tullius tried to interpose between the angry opponents.

“Say what thou wilt,” cried the enraged Warncher, grinding his teeth with passion. “If the emperor Louis bestow the princess upon me in marriage, she shall follow me to Aquitaine and bear my name!”

“Hold, insolent calumniator! Hold, vile braggart!” cried the warrior fiercely, at the same time casting his gauntlet in the face of his antagonist. “There’s for having insulted the princess Radegonda; if thy sword dare sustain the boldness of thy words, pick up that glove! for here, I defy thee to mortal combat! Before thou darest aspire as high as Radegonda, prove that thou canst elevate thyself to a rank with Aldwyn!”

“In Heaven’s name be calm,” whispered Tullius, again interfering: but his words remained unheeded.

“I accept not thy challenge!” cried Warncher, his voice trembling with passion, his cheek turning pale. “I accept it not; for, henceforth, thou art degraded from thy rank, and belongst to the executioner.”

“To the executioner! degraded!” cried Aldwyn, foaming with rage; “be it so! But know that I am not yet disarmed—defend thyself, coward!” So saying, he drew his sword and sprang furiously upon his enemy.

Tullius, Lambert, and a crowd of officers precipitated themselves between the two deadly combatants. The struggle was momentary but fierce. A tremendous blow from the heavy sword of the Frank warrior cleft the head of the hapless Lambert, who fell without a groan. A simultaneous cry of horror burst from all parts of the hall, while lances, hatchets, poniards, gleamed before the eyes of the undaunted Aldwyn. Warncher, horror-stricken at the fate of his nephew, and thus pressed into the affray, was forced to draw his sword, but tried vainly to recede; whilst Aldwyn, pursuing his odious rival with the tenacity with which a tiger pursues its prey, and forcing an opening through his assailants, at length attained him, and, at the instant that he plunged his sword to the hilt in the bosom of his enemy, he himself fell lifeless, pierced with a thousand weapons.

CHAPTER III.

At an early hour the following morning, the gates of Aix-la-Chapelle opened to receive the new emperor.

Louis the First, surnamed Débonnaire, we are told by the ancient chroniclers, was brave and handsome to look upon. His countenance was open and intelligent; his eyes, bright and
sparkling. In stature, he was about the middle height, strongly built, and unequalled in the use of the bow and javelin. He was well versed in the Latin and Greek languages, both of which he spoke with tolerable fluency. He was also a proficient in the theological works of the age; heartily despising profane writers and their works. In constitution, he was robust, active, indefatigable; in disposition, slow to anger, and easily incited to compassion: the possession of which latter quality seems, however, somewhat dubious, if history is to be credited. The sequel of this story, as well as nearly every other act of his reign, would indeed prove, that his real character was far more skilfully portrayed by his sister, the Princess Berengaria, than by the chroniclers in question. In many instances he was found, nevertheless, to evince much discernment, added to great prudence and circumspection; and had he acted according to his own judgment, instead of trusting implicitly to the counsels of his favourites and advisers, he would have avoided the imputation of being one of the weakest monarchs that ever occupied the French throne. His monastical education had, however, in great measure, unfitness him for the difficult task he was called upon to perform by his elevation to the empire. His whole time was spent in chanting the psalms, and other offices of the church; and his daily devotions were performed in public, when he was seen to assume the humblest attitudes, prostrating himself, beating his brow against the marble pavement, and, not unfrequently, intermingling sobs and tears with his petitions to Heaven.

The emperor’s brothers, together with the nobles of the empire, officers of the palace, troops, and people, were now assembled in multitudes together, to hail the arrival of their sovereign; whose entrance into his newly acquired territories, partook of the character of a complete triumph; and so great was the influence attached to the venerated name of Charlemagne, that all ranks spontaneously approached to swear homage and allegiance to his son and successor.

The Count Wala, who had filled an important situation under Charlemagne, and Bernard, youthful king of Lombardy, grandson of the deceased emperor, were amongst the first to recognize the power of Louis, as well as to endeavour to shake off some imputations which attached to them. In short, as master of Rome and of Italy, Bernard* had more than once aspired to the imperial power, and Wala was suspected of encouraging his pretensions.

Meanwhile Louis, who had ascended the imperial chair, in order to receive with proper dignity the homage of the still-increasing multitude, was seen ever and anon, to cast uneasy glances around, as though eager to discover the presence of some anxiously looked-for object. At length, unable longer to control his impatience, he turned towards one of the nobles who stood nearest the throne—

“Where,” he demanded, “is our feal and trusty Warncher? and the son of our adoption, Lambert? Wherefore are they not here to give us the greeting which, from their lips, it would be so precious for us to receive?”

A silence of some moments followed these words; and the officer addressed, cast an uneasy glance around, and then fixed his eyes upon the ground.

“Count Guaramond,” cried the emperor, vehemently, “this silence terrifieth us! Speak, we command thee: what hath befallen?”

“My liege, both are dead.”

“Dead!” cried Louis, repeating the word, with the deepest horror painted on his countenance. “Dead! sayest thou?”

“Aye, my liege,” cried Guaramond, in tremulous accents, as he glanced fearfully upon the flashing eyes and animated features of his sovereign.

“Both are dead! assassinated by Count Aldwyn. Warncher,” continued Count Guaramond, “in pursuance of your grace’s missive, had summoned those lords to appear before him, who were suspected of nourishing culpable pretensions. Wiltzen, Thudun, and Cloodald, after having been interrogated, suffered themselves to be conducted to prison, without resistance.”

* This young prince had his eyes put out, by order of Louis Débonnaire.
fruitless search at their respective residences, Aldwyn and Tullius were discovered concealed in one of the private passages of the palaces, and in company with the princesses Radegonda and Berengaria. The two lords were immediately conveyed into the presence of Lord Warncher; when, after having showered down upon that noble all sorts of indignities, Count Aldwyn drew his sabre, and before any of us had power to interfere, for his strength was prodigious, the uncle and nephew had both fallen, mortally wounded.

"Shame! shame on ye for a set of paltry cowards!" cried Louis, with indigination flashing from his eyes; "shame upon ye, to stand by and see two precious lives cut down by a single arm. My faithful Warncher! and thou, Lambert, the son of mine adoption!" and he groaned in bitterness of heart.

"And the assassin?" he asked, after a pause, "where is he? where have ye stowed him?"

"May it please your grace," returned Guarmond, "the two victims were revenged upon the spot; scarcely had the foul crime been perpetrated, than the assassin fell beneath our weapons."

"He should have been reserved for the scaffold!" cried the emperor, "Ye have deprived the people of a great example of justice. But his accomplice still liveth: let the block be prepared for him by the morrow's dawn!"

A timid voice was now heard for the first time.

"My liege," said the speaker, "Lord Tullius is innocent: from the first moment, he vainly essayed to calm the fury of Count Aldwyn, and even assisted us with all his might to restrain his arm, at the moment of the fatal occurrence."

"Who hath dared affirm that Tullius is innocent?" cried Louis, with wrathful vehemence, turning in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

No answer being returned, the irrefutable monarch again addressed Count Guarmond:

"Thou sayest that the two culprits were discovered in the apartments of the imperial princesses?" he resumed.

"I do, my liege."

"Let Tullius be brought into our presence."

After a brief interval, the Roman Gaul, who had been thrown into prison by the avengers of the two victims of Aldwyn’s hatred, entered, laden with chains, and surrounded by guards. His demeanour was sorrowful, but he still preserved the same air of calm, noble dignity, for which, in all cases, he was remarkable. Advancing to the foot of the throne, he bent his knee in homage to his sovereign, and there silently awaited the emperor’s interrogatory.

"Ha! there thou art, vile slave," at length cried Louis, sternly, his wrath redoubling at the sight of Tullius, to whom he attributed, in part at least, the unhappy fate of his two favourites.

"Say, what hast thou to offer in extenuation of thy crime? Thou soughtest to cover thy previous audacity by imbruing thine hands in the blood of two of our most loving subjects. Neither the youth and fair promise of the one, nor the piety and wisdom of the other, couldst restrain thy murderous intent. Thou didst act, we know, in fellowship with the assassin Aldwyn. He hath paid the penalty of his crime; it therefore resteth with us to pronounce upon thy fate. Yet, again we ask—for we would fain incline to mercy—hast thou aught to allege in thy defence?"

The monarch ceased.

"My liege," answered Tullius respectfully, but at the same time writing under the odious imputation so unjustly cast upon him, "may it please you to believe, that I too lament, as deeply as your majesty possibly can, the sad event that hath befallen; and, Heaven is my witness, that had its prevention laid in my power, you would not now have to weep over the untimely fate of two individuals to whom you were attached. I also declare, my noble liege, that, not only am I wholly guiltless of the blood that hath been spilled, but I likewise affirm that no assassination hath been committed."

"What, minion!" cried Louis, with flashing eyes; "thou darest defend Aldwyn, to our very teeth!"

"My liege, I only ask to be permitted to reveal the truth," returned Tullius, firmly, but respectfully,
"Speak, then!" cried the emperor raising his voice. "Holy Mother Church forbid, that we, her humblest votary, should turn a reluctant ear to the avowal of the bright, glorious truth. Speak, Lord Tullius, and see if thou canst clear thyself of a foul crime, for which, the morrow's dawn, mayhap, will plunge thee into a dread eternity! Speak! again we command thee."

"Then, by your highness's permission," resumed Tullius, nothing daunted by the emperor's intimation of the fate that was reserved for him, "I again affirm that the odious imputation of assassin should not, in justice, weigh upon the tomb of Aldwyn. Summoned, like myself, to the presence of his rival—for Warncher equally aspired to the hand of the Princess Radegonda—and publicly interrogated, he declared his private marriage with the princess, adding, that his union had been already blessed by the birth of a son. Upon Warncher's threat of a dissolution of his marriage in his own favour, a violent discussion ensued, in which your highness' deputy thought fit to menace Count Aldwyn, not only with degradation, but with an ignominious death. The exasperated count defied Lord Warncher to mortal combat, but his opponent basely refused the generous proposal. Upon which, my unhappy friend, irritated at the cowardly affront, and losing all control over his fiery temper, drew his sword, and calling to Warncher to defend himself, some strokes were exchanged, in the course of which, the unfortunate Lambert received a blow not destined for him, but which laid him senseless on the earth; shortly afterwards, Warncher himself fell while vainly attempting to withdraw. Thus, your highness may perceive, that though we have to deplore a sad catastrophe, its cruel result was wholly unpremeditated. The unfortunate Aldwyn hath dearly paid the forfeit of his impetuosity; and much, my liege, as we may blame his fiery spirit, yet none can deny that his was a noble, a generous soul. Peace be therefore to his ashes!"

A silence of some moments followed these words, which was at length broken by the emperor.

"Lord Tullius," at length he said, "we have listened without interruption to thy defence of him, whom we must still designate as a foul assassin: we pledge, ourselves, however, to ponder over thy words, and not give hasty credence to our own judgment, biased as we may be by our private feelings, until after mature deliberation. It now remains for thee to answer for thyself on the heads whereupon thou standest accused."

Louis paused.
"I would fain ask," returned Tullius, "if the interrogatory of my royal liege hath aught to do with the names of the imperial princesses?"

"It is on that subject we desire to be enlightened," answered the emperor.
"Your highness shall know all; but I crave permission to be heard by the royal ear alone."

"How now!" cried the monarch, his eye kindling again with wrath; "what meaneth this? Fain, my lord, would we ask in our turn, who hath rendered thee a judge of what is suitable to the honour of our family? We would, that all ears should be open to receive thy words; for, if our royal sisters have in aught swerved from the paths of honour, it is our will that they should publicly blush in expiation of their faults; let them not hope that we would screen them from the disgrace which, in such a case, they would have so justly merited. Speak, my lord! we command thee!"

"I am ready to reply to your highness' interrogatories," answered Tullius, whose sparkling eyes and animated looks, announced that some noble resolution had taken possession of his mind.

"When did your intimacy with the Princess Berengaria first commence?"

"Two years since, my liege. The princess had just attained her fifteenth year, when I was appointed, by her illustrious father, to instruct her in the Greek and Roman letters."

"And thou didst reward the confidence of thy royal master, by seducing and dishonouring his daughter?"

"The Princess Berengaria is pure and spotless before God. Wherefore should she not be so in the sight of man?"

"Thou refutest, then, the injurious
calumnies that have been circulated against her?"

"I do, my liege."

"Thou deniest that a criminal intercourse hath existed between the princess and thyself?"

"I deny, in the sight of Heaven, that any such hath ever existed."

"Why wert thou, then, in the habit of entering the princess's chambers by a secret passage?"

"The Emperor Charlemagne himself, it was, who entrusted me with the key of the passage in question. It was his wish, in delegating to one of his councillors the important trust with which I was honoured, to screen the fair fame of his daughter from all unjust interpretations. The emperor knew that he was surrounded by spies, and that 'spying' is a system which, like the envenomed tongue of calumny, never slumbereth."

These words were uttered with an air of truth, which seemed to bring conviction not alone to the mind of Louis, but to that of every one present. After a lengthened pause, during which the emperor was deeply absorbed by his own reflections, he again addressed the prisoner.

"Thou sayest, Tullius," repeated the monarch, in a tone of solemn earnestness, "thou sayest, that those who have accused thee and Berengaria of holding unlawful intercourse, have uttered foul and deliberate falsehoods, and have been guilty of slandering the spotless innocence of the princess; as well as of casting the vilest of stigmas upon thine own unblemished honour?"

"I swear it, my dread lord! I swear it!" cried Tullius vehemently, and in a firm, decided tone of voice, that could not fail to remove all doubt from the mind of his sovereign. "Yes, I swear it!" he continued eagerly, "I swear it by that Holy Cross, that surmounteth the throne, before which I bow."

He paused, and fixing his eye upon the countenance of his interrogator, seemed to await in deep anxiety the effect of his last words.

"Art thou equally ready to swear, here, upon this holy and sacred volume, never to see the Princess Berengaria more?" asked Louis, fixing a deep penetrating gaze upon the coun-


tenance of the prisoner, which had all at once assumed a death-like paleness, as the cruel words vibrated upon his ear, as at the same time he drew an illuminated missal from beneath his mantle.

Tullius comprehended that all his earthly happiness hung upon the answer he was about to return to the emperor's question. For a moment he hesitated, between, on the one hand, the certainty of screening Berengaria from the contempt of a busy, prying court, and the severity of her brother's wrath, which he plainly foresaw would fall heavily upon her; and, on the other hand, the cruel, heart-rending alternative of never again beholding the loved, the tender being, upon whose bright smile his very existence depended. For a moment, the idea of a plain, simple avowal of their marriage crossed his mind, but, in the emperor's present disposition, he saw how fatal would be such a step. He resolved, therefore, to accept the sacrifice, whole, entire, as prescribed by his sovereign.

"The Emperor Charlemagne," pursued Tullius mournfully, his voice nearly inaudible with emotion, "commanded that I should cultivate the mind of his daughter—I obeyed. The Emperor Louis commands, that I resign my charge—that—I withdraw from my pupil—I OBEY!"

These last words were uttered in a tone replete with mortal anguish.

"Swear, then, upon this holy volume," resumed Louis, opening the book, and holding it forth; "and may thine oath be registered in heaven!"

A cloud passed over the eyes of the unhappy Tullius, who, for a moment, hid his face between his hands, trembling as though he would have fallen to the earth. At length, regaining his self-possession, and as if inspired by some sudden resolution, he pronounced, audibly and distinctly, the fatal words.

"Now, my lords!" cried the emperor, with an accent of deep conviction, and turning triumphantly towards the assembled courtiers, "we have placed the innocence of our sister beyond all question. Here then, we too, swear, in our turn, upon the Holy Writ, that the tongue which uttereth aught in disparagement of the unsullied honour of
the Princess Berengaria, shall be cut out by the hands of the common executioner! Tullius,” he added, turning to the wretched husband, “we publicly absolve thee from this weighty charge. It now remaineth but to prove thy non-participation in the murder of Warncher and his nephew. To-morrow, we will examine the witnesses, wishing thee an equally fortunate success. Guards! remove your prisoner!”

CHAPTER IV.

Whilst the events which we have just recorded were taking place, the Princesses Radegonda and Berengaria, still labouring under the most frightful disquietude, had both escaped from the vigilance of their guardians, and were listening eagerly to the various rumours that were circulating throughout the palace. Radegonda, notwithstanding her superior strength of mind, and almost masculine energy of character, could not wholly divest herself of the fatal presentiments that took possession of her imagination. Pressing, from time to time, her infant son convulsively to her bosom, she inquired mentally if her sad forebodings had been realized; and if her boy were, indeed, all that now remained to her. She would then turn towards the weeping Berengaria, entreat her to cease her lamentations, which only served to unfit both for the hard task which she feared lay before them to perform. At length, unable longer to endure the cruel suspense which agitated their minds, they enveloped themselves in large mantles, which effectually concealed their persons, and quitting their apartment, they mingled with the crowd, which had been attracted from all parts, to witness the spectacle of the inauguration of the new emperor.

The two princesses advanced timidly and cautiously, not daring to betray their anxiety by hazarding questions, yet eagerly catching at every sound, in the hope of discovering something of the fate of the two objects so dear to them.

Suddenly, Berengaria’s attention was arrested, at hearing the name of her husband pronounced by an officer, who had seemingly just quitted the audience-chamber.

“It appears,” said the speaker, “that Lord Tullius has obtained his pardon.”

“His pardon!” returned the person addressed; “say, rather, he has been condemned to the block.”

“To the block!” said a third: “and when will the execution take place?”

“I heard the emperor appoint it for the morrow’s dawn,” again replied the harbinger of evil-tidings; adding, at the same time, “the body of Count Aldwyn has been already removed from the palace.”

“No,” observed a person, who had just joined the speakers, “it was that of Lord Warncher.”

The group then separated in different directions, for the purpose of disseminating the various reports we have detailed. That which our heroines heard, was however sufficient, Radegonda, horror-stricken at the idea, nay, the certainty, that something dreadful had happened to Aldwyn, stood, like a statue, transfixed to the spot, as though the fatal words had deprived her of all power of motion. Not so Berengaria. Learning the fate that awaited her husband on the morrow, she uttered a wild shrick of horror, and throwing off the mantle that had hitherto disguised her, she rushed frantically through the astonished groups, made her way through the file of guards stationed at the entrance of the palace, and after rapidly traversing the outward hall, she entered the presence-chamber, and advancing to the foot of the throne, threw herself; or rather fell (for her limbs had refused to support her) at the emperor’s feet. This occurred but a few moments after Tullius had been re-conducted to prison by his guards.

Louis, in recognising his sister, and perceiving the state of distress in which she was, promptly divined the cause that had conducted her to his presence; a dark, ominous frown gathered upon his brow; anger sparkled in his eye; and his whole features assumed a severe and menacing expression, which, though unusual to him, yet, when once impressed upon his countenance, they retained their hold with wonderful tenacity. We have already hinted at the rigid piety of this prince; thus it was, that a falsehood, or an act of perjury, became, in his eyes, a crime of the
greatest magnitude, calling forth deeper vengeance than almost any others in the black catalogue of offences. Louis, who did not want for perspicuity, saw, in the imprudent step taken by his sister, a public protestation against the declarations of Tullius, and the oath he had so recently taken upon the holy volume, which was still lying upon his knees before him. Willing, however, to spare her any avowal, that might not only draw upon her the scandal of the court, but be also attended with dangerous consequences to Tullius, whom, in the main, he was willing to believe innocent, out of respect to his father’s memory, by whom he knew that that lord had ever been cherished, he tried to prevent her speaking.

“Berengaria,” he said, in as calm a tone as his present angry mood permitted, “we have not sent for thee; go, enter thine own apartment, where we will give thee greeting anon. We have matters on hand which prevent our hearing thee now.”

“‘Tis why I come,” she cried, gasping for breath, and extending her arms in a supplicating manner. “Louis, my brother, in the name of Heaven, spare Tullius, he is innocent!”

“Berengaria,” cried the emperor, “we have said we cannot hear thee now. Begone to thine apartment!” and his eyes sparkled with rage. “Remove her!” he added, turning towards his guards.

“Not until thou hast heard me!” shrieked the wretched princess. “Louis! my liege, my brother, spare him! spare him! Tullius is my husband, my true, my wedded lord! Louis, we are married; a priest hath e’en performed the solemn rite!”

“Did I not order her removal?” cried the emperor, rising from his seat, and stamping furiously.

But this was no easy matter to accomplish. Berengaria had seized upon the arm of the imperial chair, to which she clung with so frantic a grasp, that, without wounding her hands, she could not be released from her hold. At length, however, her strength gave way, and she fell into the arms of the persons who had been seeking to remove her. She was lifted from the ground; but still struggling to free herself, her cries became heart-rending, and long after the hapless girl had been removed from the presence-chamber, her last words, of “Mercy! Pity! Spare Tullius!” still rang in the ears of the emperor and of his attendants.

It was not until the unhappy Berengaria had been conveyed out of hearing, that the Emperor Louis resumed his seat. For some moments he preserved a gloomy impenetrable silence; but the stern inflexibility of his features, plainly indicated that some determination of deep and fatal import had taken possession of his mind. At length, speaking in a firm decided tone of voice, he addressed his courtiers.

“My lords and barons!” he said, “ye are all witnesses that a great crime hath just been committed: the Holy Writings have been profaned. In swearing upon their sacred pages, Tullius hath committed sacrilege!—Tullius hath forsaken himself!—Tullius is a liar! a perjurer! We too, are forced to retract our royal word, pledged upon Holy Writ—Tullius is the cause—and by the Mass, he shall be punished!”

“Nay, dread liege!” said the same voice that had before tried to defend the Roman-Gaul; “Lord Tullius is innocent, he hath not perjured himself! His oath was, that he did not maintain a guilty intercourse with the princess. It is true, for their union hath been consecrated by a priest—it is therefore holy—sacred in the eye of Heaven. Is not marriage a divine institution? Hath not God himself said, ‘that those whom he hath joined, shall not by man be sundered?’ As to the other oath he hath taken, never again to see the princess, none can doubt of its sincerity—for his word once pledged, hath never yet been violated.”

The voice ceased.

Louis turned his flashing eyes in its direction; “We have had the patience,” he said vehemently, “to hear thee out. Beware! that thou too, whoever thou art, that hath dared to plead the cause of the guilty perjurer, art not made to partake his chastisement. Peace, therefore, and lift not thy voice again in his favour!”

And as he spoke, he stamped his foot.
and violently struck the carved eagles, that decorated the arms of the imperial chair.

"Tullius! we affirm," he again resumed, sternly, "is guilty. He hath betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his illustrious master; he hath taken advantage of the youth and inexperience of the Princess Berengaria, to form a contract with her, which Charlemagne would have refused to sanction had he known it—which we condemn—and which the church will dissolve on our representation of his guilt. Tullius too, was the friend, the accomplice of Aldwyn. If his arm did not in the murder of our two most loving subjects, in thought, at least, he participated in the crime: for this then, in addition to his other guilt, he shall be punished! We condemn him, therefore, to lose his eyes, and it is our will that the execution of our sentence taketh place on the very instant; after which he shall be free to return to his own home, where let him seek to expiate his crimes until his latest hour!"

A few moments after the delivery of this cruel sentence, the prison where Tullius was confined, was entered by the executioners, bearing the instruments of punishment: a chafing-dish full of coals, in the midst of which was to be seen a red hot iron.

At the sight of this sinister apparatus, a cold tremor ran through the whole frame of the unfortunate Tullius.

"What!" he cried in accents of unspeakable horror; "twice condemned never to behold her again! Oh, God! how cruel is this trial!—and now what consolation will remain to me in this dark solitude, debarred from the contemplation of thy glorious works? And you, oh holy Apostles, sublime prophets! to be thus everlastingly shut out from your sweet converse! My God! my God! why didst thou not ordain that I should rather cease to live? Yet, if such be thy divine will, teach me, O Lord! to submit without murmuring."

Thus saying, and at the same time prostrating himself, he poured out his soul in humble supplication before his Maker, entreating sufficient strength to drink the bitter chalice to the very dregs.

The executioners, deeply moved by the piety and resignation of their noble victim respectfully and patiently awaited the conclusion of his prayer. Habituated to the furious imprecations of the unhappy individuals condemned to the same dreadful doom, they admired, but without comprehending it, the calm submission displayed by Tullius.

The sublime examples of Christian abnegation, which were not rare at the period of which we write, spoke more effectively to the imaginations of the half civilized Franks, than could have done the discourses of the most eloquent preachers.

"A few moments more is all I ask," said the Roman-Gaul, rising from his kneeling posture, and turning to the still silent executioners, who had respectfully withdrawn to the further precincts of the gloomy chamber; "give me but the time," he continued, approaching the narrow grated window, which barely sufficed to admit light and air to the tenant of the dismal cell, "give me the time to behold once more the glorious orb of day, now setting in the western heavens, and to look again upon the wonderful works of my Creator, from whose cheering contemplation I am about to be for ever excluded, and then I am ready to undergo my doom." He then cast one long, one lingering look, upon all that was visible from the narrow aperture, and once more turning to the executioners, made a signal that he was ready.

Twice, a slight hissing noise was heard—twice, a thin vapoury smoke was seen to curl over his head; and the illustrious, the noble Tullius, was plunged into everlasting darkness!

A bandage steeped in a certain preparation which had the effect of quickly cicatrising wounds, was instantly applied; and then the stricken victim of barbarity, was conducted to his own home by two guards, who, dreading for themselves the vengeance of his vassals, by whom he was not only beloved, but venerated as a saint, quitted him on the threshold of his dwelling.

At the sound of their revered master's voice, the retainers of Lord Tullius, pressed forward eagerly to wel-
come him once more, for they too, had heard in dread attention the divers reports that had been circulated; but no sooner did they behold his mutilated state, than the whole house rang with cries and lamentations, and it was not without considerable difficulty that he at length succeeded in calming their grief.

Tullius was still surrounded by his faithful and weeping household, to whom he was offering words of consolation and religious comfort, when suddenly he was interrupted by an exclamation of terror from one of his attendants. They all turned simultaneously towards the entrance, where they still beheld, standing on the very threshold, what in that superstitious and mistaken age they had, at the first gaze, taken for an apparition; they were however re- assured as the figure advanced towards them. It was the young and lovely wife of Tullius, who had again evaded the vigilance of her attendants.

On ascertaining that her lord had been conducted to his own home, but still ignorant of the dreadful sentence and its execution, Berengaria, her hair dishevelled, her garments in disorder, pale, and nearly frantic with despair, had found means to quit the palace unperceived, and finally reach the dwelling of her husband. Suddenly she perceived Tullius; a ray of hope gleamed in her sunken eye—the life-blood from her very heart once again tinged her pale cheek. She bounded forward, and threw herself into his arms; he pressed her repeatedly, consolingly to his bosom, whilst he covered her with kisses.

"Tullius!"

"Berengaria!" was all that was uttered. At length, after some moments had been passed in the mute extacy of their unexpected restoration to each other, Berengaria found words in which to vent her happiness.

"Tullius, my beloved, thou art restored to me! thou livest! thou art saved! we shall never part more!" and she clung yet closer to his bosom.

At these words the unhappy husband recalled, with horror, the solemn oath he had pledged to the emperor, of never seeing the princess again; and his arms, which had hitherto passionately encircled the fair form of his youthful wife, dropped listlessly by his side.

The princess looked up for the first time. "Tullius! wherefore this bandage?" she cried in a voice of alarm. The Roman-Gaul bowed his head in silence. Berengaria looked towards her lord's vassals for an explanation; but seeing that they too preserved a mournful silence, the dreadful truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. Tear ing the bandage from her husband's eyes:

"Tullius!" she shrieked, in a voice of inexpressible anguish, "look upon me!"

The red swollen eye-lids of her husband moved not.

"In the name of Heaven, Tullius, open thine eyes. I can no longer endure this horrid suspense!"

"Repine not, my beloved," responded the noble victim, in a calm melancholy tone: "it is thy brother's doing. It is the will of Heaven, and as such it behoveth us to submit without a murmur!"

"But what hath Louis done to thee?" she asked eagerly, breathlessly, as though her mind would not credit the fatal truth so clearly revealed.

"Thou canst see me, dearest; canst thou not?"

"It is God's will, my angel wife, that I shall never again behold thee with mortal eyes!"

"Ah! I had guessed it! did I not tell thee how it would be?" cried the princess in the most heart-rending accents of despair. "The monsters! the cruel monsters! they have burnt out thine eyes! Say, Tullius, have they not?"

"'Tis true, my Berengaria!"

"Oh, Tullius! Tullius! If thou hadst but listened to me! Why didst thou refuse to flee? Did I not tell thee not to trust to the generosity of Louis? Did I not tell thee he was cruel, revengeful; and thou didst not believe my words?" and she clasped her hands frantically together, and beat her breast in the violence of her anguish. "But pardon these cruel reproaches, my beloved!" she resumed, throwing her arms around his neck; "unkind that I am! oh! why, why should I add to thy sufferings?" and the tears rolled down
her cheeks, and the sobs nearly impeded her utterance. "Yet stay!" she cried again; "there may still be hope! Try, Tullius, to look upon me, try to open thine eyes my beloved! say, dost thou not see me, here! before thee?"

"No, Berengaria," returned Tullius meekly; "no, my beloved! whichever way I turn, all is darkness; I shall never look upon thee again until the day of resurrection!"

"Had we but fled," she again exclaimed, "this misfortune would at least have spared us!"

"Courage; courage, Berengaria!" said Tullius soothingly. "Now, sweetest, is the moment to prove thyself a daughter of the mighty Charlemagne; and to show how well thou hast profited by the sentiments of Christian piety and fortitude, which thy Tullius hath ever sought to implant in thy gentle bosom!"

"Ah!" cried Berengaria, only half comprehending her husband's words. "Ah, Tullius! thou hast then some fresh misfortune to announce! We must separate—must we not? What! Louis's vengeance is not yet satiated? After having afflicted thee so sorely—so cruelly; deprived thee for ever of the light of the sun—he would chasten thee yet more! he would not leave thee a hand to guide thy steps—a heart to pity and console thee in thy misfortune! Would it not have been more merciful to have plunged us both into the tomb? But, Tullius, think not that I will obey him;—no, my loved lord! be but guided by me, and I will never cease until the broad ocean floweth between him and us."

Berengaria was interrupted at this moment by the entrance of an officer from the palace:

"Princess!" he said; "it is the emperor's command that you instantly retire to your own apartments in the palace, there to await his highness's pleasure as to your future destiny."

"There, there!" cried Berengaria; "did I not tell thee, Tullius, that he would still seek to separate us? and she wrung her hands in the bitter agony of despair. "Yes, now is his vengeance at its height—it was all that remained for him to do;—to separate us eternally! I told thee he was cruel, pitiless, cold-hearted!"

Then suddenly yielding to an impulse of scornful pride, she turned with flashing eyes towards the messenger:

"Hope not," she said, "that I will submit to the further caprice of a barbarian! I am the wife of Tullius, nearest thou? I blushed not to proclaim it to the whole court. In misfortune then, as well as in happiness, his destiny is mine, my life is devoted to him; my duty as well as my inclination command that I shall not forsake him. Begone! and carry this answer to your master; and tell him that I am ready—that I too await the executioners of his blood-thirsty commands. My God! hath he not, in smiting Tullius, stricken me to the heart's core?"

These words were pronounced with a vehemence, a determination so unusual to the gentle, tender Berengaria, that Tullius almost shuddered at their consequences for his beloved wife.

"My beloved, my sweet Berengaria!" he interposed in tones which he vainly essayed to render calm; "do not, I conjure thee, seek to brave a prince whom a blind hatred hath misled; go! sweetest; the feeble reed cannot hope to wrestle with the sturdy oak. Believe me, when the hand of Providence weigheth thus heavily upon us, all that we can do, feeble mortals that we are, is to bow our heads in humble submission! A day will come when Louis will pay the penalty of his faults; and O what a day of retribution will that be! Deep and bitter as his wrath is now;—his repentance will at that day be as deep—as bitter!—Alas! will it yet be time?"

The officer, who had hitherto contemplated this scene in silence, now advanced; while in terms which, though respectful, were plainly indicative of determination of purpose which was not to be shaken, he addressed Berengaria:

"Princess!" he said, "the orders I have received are peremptory, and I answer on my head for their fulfilment!"

Berengaria saw that resistance would be madness. She threw herself into her husband's arms:

"Farewell then, Tullius!—My own, my deeply loved husband!" Her sobs forbade her saying more.

"Farewell! my angel wife. We
Accession of Louis Débonnaire.

shall meet in Heaven!" responded the broken-hearted Tullius, resigned and Christian-like to the last.

One ardent, frantic, hopeless pressure followed; and Tullius and Berengaria parted for ever!

As the unhappy princess, traversed the long galleries of the palace leading to her own apartments, she was met by her sister the Princess Radegonda, who like herself was escorted by an officer of the emperor’s guard. The two sisters rushed into each other’s arms; Berengaria’s tears flowed afresh, but the eyes of the high spirited Radegonda were dry, and sparkled with a sinister expression. Her countenance was deadly pale, and its convulsive contractions plainly indicated that her sufferings, though unexpressed, were not less intense than those of the tender Berengaria. "Listen, my sister!" she said, pressing the youthful mourner to her bosom; "my heart too is broken, and my soul a prey to mortal anguish! Have they not slain my Aldwyn? have they not made his wife a widow; his child an orphan? yet Berengaria, behold, I weep not! mine eyes are dry! No! believe me, it is not tears, we must give to the manes of Aldwyn, to the recollections of Tullius! It is revenge! revenge! that such crimes call for. Oh! for the day when my son shall have arrived at man’s estate, and then woe! woe! to the unnatural brother! woe to the barbarian by whom we have thus been persecuted!

These words were uttered with flashing eyes, and in loud frenzied tones, which made the timid Berengaria shudder. "Now my sister!" pursued the princess in a more subdued accent: "We too must part, for the monster hath even refused us the consolation of passing the remnant of our blighted existence together! Live Berengaria! were it only for the purpose of one day avenging thy Tullius!"

So saying, and exchanging a long a last embrace, the unhappy sisters separated, never to meet again!

The remainder of our story is soon told. The emperor’s anger pursued his sisters no further. He conformed with scrupulous exactitude to the desires expressed in the will of his late father, bestowing upon each, the inheritance assigned her by Charlemagne. He then placed Berengaria, at her own request, in a nunnery, where she finally ended her days. The princess Radegonda, retired with her infant son to her own domains, which she held by a free tenure bestowed upon her during the lifetime of the Emperor Charlemagne. She lived several years, but notwithstanding that she received repeated offers of marriage, the princess remained ever faithful to the memory of Aldwyn.

A few years after the events we have related had taken place, the predictions of Lord Tullius, began to be verified. Under the auspices of Louis Débonnaire, the glorious empire transmitted to him by his father, soon fell into a state of decay. After having swayed the sceptre over nearly the whole of Europe, this prince had the misfortune to see his inheritance divided, and become a prey to civil wars and dissensions. The standard of revolt was even raised against him, more than once by his own sons. Thus, betwixt the continual alternations from peace to war, the ignominious treaties he was forced to make, and the cruel and frequent retaliations passing between himself and his rebellious sons, his life became one continued scene of unhappiness. In the month of August in the year 822, an assembly was convened at Attigny-sur-Aisne, where Louis, was forced to do public penance for his numerous acts of cruelty.

These public atonements of Louis Débonnaire brought hope once more to the heart of the devoted Berengaria. The princess applied to be restored to her husband, and Louis consented. But, as Lord Tullius had predicted; though the emperor’s repentance was “deep and bitter,” alas! it was no longer time!

The exemplary, the heart-stricken Tullius, had expired a few months, previously, in the monastery whither he had retired!

---

*This interesting epoch of French history, will form the subject of a future chronicle.
THE DIVER.

A Ballad, translated from the German of Schiller,

BY CAPTAIN J. PYM JOHNSTON.

“Who dares of my knights, or their squires so bold,
In this terrible gulf to dive?
I cast from my hand a bright goblet of gold—
’Tis engulf’d! now, whoever alive
Shall return from the deep with that goblet again,
May the precious gift for himself retain.”

The king spoke the words, and cast from the height
Of that bare steep rock that stood
O’er the infinite ocean, a goblet bright,
In Charybdis’ howling flood.
And again he exclaimed, “Who is here so brave,
As to dive for his King in this dark deep wave?”

But the knights and the squires, as they stand around,
Hear the words, and all mute remain;
And trembling they gaze on the dark profound—
And none cares the goblet to gain.
Now the king, for the third time, again demands:
“Is there none who will venture, of all my bands?”

But still not an answer was heard aloud,
When a stripling, soft and bold,
Steps out from the midst of the daunted crowd,
And loosens his mantle’s fold;
And the knights and the ladies all eager gaze
On that tender stripling in mute amaze.

And now, as he treads on the rocky shelf,
And intent on the gulf looks down,
The flood, that beneath had entwined itself,
Charybdis throws back with a groan;
And e’en with the distant thunder’s din,
The waves burst with white foam from the womb within.

Now hisses the flood, and foams, and boils,
As when water is mixed with fire;
The spray spouts to heaven, and endless toils
Wave on wave in succession dire;
Exhaustless, incessant, it seems as ‘twere
The ocean in labour an ocean to bear.

But at length the fierce storm of the waves is allay’d,
And, black where the white foam had been,
A deep-yawning chasm is now display’d,
Where no bottom is found, I ween!
And the dark pool sucks down, with resistless force,
The contending waves in its eddying course.
Oh quick! ere the torrent of foam returns;
One word, youth, to God now pray!
And, from that scream of terror, the list'ner learns
That the whirlpool has swept him away!
And mysterious close the devouring jaws
Of that gulf o'er the swimmer—a dreadful pause.

Now the surface is calm of that watery waste,
Deep, deep it continues to roll;
And around you hear anxiously whispered in haste:
"Farewell, youth of noble soul!"
And deeper and deeper the din subsides,
Like the whistling storm when the tempest rides!

Oh king! did you cast in the crown from your head,
And proclaim, "Who restores it again,
He shall wear it thenceforth, and be king in my stead—"
Dear reward! thou shouldst tempt me in vain.
No happy soul, living, shall ever reveal
What the howl of these waters is doom'd to conceal.

Full many's the brave vessel, seized by the tide,
That has perish'd in that yawning grave;
But keel and mast, shatter'd, alone ever ride
Again toss'd on the crest of that wave:
Now clearer and clearer again you hear
The storm rushing nearer, and still more near.

Again hisses the flood, and foams, and boils,
As when water is mixed with fire;
The spray spouts to heaven, and endless toils
Wave on wave in succession dire;
And again, with the distant thunder's din,
The waves dash with white foam from the womb within.

And see! from the ocean's dark bosom where now
A swan-white arm is espied;
And a fair polish'd shoulder emerges to view,
And buffets with vigour the labouring tide.
'Tis the youth! and triumphant he rears in his hand
The bright goblet, and waves it with joy to the land!

And long did he breathe, and deep did he sigh,
As he greeted the sun-light of day;
Glad shouted each voice of that throng to the sky,
While one to another they say:
"He lives! he is there! oh noble and brave!
He has rescued his life from the merciless wave."

And now, with glad escort advancing, behold
At the feet of the king where he falls;
On his knee he presents him the bright cup of gold,
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,—
Rich wine to the brim in the goblet she pour'd,
And thus did the youth then unfold to his lord:
“May the king live long!—Oh happy who breathe
In the rosy light above;
But horror dwells in the deep beneath,
And let man never tempt the Gods, to prove
What they in mercy from human eye
Have veiled in gloom and dread mystery.

“With lightning’s speed I sank with the tide,
Till a cataract’s gushing force
Burst from a cavern’s rocky side,
And opposed my downward course;
And thus, in the twofold torrent’s bound,
Was I whirl’d, like a top, resistless round.

“Then God did show me, to whom my tongue
In this perilous moment cried,
Where a column of rock from the ocean sprung,—
I clasp’d it, and death defied!
And the cup was poised upon corals there,
It had else descended—I know not where—

“For under me lay, yet mountain-deep,
A purple darkness vast;
And though to the ear these horrors sleep,
My eye with terror was cast
On the snakes, salamanders, and dragons beneath,
As they swarm’d in the grisly pool of death.

“Dark masses of hideous monsters there
In horrible mixture lay;—
The Hammer-fish with its form of fear,
The Rock-fish and prickly Ray,
And the ravenous Shark all grimly smiled,
Hyena of the ocean wild!

“Despairing I thought, as there I hung,
How far from all human ken!
A single sentient soul among
The shapes of that ocean den:
Deep under the reach of human sound,
With monsters of the drear profound.

“And with horror I saw a creature near
Move a hundred joints—and now
It darts at me! all wild with fear,
I abandon’d the coral bough;—
Quick seized me the eddy, but not in vain,
For it bore me aloft to the light again!”

The king heard the tale with amazement sheer;
And said, “The goblet is thine:
And this ring will I give thee—a pledge more dear—
Adorn’d with the costliest gems that shine,
Wilt thou venture again, and discover to me
What thou find’st on the deep deep bed of the sea.”
His daughter had listened, and soft was her aim,
As, with flattering lips, she cried:
"Oh father, desist from this terrible game;
He has done what none dared do beside;
But, canst thou not conquer thy heart's desire,
Let some knight take the palm from the humble squire."

The king snatch'd the goblet, and rose from his seat,
As he hurl'd it in haste back again;
And—"Fetch but that goblet once more to my feet—
Thou shalt be the first knight in my train;
And shalt marry the maiden this day, I decree,
Who now tenderly sues in compassion for thee."

Then the soul of the youth seized an ardour sublime,
Bold flash'd the bright fire from his eyes;—
He sees the fair form spread with blushes for him,
She grows pale—and senseless she lies;—
No danger he dreads which shall that prize bestow,
And headlong he dashes, for weal or woe!

The roll of the waters is heard again,
That thunder proclaims their return—
All eagerly stoop, with fond eyes, o'er the main,
And again—all the waves back are borne;
They rush up to the brink, they subside as before,
But no wave brings that youth back again to the shore.

WOMAN'S EYES.

Oh! sweet eye of woman, of virtuous woman,
How lovely, how permanent thou!
How bright is that ray, with which thou dost illumine
The heaven of her innocent brow.

Soft beam of affection! whose mildness dissolves
All the turbulent storms of the heart;
What argument shatters man's firmest resolves,
Like the lightning thy glance can impart!

J. P. J.
A CHARMING COUPLE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must govern what beauty has caught.—Old Song.

"You are surely the happiest woman in the world, Lady Langdale, so far as regards the marriage of your daughter," said Mrs. Geary, an old and affectionate friend; "for Edward Launceston is a most extraordinary young man; handsome, wealthy, accomplished; lively, yet steady, and well-educated. He seems, indeed, to have been born to be the husband of your sweet Louisa, who is so lovely and good, that I used to think she would never meet with a suitable match. What a charming couple they will be!"

"Very true," replied Lady Langdale with an aspiration very like a sigh.

"Very true!" re-echoed the friend; "to be sure it is true, and more than true; they will be the happiest of the happy; surely you think they will; or you know something about the bridegroom, which I have never dreamt of."

"I know nothing of him," said Lady Langdale, quickly; "but what is good; have seen nothing but what is amiable. Your eulogium indeed awoke anxiety, for in considering him a charming man, I must deem him one who will be subject to many temptations. All the world is in league to render such an one dissipated; to seduce him from the home he loves, the wife he has promised to cherish, and the many duties which his situation calls on him to perform."

"Very true again; but when his wife is equally charming, which I am certain Louisa is, there is little doubt but her influence will counteract, not only the general seductions of life, but those which are more to be dreaded for a man of his character. The most self-conceited coquette in the circles of fashion, will hardly seek to withdraw his heart from its allegiance to one so beautiful and talented as his own lady, who is indeed perfect."

"She is very lovely, very good, and very clever," said the mother; "but she is by no means perfect; it is not in human nature to be so; there is always some weak point in the best of us."

"Religiously speaking, there must be, I grant, but I have never found where it lay in Louisa; for, with all her grace and beauty, she is unconscious of it: I never saw a spark of vanity in her."

"Nor I, which is a great thing for a mother to say, but from this very absence of self-esteem, which is her greatest charm, there is connected a peculiarity of disposition, which may be fatal to her happiness, married as she is, to a man so delightful to all, and so exceedingly dear to herself. She never believes herself to be loved by others as she loves them; she doubts her own power of attaching them, and is of course subject to the misery of suspicion, even when the sound judgment with which she is blest, repels such a notion. As a girl, she was harassed with the fear that I preferred her brothers to her; at school, she supposed her governess loved her less than any one, because she was less loveable; such a thought may be fatal in married life to the happiness of her who indulges it, especially when united to a man who must attract attention, who may awaken improper sentiments without any blame on his part. I have suffered too much myself from this unhappy peculiarity in my dear child, during my long widowhood, not to fear for them both."

Mrs. Geary had herself known many great misfortunes, for she had lost every member of a once flourishing family, and she was therefore inclined to
think that her friend, (the happy mother of two fine boys, still at Eton, and a girl beloved and admired by all, given this very morning in wedlock, to the man of her choice), was making moun-
tains of molehills, and vaticinating improbable evils, whilst she overlooked palpable blessings; but she only ob-
served upon it, that "Lady L. was low spirited, from parting with her daughter, which was indeed a great trial, and made one apt to grow nervous, and conjure up a thousand fears and surmises, it was certain there were neither perfect characters, nor perfect happiness in this world, which was a very good thing, seeing we must all leave it so soon."

Meantime, Louisa and Edward pursued their way from Northamptonshire, where the bride had hitherto lived, to the metropolis, and although "some natural tears she dropped," for a more affectionate child never existed, they might be alike pronounced happy; Edward was, however, the more exhilarated, as being proud of his prize, and conscious of its value. When in-
deep, he had exhibited her to a wide circle of congratulating friends, and had enjoyed the still sweeter pleasure of giving her all the varied amusements presented by a new and fascinating world; he did not sink into the dul-
ness frequently ascribed to matrimonial têtes-à-têtes, or abate in any degree, those attentions so dear to the heart of woman. Louisa's song was still the sweetest that reached his ear, her form was the most graceful that met his eye; time passed swiftly in her society, and when an engagement, either of business or pleasure, called him from her, for a few hours, he returned with avidity, and met his welcome with delight; it was plain that he desired to be charming only in the eyes of her who was charming to him, and that all the higher parts of his character, as a good and useful man, were developing in their happiest atmosphere—cunnal affection.

One day after an airing, he entered with peculiar joy painted on his countenance. "I have just learnt," said he, "that my uncle Somers has arrived in town, accompanied by my cousin Sophy, whom you have heard me fre-
quently speak of, as a dear girl you would like to know. Will you accompany me to call on them?"

"Certainly," said Louisa, rising hastily; nevertheless, there was something shrinking in her manner, when she en-
tered the carriage, and a more than necessary previous attention to her dress; but Edward did not remark either; he was eager to see his relations, for having lost both parents, they stood to him in more stead than usual, and he longed to see their admiration of Louisa, and their approbation of his conduct as a married man. He had also pleasure, (as all men have) in adding to his so-
ciety, a man of importance in his circle, and a woman whom every body liked.

They were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness, for Sophy considered herself as receiving a sister, who, although somewhat the younger, would be also a chaperon. She came herself, under the description of a plain yet very pleasing girl, for she had great vivacity, some wit, the ease which be-
longs to fashionable life, and the good temper which sweetens life everywhere—ever since she could remember, she had loved cousin Ned as a playfellow and relative, and that which she felt, she showed with the more ease, of course, because her handsome cousin was now disposed of to the most charming woman she had ever seen.

Alas! from this time, one charm faded rapidly on that fair countenance, for it neither wore the look of confi-
dence, nor the smile of cheerfulness, and in a short time, languor and pale-
ness were observable; alarmed for her health, and grieved to see her spirits suffer, though she anxiously strove to re-assure him, as to both, the young husband could only look to Sophy So-
mers for help and comfort. In detain-
ing her society for Louisa, he thought himself more assisted, than in gain-
ing even the advice of Sir Henry Hal-
ford, whose prescriptions, for once, seemed of little use to the patient.

In consequence of the anxiety he suf-
fered, Edward held many long con-
sultations with Miss Somers, for when his mind was not engaged with detail-
ing the incipient symptoms of his lady's suspected disorder, he became occupied with descending on her many excellent
qualities, and in fact "he lived his wooing days again," by relating the story of his courtship, to one who lent a sister's ear to his tales, the more willingly, because she had something, of the same nature, to confide to him. As however, Louisa, in a short time became silent, abstracted, averse from company, and although mild in manners, yet evidently discomposed in temper; they alike, bent all their powers to her relief, and at length, Sophy earnestly advised the unhappy husband, either to take her into the country, for her native air, or entreat Lady Langdale to visit them, and assist in restoring the health and spirits of her daughter.

On the fond mother's arrival, a sorrowful tale was poured into her sympathetic heart by the anxious husband. "Louisa had lost her spirits, and her good looks, yet no physical cause could be assigned for such a change; she could not sleep at nights; was frequently heard to sigh, and more than once, he had seen her eyes fill with tears; her appetite was indifferent; her sense of pleasure evidently gone;—what could it be that affected her?"

Mrs. Launceston received her mother with joy that amounted to rapture; yet there was evidently something of an inward struggle, a desire to conceal feelings accustomed to be uppermost, but the welcome was scarcely over, when Miss Somers dropt in, on her way to a party, to know "if Lady Langdale had arrived." So well and so happy did her friend look at this moment, that the kind-hearted girl was delighted with the effect of a circumstance suggested by herself. "The poor thing," said she, internally, "was mother-sick, and no wonder; had my dear mother been spared to me, I think I could never have left her."

After the journey had been talked over, tea brought for the traveller, and Louisa's delight in the arrival, canvassed; Miss Somers, turning to Mr. Launceston, said:

"I am just thinking, Edward, you had better go with me to Mrs. Sneyd's rout, my carriage is waiting, you know, and you have cards; Louisa will give you leave gladly, because she is so happily engaged."

"You had much better go Mr. Launceston, for then you will be happily engaged," said his lady in a tone of voice which said much to the perception of the mother.

"I don't think I shall," replied the husband, "you have kindly sent me out several evenings, when you said you should be amused by a book; but I have always found you worse on my return, and the fear of doing so again, would make me uncomfortable now; indeed, I am afraid the excitement this pleasure has given you, may, by-and-bye, be injurious."

"No, Lady Langdale will guard against that," said Miss Somers, as she rose to depart, at the same time casting on the invalid a look of such deep interest, and true regard, that it penetrated the heart of the mother, who observed so soon as she was gone:

"What a very sweet countenance Miss Somers has."

"Yes," said Launceston; "considering that she has not one tolerable feature, her expression is very good; in fact, she is an excellent creature, and one reads her disposition in her face."

Mrs. Launceston had drawn her lips together, in a manner that indicated a determination not to speak a word, good or bad, but they opened to emit a gentle sigh. Lady Langdale turning suddenly to her son-in-law, said in reply:

"Yet with all this, and perhaps much more, in your cousin's favour, she is not a woman to make Louisa jealous, nor are your attentions of such a nature as to justify her jealousy."

"Jealous, madam! jealous of Sophy Somers! What can you mean? Louisa never dreamt of such a thing."

"Yes; she has not only dreamt of it, but lost sleep, strength, and beauty from that cause, and who shall say what she might not have lost beside? Speak Louisa, am I not right?"

But Louisa could not speak, she sank in a flood of hysterical tears upon her mother's bosom.

"It is plain to me," said Lady Langdale, "that from want of a little openness on my daughter's part, and the want perhaps, of a little prudence on yours —"
“Prudence!” exclaimed the angry, and, indeed, injured husband; “prudence could not be called for, when there was nothing to conceal, nothing to contrive. Miss Somers has been to me as a sister, and was to your daughter a warm and tender friend; if I have daily sought her advice, it was because I knew her to be such: if I have been tied to her society, it was because Louisa’s ill health kept me from all other company; if my love, my solicitude; my—but I shall say no more, there are some wounds that cannot be healed, and this is one of them; it lacerates the very heart.”

As Launceston spoke, he rang the bell violently, and ordered his carriage, in a voice that spoke the agitation of his soul: Lady Langdale gently placing her still weeping daughter on the sofa, seized his hands, saying, “You can’t go out to-night.”

“Yes, madam; I shall go directly to my uncle’s, and wait his daughter’s return, and then inform them that my domestic happiness requires the sacrifice of their acquaintance.”

“No, no, no,” cried Louisa, throwing herself on her knees before him; “I love, I revere my uncle Somers.”

“But you hate his daughter, that good girl who has felt so much for you; a daughter who will soon be the wife of an honourable husband; that it is necessary to remove her from the contamination of such a worthless roué as Edward Launceston, a man who, in the mere passion for change, could forsake his lovely young wife to ‘batten on a moor.’”

“Forgive me, dear Edward, forgive me; I see I was wrong; for, from the very day you took me to visit Sophy, I have nourished the fear that you preferred her; she is so pleasant, so witty, so engaging, I feared that her society fascinated you. I thought you were, perhaps, wearied of your poor Louisa. I felt that—but I cannot tell you what I felt.”

“But I can,” said Lady Langdale; “from infancy, Louisa has loved too intensely, those to whom she was at all attached, and by the same rule has been subject to suspecting their return of love. I told you, in your days of courtship, of this weakness, but you would not then listen to my ‘tale of symptom: you have now seen the effect of this mental disease, and can, I trust, pity her who suffers from it; that you also have suffered, is her punishment: do not make it more severe, by a breach with your relations, an exposure to your servants, and perhaps, even an injury to Miss Somers.”

Again pardon was intreated and, of course, freely bestowed, for every generous man forgives an acknowledged fault, and most husbands are lenient to errors arising from even a weak excess of love. In a short time, they both returned with Lady Langdale, and it was believed by Miss Somers and others, that her native air had the effect of restoring bloom to the cheek, and peace to the bosom of the beautiful Mrs. Launceston.

The London season returned, and with it our young couple, still as charming and attached as ever, but the lady “was as women wish to be, who love their lords,” and she could not therefore mix much in gay society, though she was now too satisfied with the stability of her husband, or too fearful of the prevalence of her own failing, to prevent him from doing so. At this time, her chief companion, and indeed her bosom friend, was Mrs. Egmont, (once the dreaded cousin Sophy) who sat with her many an evening, whilst Edward, with a zest arising from long abstinence, sought amusement in the clubs, the Opera, or the houses of their friends. At one of the latter, he met with a very elegant widow, who appeared absolutely besieged by admirers, and took refuge with him, as a married man, whose designs she could not suspect, and who was so handsome and agreeable to offer all she could desire of companionship. In short, a flirtation was begun between them, which succeeding interviews continued and increased—the lady liked a handsome beau, and the gentleman saw no harm in dancing after a fine woman, who evidently distinguished him.

“There was no comparison between her and his beautiful young wife; no one could suppose he thought so, and happily Louisa (jealous as she might be by nature) was not likely to find her suspicions awakened, now she kept the house.”
But if the wife was consigned to a sick room, the cousin was not, and so much was her anxiety excited for the sake of both, that so soon as it was possible for Louisa to see company, she urged her to accompany her husband, and receive their friends at home, the consequence was, a speedy observance of the peculiar manner in which this new acquaintance was received, and a perception that they had been for several weeks, in the habit of meeting familiarly; indeed the lady had a splendid establishment, and frequently received Edward at her house, yet she made no advance in acquaintanceship with his lady, nor any disguise in her partiality to him; she was a bold, bad woman, willing to destroy the happiness of others, for the paltry gratification of being supposed capable of enslaving a very charming young man, who had a very charming young wife, who might thereby be led to similar error of conduct.

Such thoughts never entered the pure mind of Louisa, who for a long time struggled against her own conviction, and was willing to ascribe every conclusion, which implicated her husband, rather to her own false conceptions than his delinquency. She trembled at the recollection of her own shame and sorrows—she nourished every memorial of his love and tenderness, and schooled her own heart and conduct into acquiescence, though she could not command its tranquility, so long as it was possible; the time however came when duty itself called her to a different course of conduct.

It was now summer, and many persons were leaving town; but it had been settled that the Launcestons would remain until after Louisa's confinement, when one day Edward entered to say he had just determined to run down to Harrowgate for a week or two; adding with an air of kind consideration, I shall be back, my dear, before the time you would wish for me; and, on my return, can bring your dear mother with me.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Louisa suppressed her tears, but she dreaded lest he should accuse her of some jealous freak; and, although she fully believed that the lady to whom her suspicions pointed was the cause of this movement, she dared not say one word that should appear to him an accusation. She therefore forced a woeful smile into her countenance, told him to be true to his time; and, with a throbbing heart, received a farewell kiss, which seemed to her, cold even to cruelty.

When he was really gone she wept bitterly, and was found in this situation by Mrs. Egmont who said hastily, with more truth than prudence, “so! I see Ned is really such a fool as to leave you at that woman's bidding. I have no patience with him; I will consult with my father, for something must be done to save him from utter perdition.”

“I will write to my mother instantly,” said Louisa, wiping her eyes and struggling to overcome her trepidation.

Mrs. Launceston's letter, though a very short one, showed the alarmed mother in a moment that this was no false foundation for idle fear; and, although in delicate health, she lost not a moment in setting out for the place whither her son-in-law had gone before her; and, urged by her feelings, she travelled so much quicker than he had (for it was certain he had, from stage to stage, meditated a return) that she arrived two hours after him at the Granby, and immediately learnt that he had joined a large party to see the Dripping Well at Knaresborough; amongst whom the newly arrived Lady —— was the most prominent and attractive personage.

Great was the astonishment of Edward Launceston to find himself seated close to Lady Langdale at the dinner table (every one's place being regulated by their arrival), even though the belle of the day, the fair widow, was exactly opposite. His powers of conversation were banished by surprise; and although the evident indisposition of Lady Langdale accounted for a visit to a place where her physician had most probably consigned her, he yet felt angry that she should have removed to so great a distance from her daughter, “at a time when Louisa (his dear uncomplaining Louisa) would have found so great a consolation in her society.” His heart smote him as he thought of her; for, whatever might have brought her mother, he at least had no ailmment, no
A Charming Couple.

excuse for quitting town, but the invitation of a woman who was, after all, nothing to him.

Perhaps circumstances favoured this conclusion; a very young and pretty girl sat next the widow; whose rouge, curls, pearls and smiles, were altogether unable to bear the contrast with natural bloom and unstudied graces. In fact, she appeared to him but little younger than Lady Langdale, whose figure was far finer; whom she indeed seemed to consider somewhat of a rival, as her own hitherto flattering attentions were now transferred to a handsome fox hunting baronet in the president’s chair.

With these previous dispositions, it was no wonder that when he accompanied Lady Langdale to her own parlour, and found himself addressed with all the tenderness of a parent—to himself, not less than to her for whom a mother’s best energies were exerted, all the better feelings of his nature, all the higher principles which had been implanted in it, were called forth, and that he alike lamented the error of the past, and rejoiced in deliverance from the probable sins of the future. A line, a single line, but one most dear, most blessed, was dispatched by the post of that night, and the following day beheld him accompanying her, whom he held to be more than mother, towards that home which he bitterly lamented that he had left, and which he at once dreaded and desired to see; for, alas! how much he to fear on behalf of a being so sensitive? how much had he to hope from the possibility of a new and dearer tie to life, which at this time he held to be one that must render him perfuse, not less a happy, than a virtuous man.

Their journey was necessarily slow, for Lady Langdale’s rapid movements in the first instance, had incapacitated her in the second; but letters, sweet, kind, penitential, and most efficacious letters, passed forward by every medium, and were better for the anxious, afflicted wife, than even the presence of the parties so desired, might have been. It was the delightful task of the once dreaded Sophy, to receive the travelers, and exclaim:

“We have got a beautiful boy; much too good for you, Ned; I shall take it away, poor lamb, that it may escape the father’s example.”

“But Louisa—my wife, my angel wife!—how is she?”

“She is asleep, thank God, at this time: her trial has been terrible, as your conscience must tell you, but all is well at present.”

For this Edward was indeed grateful, and eagerly did he seek his own dressing-room, that he might humbly pour out his soul in thankful adoration. Like the Prodigal, he could have said, ‘I have sinned against Heaven, and thee,’ to the wife of his bosom, and it will be readily believed that like him, he was by that wife received, even when he was ‘afar off,’ and that she rejoiced because he that was lost, was found at a time when she could give to his arms, and his heart, the dearly-bought, but the most precious boon which God in mercy hath bestowed upon his creatures.

Happily as these trials ended, and happy as their subjects still continue, let it not be forgotten, that it is the especial duty of every accountable creature, to eradicate as much as possible, all evil dispositions and prevalent weaknesses, from their hearts; for no man can foretell the issue of apparently trivial errors, and where Providence has been most bountiful in the gifts of nature and fortune, many misfortunes, the consequence of slight deviations of conduct, may arise to the most “charming couple.”
THE BOOK OF FLOWERS.

"Ye shall not live in vain."

Sweet flowers! there is a charm among your leaves,
That heals a bruised heart, and tells it where
To look for brighter hopes than winging this air.
For when neglected love the bosom grieves,
‘Forget-me-not’ a wreath of comfort weaves;
The ‘heartsease’ hath enough of bloom to spare,
To deck the long drear hours of worldly care.
The ‘snow-drop’ comes in spring, it ne’er deceives,
And are there not far holier emblems still,
Profusely scatter’d o’er earth’s drooping bowers?
‘Passion-flowers’ tell that Jesus came to spill
His blood for man; and mid the ruin’d towers,
The Star of Bethlehem glistens, God’s will
To man is written on the wild field flowers!

TENNANT LACHLAN.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

(Continued from page 344, April.)

Light was the step of Harry Burrell as he flew up the old oak stairs of the Rose Tavern, to know what had caused accents so singular and fearful, to be repeated in echoes thus fantastic and laughable. But his career was soon stopped by the want of light, and his voice calling out, to those behind him, overpowered the clatter of their confused pursuit, whilst those whose fears had taught them to hang back, very considerably went in quest of what he had as loudly required, as far more serviceable in affording protection to themselves, than beneficial in their inquiry.

The silence which followed, was now interrupted by the broken whispers of two voices below stairs; but Harry Burrell was otherwise occupied, than in either remarking or listening. He was alone, in the opening of a dark and narrow passage, lit by one long casement, which stretched its deep embrasure along the width of the wall, and being divided and subdivided into the minutest compartments of lattice-work, glazed with the grey glass of bygone centuries, just sufficed to throw dim twilight on surrounding space, and add a double mystery.

He felt the stir of some human being near him, and presently, the rustle of light garments swept by, and he even touched, in trembling haste, the figure as it passed him.

"Hist—hush! sir, for heaven’s sake, or the blood of an innocent man will be on you," said a voice, and he remembered that it was the voice of Hugh Astel, for Fanny Lynne had confided to him the secret of their return.

He repeated, in lengthened whisper, her ejaculation of silence, and drew aside, just as the fleeting shadow of her person was seen, and gone. And now the playful flame of an approaching light, borne forward by those from below, prefigured upon the ceiling and walls the indistinct images and outlines of those who moved with it towards the spot.
"As a man of honour, you shall never be mistaken in me," said Bill Bell, upon the staircase, and after some struggling and reproof, on the part of Fanny Lynne, he snatched a kiss. What honour there may be in kisses, stolen in the dark, we know not, but certain it is, that springing upward, like the bird which is scared from its nest, she appeared the foremost of the group, and ere Harry Burrell had ceased watching the diversity of shadows that peopled the obscurity, she had hold of his garments, clinging as if for protection. Shortly, and at once, the figures on the wall were obliterated by the full lustre of light that broke upon them.

"Tush! why so coy?" said the same voice, and it was followed by a laugh. Harry Burrell marked the tone and breathed his inward recognition of the accent. There was no disguise here, and it had once been familiar,—a sound never to be forgotten—whose intonation was graven on his heart for ever. He started and changed colour, glancing, in eager inquiry, towards the sailor. The question of his thoughts was answered conclusively. In strange emotion, he hastened on, when suddenly he stumbled over something which appeared to be the body of an individual, stretched at the door of one of the sleeping chambers.

But though extended, it was not insensible; for the legs and arms struggled incessantly, in contortions of singular absurdity, not unlike those of the crab, when stranded on the watery marsh of the sea shore, he plies his fins in retrograde movement towards the ocean. So this person grovelled and writhed himself against the closed doorway, with visage levelled to the dust, as one who would willingly shut out all living objects from about him.

The young man stooped down, and his exclamation of terrified amazement, was changed to an idle accent of unconcern; and then, as with some compunction, he bent down and lifted him in his arms; but when the light revealed the object, his sympathy ended at once. He hastily relinquished his support, and let him fall a dead weight on the floor again.

On close inspection, and to the increased astonishment of all parties, it was proved to be the very valuable carcass of Carces Cravenlaw, the attorney, degraded in the unseemly fashion of one, overcome with excess of drink; and Fanny Lynne left him to be attended by those who might think him worthy their trouble.

"Holla, friend, what! capsized? why, messmate Craven," cried the sailor; and whether from this sonorous appeal to his reason, or his second fall from the hands of Harry Burrell, the lawyer began to bestir him, muttering, "The ghost, sirs,—a spirit—did you see it? The spirit of the dead returned. A phantom—spectre—shade."

No one, however, answered him, only Harry Burrell, with the mockery of laughter; when some fixed their sight on the trembling attorney, whose ghastliness might truly have verified his assertion; and others, glanced cautiously behind them, in a panic of imaginary spectres, and thence unto the black walls, as if to find the apparition they had ceased to behold elsewhere. "It was herself alone. I would swear it on the bed of death," groaned Cravenlaw, as he reeled and tottered in extremity of fear.

"Ah! the ghost of the chambermaid," said the sailor; "but have another rummer, Craven, and forget her;" but Cravenlaw replied with a broad stare, denoting ignorance of the other's person, and forthwith actuated for such jorums of liquor as might be thought necessary to restore him.

At this demand, Fanny Lynne wondered, with many charming airs of tyranny and sarcasm: "How lawyer Cravenlaw could be thus desperate to drink himself into the phrensy of ghost seeing, and then suppose that his friends would abet him in any such confirmed indiscretion: She was not the person to do it—and so on." When just as her aged suitor was deprecating her resentment, in all the soft seduction of love-whispers, the gleaming of a light played at the other end of the passage, and the squat person of Giles Mullin appeared. He advanced straight towards his friend. His tone was quiet, sarcastic, distinct, as ever.

"Why alarm and rouse the household?" said he. "What have your
idle fears to do with us? Why pass
the time in drunken riot? The de-
clusions of drink—Oh—Craven—one
word from me, in sober reason—when
you are in fitting state, my dear Craven
—my friend—and one word will dispel
them.”

“I assert that I have beheld a ghost,”
persisted Cravenlaw. “Stand away,
friend! beast—knave—fool. Ah, Giles
Mullin!”

“My very excellent friends,” said
Mullin, turning round, “it is great pity
that this worthy man should be exposed
—expose himself,—and under such—
such very painful—disgraceful—piti-
able circumstances. Retire, my dear
friends, retire.”

“There, put him to bed,” said Harry
Burrell. “May the devil supply you
both with dreams. You have my good
wishes;” and he departed whistling,
and followed by all whom this dis-
turbance had called together.

They were thus left alone. Craven-
law, leaning his gaunt stature against
the wainscot, replied to the appealing
gaze of hypocritical interest, cast up-
ward from the stunted frame of Mullin,
with divers groans, which indicated, in
no ordinary measure, the terror and
anxiety under which he laboured.

“I have seen her,” said he, at length;
and there was the cunning of some
secret delight mingled in his manner:

“Mullin, I have seen her. The ghost—
the shadow—of her—of Emily Astel.
The girl as she was living.”

Giles Mullin did not answer; but in
the fixed intensity of his regards there
lurked more bitterness and acrimony
of satire than could have been found in
all the words he ever could have utter-
ed; and this look wavered and died
away into his silent grimace, repre-
sentative of inward laughter.

“To be sure,” said he, with more
than usual monotony of tone; “Craven,
you have been drinking, man, and
when wits are best. But get to bed,
my Craven, and tell the same tale to-
morrow.”

“The devil and to-morrow,” mutter-
ed the other. “I tell you I have seen
her, and her alone,—and—and she is
wondrous beautiful, as I live.”

“Beauty! The painted dust of
crack,” said Mullin. “That and the
night and the day may puzzle us; but
that—beauty—virtue—intellect—the
three may well perplex the sceptical:
but not me. It is a glorious chance
at best. Well, Craven, if she lives, we
must do our dirty work again, that’s
all.”

“Never, not I,” mumbled Craven-
law. “If it’s no ghost, I’ll marry her.
But Mullin, fetch some drink. Its
hard work standing here, dare devil;”
but he, with strong and obstinate
decision pointing the way, dragged him
to his room. “Hang it, don’t talk
trash,” said he, in the strain of ignorant
doubt, in which he sometimes indulged.

“I defy the spirits of earth, air, ocean,
and sky, together, man. This is all
fancy, Craven; prove that you have a
soul—prove it; but such fellows as we
—we can’t do it. Materialism—mate-
rialism, is my argument; there is no
principle independent of matter, sir.
From the jumbling confusion of chaos
nature sprung up, and to that she will
return. And when we talk of souls—
esences that exude and waft them-
-selves away, why! all I say is, let them
come back in their corporeal clay, and
pull me by the nose, sir; give me some
tangible demonstration of existence, and
I will forgive them. But, sir, it can’t
be done—it can’t be done.”

With this tirade of vulgar impiety,
the wretch waddled into the apartment
of Cravenlaw, his reeling and rotatory
motion giving admirable reason for the
suspicion that, with respect to the ex-
rercise of his rational faculties, he was
in little better plight than his patron.

“Tangible demonstration! Aye,
Mullin,” muttered the other; “would
you believe them? No, no, these sha-
dows would then be substance, and not
spirit;” and he sunk asleep, murmuring
of the apparition he had beheld.

But unto the mind of Mullin other
ideas were suggested. Alarmed by the
cry, he had in part beheld the retiring
figure of the lady as she retreated from
the grasp of Harry Burrell. The float-
ing raiment he had, at least, seen; and
as the probability of her existence pre-
sented itself, he resolved to watch
warily with one eye open, as the watch
dog guards the night, the ways of all
who dwelt beneath the shelter of this
roof.
But as the house became gradually quiet, Emily Astel, the real object of Lewisteme’s love and search, listened once more to be sure that she was not deceived, and that the danger which she had apprehended had passed away, she then revived from the terror which had crept over her, and throwing herself on her knees, thanked heaven for this reprieve and for her father’s safety, and thereunto she added her hope that Lewisteme might not be denied assistance in his sorrows, and strength to endure this new affliction, which, through her fault, had fallen on him. She sought also fresh comfort from the night’s events, recalling it again to her dear remembrance; and, as she knelt, there was something only too pleasing in the pain that oppressed her.

She knew that some hours ago, as her bosom heaved with inward delight, she had stolen from her retreat. Slowly, and cautiously and breathlessly, wrapt in her shawl, held together with tremulous hands that pressed her heart to keep it to its duty, she had gone forth, and had placed herself in the ante-room to the sleeping chamber where Lewisteme was to repose that night, and thus, in feverish expectation she had awaited his coming.

Emily beguiled the tedious hours with such generous and tender thoughts of her lover as transformed him into the ne plus ultra of all creatures of clay; in such grateful recollection as strengthened her affection; by so many pleasing delusions that she sighed while she smiled, then wiped away all brighter thoughts. And while she watched, in almost hopeless anticipation of his arrival, when her blushes of repressed joy had melted into the paleness of hope deferred, the door of the further chamber turned slowly, and bearing a lamp, Edward Lewisteme appeared. She shrunk into the deepest recess of the closet where she was concealed, and glided from the glass door in trepidation, partly caused by fear of discovery, but in greater degree, by that retiring extasy of confusion which thrills in the veins and heart of all who have truly loved. We speak of the tender sex; for we surmise, believe, hope, that the manly suitor, like the warrior of ancient, or modern days, comes to the field determined to conquer or die; nor take flight till fairly beaten from his position. However, at the first glance she beheld that change in him which she had failed to remark in herself; but love, which has ere now bestowed some seeming beauty on deformity, never ceases to revere even the ruins of that temple where it first worshipped, and she hailed him as welcome, and even more dear than ever.

But to return to Lewisteme. He had been able to obtain no proof of her death, and though he had indulged the thought that she might yet be living, yet, since his visit to the coast where the vessel was wrecked, this dear hope had been destroyed. His heated imagination had oftentimes since then repurposed her as once again restored. His visits to the haunted house, tenanted by shadows and troubled by unseen voices, increased this fatal delusion.

Still, as Emily beheld him, the first sweet tremor over, she advanced to behold again. The temptation of looks,—who that loves can resist it? like sighs, they will escape us unawares, and when we can see, ourselves unseen, it is soothing as balsam to the smarting of wounds, and sweeter than honey to the lips. But we beg pardon, no offence to the fair reader; no pleasure in the wide world to those who are not so. We only humbly suggest that the lady’s sensations were something resembling these.

As she leaned behind the shadow of the entrance, some such sweet ideas amused her till, all unconsciously, the distance between Lewisteme and herself became less and less, and she ventured to approach as far as the glass door would permit. This was such near neighbourhood as rendered it somewhat dangerous, and yet it was only far too delightful.

At the same time, the thoughts of Edmund Lewisteme were, by no means, enviable. It is too true that he lingered over her memory and mourned her anew; and dear was the recollection, and more powerful even than manhood, for, leaning down upon the table, as willing to hide his weakness from himself, the hot tears burst from
him, heaved out in such inward sighing of lamentation as gives tenor to the manly anguish it pourtrays.

His sorrows, indeed, were only too sacred to the beholder: and, for an instant, she started forward that she might throw herself at his feet, and plead forgiveness for the injuries and woe which she had caused him. But her father's safety, perhaps his life, depended on her prudence and she withheld herself from the impulse; so great, however, was the contention between tenderness and duty, that ere she resolved, the sense of deep despair left her entirely dispirited and exhausted with the struggle.

At length, the tears which broke from Lewisteme were succeeded by long drawn sighs, and she breathed back responsive the sounds of his distress, and gave the echo of the accents of his misery. At this repetition he, at last, looked round, but with the mournful vacancy of one too engrossed by sorrow to give much heed to tones so familiar. He glanced indeed quickly about him, and as fate would have it, the flame of the light fell full in her direction, but unaware of such circumstance, she still stood peering through the glass door, too much wrapt up in observing him to be sensible of the danger which menaced her.

Lewisteme, for his part, cast his looks carelessly enough round the place, but as if under some sudden fascination, now gazed on the doorway and quailed at the sight; but he again became fired by the beautiful presence of Emily still standing there. And well might he be paralyzed by fear and doubt, for the ghastliness of her appearance too much resembled those of the dead, and the wild sorrow and tenderness of her looks were only the fit reflection of that desperation and love which were in her thoughts. He gazed again and again; still his disturbed sight wandered here and there only to return to her; and presently, by the strange and frantic delight which he betrayed, she knew that he recognized her.

But the very horror of the thought bound her immovable; and when she saw the necessity of flight, or inevitable exposure must ensue, her fainting limbs refused to support her, and she continued gazing in fearful tranquility upon that doom from which she could not hope to escape. Lewisteme, in no less dreadful incertitude, never turned away his amazed sight; but, filled with the impassioned fire of his love, persevered in beholding the supposed phantom conjured up by his distracted fancy.

But there was no time left for thought, for rising, he moved deliberately towards her, and yet that might be hardly called an approach, where every uncertain step was followed by the pause, deep and long, which sufficiently told the doubt and varying emotions which overcame him. Should she stay, she must undoubtedly be recognized; should she then dare the chances of escape? The question was scarce asked, when his hand was upon the lock, the door opened, he entered, and as he entered, she glided, in pallid, and almost insensible motion from the place. The light within the chamber he had quitted, just served to reveal the grey atmosphere of very imperfect twilight; but though within some few steps of each other, Lewisteme seemed to be waiting, in serious sadness of extacy, the ending of that visitation, which had, at last, blessed his disturbed vision.

"Dear, adored, admirable creature," he ejaculated, and the tender mildness of his tones were such as to defy the supposition of his insanity; "you have come from the blest region of better worlds; have hastened in pious gentleness to console and reconcile me; but yet—Oh God! have mercy, and drive me not to madness," he added, in the fervency of prayer, for by this time he had approached too near her, to doubt the reality of her presence. She languished in the last faintness of mental agony, and leaned against the wall of the apartment, and with wild horror, wept over the face of Lewisteme, and he remained immovable.

It was now that the contrast of the living and the dead came in full force upon his senses; there was here no rigid serenity that spoke of the peace and nothingness of death, but rather the yielding insensibility of some living being, who appealed for the pity and protection due to her weakness and innocence. He stretched out his arms
as if tempted to touch her, and all at once, being struck with the reality of life, gave vent to the frenzy of the thought, in that one terrific cry of despairing affection, which roused the party below stairs in the Rose, and as he breathed out this cry of despair, he sank down inanimate and senseless on the earth.

We need not tell how wildly she stooped, and raised him in her trembling arms, and held him to her heart, and called upon him; and none but idle folly would attempt to conceal it. In the truth of nature, she pressed her lips to his, and christened him again by such gentle names as once she used to call him, and all this was mingled in the shower of tears she wept. Now, as if roused by her voice, he raised himself, and looked in bewilderment about. "Beloved, exquisite vision," he sighed, "reside with me for ever; if this be madness, let it still be mine." But the memory of her father here reproached her, besides the consequences to be dreaded from further explanation, even with Lewisteme at this moment, and shrinking from him, she touched gently his hand, and waving her mournful—farewell, glided from the room ere he was further aware of her presence.

As she crossed the passage in her way back to her apartment, the tall person of Cravenlaw, mounting the stairs, became visible, and the quavering prelude to his final shriek of dismay, too truly told that he beheld her. Upon her discretion at this moment, her fate depended, and perhaps there was something of her own internal fears betrayed in the assumed austere dignity, and frowning severity with which she swept by. The lawyer, however, bemused and bedazzled with inebriation, rushed headlong forward, and having been previously alarmed by the cry of Lewisteme, re-echoed it in the manner of a prolonged yell, when, diving incontinently towards the ground, he fell flat in the situation, where he was found by the company assembled below stairs, at the Rose.

Meantime, Lewisteme slowly recovered, and in the tumult of his feelings, called all the powers of heaven to witness that mystery and perplexity which had beset him; for that spirits were to be conjured up at the idle will of mortals, he could not believe; and yet so often had he sought, and sometimes found this airy shape in which he most delighted, that his very brain reeled at the maddening fancy. But where existed the proof that any of these phantoms had come to him? His tortured mind refused him its reply.

Thus, while he still paced the room in melancholy abstraction, his stately step and the deep tones of his voice, as he murmured his wandering thoughts, or sighed out the melodious anguish of his woe, gave assurance to Miss Astel of his safety, who stole once more to his doorway, to be comforted with the conviction, that her folly had cost him no dearer. But, notwithstanding this happy result of her bold attempt to see him, she passed the night in all the wretchedness of sad inquietude, and the fact of Lewisteme doing the same, may, perhaps, prove sufficiently how much excellent sympathy may be thrown away in matters of true love-concernment.

The night passed on, as other nights, though lawyer Cravenlaw, and the landlord, father of fairy Fanny Lynne, slept in intoxicated slumbers, as if they were never to wake again; Billingham likewise tossed and tumbled, in soft remembrance of Fanny Lynne, and the dragoon groaned energetic misery, of the fate that impended over her, though she herself, sighed and smiled in dreams of love and cruelty. Harry Burrell lay awake in his lodging, remote from the Rose, and turning his sight towards the veiled skies, he traced the beauty of the stars, but only as imperfectly, as if, leaning over the brink of the midnight ocean, we essayed to count the gems that lie beneath its waters.

It was still night; the moon was united with all her immortal glories, and those uncounted worlds of light, shone in united effulgence; the haze of misty clouds beneath, serving to shadow forth and multiply their endless galaxy. These vapours floated on in the mid-air, rolled over and over, wafted by the wind, in mimic billows; but the majestic queen of darkness made her quiet way, and to his mind, she shone like fortitude supreme, triumphant over sorrow; but when in closer
connexion with the earth, she guided the tides of the rude sea, swaying them in constant ebb and flow; she then beamed like innocence and virtue, directing, through the medium of love, the wild and untamed passions of man, till they assumed the nature of wisdom; but the pureness of the sublime thought was suddenly intruded on.

As morning dawmed, the stars dissolved away, and darker clouds uprising, cradled the moon in their obscurity. Harry Burrell turned upon his pillow, and as she now shone cold and ghastly, rising over the dark ridge and precipice of vapour, which cast its lengthening shadows deep below, looked like despair, gazing in wan serenity upon the impending fate that there encompassed her; the rhymer shuddered, wondering what next she would resemble. The morning was breaking, and Harry Burrell now slept in forgetfulness.

At this very hour, Giles Mullin, who had passed the time of rest in watchful cogitation, uprose, and seeing that day began to appear, prepared himself to watch the chances of some fresh adventure.

With silent motion, having dressed himself, he steered his cautious footsteps towards the deserted and upper regions of the Rose Tavern, where he had that night sojourned. Searching was his progress, like that of the mole, working its way into dark places; with the soundless foot of stealth, he reached the landing place, and opening door after door of the chambers, cautiously peeped in. At last, with finger pointed to the forehead, as pondering on the thought, he made up his mind to the last venture.

"The mad devil will doubtless be there," he unconsciously muttered, and striding forward threw back the creaking hinges of the further loft, or garret doors, and as he peered through the dense shadows that hung their darkness round the whiteness of his broad circumferal visage gleamed into broken smiles, and as it glared from the entrance, and athwart the twilight, it bore strange likeness to the haggard moon at that moment gazing from the grey mass of clouds that shrouded her; but when she waned, and fell from her high pinnacle of vapours, though minute succeeded minute, in the lapse of the hour, Mullin stood where he was, venturing only some husky coughings to indicate his presence. The scene he could now behold, was singular. On a mattress on the floor, with tattered and ragged garments to cover her, lay the mad girl, Ellen Blake, and here and there, broken fragments of furniture. Although Fanny had entreated and commanded, yet the wretched creature had remained obstinate, and had quitted the decent shelter provided her, taking up with that misery which was most congenial to her now habitual desperation of mind. Here she had betaken herself, and clad in her daily clothing, lay heaped together in the cramped attitude of chilling woe, indifferent of ease; and but for the outline of her pale form, and the black elfin locks that strayed over her, as a veil to blind her wretchedness, she might have been mistaken for any other than a being of life, and least of all have been supposed still to possess the happy gift of youth—the pride of nature.

Mullin looked, and laughed, and sneezed, and, in imagination, gibe and laughed again. "Would she tempt him now—would she love—love—aye, love?" he muttered, and he swung and creaked the door as if to rouse her; and then, without advancing, whispered her name loud in the ears of sleep; ere the word was finished, that well-known voice awoke her. "Who calls?" she added; and rising, leaned upon her elbow, and glanced intently round. The look was erewhile fixed upon its object, and in its concentrated light there shone the ray of reason and insanity contending for the mastery. It fixed in some dread certainty between the two; for, springing on her feet, she threw her hair back and closed her reeling sight, and then stood firm.

"Oh! ruffian—slave—wretch—villain," she uttered, but below the audible breath of sighs or shrieks; and, quick as the injured rush on their revenge, she glanced about her, and seizing in her feeble grasp a weight, such as only madness might essay to lift, she dashed or rather hurled it forward at him. The weight broke in the panelled wainscoat with a crash that sounded awfully; but
he leapt skilfully away, as if expecting this most strange reception; and, muttering something about the morning air working against her wits, bade her be comforted: and, seating himself upon the fallen furniture, seemed to await the ending of this paroxysm of wrath or frenzy. The girl, amazed by her unnatural effort of strength, was then motionless and wordless; her brow branded with the scarlet dyes of wasted power and passion—her hands clasping her bosom, to hold the soul that trembled at its destruction.

"Come, Ellen, girl, let's have no nonsense," said he, at last; "but learn who are your friends, and you have none better than he who has known you from infancy. Old friends, you know, there's nothing like them."

She drew her hands over her temples, as if uncertain of what she heard; and yielding something between an assent and the murmuring of sorrow, attended his further parley. "I have not come to press your return home," said he, "even though your honoured parents are all anxiety—not to bind you from your will—not to harm you in any way whatever. God forbid that we should further afflict the already afflicted; yes—I say, God forbid!" and with some reverential head-shaking in deprecation of the thought, he was once more silent.

The girl drew herself upright, shook off her nervous trepidation, and in one look expressed her thorough knowledge of his mind and actions. Her manner confounded him, and he bent his regards to the earth, with the aspect of one most willing to make his exit through any of the several cracks of the flooring that would open to receive him.

"In fact," said he, in depressed accents, "I want you to assist me; and, in return, I will get Hal Burrell restored again to favour—will further his forgiveness—get him reconciled to Sir Andrew. Do you hear? yes, you understand?" The mad girl, who had greeted his first offer with malicious and contemptuous laughter, at the latter part of his sentence took her seat at the side of her lowly bed, and stooping her head to her knees till her dark locks shaded him from the light, prepared to speak. The trembling tone of her voice was as the jarring of some instrument, untuned by nature with the pathos of true feeling.

"You are a villain, Mullin," she said; "the deepest—the most to be dreaded. Restore the blossom to the bough when the night wind has blighted it—give the mate back to the bird when the fowler has slain it, or try to join the broken heart with rivets of the world's making, and you will fail in it. But what have you to say; let's hear? I can endure, man."

"There you talk like yourself," he answered, soothingly, "and your wits are as bright as mine are when you please, so we shall understand one another yet."

"Oh! you bring my memory back to me," said she, in bitter emphasis. "It's salt upon the wound—fire to the burn—it's the sight of the grave to the bereaved friend;—no, neither in heaven nor hell will I forget thee—the reckoning lies between us, Mullin," and she gasped down the hysterical sob that breathed itself through her words.

"Tush, tush," said he, coolly, "and let's find out heaven and hell before we talk about it. The truth is, some are born to one destiny, and some to another—we make it or we mar it; and if men will be fools, seeking the imaginary future for reward, when cunning gains it in this world, I've done with them. This heaven, child, is like many other dreams and—"

"And when you have done," cried she, "I'll say my morning prayers and see if my poor wits will keep with me."

"If you want your revenge, girl, take it in this world," he continued, "and never wait for the next; but no, you can't, for it was pre-doomed that I should be the master of your destiny."

"The scathe and the lightning of the skies shall be yours," said she, in deep solemnity, as though gifted at that moment with the power of prophecy; and they were for some time silent, save what the language of looks might seem to argue.

"Well, what I wanted to ask you," he commenced, at length, "is whether Fairy Fanny be going to the fair this year, and who goes with her."

"And very innocent," said the girl, "and just the thing to ask me! But
the time's gone by when we walked hand in hand, and plucked wild flowers in the meadows, and sported like young lambs together. She is sweet as an angel—but I——” and she threw back her hair and looked in full agony upon him.

“You are well enough,” said he; “but these mysterious visitors will most likely keep her at home—the people who are secreted in the household; you can, perhaps, tell me their names, or may be their business there?”

“Now, no such thing,” she cried, “there’s no one in the house; and she goes to the fair, for she wanted someone to take her.”

“Then all you have to do, is to recommend the sailor there, Bill Bell,” said Mullin. “He will oblige her, wants to win her to himself; and you, Ellen,—you must back the courtship.”

“That’s the sailor gentleman in the parlour last night,” said she, “and he’s a charming fellow for the girls, I’ll warrant me.”

The peculiar tone of her voice was here so remarkable, that Mullin turned his looks towards her with that decisive meaning necessary to quell into submission the temper of the insane, but he beheld in her something, even more than he expected. She was like one struck with the evidence of truth, and under the influence of sudden and strong conviction. Not as one who had lost, but who had at once regained her faculties, which now she exercised in their full force and vigour. Such was the momentary enlightenment that came upon her: she felt and knew that the sailor gentleman must be Major Bellingham—that he was in pursuit of Fanny—that Mullin was the abettor—that she might destroy or set at work at will all this most excellent machinery of design.

The first impulse was to break forth in malediction of his infamy, and truly she might well have cursed him in the extremity of her anguish; but then she thought of Harry Burrell, and, as it would appear, some other intention took possession of her; but one and the other idea were both absorbed in the laugh of triumph with which she hailed the recognition she had made. And cunning, which is the pride of knavery, is also the toy of the mad; and she could hardly have told you wherefore, but she concealed her discovery from Mullin, and answered his silent questioning by an intent survey, which ended in the utter perplexity and discomfort of him who was its object.

In the meantime he was essentially deceived, mistaking these marks of comprehension for such dawns of intelligence as break in upon idiocy, like rays of sunshine darting through mists, wherein they have no impression. Besides, his friend was so disguised as to defy suspicion, and the girl was crazed, and moreover, he deemed her to be mischievous and vicious; but this last was his general opinion of human nature, and now the last echo of the girl’s derision sounded to him.

“Aye, she is a lucky creature,” cried she. “I’ve lived past all my lovers, for my heart is ages old in everything but happiness.”

“The fellow is worth money,” suggested he, “and they want to cheat the old man, and get off and be married in earnest.”

“It’s a scheme pretty and sweet,” said she wildly, “and I’ll get Fanny Lynne; and if he’s like gentle Bellingham, she’ll be as great a lady—aye—aye, as Ellen Blake herself.”

“One I would trust my own child with and think it only reason,” muttered Mullin. “However, press his pretensions to the maiden.”

“She shall have him and be as happy as I,” said the girl; “and you will get Hal restored to Sir Andrew’s favour, make a gentleman of him, and then let me die.”

“It shall be done,” he replied; “but these strangers that are here, have you seen them? Cravenlaw talks of ghosts, but it is my belief they are living beings.”

“No strangers here, none in the world—there may be ghosts,” said the girl, “like the ghost of Hal’s mother, she tells me about the murder: and so there are spirits, though you don’t see them;” but as she said this, he quitted his seat, and wandered away towards the window.

And that inexplicable confusion of mind—the embarrassment of conscience-
stricken guilt—a mysterious and secret fear, that wavering emotion that shows there is something to be concealed—the one or other, or all of these, so like in their resemblance, disturbed the calm possession of his peace; for as he sought the skies where the light of morning shone, and thence pierced into the hazy air of opening day-time, it seemed that he met there some living thought, or some residing ill, before which instinctively he blanched and turned pale. Some deed, perhaps, of his past life, then stared into his soul, and blotted from his thought all memory but of that one event; and sure it stamped some loathsome meaning in his manner, which rendered doubly haggard and abominable the being on whom it fell. While this confusion of the mind still troubled him, he shuffled himself round, mumbled, unuttered words, and at last stood staring in ghastly reverie on the walls of the apartment.

During this silence, the mad girl glanced towards him, but drew away her looks, as if overpowered with disgust at those on which she looked. She was now leaning downward as before, her hands clasped together, and the elbows resting on her knees; but her long hair concealed her face entirely from the beholder—the expression of her thoughts was something worth concealing.

Another gleam of strange intelligence was passing through her mind—a ray of such rational supposition, that she herself was kept silent by the thought. It had often occurred before, but never with such certainty. It would lead on to future actions, and this she was resolved to venture too; not her madness, but her cunning taught her again to conceal this; and when she raised herself once more, her manner betrayed both wonder and inquiry, partially smothered, however, by an affectation of insane and idiot insensibility.

"And what's the matter with you?" asked she, "you look for all the world the same as you did the night you lured me from my home."

"There is no such thing," he faltered, as if doubtful of his own meditations. "The crumbling world shall melt to nothingness, the life of man is but like fire unto ashes. Show me the soul of some destroyed existence—the spirit of wasted nature—where is it? Nowhere. Well—what do I look like, girl? like other men."

"You don't fancy speaking of ghosts," said she, "and if many of your friends die as I shall do, you may well fear."

"I neither fear heaven nor earth, nor hell," said he. "One who has done as I have done—acting neither from hope or dread, but from the law of reason and free will. We are above fear, and for nature, I defy it. So will you come into my plan, or Hal be the beggar and you the ballad singer to the end?"

"We will go to the fair and Fairy shall be married," said the girl; "for I'll persuade her to the liking of Bill Bell. Only as the night draws in, if we should change garments amongst us, don't ye be surprised; for there's Hal and the soldier, and the father to deceive; but I know your tricks of old, so trust me. But what will you do for Hal Burrell?"

"I was Sir Andrew's clerk, his man of business at one time," said Mullin, with sneering distinctness. "He knows my religious principles—my honesty and integrity—esteees me—in the cant phrase—would do anything for me; and it is but to whisper, and Hal is in good repute again;" and now he smiled one of those nameless distortions remarkable to him.

The girl looked up with scrutiny, as willing to judge whether she might trust him, and then she smiled in mockery and triumph, such regal smiling of successful victory, as may be supposed to wreath the lips of greatness when freed from some hitherto successful treachery. She now rose up with almost queen-like dignity, thus intimating, by certain signs of silence, that she was inclined to be alone, or tired of the interview.

"You laugh," said she, "as if you had dipyr hands in human blood, and thus had lost the right of human nature."

"No," he slowly answered, "only some sport and tricks of my own making, such innocent gambols most befit-
ing me. Something in your way—that's my best work after all,” and he rose up, with his usual habit of decently arranging his attire, preparatory to setting himself in motion for departure.

In fact, it was high time he did so, for since his last answer, sundry malicious scintillations of the eyes, and grappling of the hands, with other symptoms indicative of mental aberration or excitement, were perceptible in her. As he beheld this, he coolly advanced towards her, and paused ere he spoke.

"I should not have told you of the scheme," said he, "but that your ballad singing and infernal folly would have defeated it. Will you warrant the girl going—betray her to our keeping—lead her into the noose—the trap of matrimony—mark you—will you do this?"

"I will," she answered calmly; "for that one day I will forget myself. Yes, she shall come to you; you shall have her for the bridegroom—or me, if it will please you better—a pretty trick of mine."

He turned upon his heel at these wild words, but as he reached the entrance, he faced about again, and with strange glances they held discourse together. "Honesty in thieves," said the girl at length. "I will be true to time as you have been, and you may trust me."

He nodded thrice, with mysterious intervals between, and motioning secrecy, stole quietly from the chamber. The girl, as he departed, clenched her hands against her brow, and straying round the place, as in quest of that peace and reason which were denied her, she threw herself upon the floor, and wept forth tears of bitterness. Some hours after she was seen to wander from the house; and some time passed ere her haunts were known, or the song of her ballads heard again in that vicinity.

After the singular vision of Emily Astel, which Lewisteme had that night beheld, he returned home in that state of mental exhaustion which invariably follows upon over-excited feelings. When he joined the family at breakfast, his appearance sufficiently indicated the anxiety and suffering which he had undergone.

Such arguments as his better reason suggested, now, however, began to prevail, and showed him the necessity of resigning the weak indulgence of this delusion, which must inevitably end in the total ruin of his health and prospects in life. These were, it is true, of little consideration or value to himself, but when he reflected on the hopes which his parents had naturally entertained, and on the prospective good which his fortune held out, both his duty and conscience required that he should neither disappoint the one, nor frustrate the other. Indeed, the character of Lewisteme is little understood by viewing it under the influence of such singular deceptions and motives of impassioned regret, as had lately distracted him.

His learning and other acquirements made him commonly regarded as one of good promise, and but to reflect honour on those connected with him; while the confidence and mutual esteem existing between his father and himself, gave surety to the world of his virtue and worth. Now, though counsellor Lewisteme was much respected in private life as well as in his profession, yet the old gentleman had his peculiarities of temper. He was sensitively alive to his own honour, and perhaps his imagination was somewhat busy in creating abuses respecting it. He was proud of an unimpeachable reputation and unsullied connexions, and consequently did not like any thing or any one that was supposed to be derogatory to them.

On this morning, as his son entered, he was engaged in perusing his letters for the day, while his wife, who had just attained the dignity of wearing spectacles, was watching the various changes that took place in him, as he broke the seals of these epistles. Her admonitory figure and gesture of silence warned her son as he approached, who, stealing round the table, greeted with brotherly fondness, the lady engaged in performing its duties. These motions were returned by nods and smiles, and ended by his sister supplying him with rations of excellent fare, which are not the less essential to the support of the bodily man, whether he be lover or philosopher. Such civilities being over, silence ensued. But all this was weari-
some to Lewisteme, so that he was forced to take refuge in a thought which had often before occurred.

How was it that this sister had never married? It was one of the many wonders of the world. With every requisite of feminine attraction, virtue, accomplishments, connexion, above all wealth, at the age of three and thirty she was single. Certainly, one might have been happier for the change; and if desert on the part of women went any way in gaining husbands, Grace Lewisteme had not been without one. This perplexed him.

The letters he had were at last read and re-read, and thrown on one side to be replaced by another, which was taken from the pocket of the counsellor, to undergo the same examination which it had already gone through for some days successively; therefore, it had acquired all the popularity of an important document. The hope of entering into conversation was now entirely out of the question, and even Lewisteme was fain to smile, when his sister pressed her mouth to the precise point, which passes current as the note of interrogation where better language is denied. The learned counsel heeded not the sign, but meditated deep and long on the intelligence this paper conveyed.

“Some matter of importance, or an unpleasant communication, that so engrosses you, sir,” said the son, in the manner of an apology for the interruption. “You have seemed to hint that you were not unwilling for us to enquire into it, and possibly—perhaps, sir, this is now the time.”

“It is matter of some anxiety to me,” said the counsellor; “but Edmund, it also seems to relate to you,—that is, indirectly,—in the very last degree. Yes, yes, the time is passed when it could be otherwise. I must rely on you to—to gain me accurate information.”

The last sentence was uttered in the lieu of some other which was unexpressed. The mother thought it implied that new fortitude was requisite to endure some new misfortune. His sister sighed, and drew near him.

“Your father expects, my dear Edmund,” said his mother, “he expects that you will be as much yourself now as you have ever been. That is all we hope,” and she turned from the breakfast to the work-table, to put it to rights, as she said, but possibly to amuse her maternal solicitude and fear of what must follow.

“What is it?” said Lewisteme, “I would sooner hear it at once.”

“There can be nothing very new—nothing more to afflict us surely,” said Grace, appealing to her father, to leave thus an opening to his answer.

“It too nearly relates to near misfortunes,” said he, reluctantly. “But why this agitation, Edmund? the worst is past; unhappily for you—for us.”

“It is. I know it, feel it, truly, deeply,” murmured Lewisteme.

“It—it perhaps relates to—to the Astel family,” said Grace timidly.

“I cannot tell where that ball of cotton is,” said the mother, in tones that betrayed the search was feigned, her agitation real.

“It does relate to them—to the property,” answered her husband.

“Go on, my dear sir,” said Lewisteme. “I will not flinch at any thing—all that you may think fit or—or necessary to be known—to be told me.”

“Can that letter relate to it?” said his sister.

“There never was such a place—no finding anything,” said Mrs. Lewisteme, pursuing her fictitious search.

“Old Timothy Astel, of Hamburgh, is dead,” said the counsellor, and after awhile, he added, “a large property left behind of course.”

“That is the person from whom they—Emily and—and her father—had such expectations,” said his daughter, as if she were the only person compelled to speak.

“The property is disputed, I suppose,” said Lewisteme.

“They are in search of the heir—the real heir,” replied his father. For many reasons none but Lewisteme could be supposed to speak next, and the others paused in expectation.

“They have possibly written to you, sir,” said his son, at last, “to gain them what information you can?” and he spoke with some effort.

“They have done so, you are right,”
said Mr. Lewisteme; “I thought it better to let you know so; you understand me, Edmund.”

“Oh! I shall be happy to seek out the person,” said he. “You allude to the probability of there being an heir. Yes, yes, I comprehend.” But while he spoke this, he nevertheless felt something, but it was feeling skilfully concealed.

“I knew it could not be any thing very unfortunate,” cried his sister.

“Bless me! and here is the ball of cotton, sure enough,” said his mother, and she prepared to sit quietly at work.

“I must not have you think, Edmund, for an instant,” said his father, “that I have overstepped the rights of parentage. That property you might have possessed, by a course of contingent accidents—but”—

“I never sought the fortune, sir, believe me,” answered Lewisteme; and a deep sigh escaped him as he said this.

“I know you did not, but hear me,” said his father. “You shall know—must know all the reasons of my conduct.”

“I knew that your father, Edmund, had reason for all things,” cried his wife.

“I do not doubt it, certainly not,” said Lewisteme, in emotion.

“Astell, of Hamburgh, bequeaths his immense wealth in lineal descent to the nearest of kin,” said the counsellor. “There will be many claimants, and much difficulty of proof.”

“But you forget, there was the child of poor Mrs. Watchell,” said his wife.

“Astell, of Hamburgh, had an only daughter,” continued her husband. “It was said that she was married to Sir Andrew Watchell; but also that she was the wife of Herbert Astel, and given over to shame by the man whom she loved, and who had vowed to protect her.”

“There was a miserable young woman,” sighed his wife.

“Miserable indeed,” said he. “But we have proof that a child was born in the haunted house next door, where they resided. This boy has since been left to perish.”

“Surely, sir, Herbert Astel never would have allowed that,” said Lewisteme, “such evident neglect of all kindly feeling—and”

“Once, when conversing with me,” said his mother, “he told me in great agitation, that the child could never be traced, and was supposed to be dead.”

“Be that as it may,” replied her husband. “My correspondent was an old admirer of Amelia Astel, and is left sole executor of the will; and doubtless he was instrumental in inducing her father to do her this last justice. He insists upon the fact being fully substantiated; he can prove the boys’ legitimacy, and holds letters in her own hands, mentioning the date of her marriage.”

“Then who was the poor lady’s husband?” asked his daughter. “He speaks of Sir Andrew Watchell,” said he, “but the case must cause great litigation and dispute. I exonerate Sir Andrew; for whether Amelia Astel was married or no, I believe the child to be the child of Herbert Astel; yes, I fear there breathed no greater villain—he! he was a bad man.”

“Sir, sir, sir,” urged the son, “let me entreat—you must be wrong.”

“I hold anonymous letters charging him with crimes—with crimes, Edmund,” said he, slowly. “I consulted your happiness, showed them to him, and demanded an explanation. His guilt and confusion were apparent; he entreated silence and secrecy—implor ed it. I say no more.”

“Let me know all now, at least now,” said Lewisteme, in painful agitation.

“The crime of murder was one,—the murder of Amelia Astel—of Mrs. Watchell, as they call her,” said his father.

“Impossible, sir! I pronounce it to be impossible,” replied his son.

“Yes, to be sure, your father was right,” said his mother.

“Dear Emily would have died to have heard it,” said Grace Lewisteme.

“True, true, however,” urged the father; and with that coolness best becoming one of the long robe, he searched some papers, and presently threw towards them a letter, wherein Mr. Astel acknowledged himself incapable of explaining the charges against him; and therefore, consented to withdraw from any further connexion between the families. On perusing this, they were all silent with amazement, but Lewisteme seemed to be searching into the meaning of all this.
“He had loved her, Amelia Astel,” said he, at length; “and there is no knowing.” —

“There are vast varieties of human crime, almost unimaginable from their diversity of shade or suffering,” said the counsellor.

“But he had loved this woman himself: he had loved her,” said Lewisteme.

“He may have done so, and what then?” said his father; “love may degenerate into hate, as virtue into vice, Edmund.”

“As I remember,” said Lewisteme, in some degree recovering himself,—

“yes, there is a young man who frequents the Rose; smiling, but melancholy, and sunk in abject want. He is a great favourite with Fanny Lynn:—we must learn what she can tell us.”

“But how came you to notice him?” asked his sister.

“He has eyes—fine eyes—like her—like an Astel’s; and a face!—he resembles them,” answered Lewisteme, in restrained emotion, and she asked pardon when she pressed his hand within her own.

“We must search and see what can be done,” said his father; but now the announcement of the carriage to convey him to his morning duties, broke off further conversation.

His wife arose in kind excuse and performed her daily task of drawing on the great coat; the son had something of secret communication to confer upon; his daughter was near, waiting in mimic attendance with his gloves, when at that instant the door was thrown open, and a note delivered, directed to Counsellor Lewisteme. This was, certainly, of common occurrence enough, but how was it, only this morning the family was curiously alive to the slightest passing incident? The counsellor broke the seal, changed from red to pale, let fall a hasty exclamation, and complaining of the heat, drew off his coat, and halted ere he proceeded.

“The lady is waiting, sir,” said the servant.

“I will be with her presently,” was the reply; and was there ever any answer more common or less mysterious than this?

But it was mysterious, nevertheless; at least, it appeared so. However, as they stood opposite the door, something was seen, as simple as sight could look upon, but this was equally astonishing and perplexing. Life was all at once gifted with the hue of romance. The figure of a female, clad in black, passed, with the retiring air of womanhood, into the further room, and her veil was down, and therefore her features unperceived; but Lewisteme sighed heavily, and bent forward to see her; and the mother and daughter exchanged intelligent glances. The counsellor crumpled the letter in his grasp, and on being questioned as to what disturbed him, answered nothing; but when his voice repeated the enquire, he pretended not to hear, frowned the deep frown of meditative occupation, waved him away, and hastily withdrew. The looks of the party followed him.

By unanimous consent, as it might seem, a profound pause here intervened. It is quite certain that the sin of eavesdropping, or listening at leisure, was entirely removed from their intention, and no part of their natural propensity; but there they remained tranquil and speechless. Neither of them saw anything, and neither spoke, and undeniably each was aware that something uncommon had taken place, and was still passing near them. Perhaps the organ of hearing was slightly on the stretch, or possibly more alive to sound than usual, for they became sensible that the counsellor was in some agitation and alarm, and the broken tones of his voice, as it faintly reached them, assured them of the fact. They were willing to hear further. However, the door was closed, and silence succeeded.

“It’s astonishing how some people resemble one another,” said his mother.

“She looked like her own sister indeed,” said Lewisteme.

“An interesting young woman,” remarked he, with attempted composure; but he sighed as he turned away; and placing himself in an apt position to watch her departure, inwardly determined to scan her more nearly, and judge of the supposed likeness which he had discovered.

“Strange that your father should have said nothing,” remarked his mother.
"Singular, uncommon, certainly," said Grace.

"You, women, love mystery decidedly," said Lewisteme; "and the pretty creatures too are clever at turning trifles to account;" but still, at the creak of a footstep, he turned his gaze hastily in the same direction as before.

"Ah, Edmund, you are just as curious as we," said Grace; at the same time she wondered to behold her mother, usually so sedate in her deportment, now agitated into trembling pleasure, or the pale anxiety of doubt; and also quite as solicitous as they to catch another glimpse of this singular visitor.

"The day will be entirely lost," said she, at last, in seeming impatience of her own curiosity; and drawing her daughter aside, they entered into private arrangements, and shortly retired upon the womanly errands of household duties, as visits and recreations of leisure.

Never had a few minutes appeared so long an age; but when that mimic age was stretched into an apparently interminable period of an hour and a half, then, indeed, the patience of Lewisteme was exhausted; but we will not say so much for the amusing speculations that beguiled him, since they were renewed or succeeded by fresh views at every turn.

The lady resembled Emily Astel; that was fixed, unalterable, certain. If so like in person, might not the likeness of mind be similar? In fact, might not this being be as beautiful—the counterpart in virtue and worth to her whom he had loved?—might she not replace her in his heart? The thought was fanciful, pretty, delightful, but somewhat absurd; and hereupon he meditated, and resolved on other measures. There was a door or passage of communication between the rooms, and to this he stept and listened attentively, but only low murmurs met his ear.

"I thank you on my father's part, and my own," said a sweet voice; for it was so like the one to which his heart responded; and he attended cautiously, but nothing more was audible, not though all his senses, mind and soul, were in the enjoyment. It was the dead silence round that told his folly, and the shame and degradation of such weakness.

"How like! a tone—the sound—exact," said Lewisteme, and he crept back to his station and guard upon their movements.

Here, in pleasing excitement, he watched the door, whither there must emerge this beautiful unknown; for beautiful she must be, who could so nearly resemble Emily Astel. But he waited, and the carriage waited in vain; they did not appear. At length—at last—a movement was heard; his father handed the lady from the apartment.

The form was to him perfection, and so like, he might well be mistaken. He watched her out of sight, and when she was gone imaged her again. The accents of her voice were like her; perhaps his fancy thought them so. However, she would come again, and he would see her; and if she spoke, surely he might hear. Indeed, he thought upon the glimpse that he had seen, till he almost found an excuse for forgetting the past, and an apology for loving once again.

It is the consolation of human nature that whatever troubles afflict it, there is ever some source from which it may derive content. Thus Lewisteme's grief began to subside, beguiled as he was by the new mystery that engrossed him. Day after day he neglected to seek out Harry Burreli, and passed his hours in an amiable leisure, occupied only by watching for the fair unknown, but never came she in the light of day.

When evening had drawn in, he heard her summons at the doorway. His father instantly withdrew, commanding that none should intrude. Again he saw the shadow of her person, once more she quitted the house, and neither direct questions nor raillery could extort more than that she had important matters to communicate, which required legal counsel. Lewisteme's importunity did not, however, end here, for he betook himself to the street some few successive evenings, resolved to view her distinctly, and be satisfied of her resemblance, the dearest point of all. Nothing but disappointment awaited him; the lady never came, and yet strange to say, as soon as he kept
within the house, she made, as hereto-
fore, her secret visit. His father truly
added much to his vexation by the
zeal which he manifested in protecting
her from observation, and she herself
showed some signs of prudish reserve,
by folding her mourning veil, and draw-
ing her mantle round her, whenever he
made himself visible.

After much urging by his sister, he
one morning went to the Rose as pro-
mised. Fairy Fanny was half dissolved
in tears; Lawyer Cravenlaw was speak-
ing, and Lewisteme, in his desire to
escape observation—he had now hid
whispered his wishes to her, and stole
behind the screen which was in her
private parlour. There Fanny assured
him she would go presently, never-
theless he stood gazing despondingly
down the entrance alley to the tavern,
where her fancy conjured up the majes-
tic form of the dragoon, now more
precious since he quitted her in anger;
for she had promised Bill Bell to go
with him to the fair, since which time
the soldier had neither been heard of
or beheld. Cravenlaw was at this time
with her father; he was to be her guar-
dian if the old man died, and the image
of the brave dragoon rose up before
her. Sure no lot could be so miserable
as to be under the care of the lawyer,
and nothing more sweet than to be
friends with Hugh Doyle: and tears
trickled down her cheeks, but it was
only for thinking of the cruel attor-
ney—just then, the clinking of arms
sounded without, the soldier himself
appeared, and Fanny ran away think-
ing what a fright, in such a state of
sorrow, she must seem.

The dragoon entered, and beholding
none near to welcome him, he was
about to take his station behind the
same parlour screen, for in this unas-
suming situation he had some few
mornings held converse with her—to
launch the thunder of his wrath against
Bill Bell—to plead his passion with his
mistress—and lastly, to divulge
the truth of the disguise which Major
Bellingham had adopted. But Fanny
was determined not to hear, or hearing,
not to attend, for her vanity was charmed
with the deceit which had been prac-
tised to captivate her, and her reason
was blinded by her natural ignorance
of guile. Thus, the counsel of Hugh
Doyle went for nothing, and when he
reproached her with the preference of
his more prosperous rival, their anger
was reciprocal, only that he vented in
words what she restrained in silence.

In this manner they had parted, and
the soldier had at last returned, full of
the misery of doubt what might befall
her, yet resolute to attempt again to
protect her, even at the risk of her
lasting displeasure. But perceiving
that she retreated, hope vanished, yet
he owed it to himself that he should
not desert her, and to brook even insult
for her sake was pleasing; he therefore
made towards the screen where he in-
tended to conceal himself until she
came again—but there soon arose new
matter for jealousy and wrath.

Lewisteme was already seated, and
as the soldier discovered it, not an
enemy stealing upon him in the night-
watch, or an insidious viper sprung
from the green sward, could have
created more sudden sense of danger or
disquietude. Some new lover, favorite,
or secret friend concealed, as the dart
of awakened jealousy passed through
his heart at the bare idea. The stranger
he well remembered, and his lofty air
the first night he bade him enter the
club-room, and now she was ensconced
in this one place of his refuge, and
seated in all the calm equanimity of
purpose peculiar to one who understood
the degree of favour to which this
seclusion admitted him. This was the
lover's hasty conclusion, but ere he
could decide, the tramp of approaching
footsteps was heard, the voices of
Gerard Lynne and his friend Cravenlaw
clashed together, and as the soldier
stamped in impatience, Lewisteme apol-
logized for his intrusion, requested him
to take share in his retreat, and all at
once, they lay perdue together, like
spies engaged in the same adventure of
secrecy.

Meanwhile, our hero had such mo-
tives for retreat, as every man may
have when about to be jostled, side by
side, with impudence and folly, and
besides, he had a rooted aversion to
Cravenlaw; but the soldier's hasty
retirement had none other meaning
than the listlessness of love, content to await the prospect of beholding the object of affection.

The landlord, followed by the lawyer and his coadjutor, Mullin, soon afterwards entered, and the whining advice and admonitions of Cravenlaw, were duly repeated, with croaking exactness by his inferior ally, and doubtless, these able repetitions were of considerable avail in furtherance of their scheme. In an instant they were seated. The half-supernannated man was placed between his two advisers, the parchments upon the able, the door closed, and the tongues of these two worthies in incessant agitation, were only broken by looks of mutual inuendo.

"From her earliest age I have regarded the maiden as peculiarly fitted for me," said Cravenlaw; "her fortune is so well adapted for my disposal and arrangement, her person and vivacity affording an agreeable contrast with myself."

"My friend is every way calculated to keep her spirits in check," said Mullin; "to garner the money that she might otherwise prodigally expend, to become her friend when she has none other left in the world, sir."

"Well, she will make a good wife, gentlemen," said the old man, "though I say it; an active and pretty wife beside, and if you have courted her to her liking, Master Cravenlaw, when I am gone, you may make yesselves happy together.

"I have sought her and sued, and the maiden has expressed some delight," said Cravenlaw, "only when you speak of love, blushes and tears are natural to the simple creatures, and moreover, she has some awe of my character."

"She has, doubtless," cried Mullin, "the difference of years and wisdom, sir: but I opine that she has no great objection, from certain hints of regard that have from time to time escaped her: but here the soldier, all in doubt and distraction, would have sprung from his hiding-place, but Lewistene only half sensible of the fraud that was being practised, forcibly withheld him, and the thought whether he had any right to interfere, prevented him from the meditated attempt.

"The money is to be settled upon herself," interposed the father, "under the guardianship of my good friend Cravenlaw, whom nevertheless, with her consent, I empower to marry her one year after my decease; and to him, as my son-in-law, I bequeath the Rose Tavern, and all appurtenances belonging—"

"Belonging thereto," subjoined Mullin,—"and this deed expresses in every particular, the will of the testator. Worthy Mr. Snatchwell has drawn up the document, the witnesses shall sign and seal it this evening, and it shall be deposited in safe hands until the time—the time, sir, when it shall please heaven to withdraw you;" but now the husky cough of the speaker, and the display of white cambric from his patron, gave descent sign of lamentation, and hinted the discretion of silence. And they turned from such disturbed emotions and consulted the parchments; and while the landlord lay back in an intermediate state, between waking and sleeping, Mullin mumbled over, and mangled in imperfect jargon, the writings, reciting what was, or was not, placed down, as it might best answer the purpose of his associate or himself.

"Have you noted down, gentlemen, that the child is to have the management of her own property?" said Gerard Lynne," for no daughter of mine, shall be brow-beat when I'm dead; have you set it down, lawyer?"

"Yes, my friend, assuredly," said Cravenlaw: "your word is law to me."

"And her children to have the money afterwards," asked the landlord.

"They shall have it in good time," said Cravenlaw.

"The property of the gay maiden—it cannot be in better hands," said Mullin.

"In better hands than her own," said the landlord; "aye, right, that is true enough, certainly!"

"I shall so provide," remarked Cravenlaw, "that in case of my own decease—in case of accidents—your daughter, my dear friend, shall be no worse for it."

"I dare say not—I'll be bound not," answered her father.
“No, indeed,” said Mullin; “she will have lost one husband and have the choice of another—what would she have more?”

From such discourse as this, they turned to the parchment again, and all that could be gleaned from their reading was, that it was a garbled and false document, neither expressing the will, nor the wishes of their employer.

During this process, Lewisteme exhibited much of the patience of one who fully comprehended the absurdity no less than the illegality of their proceedings; but the soldier, restless as the chafed steed, under the spur of its rider, now foamed with inward spleen at his restraint, and feigning indifference to the check that was upon him, ever and anon he awakened the attention of his companion, whose want of interest in the scene, struck him as not only marvellous, but provocative of infinite contempt. At length, the reader ceased, and the wink that passed between Cravenlaw and himself, showed that their design was completed,—and this discourse of looks, was not unmarked by Lewisteme.

“So,—gentlemen, I believe you mean me well,” sighed Gerard Lynne, “and you, Cravenlaw, are an honest man, and I’m glad the business is over, and let’s have some lunch, and a glass or two upon it—call Fairy Fanny:” but ere they could summon her, she appeared, with tears and anger contending in her aspect.

She wondered how they could interfere; it was time enough to make his will, when the old man was on his death-bed; she would not be left in the power of one so base as Lawyer Cravenlaw; and she urged much more in expostulation of her wrongs, which ended as such entreaties are like to end, in the manifest displeasure of the landlord, who retired, casting up his hands in extenuation of his daughter’s folly. In the raillery and rebuke of Cravenlaw and Mullin, who departed rejoicing in their success, and the utter of discomfiture of her, whose happiness was at stake in the transaction; the little maiden fairly wept at her defeat, but when Lewisteme emerged from his concealment, she recovered herself as one bound in duty to listen to him.

His wishes were very shortly explained; but recapitulating his intentions as he would, she refused to mention the place of Harry Burrell’s abode; yet when he detailed the prospect of fortune that awaited him, she listened as to some fairy history of childhood, and told over without reserve, all that she had ever heard of him, and promised that he should meet him there one night, as if by accident; to tell him of happiness, and then deceive him, would never do, in her opinion, and she would not permit such cruelty. While yet she spoke, the senses of Lewisteme had wandered far away, and were absorbed by the contemplation of something of a very different nature.

They were standing together in the passage; the figure of the fair unknown passed through the doorway to the stairs, clad in mourning, as heretofore; and the fragile loveliness of Emily Astel was surely again revived in her. It was but the thought, and he darted after her; but as the nocturne shadow reflected on the hill side, mocks him, who, standing on the summit, hastens in pursuit; so this, seen, vanished as if it had never been; he turned back, pale, and in amazement.

“Did you see it,” he whispered, “as like her as human being could exist.”

“Did I see what?” asked Fanny, eagerly. “It’s the young lady who lives here, and if you saw her more nearly, you would love her as well as yourself, perhaps better.”

The girl’s smile was mysterious, as Lewisteme thought, but he was not versed in the cabalistic lore of woman’s ways, and moreover, was somewhat ashamed of the vision that haunted him, and by no means inclined to betray the fact of this beautiful unknown replacing his lost Emily in his affections. Could this be the midnight visitor to his chamber? Again his senses reeled in doubt and distraction, but from this confusion, a new theory of dreams intruded on his fancy.

This was, doubtless, some suffering and virtuous being doomed to present unhappiness and obscurity; but in her likeness to the object of his regret, fate
to become prosperous as his fortune might make her, and to prove the last consolation of his grief. And love always imagines similitude between the person and the mind of its object; the history of the future was therefore ended to his heart's content, for at least, the prospect of life was no longer a desert waste, but opening into hill and valley, lawn and pasture, where, if no palace of pleasure rose up in the sunlight, the phantom of peace still glided before him to lead him in his career.

However, thought is quicker than time, and this was the work of a moment, while Fanny stood by, lamenting that Lawyer Cravenlaw had anything to do with her concerns, and above all, that he should expect her to marry him; her angry complaints and sarcasm were now cut short by assurances of protection, by hints that he would see her righted, and that another will should be forthcoming, concluded with evident embarrassment on the part of Lewis-te-me; at last, however, he shook himself into self-possession, and demanded "if he could have a nearer view of the lady; the lady in the mourning veil; he thought surely he had the pleasure of knowing her; he should like to be satisfied."

"I can ask her nothing about it," said Fanny; but you had better come and sleep in your old room, again, and as she walks about more freely now, you may, perhaps, meet with her; I hope to gracious you may."

"I will come, certainly," he answered, hurriedly; and you are a good girl, Fanny, you must get me a sight of her by some means. But has she no friends?"

"She will be alone to-morrow night," said she; and you can see her, or take your chance, and if you like her, time enough then, to know all about it," and with another enigmatical smile she wished him success, and they parted.

How sweet to love, and be beloved, thought Fanny, and the thought was answered by the echo of sighs wafted from behind the screen, and this reminded her of the dragoon; but as ladies must not appear too loving, how was she to be supposed to know that he was there? If necessity be the mother of invention, love must be the sis-

ter or the brother—which you will, and Fanny feigned to have lost something, and certainly her search must lead her to it. So, round and round the room she went, and peeped into every nook and corner, and at last, as if wondering at her own forgetfulness, she peeped into the right place. It was perfectly natural, the suppressed shriek and laugh, and all that very pretty kind of prettiness; but then her astonishment at finding him so near, was only to be increased by the passionate embrace with which he welcomed her, one of those tender pressures which tell at once, how dear, and yet how painful this love may be to us, and Fanny was shocked, and renounced, and he made sad apology.

"Mr. Antel wished to speak to me to-day," he faltered; "and I hoped that you would determine not to trust Major Bellingham, that you would not go with him to the fair, and that you would see the danger, and—and rely upon my word."

"Indeed but I shall go, and go with Bill Bell," said the beauty, "and shall take care of myself as you will see; and, Sergeant Doyle, what right have you——?"

"The right of every honourable man to protect the innocent—the right of loving you, my dear girl," he whispered. "Yes, reject me, spurn me, but by all the dear affection living in me, I will defend you to the last. Oh Fanny, and as they were seated together, he stooped his elbows to his knees, and took her hand between his in an attitude more entreating, and yet more manly than any other beside, and she blushed "love's proper hue;" but her promise to the sailor, her womanly pride, would not permit concession, and she must and would go, and there was an end of it.

"Innocent but wifful girl," he sighed, "to place yourself in the power of the spoiler. But I will be there and track your pathway; and you shall not deny me the comfort of watching you, even as your dog may guard your dwelling. The villain, if he touch you, shall reach you through my heart."

"Oh! you will not be called upon," said Fanny; "but you may come though;" for she herself began to fear
the issue, and doubt her own safety, though she would by no means acknowledge it. Now, in the wanton mischief of playful tyranny, she led the way to the private retreat of the Astels, and as she bounded along in advance of her warlike companion, through the dark passages and windings of the ancient building, her beauty led the imagination away at once to other and far different scenes; and now she seemed like the chosen nymph of some enchanted castle, conducting the adventurous knight through all its dangers and darkness; and now like the very witch called happiness, who guides us on our way to mock and betray us at each turn, when we have counted most upon her.

At length she tapped quietly at the door, and bade the Sergeant enter; ere he did, he communed with her again in silence, and the pause was full of the emphasis of fond expostulation. It was now that he first remarked that she wore the string of gems given her by the sailor, and certainly her loveliness outshone them. The dragoon groaned his impatient anguish, and with the presumptuous hand of anger touched her bosom, and tore the bauble from it. At this instant the major came from the opposite room, but Hugh Doyle replied with bitter laughter to her pleading entreaty, and threw the trinket in the face of its first owner. The action was momentary, and the soldier glancing in calm defiance at his rival, pressed her trembling energy of adieu, and stooping under the doorway, was lost to their view.

This opportunity was not neglected by the gay major, who expatiated upon it with such cunning and address, that Fanny, only to show her independence, expended hour after hour in his society, and fluttered in her innocence and vanity around him, as the bird trims its wings, and ruffles its beautiful plumes while flying in dalliance round the snare of the vigilant fowler:—and here, the course of events compels us to leave her for a time.

---

LES TABLEAUX.

No 3.

EUTERP.

Come and behold Euterpe and her lyre!

Her magic fingers wander o'er the strings,
And melt sweet music in its frozen springs.

Her large black eyes are full of living fire,
Her ruby lips each swelling note inspire

With sacred love! Half smiling as she sings,
She seems an angel sent on gauzy wings,
To teach the anthems of the seraph quire.

Is she from Arno, where the scented breeze
Freighted with music haunts the olive trees?
Or where the Shepherd pipes the live-long night?
I know not—but methinks entranced I might,

Alone amidst the moonbeams on the sleeping seas,
For ever listen to her dreamy melodies.

UMBRA.
Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.*

Colburn.

Public attention has, for the last few years, been earnestly directed to the only true means of raising the mask which ever covers the mental features of sovereigns, till politics become history—a transition which rarely takes place before the lapse of a century. Then, by means of autograph letters, such as are copied into the present collection, when party rancour has died a natural death, posterity is enabled to judge impartially of the characters of departed monarchs. Mr. Colburn has most judiciously re-published these memorials of the female prime minister of the last queen regnant, who swayed the sceptre of these islands; in its pages, the lovers of history will find matter calculated to awaken a lively interest, particularly as public curiosity has been especially directed to the annals of female royalty, since the commencement of the reign of our present fair young sovereign.

The chief defect of the publication, is the absence of interesting biographical notes, a point for consideration in future editions. Meantime, as Tom Moore says,

"The book's a good book, being rich in Examples, and warnings to lions high-bred."

History does not furnish such an example of royalty, as the audacious letter which the female Marlborough writes to Queen Anne, wherein she quotes passages from a ribald book of that day, called the New Atlantis, and taunts the Majesty of Great Britain, with the freaks of a Fleet-prison scribbler, whom poor Queen Anne (no very literary sovereign) had certainly never heard of till that moment. It appears that the extraordinary letters which are copied into this series, exhausted the last remnants of queen Anne’s patience, and led to the following scene, the last that passed between friends who had been inseparable since the early age of thirteen.

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

"Good Friday, April 6, 1710.

"Upon the 6th of April, 1710, I followed my letter to Kensington so soon, that Her Majesty could not write another harsh letter, which I found she intended; I sent a page of the back stairs to acquaint Her Majesty that I was there. She was alone; however, the man stayed longer than was usual upon such occasions, and then told me the Queen would have me come in. As soon as I opened the door, she said she was going to write to me. ‘Upon what madam?’ said I.

"The Queen. I did not open your letter till just now, and I was going to write to you.

"Lady Marlborough. Was there anything in it, Madam, that you had a mind to answer?

"The Queen. I think there is nothing you can have to say, but you can write it.

"Lady Marlborough. Won’t your Majesty give me leave to tell it you?

"The Queen. Whatever you have to say you may write it.

"Lady Marlborough. Indeed, I can’t tell how to put such sort of things into writing.

"The Queen. You may put it into writing.

"Lady Marlborough. Won’t your Majesty allow me to tell it you now I am here?

"The Queen. You may put it into writing.

"Lady Marlborough. I believe your Majesty never did so hard thing to anybody, as to refuse to hear them speak, even the meanest person that ever desired it.

"The Queen. Yes, I do bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it.

"Lady Marlborough. I have nothing to say, Madam, upon the subject that is so uneasy to you; that person is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account.

* See the Court Magazine for January, for a full-length coloured portrait of this queen.
that I would give you, which I can’t be quiet till I have told you.

"The Queen. You may put it into writing.

"Lady Marlborough. There are a thousand lies told of me, which are so ridiculous, that I should never have thought it necessary to go about to clear myself of what never entered into my head, and is so unlike my manner of talking of your Majesty, whom I seldom name in company, and never without respect; and I do assure your Majesty that there are several things which I have heard have been told to your Majesty that I have said of you, that I am no more capable of, than I am of killing my children.

"I should have said, when I began to speak, after she had so unnecessarily repeated the same thing over and over again, that I might put what I had to say in writing, when she saw I went on to tell her the thing, she turned her face from me as if she feared blushing upon something I might say to her.

"The Queen. There are, without doubt, many lies told.

"Lady Marlborough. Pray, Madam, tell me what you have heard of me, that I may not trouble you to repeat more disagreeable things than necessary.

"The Queen. You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none.

"Lady Marlborough. I am confident your Majesty could not be so hard to me, if you could believe that ’tis only to do myself justice, and that I could convince you that I have no design of desiring any favour you are averse to.

"The Queen. I will go out of the room.

"Upon which I followed her to the door, where she stopped, and when I could speak, which I could not in some time, for the tears that fell down my face, at which I was sorry, but could not help it (and I believe there are not many that would not have been as much moved at such strange usage), I appealed to her, if she did not believe herself that I might at this very moment have been as well with her as most people, if I had been capable of saying anything I did not think, or of taking such ways as others had done, which I thought was not for her service; that in my life I had never told her a lie; what I had offended her in was, because I knew it was for her service and security; and it was what she had heard a good deal of in Westminster Hall, and I could never repent of anything of that nature; but I was incapable of saying such sort of things as I had heard she had been told, and from one that was a reasonable woman, and had a very good character, who was so much with some her Majesty favoured, that I had reason to believe what she said was not without ground; and she had pressed me with much kindness to go to your Majesty and endeavour to vindicate myself, and to recover your favour, saying a great many reasonable things upon it, and seeming to think I had made many omissions, which I knew very well there is an appearance of; but your Majesty, who knows what has passed between us, must know that I have had reason not to come to you to offer, as others expected from me. To all this, and a great deal more upon that subject, I only answered this lady, that she had an advantage of me, because I was not at liberty to justify myself, and I had, upon many occasions, rather choose to let people think I was to blame, than clear myself, which I could never do as long as I was her servant. I told this lady that gave me advice, that I believed she might have some reason for what she said; but she did not tell me who were her authors, and I never pressed her to know, and much less should I ask of your Majesty, who had said things to my prejudice. I only beg to know what you have heard, that I might be able to clear myself in anything in which I was wronged.

"The Queen. You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none.

The letters of the duke of Marlborough, though not very entertaining, and in some instances, unnecessarily cyphered, are useful to the writer of political history, as calculated to raise the private character of that successful general, rather higher in the eyes of those who are aware of the dirty avenues by which he first rose to distinction; of the means by which he won the first 5000l of his hoarded treasures, and the dark and double dealing course of his political greatness. These private letters are mild and humane, full of passionate tenderness to his wife and family; of respectful affection to the queen; of good will to all around him, and we are induced to suppose, that the malignant influence of the wife he loved so devotedly, must have led Marlborough into many of the actions which justly create the abhorrence of those who were undazzled by his military successes.

After the extinction of her power, the duchess, as often happens, seems to have declared war against her own species, and above all, against the queen who had raised her from obscurity, and had lavished favour, wealth, and honours upon her and hers, with a
profusion which we are certain can never again be repeated by any ruler of our, or after times.

The restless fury with which she attacks the queen’s character, is apparent in her letter to Burnet, which she hoped would be inserted as his opinion, in the “History of his Own Times;” it is a great curiosity, and we beg the reader to contrast it with the flattering character she wrote for the pedestal of Queen Anne’s statue, at Blenheim.

We learn by this publication, that she meant the last composition as a reproach to Queen Caroline, the admirable wife of George II., who had succeeded the deceased Queen Anne in the hatred of the duchess; no bad compliment indeed, to that princess, when we consider the gall and bitterness which falls from the pen of the duchess, on the character of every one of which she writes in her acrid old age. No one can, however, forbear laughing at the impotent spite with which the duchess mentions the universal lamentations for the death of Queen Caroline, opposing herself as usual, to all the world by this remarkable sentence.

“Our bishops are now about to employ hands to write the finest character that ever was heard, of Queen Caroline, who, as it is no treason, I freely own, I am glad she is dead.”

Her style is not the most regular in construction, as may be seen by this specimen, but she was, like her royal mistress and early companion—an uneducated woman; and perhaps, the only elementary assistance Sarah Jennings ever received, was from the hornbooks and primers which made reading easy, in the seventeenth century; the reader will not find the slightest trace in her correspondence, of acquaintance with any language but her own. A courtier and lady of the bed-chamber at thirteen, Sarah Jennings had no means of improvement, excepting the self-education she derived as an indefatigable reader of English books, and the exercise of her own powerful intellect, and acute observation on the historical scenes passing before her eyes, connected with the grand drama of the revolution of 1688, into the midst of which, she early rushed as a conspicuous actress, after she had linked her destiny with that of the great military genius, whose brilliant talents, combined with his wife’s imperious management of the female sovereign, who then ruled this island, raised the fortunate pair to ducal rank, and unheard of wealth. To those as well acquainted as ourselves, with the early events marking the career of John Churchill, page to James, Duke of York, and of Sarah Jennings, maid to his daughter, the Princess Anne Stewart, the present publication is replete with powerful attraction. But a still more entertaining portion of their lives, would have been the tracing the rise and progress of Sarah’s dominion over her royal mistress.

There is an anecdote in a lately published collection of Horace Walpole’s letters, regarding the duchess of Marlborough’s extreme old age, calculated to amuse the readers of the publication we are reviewing, and we quote it for their entertainment, regretting at the same time that the work itself is not enriched with similar gathering.

“Old Marlborough is dying, but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking. Her physicians said, ‘She must be blistered, or she will die.’ She called out from her bed, in the midst of the consultation, ‘I won’t be blistered, and I won’t die,’

“If she takes the same resolution now, I don’t believe she will.”

Such was the opinion cherished by one of her contemporaries regarding the potency of this imperious woman’s will, in the last extremity of age and bedridden infirmity.

The volumes are illustrated by a portrait of Queen Anne, and one of the Duchess of Marlborough; the last is well lithographed, and gives us some idea of the beauty and majesty of person to which she owed some of her mighty influence over the court of England, and the heart of her husband; but her air is haughty, and her expression of face somewhat scornful, affected, and feline, and the blonde chevelure which she made one of the engines of her power, is disposed with no little taste. Whenever Sarah found that her lord and master resisted her
will, she used to threaten out of revenge, to cut off her beautiful long hair, which he so passionately admired, and at length she did cut it off, in one of her fits of temper, and from that very cause, lost a portion of her power over him. This is indeed an excellent lesson to those ladies who proceed by the means of piques and threats to gain their own way. Few persons, the wise reader will feel assured, can indeed ever vex those with whom they are indissolubly connected, without being in the end, the greatest sufferers themselves.


Lady Stepney's new novel is cast in the highest circles; she leads her readers to the drawing rooms of Queen Charlotte and the dinners and fêtes of the Regent, and we must consider that she is decidedly successful in that department of her work which belongs to the class of the novel de société, a species of composition where excellence can be attained by very few authors: as not only ability is required for the task, but the right of entrée into courtly circles. We think the experience of the present publication will induce Lady Stepney to devote her pen entirely to works of this description. There are still faults to be amended in Lady Stepney's authorship, and above all her ladyship has scarcely yet arrived at the right appreciation of her own powers; still "The Courtier's Daughter" is a work which will attract public attention and be read with avidity and interest. We find as great a progressive improvement in its pages from her ladyship's first novel, "The Road to Ruin," as between Lady Blessington's first novels and her late work "The Confessions of an Elderly Lady," and we consider withal that Lady Stepney possesses the materiel of talent in tenfold more strength than Lady Blessington, but she has not yet arrived at the power of critically reasoning on the best points of her own authorship; and, perhaps, never turned her attention to the injurious incongruity she commits, in blending the old fashioned machinery of by-gone and worn out romance with pictures of modern life and manners. Caves, trap-doors, murderous stewards, predictions, and concealed wives would suit the era of Edward IV. far better than the times of George IV.; and there is a sad want of harmony in the transition from the scenes in which Henrietta, De Winton, and Lady Jane figure, with all the truth of real character, in such improbable and clashing situations as those in which they are placed. If proper attention were paid to historical costume, we have little doubt that Lady Stepney could write a delightful baronial romance, for no little ingenuity is necessary to be displayed in the contrivance of this machinery; but it is here as much out of place, as the costume of Charles V. and Spanish troops in some of the pictures of the Flemish masters on the Judgment of Solomon, and other subjects of still more ancient history.

In discussing the present work we are forced to put the hero and heroine entirely out of the question, for both are perfect characters; therefore a reviewer has as little concern in analysing their conduct and calling, as a naturalist would have in describing the blue lions and golden dragons of heraldic device. It is the constant lot of humanity to commit errors; and they are the best of mortals who have their reasoning powers sufficiently developed, and their benevolence in sufficient activity to receive the profit of experience, and to progress in improvement as they advance in life, that they may benefit themselves and others as much as possible. Whoever describes a person as exempt from these struggles, is like an artist who would paint a blue lion or a green goose as a specimen of natural history. This is the secret cause of readers becoming dull whenever perfect young ladies or gents appear on the scene. Seeing that the author is wandering from nature, they feel inclined to leave his heroes and heroines to wander by themselves, as of another clay than that of which their weak nature is composed. Lady Horatia would doubtless have had a plentiful crop of follies to subdue, under such guidance as that of Madame Floris, to say nothing of downright errors; to draw her, therefore, as a perfect creature, outrages possibility. The disasters and mortifications of Ma-
bel are after all the real interest in the work, and the scenes where the worldly minded Henrietta figures, always attract the attention of the reader, because she acts consistently with the character her situation and training would have produced. Her brother’s mixture of right and wrong, in character and action, is well done, and on these persons the merit of the work wholly depends; as a specimen, we give the unmasking of Henrietta, who has played the meek and approbative young lady for the purpose of enticing a suitable husband into marriage:—

"Henrietta was all penitence: she could not eat anything, and looked imploringly in the face of Rosemaldon; but the Marquis was not alternately languishing glances: and, finding that he was not to be gained over to any inquiries of tender interest, she suddenly started up from the table, and threw herself into an arm-chair by the fire, complaining of the excessive coldness of the evening. In vain, Lady Jane frowned and wagged her head; Mr. De Winton’s mother-in-law took up a book, and was employed in turning leisurely over the leaves. ‘Oh! Ernest,’ she cried, at length, ‘do read this scene, it is really excellent; the hero and heroine have a quarrel; she pretends to be jealous of his first love, by way of exciting his defence; and he, after a little surprise and indignation, laughs and loves her all the better for being tenacious of him. Is it not odd that I should just open the book at this droll scene?’

‘I hate scenes and actresses,’ said Rosemaldon, coldly.

‘Henrietta laughed, and Lady Jane, trembling for her daughter, rose from the table, and quitted the room, followed by Henrietta. The doors which divided the dining-room from the boudoir to which they retired, slid back into grooves, and a large flowing curtain fell on the other side, and concealed that part of the wall entirely. Instead of following them into the adjoining apartment, Olivia went out at a side door, and left the doors still open, the rooms being only divided by the curtain which fell on the other side. Rosemaldon had risen, and was about to push back the doors, when De Winton laid his hand on his arm, and detained him.

‘Your conduct, Henrietta,’ exclaimed Lady Jane, in a voice so loud that every syllable was distinctly heard through the curtain; ‘your conduct is most flagrant: the caprice and bitterness of your temper are really past endurance. Your uncle has left the house in disgust; and, if you do not take care, you will drive Ernest to follow him.’

‘Pray let me close the doors,’ whispered Rosemaldon; but De Winton grasped his arm still more tightly, and Lechmere, by signs, implored him to be silent.

‘What care I whether my uncle goes away or remains here?’ answered Henrietta, insolently; ‘I am sure he does very little good to anybody wherever he may be. He was angry with me to-day, because I did not choose to praise that odious Horatia. He has fallen in love with her himself, and I have very little doubt that he will marry her, after all. He took good care to say everything he could think of against her, when he was afraid that his son would marry her, cunning man.’

‘You are mistaken in your conjectures,’ said her mother. ‘The Duke has found out, that she is the very person likely to suit Ernest; remember, I always foretold what would happen if he ever became acquainted with her.’

‘And now you are very proud, I suppose, that your prognostications have proved true,’ said Henrietta, scornfully. ‘Perhaps, you mean to predict that la spirituelle Horatia will soon be my mother-in-law.’

‘Henrietta, you are talking nonsense,’ said Lady Jane. ‘What is the meaning of this change in you lately? You were gentle and obedient enough, when you wanted my assistance to get your cousin to propose to you; and why did I caution you to weigh well every word before you spoke,—to anticipate his every wish; in fact, to give up everything to secure him? Why did I half ruin your brother by giving that masquerade foolery, but to afford you the opportunity you wished? Now, I tell you once more, that if you do not curb the violence of your temper until you are married, you will lose the prize, for I can perceive very plainly that his mind is already filled with vague suspicion. What did you say to him in the library to-day,—he has scarcely spoken since?’

‘What did I say?’ repeated Henrietta. ‘I had nothing to talk about, so I bored myself with listening to his criticisms on Milton, Spenser, Addison, and all his stupid unthinking untiring friends, as he calls the drones. And he entertained me with his own opinions on them. With regard to the suspicions you talk of, I assure you that I am not going to waste my time in satisfying them. Let him suspect what he pleases, so that I am the Marchioness of Rosemaldon, all is right.’

‘You have taken offence at some slight,’ said Lady Jane; ‘I remember the time, Henrietta, when you used to fly down the avenue to meet him, and used to think no book dull, or no walk long, that was shared
with your cousin. You found no fault with him in those days.'

'Perhaps not,' answered her daughter, carelessly, 'but that must be a great while ago, for I really cannot recollect the time when I cared much about him. At present, I think him positively disagreeable; he is morose and frowns, and I am rather too wise to fall in love with a face because it is pale and sentimental. I like a fascinating, fickle hero. But trust me, I hold him fast enough; he will find some difficulty in breaking my chains. You shall see how I will manage him,' and Henrietta laughed louder in triumph.

'A yet louder burst of laughter from De Winton resounded in their ears; they started up with alarm and apprehension, and gazed in each other's faces without the power of uttering a word. Lady Jane crept to the door and held back the curtain. 'We have been overheard,' she whispered, her lips quivering with fear. 'Oh! Henrietta, we have lost him; your treacherous brother is leagued against us, and the whole party heard every syllable of our conversation.'

'Go into the room,' said Henrietta, wildly, 'do not let him leave us—say something—invent some plausible story—pray keep Ernest here, or we are lost. Oh! go—go to him.'

'Hush!' continued Lady Jane, 'I hear his voice—he is talking—do not be afraid, Henrietta; I am sure that he is too honourable to forsake you now; sit down, love, and let us speak on some indifferent subject: say you adore him.'

'Ah! he is laughing,' cried Henrietta; 'there again, he is laughing, for months he has not laughed; hark! he is quite himself.'

'Be still,' said her mother, impatiently. 'I tell you, Lechmere will manage it all for us quietly; he shall represent to them that we were carrying on a sort of jest—a continuation of the scene in the play book.'

Henrietta sat buried in painful thought, while her mother quitied the room. She began to think that Rosemaldon would really take this opportunity to break off the match, and that the brilliant prospects which were so nearly realized would fade from her view. The high rank, the splendid fortune, the superb houses, the crowds of flatterers, the jewels and the bridal suit, should she lose them all? And for a few foolish words? how cruel!'

---

**Piers de Gaveston.** By E. E. C. In 2 vols. Whittaker.

When we consider the romance of Piers Gaveston as the first literary ef-

fort of its author, we are disposed to think favourably of it, as a specimen of promising ability, for the language is easy and pleasant, and the story proceeds with a degree of perspicuity we should be glad to find in productions of more pretense. These good qualities would have been displayed to better advantage, if the young author had chosen any other department of fiction, in preference to historical romance, in which commanding genius must be united to deep and varied information before eminence can be attained. An author must not only be acquainted with the political history of England, but must be previously imbued with a complete knowledge of the dress, armour, furniture, architecture, warfare and modes of life appertaining to the era of his tale. If he read on purpose for the work, crude stiffness is the infallible result. If he throw himself, like the writer of Piers Gaveston, wholly on the stores of his own imagination, assisted only by some family library history of England; the narrative is surrounded by a hundred unseen traps and pitfalls—such blunders, for instance, as cannonading in the barons' wars of Edward II. Even the Christian names of the characters betray a want of knowledge of historical costume; we know what we have to expect the moment we meet with such names as Lady Emily, Lady Augusta or Lady Harriet, figuring in the middle ages, which, though a trifle, breaks the magic wand of fascinating delusion. It is, however, no easy matter to keep the proper medium in historical romance; we are well aware that some authors in this department make tedious homilies of their compositions, absolutely stifling their heroes and heroines under the weight of antiquated costume.

We recommend the consideration of these hints to our young writer, who has shown some judgment in the delineation of the mixture of good and evil in the character of Edward the Second's unfortunate favourite; and we are ready to declare that the executioner will put an end to poor Gaveston before the pages of his history will be closed by the reader.
Memories of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.
Volume the 7th. Cadell; Whittaker & Co.

The last volume of this captivating biography is now before the public, bearing, it is true, a more mournful though less absorbing interest than its predecessors. The reader traces with tears through its pages, the progress of the bright intellect and warm heart of Sir Walter Scott, to that grave which the heavy pressure of care and an over-tasked brain had prematurely prepared for him.

We cannot affect to be ignorant that part of the public press is exceedingly busy with many strictures on the manner in which Mr. Lockhart has conducted this biography; strictures wholly distinct from critical analysis and observation, and chiefly connected with the political bias of one or other of the ultra parties. Some are displeased that the failings of the venerable subject should, in the slightest degree, be unveiled; and others are ready to carp at every deviation from their peculiar dogmas by Sir Walter and his son-in-law, neither of whom it seems please the violent destructive, or the high Tory. Without attending to the prejudices of either, Mr. Lockhart has produced a biography representing Sir Walter as he really was, not only with the feelings, but with occasional touches of the failings from which no mortal is altogether exempt. Herein, according to our judgment, resides the very strength and beauty of the performance. Many out-and-out party persons are amusing themselves with picking out here a flaw, and there a hole, in the character of Sir Walter, by means of his correspondence and journal; but the question is, whose life could be so thoroughly laid open to public view, who could have all their actions so minutely weighed, and yet have such a preponderating balance of good brought to their account as Sir Walter Scott? Could Dryden? could Swift? could Bacon? could Coke have borne such a test? We know they could not.

Mr. Lockhart well knew that by admitting his readers to a full and complete view of Sir Walter as he really was, he should produce the most fascinating biography of the present era; this he has done; the reading public devour the books eagerly as they are thrown to them, and when the number is completed, regret there is no more; this is the true state of the case between the public and the biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

The seventh and last volume of the biography opens with the ill-health of Sir Walter in the winter of 1827. We are not long pursuing before we meet with striking passages in his journal; flashes of that brilliant light which was still illuminating Europe.

There is acute observation in these remarks:

"The contrast at leaving Abbotsford to former departures, is of an agitating and violent description. Assorting papers, and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Aithophel's setting his house in order, and hanging himself. The one seems to follow the other, as a matter of course. But what frightens and disgusts me, are those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through the valley of tears. Those fine lines of Spencer's came into my head—

"The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

"What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh die to thought, to Memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove."

Ay, and can I forget the Author—the frightful moral of his own vision? What is this world?—a dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last, and final awakening.

"Edinburgh, May 15.—It is impossible not to compare this return to Edinburgh, with others in more happy times. But we should rather recollect under what distress of mind I took up my lodgings in Mrs. Brown's last summer. Went to Court and resumed..."
old habits. Heard the true history of —.*
Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has often felt so. O God! what are we?—Lords of nature?—Why a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain, takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin.

We accompany Sir Walter during this last volume, while he completes the Life of Napoleon, the Tales of the Canongate; Count Robert; Castle Dangerous; the Demonology, and Tales of a Grandfather. The state of the country during the agitation of the Reform Bill, seems to have added to Sir Walter’s mental troubles, and he evidently took reform for revolution; and when he went abroad, he half considered that he was emigrating. Previously to this step, repeated attacks of paralysis, certainly proceeding from an overworked brain, had laid the weight of premature old age upon him. A heartrending picture is presented of this great man before the close of the scene.

"After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with any rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say we could perceive that his fancy was at

* Sir Walter had this morning heard of the suicide of a man of warm imagination, to whom, at an earlier period, he was much attached.

Jedburgh—and Bark Sir Walter escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job)—or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm—(in the old Scotch metrical version)—or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the Dies Irae; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out, was the first of a still greater favourite—

"Tater Mater Dolorosa,
Juxta eruem lachrymosa
Dum pendebat Filios."

"His afflicted mother stood weeping.
Whilst her son was
Nailed to the fatal cross."

"All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

How truly admirable is the last observation: "the gentleman survived the genius."

The last scene is briefly but powerfully told.

"As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—he religious—he a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'—He paused, and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'—'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all.'—With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave-of-absence from their posts, and both
reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

After the first project of the New Cemetery was laid by Mr. Carden, interest was made by a friend of his to lay the plan of that ground before Sir Walter Scott for his approbation. But the failing health of Sir Walter prevented the application. Could the record of facts be read before it was unrolled, how strangely would it appear to human eyes, that that very ground was then preparing for the three dearest objects of Sir Walter's heart.

"Miss Anne Scott received at Christmas, 1832, a grant of 200l. per annum from the privy purse of King William IV. But her name did not long burden the pension list. Her constitution had been miserably shattered in the course of her long and painful attendance, first on her mother’s illness, and then on her father’s; and perhaps reverse of fortune, and disappointments of various sorts connected with that, had also heavy effect. From the day of Sir Walter’s death, the strong stimulus of duty being lost, she too often looked and spoke like one taking the measure of an unmade grave.’

After a brief interval of disordered health, she contracted a brain fever which carried her off abruptly. She died in my house in the Regent’s Park, on the 25th June, 1833, and her remains are placed in the New Cemetery, in the Harrow Road.

"The adjoining grave holds those of her nephew, John Hugh Lockhart, who died 15th Dec. 1831;* and also those of my wife Sophia, who expired after a long illness, which she bore with all possible meekness and fortitude, on the 17th May, 1837. The clergyman who read the funeral service over her, was her father’s friend, and hers, and mine, the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident which he happened to observe during the prayers, suggested to him some verses, which he transmitted the morning after, and which the reader will not, I beleive, consider altogether misplaced, in the last page of these memoirs of her father.

---

* "Stanzas—May 22, 1837.
"‘Over that solemn pageant mute and dark,
Where in the grave we laid to rest
Heaven’s latest, not least welcome guest,
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!
Howering in unrequited glee,
And carolling above that mournful company?

‘O thou light-loving and melodious bird,
At every sad and solemn fall
Of mine own voice, each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer I heard,
Thy quivering descending fill and clear—
Discord not inharmonious to the ear!

‘We laid her there, the Minstrel’s darling child.
Seem’d it then meet that, borne away
From the close city’s dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native woodnote wild;
Nursed upon nature’s lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flower-erets weep?

‘Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger!
Above us slowly lingering yet,
To bear our deep, our mute regret;
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
The husband’s fondest, last farewell,
Love’s final parting pang, the unspeakable, the unspeakable?

‘Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
Our selfish grief that would delay
Her passage to a brighter day;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
That it hath heavenward flown, like thee,
That spirit from this cold world of sin and sorrow free?

‘I watched thee, lessening to the sight,
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindled wing.
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light.
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguished part of the bright infinity.

‘Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o’er that happy home.
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolved, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.’"

Need we study for epithets where-with to praise a work from whence we can draw such extracts?


Nourmahal is a romance written with the high spirit of an elegant pen, and
will please even those readers whose minds are most pre-occupied with the fascinating recollection of Moore’s Light of the Harem. The romance traces the early history of this extraordinary woman, and follows her oriental biographers closely in all particulars, except in the evils of the heroine’s character. Nourmahal was, in truth, as complete a diablesse as ever swayed the mind of man in the commission of evil. Mr. Quin has not lowered his literary reputation by this composition. It is remarkable for easy grace, beauty of language, and perfection of costume; and the motto, chosen with great taste from the eastern poets, speak the intimate acquaintance of the author with orientalisms. The character of Jehangire is drawn with great skill; his faults and good qualities mingled together, awake a stronger interest in the reader than the usual perfections of heroes of fiction; he is truly the Jehangire of Hindostan; and does far more honor to the genius of the author than the portrait of Nourmahal.

We are more captivated with the adventures of the parents of Nourmahal than with her own. It is not good policy for an author to attach us to characters which we are soon to leave; part of the power of his art is that of concentrating our attention on his principal group, and he ought not to distract and divide it with other persons. The dialogue is natural and pleasing, and in many instances dramatic, richly imbued with orientalisms; we nevertheless find no fulsome bombast in the descriptive passages.

The following extract will give our readers a specimen of our author’s style and spirit:—

“Jehangire then demanded whether it was within the magicians’ art to predict the result of the approaching battle; to which the latter replied that he was altogether unskilled in astrology, and denied the faculty of looking into futurity.

“The emperor, disappointed, rose from the divan upon which he was seated, drawing from his superb hookah the fragrant perfume of tobacco leaves of Shiraz. He walked up and down his tent for some time, much excited; at length, stopping before the Bengalee, who was standing in an attitude of profound obeisance, asked him whether he could exhibit before him his misguided son, Chusero, whose rebellion had caused him so much trouble and anxiety of mind. The Baziqur expressed a hope that he might be able to gratify his majesty upon this point. He then rejoined his companions, and presently returned to the pavilion with a mirror, which he placed upright on the divan, against the wall of the pavilion, opposite the cushions occupied by Jehangire.

“In the course of a few minutes the space behind the mirror appeared to be occupied by a large army, drawn up on the banks of a river, and beyond it, on a rising ground, Chusero was distinctly visible, surrounded by Man-Singh, Hussein, and a brilliant staff, to whom he was giving orders, while he held in his hand a chart, with strong red lines drawn upon it. Far in the distance was seen the subah of Cashmere, at the head of a numerous body of troops, marching towards the river under the standard adopted by the prince.

“’It is indeed my son!’ exclaimed Jehangire, with deep emotion. ’Unhappy boy! Heaven be my witness, that if he were now to repent of his crime, and to sue at my feet for pardon, I would receive him with open arms! Chusero—my son—oh! who could have imagined this when first I received you smiling from your mother’s bosom? How have I watched over your infant years, with the warm gushing love known only to the heart of a parent? How have I waited, when fever or pain preyed upon your delicate frame, for the changes that indicated the departure of the disease! Oh, when those happy moments came—moments that appear to be but of yesterday—when your countenance became itself again, and your precious, blithe, and innocent looks, repaid us all for the sorrows we had suffered on your account—and what joy we experienced! How, then, the world, that was before all darkness, seemed to put on a new robe of triumph! But now—armed against your father—the father that still cherishes you in his heart of hearts—it is too much—agony beyond endurance!’

“The Baziqur, affected by this natural burst of parental tenderness, was about to remove the mirror, but the emperor, who perceived his purpose, beckoned to him to desist. Pressing his hand upon his forehead and eyes, from which tears copiously rolled down, Jehangire sobbed aloud.

“And Afkun too,’ he resumed, when the flood of his emotion subsided; ’Afkun, the subah of Cashmere; the husband of Nourmahal—of my Nourmahal—turned traitor! The conduct of Hussein does not surprise me. Man-Singh’s machinations are not new to me; but Afkun, why has he turned traitor against his lawful sovereign? Misguided men—misguiders of my son; whom, doubtless, ye desire to use as an instrument for the accomplishment of your own base
designs, few are the hours that remain between this and the moment of my just vengeance. Bochari! Bochari! I say!"

"The commander immediately made his appearance—surprised—not a little annoyed, upon seeing the emperor alone with the Bengalese.

"Bochari! Issue orders through the camp to-night, to prepare for marching at the dawn. Afkun has joined the rebel standards, and if we delay here much longer, possibly other wavering chieftains may be induced to follow his example."

"I have learned as much by despatches which have just arrived. The rebel forces are drawn up on the farther bank of the Sutledge, resolved to resist our passage across that river. Afkun has brought twenty thousand men into the field, instigated by his sultana, Nourmahal, of whose real designs I never entertained a doubt."

"By Nourmahal! I exclaimed the emperor, in a voice of amazement; 'impossible. If I had ever any skill in reading the heart of woman, her soul is free from the guilt you would impute to it. Say, if you choose, that she aspires to be the empress of Hindostan; but with Jehangire at her side.'"

"An officer of the outposts humbly asks admission to your majesty," said one of the eunuchs in waiting.

"What is his business?" demanded Bochari, in a peremptory tone.

"He states that his message is one of importance, which he can communicate only to your majesty," said the eunuch, still standing before the emperor.

"Let him come in," said Jehangire.

The officer having been admitted, and having made the usual obeisance, proceeded to relate, that as he was walking on the banks of a small river, near which the guard under his orders was stationed, outside the camp, his attention was drawn to a bundle of flowers floating down the stream. It was stopped in its course by a cluster of rushes that grew in the river, and when he brought it out on the end of his spear, he perceived that it had been carefully tied by a golden band, and arranged, manifestly as a symbol, which, as he was unskilled in the language of flowers, he knew not how to interpret. Apprehending that it might be a mode of secret communication between the rebel leaders and disaffected persons in the camp, he deemed it his duty to lay it at the feet of his majesty, where he requested permission to present it, with his sincere, though lowly homage.

The emperor took the symbol into his hands, which he examined with intense anxiety. "It is!" he exclaimed, his face radiant with excitement; "it is a message from Nourmahal. See here, Bochari; Nourmahal to Selim—her heart to its lord!"

I not the truth? Oh! I knew it well. I needed no messenger to tell me that though I were abandoned by all the world, she would remain faithful to her first love. Divine invention, by which distance is thus annihilated between two beings, who are conscious of the thoughts of each other."

The notes to Nourmahal deserve the attention of every reader; and the extracts from the "Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangire," written by himself, are great curiosities. The oriental knowledge of the author, stamps indeed an intrinsic worth upon these highly interesting and well written volumes.


On the shelves of old circulating libraries are still to be found four volumes, translated and edited by Monk Lewis, a person whose powers of execution were feeble, yet he had exquisite critical taste, and never stole any literature but what possessed the true stamp of genius. We think too that he had the art of improving whatever he laid his hands upon, by judiciously pruning and dressing the productions of more vigorous minds than his own. In the publication to which we allude, he was assisted by several of the greatest authors of the brilliant Georgian era, but we think the title must have sat like an incubus on the work, for it never seems to have been reprinted. The title was "Tales of Wonder;" an appellation appealing only to readers of a vulgar taste. Scott's Bill Jones made its first appearance in that collection, together with two or three stories from the German, admirably done by Lewis. The tale of the Anaronda is one of tremendous power; it is in his own native scenery, the West Indies; how he came by it, is to us matter of wonder. Stole it? certainly, or at least the materials whereof it was constructed; for the feeble eloquence of his mind could not grapple with the Anaronda in its native woods. Next in value, is the beautiful tale of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean; this story, which only occupies half a volume of large print, though free from the fetters of verse, is poetry of a high order, com-
bining ideality, character, language, and moral truth, expressed with energetic brevity. And this tale brings us to "Brendallah," the poem before us. The author has taken the story of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean, and made it a long poem under the name of Brendallah. It is possible that he has used the German original from whence Monk Lewis drew this splendid tale; for we think the perusal of the English story would have struck more fire into the verses. Mr. Eagles gives us no information on this head, and the critic is left to his own instinct in the matter. Mr. Eagles' main fault is dilution of his poetical talents into oceans of words. If he would study condensation, he would be astonished at the attention he would meet with from the public. Horticulturists have discovered that a little wood strawberry possesses as much flavour as gardeners have distributed over the bulk of a huge monster of the Chili sort; and truly the rule holds good in regard to modern poems, which stretch themselves over an octavo.

Mr. Eagles, if he bore this rule in mind, would occasionally be a descriptive poet of some eminence; but words are his bane, and he should make a decisive stand against the torrents which dilute and dissipate the flavour of his fruits.

"— Soon a grove they near'd
Of lemons, myrtles—then an emerald plot,
The which they cross'd, and then a lake appear'd;
On which two swans repos'd who fled away afeard.
They cross'd a mould'ring bridge, o'er-grown with trees
Low bending down with fruit:—A streamlet pure
There warbled sweetly to the singing breeze
As on it gild'd o'er the polish'd floor
Rich, rain-bow tinted, and which strew'd was o'er
With mossy stones that broke the waters' gush,
Which o'er the whole did leap, and dance, and pour,
Like diamonds roll'd o'er snow, and it did rush
Within a basin huge whose margin deep did blush
With rarest blooms, white, purple, scarlet, blue,
Which hung o'er water pure as margarite."

The luscious, rich, and eye delighting hue
Reflected was within the mirror bright
Like red ray'd even peeping in the white
And shining lake; the sporting zephyr mild
Would press them forward till they did alight
Within the bubbling tide, and there they smiled
Like morning's witching hue on th' leaping ocean wild.

On Education and Self-Formation. From the German of Professor Heinroth. A. Schloss.

The very title page of this work, where we find Self-Formation connected with education, arouses a host of active notions in the mind of a reflecting person. Alas, much abused words, Fate and Destiny! in how many instances ought ye to be considered wholly as the result of self-formation, either for evil or good, and ought we not to honour the German sage who throws the forcible lights of religion and reason on this most difficult and mysterious function of the human mind. In a lately published life of Whitfield, he declares himself first roused to his powerful mission by the observation that a self-perverted human creature was half brute, half fiend; a forcible truth, which, if it wanted confirmation, the police reports of our metropolis fully verify. Professor Heinroth begins his educational directions from the moment a baby is able to sit upright in the arms of its nurse or mother. When it begins to manifest an inclination to play with other infants, he with true sagacity announces its first entrance into social life, and marks with unerring truth, that its moral character is then forming, and that its propensities to a preponderance of anger, injustice, and rapine are then forming and indurating, if not wisely checked and restrained. How really eloquent is this passage! What important reflections it ought to awaken in the minds of preceptors and parents, who generally leave the most difficult department of the tuition of children to the sole direction of the little creature's own discretion; we mean their sports and plays, which have such influence over character;—
"Play is the occupation of a child, in which his corporeal and mental powers develop themselves, being all exercised in this, the business of his life, which has another advantage besides this development;—it satisfies his original desire for happiness. The child is never happier than in his play, and gaiety is then his natural characteristic. It is his delight, and the most active men are generally those who have most fully enjoyed play in their childhood, not from having a superabundance of play-things, but from having been themselves active in devising and making; not wanting materials for the exercise of their ingenuity; and not having been hindered, or interrupted in their work. The child however, as long as he plays alone, is but at the threshold of happiness; the fulness of his bliss commences when he associates with companions, and it is a pleasure to watch the countenance of a child, when he meets another. How he smiles, and extends his arms towards his playmate; in the love of society, which brings, and binds them together; and the era when social play begins, is a remarkable one, which ought to be taken advantage of. During the first quiet, solitary play, nothing was required, but to look on, and guard from harm, in short the child and the social circle is formed, and the child enters, as it were, into his kingdom, (which will be governed, though the ruling power be invisible) the moral powers, now unfolding themselves, will require guidance, restraint, and encouragement. The feelings, which have hitherto slept in the young mind,—sympathy, generosity, and, unfortunately, the inclination, also, to selfishness, covetousness, to command, and rule over others, to appropriate their property, and envy,—all these arise; and it becomes the most important business of preliminary education, to teach and inculcate morality. The Will—the moral power, which requires unremitted guidance—now arises in the infant mind; and as all kindly inclinations must be excited and encouraged, so contrary ones must be combatted and restrained. This is often best effected, by separating the young disturbers of the peace from the companions whom they annoy, and obliging them to play alone. In outbreaks, however, of the spirit of domination and covetousness, and the consequent quarrels, it is necessary to accommodate the dispute, and bring back the aggressors to the right path, by granting justice to the injured. They must be made to beg the pardon of those, whose property they have taken, which they must restore; and thus repair the injury, before they are punished for their misconduct, by banishment. For the feeling of Right and Wrong is already awakened, and he, who feels and knows when he receives wrong, also knows when he commits it towards others, as soon as his attention is drawn to it. Other natures, which may be called passive, require to be excited and encouraged in every possible way. These are the weaker, and must not only be protected against the stronger, but excited to the more active exercise of their power. The means of doing which, will not be wanting at this period of life; and it is as necessary to foster the growth of the slowly-developing germ, as to extirpate the weeds, which, if allowed to spread, will soon choke the good seed. The moral human Being already lives in the Child.

"Lastly, we must consider the internal life of children, and its claims on our care and attention. The child will not always play, but he must constantly be amused, and, unconsciously to himself, formed for the highest ends of his existence. The springs, not only of worldly, but of spiritual life, come into action. Man is born, not merely for this lower, mortal existence, but for a higher, eternal one. He must, therefore, have a sense of the High,—the Exalted beyond the limits of time and space,—the Great,—the Incomprehensible,—the Wondrous; together with a love of, and capacity of laying hold on them. This sense of Reason, and this capacity, Faith. But the element, in which the child lives during the period of play, is the Imagination, the source, and principle of all play. It is also by the imagination that the idea of the exalted and the wonderful reaches the mind of the playful child, and obtains his full belief, or faith. Imagination, too, is the element of Fiction, in whose garb, the ideas of the high and the wonderful can alone find entrance to the infant mind. And, in this way, much may be accomplished, if rightly begun. A lively, pure world of Fiction, prepares the child for the free regions of pure, living, eternal Truth; care must only be taken that no monstrous or hideous images fill the tender, sensitive mind with terror,—no world of ghosts, instead of spirits, must obscure the unsullied mirror of the infant imagination; but a bright, cheerful heaven of wonders must open on the young mind, and give it a foretaste of the bliss of a spiritually free being. Thus the child will be led in his own element to the vestibule of the All-holy, and preliminary education will be completed."

We regret that our limits will not permit further extracts from a work which needs only be seen to be seized upon by those who are employed in the task of training either their own infants or those of other persons.
From the specimen we have given, our readers will perceive that the essay is translated into clear and eloquent English; a work of no little difficulty without the German original is of an abstract and metaphysical cast. Heinroth's essay is calculated not only to do good in its peculiar department, but to awaken the minds of English writers to points of education which have not yet been noticed. The introduction of this book into our country is a national benefit.

Il Traduttore Italiano, by A. Cassella, R. S. G. Souter.

That the Signora Cassella must possess an accomplished mind as well as considerable skill as a linguist, we affirm and can fully prove, since her reading book is well adapted not only as a book of verbal instruction, but as a means of inducing the Italian student to commence an intimate acquaintance with the best authors of Italy; her extracts are made with careful and pure selections from the first Italian prose writers, such as those of Salvator Rosa, Benvenuto Cellini, and Alferi, with many others whose very names are unknown to most English readers. We like her table of abbreviations; her little summaries in English at the head of each article; and we particularly approve of her little biographies. This is, indeed, an excellent book, not exactly for children, for whom the Signora's previous work is better adapted; but it is truly admirable for adults learning the Italian language, as well as an agreeable reminiscence for those long tutored in the school of Italian literature.

National Education as distinguished from Academical Education. Whittaker.

We not only fully and conscientiously agree with the writer of this excellent pamphlet, but could, if we chose, give him proof of the efficacy of the plan he advocates, the result of our own experience in Church of England Sunday School teaching, chiefly effected by the means of such extracts from Scripture as he recommends and inculcating the heavenly doctrines of Christian charity, instead of providing codes of instruction embracing the will of particular sects; by which means the children of each may receive national instruction without offence to any particular denomination.

The grand point of difference between the advocates of Lord Brougham's plans of instruction for the poor, and those of the national school committees is this, neither of them properly distinguish between a religious and a literary education. Lord Brougham would occupy the time of the school solely in receiving a literary education, while some of our zealous religionists would employ poor children entirely in theological studies, gaining skill in argument, and mooting points of polemic divinity. Is there no rational medium between these extremes? We think it would be found in giving children instruction in infant schools from the time they can walk till they can be employed at some kind of work, and then inducing them as much as possible, to attend Sunday schools. The children of the poor have much to do during six days of the week, from the time at which they would be dismissed from an Infant school until they are old enough to go to service, and they take themselves great delight in attending Sunday schools, when ladies are willing to superintend them and distribute judiciously chosen rewards. It is singular that our legislature are so little informed on the simplest facts relating to country economy in general. All their attention is directed to the state of great towns, and yet these immense masses of human beings are primarily supplied chiefly from the country. Is it wise, considering the localities of great rivers, wholly to neglect the qualities of the infinity of brooks and rills which feed them into greatness?


We are somewhat impeded in our criticisms on this important work, by the absence of the first number which, by some accident, has never reached our hands. As far as we can judge, the illustrations are of a high order, deci-
edly different from any edition we have ever seen of Grammont, as the portraits are almost whole lengths; in their delineation the artists have closely followed the originals of Lely. Nell Gwynn is the best engraving of the second number; the Countess of Rochester by Thomson is certainly the beauty of the third. Nell Gwynn is distinguished by the sheepish helplessness of her face, the proportions of the figure are not very well drawn, but Lely's skill is chiefly shown in a pretty sleepiness of face. Most of his beauties are remarkable for their broad slanting foreheads; Denham, Chesterfield, Bagot, Stuart, and Rochester, are remarkable instances of this feature. We rather regret that this portrait of Frances Stuart was chosen, as there are others which do more justice to her beauty.

The letter-press is a purified and extended edition of the Memoires de Grammont. We own we wish the task of purification had fallen to other hands than those of a lady, but at the same time we can aver that Mrs. Jameson is manufacturing a most entertaining work, not altogether inadmissible to a lady's library; she has incorporated all the notes with the practicable text of Grammont, and added to them some anecdotes, selected with taste from recently published memoirs and autograph letters; from the last-named department of the work, we select as a specimen, the following narratives.

"There is a tradition relating to the death of Lady Chesterfield, which cannot be passed without remark, as it is to be met with in many works, and is even alluded to by Horace Walpole. It is said that her husband, having caused her to take the sacrament upon her innocence respecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, bribed his chaplain to put poison into the sacramental cup, and that she died in consequence. This horrible accusation rests upon no proof whatever; it is only certain that it was current during the life of the earl, and even believed by some of his own family. Lord Chesterfield's son, by his third wife, married Lady Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The marquis and the old Earl of Chesterfield quarreled, and the latter obliged Lord Stanhope to bring his wife to Lichfield, breaking off all intercourse between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her father's work, "Advice to a Daughter." Her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote on the title-page "Labour in vain." On her side the lady, not to be outdone in impertinence, made her servant, out of livery, carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a gold cup; and whenever she dined or supped in company with her father-in-law, either at home or abroad, she never would drink but of those liquors from her servant's hand; it was a hint to the earl and the company present, that the crime which his lordship was suspected of having perpetrated, by a sacred beverage, was full in the recollection of his daughter-in-law. The most surprising part of the story is, that the old earl endured this."

"Upon the death of the Countess of Kildare, Lady Ossory, being then only seventeen, dreamed that some one came and knocked at her chamber-door; and that calling to her servant to see who was there, and nobody answering, she went to the door herself, and opening it, saw a lady muffled up in a hood, who drawing it aside, she saw it was the Lady Kildare. Upon this she cried out, 'Sister, is it you? what makes you come in this manner?—' Don't be frightened,' replied she, 'for I come on a very serious affair; and it is to tell you that you will die very soon.' Such was her dream as she related it herself to Dr. Hough."

**Hints for the Table. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.**

Our readers, when they possess themselves of this clever little book, will do what we have just done—they will read it from beginning to end without stopping, and then insist on reading it aloud to every one who will give them the hearing. Need we say more in regard to the excellence of its execution? and for its utility we strongly recommend it to the notice of all ladies who are mistresses of families, as it is replete with excellent hints regarding the whole ceremony of the dining room. Ladies of rank may leave cookery books to cooks and housekeepers, but the art of dining is a different matter. This book is peculiarly devoted to dinner givers, and dinner takers, and to them we recommend this capital little work.

**Hood's Own. No. 3. Baily & Co.**

We find a capital thing or two in this number, the only one we have seen. The frontispiece presents some capital imps—Alfred Crowquill excels in imps.
Nouvelle Conversations Parisiennes, by L. P. R. F. de Porquet. F. de Porquet

Full of colloquial ease, these dialogues bear the stamp of acquaintance with refined society. The language is intelligent and perspicuous, useful in the school-room, and admirably adapted for the tourist. It forms a valuable addition to scholastic works published by M. Fenwick de Porquet.


We have seen some of the illustrations prepared for this work. They are truly beautiful as works of art. Mr. Major is the publisher. In his hands, as the parent of Isaac Walton’s illustrated angler, the united efforts of T. C. Hofland and himself, we can safely say, will produce a book which will give the utmost delight and satisfaction to a more than ordinary large class of persons, wholly unconnected with angling, whilst to the angler, in the minutest point, it will truly be a companionable manual.


Many literary names of distinction are announced as contributors in this new periodical, nevertheless, throughout the articles of the first number we chiefly recognise the hand of Edward Lytton Bulwer. These papers, we must own, are distinguished as much by his high ability as by his mannerisms. Bulwer is a critic of the most delicate as well as the most acute order, and we observe in that department he usually sets aside the fopperies and egotisms which too often deform his other compositions, as such he is well endowed as the life and soul of a popular periodical; but we cannot advise him to write the whole of his magazine himself, a plan often tried by public favorites and never found to be successful. The article in this number called “Art in Fiction,” is a fine production. Twenty years ago, that alone would not only have set any periodical on its legs, but cause it to run fast and far.


We have now before us the splendid and expensive history of the University of Cambridge, published by Ackermann in 1825, we are therefore able to compare the progress of the arts of design and engraving between that elaborate work and this cheap but tasteful publication, and are astonished at Le Keux’s beautiful plates. What a noble drawing that from the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, by Mackenzie; how finely has Le Keux’s graver managed the effect of the light and shade, which gives us a full idea of that master-piece of Rouxilliac. The magnificent Trinity-hall is likewise well done, and the vignette of the Combination-hall every thing we could wish. The literature, for it deserves to be called literature, and not letter-press, is written by an author who does justice to the subject. Mr. Wright has brought forward in the present number a curious correspondence from the tutor of Elizabeth’s favourite Essex, when that lord was a student at Cambridge, wherein the tutor remonstrates with lord Burghley, the guardian of Essex, that his pupil was not only “thirdbare, but ragged,” so much was he in want of clothes.

No. 6, contains an exquisitely clear engraving of Christ’s College, from the Street, another from the Court; a curious vignette of Milton’s mulberry tree, and a beautiful vignette of the summer house of Christ’s garden. We regret to find that Mr. Keux’s dangerous state of health, occasions for a time the suspension of the work; but we can add with truth, that there is no visible indisposition in his graver.


This short and well-written tale of feminine ambition in high life, presents a pleasing contrast in character to the
mawkish inanities with which the common run of fashionable novellettes are crammed. There is no plot, embroglio, or tracaera whatever; but a good moral conveyed by the catastrophe—the life of a talented, but somewhat indolent parliamentary man, sacrificed to the inordinate ambition of his clever, virtuous, but rank-aspiring wife.

We doubt not the M. P.'s wife will excite very general interest, particularly among the fair sex, to whom we trust, it will prove a sound moral lesson.

We do not think the accompanying tale, entitled Lady Geraldine, evinces the same talent.

---


A hasty glance at these interesting volumes—for we can bestow no more upon them this month—enables us to perceive the totally different *animum* evinced in the memoir and diary they embody, to that which dictated their contemporary 'Diary,' we have had recently under review. Somewhat of this, perhaps, from the widely different relations and circumstances in which the compilers found themselves was, in some measure, to be expected. As Lady Knighton very properly remarks in her short but modest preface, that "of the professional life of Sir William Knighton, his success is the best criterion. As regards his services to his Majesty George the Fourth, there are probably few who will not deny that they were fulfilled to the utmost of his power, in the spirit of devoted attachment and integrity to his royal master."

To the young and inexperienced, just entering on the arduous duties of life, this memoir will, it is hoped, be instructive and encouraging; for they may hence learn, that great disadvantages and many difficulties may be overcome by steady perseverance and diligent application, and that virtuous and religious principles afford the best security from those evils, which, too often, prevent the attainment of honourable success. We shall, with pleasure, resume our review of this work next month.

---

**On Friction and Inhalation in Consumption, Asthma, and other Maladies.**

By John Peacock Holmes, Esq.

In the preface, we think the author takes unnecessary pains to justify himself in keeping, against the opinion of medical men, the secret of the means by which he works his cures. As unprofessional, we look to substance, paying no regard to shadows. The author says to the objectors, "come then, ye wealthy ones, who possess woodlands and cultivated gardens far beyond your necessary personal consumption, abandon these to the poor and needy, who are starving for want of necessaries."

As the author, then, keeps the secret to himself, we can speak only of his purpose and method.

"Friction," Mr. Holmes continues, "with such (suitable) substances as shall bring about a translation of disease from the interior to the exterior of the body," is the method to be followed.

In this there can be nothing objectionable. For if he has thus the power of marshalling disease, he is in a fair way to be able to turn him to the right about, and have him drummed out of de Regimen.

The grand secret is, however, to provide means of escape for latent disease. By irritation of some particular parts of the body, so as to produce a discharge in cases of erysipelas, we can readily believe, cures may be effected; but we are now speaking of treatment for the consumptive, in whom the excessive excitement thus speedily produced, is attended with dangerous consequences. The practice is, therefore, sometimes good, and sometimes bad—good sometimes in the hand of an able practitioner, and most dangerous in the hands of ignorant pretenders. Why then need there be any secrecy? If the science were perfect, why should there be medical prejudice, though we admit, that every practice must have a beginning. It is in this respect that medical,
and other well-intentioned men, perhaps, do themselves harm—as the departed John Long, who was, in our minds, ignorant when to suspend the exhibition of the remedy, or how to arrest its action when too powerful, or even to judge how great power he should call into action; who by keeping a secret, made no progress from the want of the wisdom of many counsellors. It is not our province, neither is it in our power, to analyse the means to be used in friction; we shall, therefore, leave those pages for the consideration of men of sound judgment—but we think none can deny that friction is a very powerful agent, and one whose powers are too much neglected. Several letters are then introduced, from parties who speak personally of the great relief, and even cure, they have received under Mr. Holmes’s treatment.

We are glad, in following the author, that he speaks of his mode of treatment in modest and unassuming language; his is not the “only” mode of treatment in cases of affection of the throat; he allows that very often the usual treatment can only be followed; but he maintains, “from the experience of all times,” that little effect is produced by remedies, given by the stomach on disorders of the lungs; yet, after his treatment of inhaling, “the patient feels relieved in breathing, and expectorates without difficulty.”

The concluding subject in the work, falls not within the range of the reviewer for this magazine to mention, nor our female readers to enter upon: we can, however say, that Mr. Holmes appears to be very respectfully supported by some of the profession, and that his book is likely to work him good.


This work embraces Biographical notices, from the earliest period to the present time. In our capacity of reviewers, the pen fell from our hand in terror when, upon opening the volume, we read a marginal aphorism, as follows:—“There is scarcely a good critic born in an age, and yet any fool thinks himself justified in criticising persons.”

As the author of the book is not, we presume, the author of the aphorism, we proceed, with more than ordinary modesty, and great humility, to deliver our humble judgment upon the merits of this book.

Mr. Maunder is already honourably known to the public as the author of the "Treasury of Knowledge," and other publications, which have gained for him very considerable reputation; and the present work, in our estimation, well calculated to increase it.

The arrangement is most laborious, and very peculiar. In addition to the biographical sketches, nearly nine hundred pages of closely printed letterpress are surrounded by marginal aphorisms; for instance, from page the first, "Ignorance is the parent of doubt, and doubt the parent of irreligion." "All is hollow when the heart bears not a part;" and "All is peril, where principle is not the guide." "Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame." "The wit of a fool is like an edged tool in the hands of a child."

If, therefore, our "commendations, make the labour light, the wit studious, and the hope rich,"—(see page 654)—we sincerely hope that Mr. Maunder will find this work be to him 'A Treasury,' which will make his wit more studious, and his future labours as useful, and more light.

The Temptation of Adam and Eve.—Exeter Hall.—Two pictures recently brought back from the United States, are now exhibiting at Exeter Hall, Strand, painted by Dubufe, a favorite pupil of the celebrated David, for the late Charles X.; their subjects are the Temptation of Adam and Eve and the Expulsion from Paradise. The first-mentioned is a fine illustration, poetical as well as graphical of the text:—Genesis, Chap. iii, ver. 4, 5, 6.

Our first parents are seated upon a bank, amid the embowering foliage of Eden: the form of Adam is one of manliest beauty, ere man was doomed
to live by the sweat of his brow. The artist has assuredly taken his thoughts of Adam's head from an old classic model of Jupiter, and the athletic limbs contrast well with the delicate portions of the gentle winning creature reclining beside him,—

"—fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works."—

The face of Eve is indeed 'divine' and her form and figure to the waist, at least, perfection.

The Expulsion, though a cleverly treated subject does not please us so well as its companion; the drawing of Eve is not perfect, it wants shortening, and that of Satan is too theatrical to be in perfect keeping with a picture, in all other respects, of so high a grade of art. Respecting Adam, it is hard to tell what must have been the contortions of man's form under so terrible a decree. The accessories act wonderfully appropriate; glaring lion,—the raging sea,—the lightning-riven tree,—all plainly tell the terrible tale

"Of man's first disobedience."

This is a subject for general inspection, and it is handled with such beauty and delicacy that all lovers of the arts will gladly visit it. Close observation must be given, duly, to discover the various accessories of the subject.

Burford's Panorama, Leicester Square.—Mr. Burford's panoramic view of Canton, the river Tigris and surrounding country, is by no means the least interesting of the many subjects which have come under our notice during the past month. The spectator has a varied, bustling, life-like portraiture of the great emporium for the sale of that invaluable herb, sacred to the

"Chinese nymph of tears—green tea!"

Vessels of all shapes, sizes and colours are crowding the river, creeks and wharfs, radiant with variegated streamers and awnings; some looking like small floating summer pavilions, so thickly are they decked with brilliant flowers in pots of porcelain; war, and other junk's, a mandarin boat, duck boats, joss-house or temple, pagodas, the French-folly, the Dutch-folly, Chi-nese eating, smoking, gambling, serving tea—a play enacted al fresco after the manner of the immortal Richardson, of fair-fame, in merry England, with some slight difference of costume, a painter, and picture in progress; all these, with an infinity of other incidents to boot—a clear and laughing sky over all—complete the novel, grotesque, and amusing details of this very excellent Panorama of a far-off and celebrated city.

This exhibition must be highly interesting to a large class of commercial men, whilst, with few exceptions, it speaks to the tastes of the community, being also in a complete change of style from former panoramic exhibitions.

——

The Battle of Arbela—an Embossed Tableau, in copper, in alto-relievo.—This interesting exhibition is a piece of very skilful silversmith's work, representing the Battle of Arbela, fought between Alexander the Great and Darius; executed by a Hungarian named Szentpeter, after the celebrated picture by Le Brun. It is beaten out of a thin sheet of copper.

The groups of combatants in the foreground, stand forward in very high relief, and none but a master hand, seconded by unwearied perseverance could have overcome the difficulties which the elaborate details of Le Brun's battle-piece must have presented.

The first attempt was a failure, and the sheet of metal is shown as an interesting proof of the arduous nature of the task, and of the triumph achieved by its accomplishment.

This very curious exhibition of Hungarian talent is under the patronage of the Prince Esterhazy, and has further claims upon the charitable sympathies of the British public, inasmuch as half the proceeds derived from the exhibition, are to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the late dreadful inundation at Pest.

——

Exhibition of Gothic Armoury. This very interestingly illustrative exhibition of the Weapons and Armour
of the Middle Ages, has been opened at great expense. The collection, principally formed from one of much celebrity, formerly the property of the well known "Armuriers," of Liege; with many suits of splendid armour, purchased in Italy, by the proprietors, from the descendants of the Regal House of Ferrara; together with specimens of weapons from every country of Europe, presents a very valuable study from its variety, value, and extent, alike to the antiquarian, artist, and amateur.

TYPOGRAPHY:

**The Undercliff, in the Isle of Wight.**—This model is constructed by L. L. Boscowen Ibbetson, Esq.; having, after a minute typographical survey, bestowed five years labour upon it. To be duly appreciated, let the spectator place himself as if he were seated in a boat, by which means he will be able to appreciate the relative heights of the numerous churches and the hills around. To one well acquainted with the Island, and its romantic scenery, this exhibition will afford a great treat, and to the stranger, a very accurate notion of the place itself.

**A Lesson from the Jew to the Christian.**—The Austrian Observer is full of eulogiums on the liberal conduct of the Jews of Pest; who, when the dearth was at the greatest, procured a quantity of flour and bread, and distributed 3,500 loaves among the distressed inhabitants, without distinction of religion, besides giving large supplies of meat and money.

**Singular attempt at Self-destruction.**—A poor woman, in a disordered state of mind, went a few days ago to the fountain, in the Place Royale, at Marseilles, and having divested herself of all her garments, except the undermost, got into the lower basin of the fountain, the water of which came above her waist, and placing herself under the fall from the upper basin, remained there until she was completely benumbed with cold. She kept off the assembled crowd from seizing her, by plentifully throwing the water over them. At length the police came up, and forcing her out of the basin, took the wretched maniac to the lunatic hospital.

**The Head Dress of the Greek Ladies in Smyrna,** which is called the lactico, is extremely pretty; indeed it is adopted by most of the European ladies, who have been long settled in Smyrna: it consists of a round scarlet cap, which is held on the hair, in some degree, by a long plaited tress of hair, which is passed twice round it, leaving the scarlet peeping between; the back of the cap is adorned by an eagle, a star, or some other ornament, which is embroidered upon it in gold, and drooping from the centre in a purple silk tassel; some have it of silver, which is expensive, and a few there are of gold, which, of course, costs an immense price. The short embroidered jacket open at the bosom, and with tight sleeves, worn also by the Armenians, is also used much by Frank and Greek Females; it is picturesque, and its novelty pleases the European eye.

**Male Slaves Chained.**—All the male slaves had chains round their legs. The slave-dealers are mostly Egyptians. I could not ascertain for what price the slaves sold, but have been informed that it varies from sixteen pounds to six hundred, which has sometimes been given for a beautiful, accomplished, and youthful Georgian.

**The Seraglio at Constantinople.**—Whoever has been at Constantinople is expected to say something of the Seraglio. Its extent is said to be three miles in circumference. To describe it with any thing like accuracy, appears to me impossible, without sufficient time in it to explore and analyse the many subjects it offers for observation. It is a building of immense extent, but its different parts are so patched one upon another, that taken as a whole, it does not appear as one edifice. No sort of figure or form that ever was invented could give the remotest idea of the Seraglio. It resembles most a town, and consists of an immense number of houses, temples, turrets, court yards, domes, spires, minarets, archways, gateways, passages, galleries, balconies, all mixed together in the most strange and unconnected style that can be well imagined. Numerous are the walks, gardens, and fountains within the walls of the Seraglio, and a space of ground large enough to manoeuvre 10,000 cavalry. The gilding, painting, and varied coloured marbles, all wrought together, have a rich but gaudy appearance, much in the style of the old taste, as exhibited in the decorations of the palace of Versailles, still more elaborate, but less of judgment in the arrangement. But this immense pile, teeming with every symptom of eastern luxury, encumbered with profuse ornament, the work of thousands of men, the cost of millions of piastres, with its shady groves, its spreading lawns and fantastic bowers is now abandoned, and there is no doubt that the gardens will be suffered to become waste, and the buildings a ruin.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Coiffure par A. Hermanden, Passage Choiseul, 19.
Robe en tulle brodé au coton, et garnie de rubans des ateliers de M. Pellet, rue Richelieu.

The Court and Lady's Magazine and Museum united, Dobbs & Co. Publishers, 10 | 5 Curcy Street Lincolne Inn London.
LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin St.

Mantelet laineux en soie des Mmes. de Gagetin et Opie, à Richelieu.
Capote en soie garnie de fleurs de Messieurs des Mmes. de M. Pollet à Richelieu.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

May Fashions.

No. 1.—Ball Dress.—Dress of tulle over white satin. Corsage à pointe, with three seams in front, each seam ornamented with a wreath of small flowers (see Plate). Sleeves short and tight, in small flat folds or plaits, but without any gathers whatever; the bottom of the sleeve finished with a wide fall of tulle, in style of a ruffle, but of an equal depth all round, and set on in even plaits. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce, headed by a puffed trimming of alternately white and coloured gauze; a smaller trimming of the same description goes round the sleeve and bosom of the dress, and makes a pretty finish to a guimpe, which is worn inside the corsage (see Plate). Hair, in nattes à la Clotilde, coming very low at each side of the face; the braid at back, retains barbes or lappets of blonde, which, falling low, give much grace to the figure. A full wreath of roses and drooping flowers crosses the head, and descends quite low at the left side. Half-long white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with a ruche of tulle. White satin shoes.

Fig. 2.—Dress of crape over satin. Corsage à pointe, front and back. A wreath of flowers supplies the place of the gauze trimming on the other dress. In all other respects the toilette is similar to the one just described.

No. 2. Walking Dresses.—Toilette de Longchamps. Dress of violet gros de Naples; low corsage; the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce of the same. Mantelet of black taftetas, gathered into bands in the centre of the back, and on each shoulder, so as to set neatly and closely. The mantelet is trimmed all round with very deep lace. Hat of poux de soie; the front deep, and évaseé; the trimming, which is very full, is of wide ribbon (see Plate), and a bunch of flowers is placed at the left side of the crown, in a drooping position. White kid gloves; black shoes; silk stockings.

Fig. 2.—Half-high dress of poux de soie. Corsage tight, en cœur. Sleeves plain, and tight to the arm. The flounce at the bottom of the dress is headed by a bouillon of the same (see Plate). Square shawl of satin, gorge de pigeon, trimmed all round with white blonde à la mécanique. Hat of poux de soie, smaller, but, in other respects, similar, to that on the other figure. The trimming underneath the front of the hat is of tulle à mèches carrées (square net). Hair in ringlets. A deep fall of lace goes over the corsage, in place of a collar, and is fastened in front by a large brooch. Cambic ruffles; black shoes; white gloves.

THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[We do not, in future, pledge ourselves, after a few days from the day of publication, to give the same Fashion Plates, as here described; but to supply Fashions of a subsequent date, in order that purchasers of this work, for the sake of its literature and portraits, may also have the latest fashions; but the plates of Fashions so given, will be different to any inserted in the monthly numbers of this periodical, yet drawn, engraved, and coloured by the same hands. The Fullet, indeed, is published in eighty-four numbers, during the year, at Paris, so that there is ample selection and variety, and perhaps many of our readers might be glad to know how they could obtain that work. It is published by Mr. Dubois, in London, and can be had of all booksellers, in the country, at 31. a-year. or 10s. 0d. a quarter, once, or twice a month.]

Paris, April 24th, 1838.

I have been deliberating, ma toute aimable amie, as to whether I would write to you this week, having done so, so lately; but, as I had not room to give you an account of Long-Champs in my last, I fear, if I do not write, your spring fashions will be sadly out of date. I must first tell you, that my little Georgina Frederica is the sweetest
and most thriving baby you ever saw, and promises to be even handsomer than any other children. You would be delighted to see how intelligent she is already. I took her with me to Long-Champs the other day, and she created quite a sensation, I assure you. By the way, our Long-Champs was very brilliant; more so, than these last three or four seasons. The weather, perhaps, was more propitious: for, though cold, the days were fine.

The first day, white hats were universally to be seen; the few that deviated from this general mode, wore straw-coloured poux de soie. On the second day, blue was the prevailing colour; and, on the third, pink hats were as prevalent as the white had been on the first day. Of course, these colours will remain in fashion the greater part of the summer. The material most in vogue, seems again to be paille de riz. The ribbons of some, white, edged with green, a small bunch of follettes, placed rather in a drooping position at one side; the ornaments beneath the fronts of the hats, being small flowers, made of marabout tips. Some other pailles de riz were trimmed with a quantity of bright green ribbon, of the beautiful tint of the new grass. A bunch of lilac, or of the fruit and blossoms of the nut-tree, or of the oak, with its bright green acorns, was the ornament. With this, roses, or mixed flowers, were worn underneath. The materials most in vogue, were watered gros de Naples and poux de soie. But oh! what a difference in size! The forms adopted by their royal Highnesses, the Duchesses of Orleans, and of Wurtemberg, and, indeed, by all our ladies of the very highest rank, being that of the pretty bibi bonnets, that made such furur a few years since. They are not, indeed, so small as those bonnets were, for, after the immense ones lately worn, that might seem ridiculous, but are merely two or three little sizes larger than our favourite bibis. The crowns are still inclined to go a good deal back; the fronts are eauée, and set very round to the face, coming quite low at the sides. If I could venture to use a French phrase, without your being very angry (for you know you say that, if I interlard my English with French, I never shall be able to write the former perfectly), I would say that the face is en cadrée, by these bonnets, in a manner that renders them perfectly becoming. The hair, worn with them either in bandeaux, or in ringlets, looks equally well.

Some of the most elegant dresses at Long-Champs, were en tunique. I told you, in my last letter, that tunics were fashionable in grand costume. Those at Long-Champs were made in the following manner:—The dresses were of gros de Naples or poux de soie; the corsages half-high en cœur; the skirt finished at bottom with one deep flounce; a second flounce, much less deep, commencing at the waist, went down each side of the dress, in the style of robings. This flounce was rounded at the bottom, and then carried round the entire back of the dress, giving the effect of two dresses of the same colour being worn one over the other, the outside, or upper dress, being a short one. Some of these had, I assure you, a very pretty effect. The sleeves seem still undecided. Some were plain and tight, without the slightest trimming whatever; others tight, with three frills; others, again, with only one deep frill; and some brought low and plain upon the shoulder, and then full, as far as the elbow; the remainder tight; a deep cuff, turned up at the wrist, and, in default of this, a ruffle.

The most fashionable material of all to be seen, were silks producing different shades; in fact, a revival of those anciently called gorge de pigeon. Shades of green and purple, of purple and orange, of green and orange, and of pink and blue, intermingling with each other, seemed the most prevailing. I cannot say that these silks will be generally adopted: they seem to be too bye-gone to become favourites again, as they were in the time of our great grandmothers. I observed some shawls of satin gorge de pigeon, trimmed all round with black or white lace, or blonde à la mécanique.

Black shoes, with gaubers of the colour, and frequently of the same material as the dress, are coming into vogue. Collars, I have told you, are out, and their place supplied by frills, of one single fall of deep lace, headed by a bouillon, in which a coloured ribbon is
inserted. Ruffles are to match these frills, the lace not very deep, however; the ends of the ribbon brought out on the top of the wrist, and fastened in a bow or rosette.

The designs of the newest fancy silks or stuffs are, small stripes rather distant from each other, and very small bouquets, or leaves, or spots, or minute flowers in diamonds over the whole, but very far apart. Others are checks, with the same minute and distant pattern of flowers, &c. Some of the newest washing silks, guinghams, and coloured muslins are of two colours, blue and bois (brown), blue and écrue, pink and yellow, &c. &c. These I do not consider very pretty, still they are new, and with some, novelty is everything. The newest mousselines de laine are very small, and distant bouquets of flowers upon white, drab, dust-colour, pale buff, écrue, or light pearl-grey grounds. No changes have taken place in ball-dresses since I wrote last. Dresses of rich silks, satins, damasks, and velvets, are still made à l‘antique, with open skirts and slight trains. Some corsages are literally covered with jewels, and rich deep laces and blondes are in as much repute as ever.

Blonde, tulle, and crape, are the materials adopted for dancing dresses; tunics are still in high favour, and garnitures of flowers more sought after than ever.

The fashion of trimming the dresses with marabouts is not at all on the decline; they are frequently intermingled with artificial flowers, as I have before described to you, and have really a light and pretty effect. I have had a peep at some lovely dresses prepared for the approaching warm spring days; they are composed of organdy (book muslin), embroidered all over in small detached bouquets of coloured flowers, the bouquets very light and far apart. A trimming of the same muslin, with an overcast (scollor) at the edge, goes round the neck of the dress, which is made half high, (en cœur) and a good deal open in front; the trimming is then carried down the entire front of the skirt, and can even go round the bottom of the dress and form a flounce. The sleeves are plain some way below the shoulder, where they are full in one or two puffs, as far as the elbow; the remainder of the sleeve is tight to fit the arm: two frills, overcast in the same way as the trimming, down the front of the dress, are put on the sleeve exactly above where the fulness begins. A dress of this kind, worked as I have described in coloured worsteds, the flowers red or blue, the overcasting green, the same as the foliage, forms the prettiest toiletté imaginable.

They say that coloured silk mantelets will be fashionable this spring, trimmed with black or white lace: and I have seen some in preparation, made of organdy, and lined with coloured taffetas or gauze; these were trimmed with white lace.

Aprons.—The newest are made of striped silks, one or two colours. They are cut out at the bottom in three large dent de loup, or deep mitres, edged all round with a fine silk cord, and a tassel depending from the point of each dent or mitre. The pockets are on the inside; the pocket holes edged with the same cord, and finished at the bottom by a tassel.

Colours.—The prevailing shades for hats are white, blue, pink, and paille for dresses; every shade of grey, écrue, and grass green.

Now ma chere amie, that I have put you in a fair way of introducing our newest fashions in your gay metropolis, I shall take my leave.—Adieu donc.

Je t‘embrasse, et te prie de croire, à
l‘affection sincère de ton amie,

L. De F——.

Contagion.—It is generally admitted, that those who take the greatest precautions are frequently amongst the first victims of the plague; because he who is always taking some precaution to avoid the malady, is always thinking of it, and in nine cases out of ten, always fearing it. This brings on a sort of feverish anxiety, and if they have any lassitude or feebleness, or in fact any thing in the least degree the matter with them, they then become susceptible of imbibing the contagion. The first warning of the plague is head-ache; sometime after ulcers appear, and when they become black it seldom happens that the sufferer recovers: insanity generally takes place prior to dissolution. Lemonade is given in great quantities, which the person should constantly keep drinking. Herbe.
QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

March, 26, 1838.—This being the birthday of Prince George of Cambridge, the Queen Dowager and the Duchess of Gloucester paid congratulatory visits at Cambridge House. The Foreign Ministers, and many of the nobility, left their names during the day. His Royal Highness visited Her Majesty at the palace, also the Princess Augusta at St. James's Palace. The Duke, Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge honoured the Olympic theatre with their presence.

27.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback. The Duke of Cambridge gave a grand military dinner. The company included the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and many other distinguished officers.

29.—Her Majesty took an equestrian ride.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage and four.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Princess Augusta. The Duke of Cambridge honoured the Archbishop of York with his company to dinner.

The Queen accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, honoured the performance of Madame Fessiori in "La Somnambula," at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

29.—Her Majesty and her August are mother rode out on horseback.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent was attended by Lady Mary Stopford.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, visited her R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

April 1, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her August are mother attended divine service at the new Palace. The Rev. Dr. Short officiated, and the Bishop of Norwich preached the sermon.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

The Queen Dowager and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Bishop of London officiated in the communion service, and the Bishop of Ripon preached.

Her Majesty was attended by Countess Mayo and Earl Howe.

The Princess Augusta attended St. Philip's Chapel, Regent Street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

The Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended Grosvenor Chapel.

2.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback in the Parks.

The Queen Dowager took a carriage drive.

The Duchess of Kent visited the Princess Sophia, at Kensington Palace, after which Her Royal Highness visited Lady Conyngham.

The Duchess, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured the Earl and Countess of Jersey with their company at dinner, in Berkeley Square.

3.—Her Majesty entertained a party at dinner.

Lady Portman and Lady Gardiner succeeded the Countess of Durham and Lady Harriet Clive, as ladies in waiting; and Viscount Falkland and Mr. Rich, Lord Byron, and Sir Frederick Stovin, as Lord and Groom in waiting on Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta. A proclamation was passed at the Privy Council, appointing Her Majesty's Coronation to be on the 26th of June.

The Queen Dowager took an airing in an open carriage and four, and afterwards visited the Princess Augusta.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of Donizetti's new Opera, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

4.—The Queen honoured the performance of the Opera Lucia di Lammermoor, at her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence. The Duchess of Kent accompanied her Majesty.

Lady Portman, the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss, were in attendance on the Queen; and Lady Mary Stopford on the Duchess of Kent.

5.—The Queen held her first Drawing Room this season at St. James's. Her Majesty arrived at two o'clock, attended by the
Ladies and Gentlemen of her Household in Waiting, and escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Majesty was received by the Ladies of the Royal Household, and by the great Officers of State. The Duchess of Kent came in state to the Drawing Room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Royal Highness was attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Lieutenant-General the Honourable Arthur Upton, and Captain the Honourable J. Spencer. Her Royal Highness’s dress was composed entirely of British manufacture.

The Duke and Duchess, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, came in state. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Kneesebeek, and Countess Cornwall.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham; and the Duchess of Gloster were also present at the Drawing Room. A Guard of Honour of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, with the band in state uniform, were on duty. And the Queen’s Guard (of the Foot Guards,) were stationed with their band in the Colour Court, and saluted the members of the Royal Family on their arrival and departure.

Before the Drawing room, the Queen received (according to an annual custom, on the first Drawing room of the season), a Deputation of the Governors of Christ’s Hospital, consisting of Alderman Thompson, M.P. the President; Mr. R. H. Pigeon, the Treasurer, and several other gentlemen. Also the 40 Boys educated in the Royal Mathematical School, founded by King Charles the 2d. The boys exhibited their charts and drawings to Her Majesty.

Soon after two o’clock the entire company were admitted to the Throne Room. Her Majesty was attended by the Marchioness Lansdowne, (First Lady,) Lady Portman (in waiting,) Marchioness Tavistock, Countess Durham, and Countess of Charlemont. Ladies in waiting; Miss Cavendish, and Miss Lister, (in waiting,) Honorable Miss Pitt, Honorable Miss Dilson, and Miss Spring Rice, Maids of Honour; Lady Gardiner (in waiting,) and the Honorable Miss Brand, Bedchamber Women; the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse. Viscount Falkland, Lord in waiting; Vice Chamberlain, Treasurer of the Household, Comptroller of the Household, the Clerk Marshal, Mrs. Rich, Groom in Waiting; Col. Wemyss, Equerry in Waiting; and Master Cavendish, Page of Honour in Waiting.

In the circle, the following foreign presentations to Her Majesty took place.

Baroness de Cettio, the lady of the Bavarian Minister; and Princess Soutzo, the lady of the Grecian Minister, and her daughter, by Countess Sebastiani, the French Ambassador.

The following were also presented to the Queen. The Lady Maryeoss, by the Duchess of Somerset. The Drawing room was attended by the Austrian and Republican Ambassadors, as well as many other distinguished personages from foreign Courts, with their ladies.

The Drawing room was also attended by most of the Noble Dukes, Duchesses, and other distinguished persons then in town.

The following is a list of the nobility and gentry who had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty:—

Presented by
Allen, Miss ................ Lady Bulkeley Phillps
Ashburnham, Lady Kath ................ Countess Ashburnham
Adams, Lady ................ Marchioness Lansdowne
Achmuy, Miss ................ Her mother, Lady Blunt
Anson, Miss ................ Countess Liefield
Annesley, Hon. Mrs. ................ Countess Mountnorris
Barter, Lady Yarda ................ Duchess Somerset
Bridges, Lady ................ Lady H. Williams
Backhouse, Miss ................ Her mother, Mrs. Backhouse
Bathurst, Miss Harvey ................ Lady Knightley
Barrow, Miss ................ Lady Parker
Baring, Lady Ashburnham ................ Lord Denbigh
Browne, Mrs. Prideaux ................ Lady Yarde Buller
Barnard, Mrs. ................ Dowager Lady Rivers
Browne, Lady L ................ Her mother, Marchioness Sligo
Butt, Hon. Mrs. Thos. ................ Hon. Lady Cast
B-Dulph, Mrs. ................ Lady Cottenham
Bre-Chok, Countess ................ Lady Sarah Murray
Barrow, Lady ................ Lady Parker
Bateson, Miss ................ Viscountess Powerscourt
Bekeley, Lady C ................ Her sister, Countess Denbigh
Berkley, Lady M. ................ Lady Charlotte Berkeley
Browne, Lady E ................ Lady Charlotte Berkeley
Browne, Lady E ................ Her mother, Marchioness Sligo
Barham, Lady Katharine ................ Countess Verulam
Byng, Hon. Mrs. ................ Countess Albermarle
Burgesbey, Lady Wellington ................ Lady Maryborough
Bouverie, Miss M ................ Their mother, Hon. Mrs. P.
Bouverie, Miss C ................ Bouverie
Birkbeck, Mrs. ................ Marchioness Lansdowne
Berkley, Mrs. G ................ Lady Hardy
Bosanquet, Miss G ................ Lady Hardy
Biddulph, Mrs. K ................ Lady Cottenham
Biddulph, Miss ................ Biddulph
Bryan Mrs. ................ Countess Fingal
Bates, Miss ................ Bates, Miss
Bates, Mrs. ................ Bates, Miss
Bunt, Lady ................ Lady Catharine Cavendish
Bateson, Lady ................ Viscountess Powerscourt
Blake, Miss ................ Lady Johnson
Birkbeck, Miss ................ Marchioness Lansdowne
Blackwood, Miss Fanny ................ Mrs. W. Blackwood
Bushe, Miss G ................ Her sister, Mrs. H. Lampton
Bentinc, Miss ................ Lady H. Cholmoledey
Carroll, Miss ................ Her mother, Lady Carroll
Carroll, Lady ................ Marchioness Lansdowne
Chambers, Mrs. ................ Countess of Surrey
Cholmoledey, Marchioness ................ Countess Harrowby
Chandos, Marchioness ................ Countess Jersey
Caff, Mrs. ................ Marchioness Sligo
Cholmoledey, Lady H. ................ March. Cholmoledey
Caddock, Lady Augusta ................ Countess Caddock
Caddock, Lady Honoria ................ Countess Caddock
Canning, Lady ................ Marchioness Landowne
Clare, Countess Dowager ................ Duchess Countess of Sutherland
Cavendish, Hon. Mrs. ................ Lady Portman
Cavendish, Hon. Mrs. ................ Lady Portman
Cavendish, Mrs Har ................ Lady Cath. Cavendish
Clive, Mrs. Waggett ................ Lady Sondes
Compton, Lady M. ................ Lady Queenbury
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Presented by</th>
<th>Queen's Gazette.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Corry, Miss.</td>
<td>Johnston, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colville, Hon. Lady</td>
<td>Johnstone, Mrs. Hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colville, Miss</td>
<td>Johnstone, Miss L. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornwall, Miss</td>
<td>Kinloch, Dowager Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chichester, Lady Edw.</td>
<td>Kinloch, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craufurd, Miss</td>
<td>King, Hon. Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crofton, Lady</td>
<td>Kinloch, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crewe, Hon. Lady A.</td>
<td>King, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, Lady G.</td>
<td>Koeh, Mrs. Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calvert, Miss H.</td>
<td>Lyndhurst, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calvert, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>Law, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>Law, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummond, Miss T.</td>
<td>Dimsdale, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummond, Miss T.</td>
<td>Drummond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas, Mrs. Admiral</td>
<td>Drummond, Miss L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donkin, Lady A. M.</td>
<td>Dunscombe, Hon. Mrs. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickins, Lady Eliza</td>
<td>Dunscombe, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damer, Hon. Mrs. Dawson</td>
<td>Dunscombe, Miss Helen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damer, Lady Wharncliffe</td>
<td>Lawley, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devitt, Miss Helen</td>
<td>Lambert, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devitt, Mrs.</td>
<td>Leigh, Mrs. Tracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickinson, Mrs.</td>
<td>Ley, Lady Frances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domville, Miss</td>
<td>Ley, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domville, Miss</td>
<td>Manners, Rt. Hon. Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawley, Lady</td>
<td>Manners, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egerton, Lady</td>
<td>Muskerry, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egerton, Lady Charter</td>
<td>Montagu, Hon. Mrs. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Mrs. George</td>
<td>Montagu, Hon. Mrs. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliot, Lady Mary</td>
<td>Morgan, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellice, Lady Charlotte</td>
<td>Macnamara, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellice, Mrs. Russell</td>
<td>Mara, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellice, Miss</td>
<td>Marlay, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellard, Miss.</td>
<td>Majorbanks, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mildmay, Mrs. P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis, Mrs. John</td>
<td>Mildmay, Miss A. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mountnorris, Countess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitzwagram, Miss</td>
<td>Marshall, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitzwagram, Miss A.</td>
<td>Marshall, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher, Lady</td>
<td>Morier, Miss H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher, Mrs. Edw.</td>
<td>Morier, Mrs. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fanshawe, Mrs.</td>
<td>Fanshawe, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fanshawe, Miss M.</td>
<td>Fanshawe, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forestier, Miss Julia</td>
<td>Estate, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goring, Mrs.</td>
<td>Grenville, Lady A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grenville, Lady A.</td>
<td>Henniker, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrvey, Miss.</td>
<td>Hereditary, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope, Hon. Mrs. G.</td>
<td>Houghton, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh, Miss</td>
<td>Hughes, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunloke, Lady</td>
<td>Hunloke, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>Hubbard, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haddington, Countess</td>
<td>Haddington, Countess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Lady Eleanor</td>
<td>Howard, Lady Eleanor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>Hamilton, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Lady</td>
<td>Hamilton, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Mrs. H. H.</td>
<td>Hamilton, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Mrs.</td>
<td>Huntingdon, Countess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntingdon, Countess</td>
<td>Junction, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Presented by</th>
<th>Presenters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Johnston, Miss.</td>
<td>October 2nd, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnstone, Mrs. Hope</td>
<td>October 4th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnstone, Miss L. H.</td>
<td>October 6th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinloch, Dowager Lady</td>
<td>October 7th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinloch, Lady</td>
<td>October 9th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinloch, Mrs.</td>
<td>October 10th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King, Hon. Lady</td>
<td>October 11th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King, Miss.</td>
<td>October 12th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koeh, Mrs. Robert</td>
<td>October 13th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koeh, Mrs. Robert</td>
<td>October 14th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>October 15th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss.</td>
<td>October 16th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Mrs.</td>
<td>October 17th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Mrs.</td>
<td>October 18th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Mrs.</td>
<td>October 19th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 20th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 21st, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 22nd, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 23rd, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 24th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 25th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 26th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 27th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 28th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 29th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 30th, 1818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Miss</td>
<td>October 31st, 1818</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
6.—The Princess Augusta visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlboro' House.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Lord Hill with their company at dinner.

7.—Her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, visited the National Gallery. Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, and the officers of the Institution, received her Majesty and her august mother. The Queen was attended by Lady Portman, the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss; Lady Mary Stopford was in attendance on the Duchess of Kent.

Her Majesty and her august mother visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlboro' House.

8.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service at St. James's, accompanied by Lady Portman, Miss Cavendish, Miss Lister, Viscount Falkland, Mr. Rich, and Colonel Wemyss. Her august mother, by Lady Mary Stopford. The Queen Dowager by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle, and Earl Howe; and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service at St. Philip's, Regent Street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

9.—The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

10.—Her Majesty held a Court, at which Count Sebastiani, the French Ambassador, had an audience, to take leave on going abroad. The Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Sussex visited her Majesty. The Princess Augusta removed from St. James's Palace to Clarence House, and received visits from Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty left Town for Windsor Castle, with her august mother, attended by Lady Portman, in an open carriage with four, escorted by a party of Lancers. The royal suit consisted of Lady Mary Stopford, Miss Cavendish, Miss Lister, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, and Col. Wemyss. Her Majesty entered the park by the Mar-
The Earl of Surrty attended at the Palace, and conducted her Majesty to her carriage.

April 11.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle, and Earl Howe, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, arrived at Marlborough House, on a visit to her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Her Majesty arrived at Windsor Castle, from Town, soon after five o’clock in the afternoon.

April 12.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, left town for Bushy Park, when her Majesty partook of a lunch, and returned in the evening.

April 13.—Good Friday. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in St. James’s church.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service in St. Philip’s, Regent-street, attended by Lady Mary Pelham.

13.—Her Majesty attended divine service, performed in St. George’s chapel, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Lady Portman, Miss Lister, Miss Cavendish, Mr. Rich, M. P., Col. Wemyss.

Her Majesty, and the royal party, walked on the slopes, and on the terrace of the Castle.

14.—Sunday. The Queen attended divine service, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and other distinguished members of the royal household.

Her Majesty took her usual equestrian exercise, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and other distinguished individuals of the household.

The Queen Dowager, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, and his serene Highness Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, attended divine service at the chapel royal, St. James’s. The Archbishop of York preached the sermon.

16.—The Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited Christ’s Hospital, on Sunday evening.

The Duchess and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence-house.

Her Majesty’s royal gate alms, (formerly distributed at the gate of Whitehall-palace) were given away by Mr. Hanby at the Almshouse, to 168 poor men and women, all of them infirm, and above 60 years old, both men and women received thirteen shillings each.

The Princess Augusta, visited her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.

The weather prevented her Majesty leaving the Castle.

18.—The Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager.

The Princess Augusta dined with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Prince George, and the Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, visited the Opera, on Tuesday evening.

The very cold weather prevented her Majesty leaving the Castle. The additional arrivals were Lord Gardiner, Hon. C. Murray, Lord Torrington, Lord Durham, Lord Glenelg, Lord and Lady Uxbridge, and Lady Eleonora Paget.

19.—The Duchess of Cambridge honoured the performance of Donizetti’s new Opera with his presence.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty walked on the slopes at Windsor, for a short time.

20.—The Princess Augusta had a dinner party, the company included their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

22.—Sunday. The Queen Dowager attended by the Countess of Mayo, Miss Boyle and Earl Howe; and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service at St. James’s.

The Princess Augusta attended divine service at St. Philip’s, Regent-street, with Lady Mary Pelham.

Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, visited the National Gallery.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Col. Wood, with their company at dinner, at Littleton.

24.—Her Majesty and her august mother, attended by Lady Batham, arrived at the New Palace, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, from Windsor. Her Majesty’s suite, including the Hon. Misses Murray and Paget, Lady Gardiner, Baroness Lehzen, Miss Davys, Lady Mary Stopford, and Col. Wemyss, followed in two carriages and four. Her Majesty was received at the Palace by the Master of the Horse, and Lord Gardner, and Hon. C. Murray, Lord and Groom in waiting.

The Queen honoured the performance of Otello, at her Majesty’s Theatre, with her presence.

25.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council, at the New Palace, which was attended by the Lord President, first Lord of the Treasury, Secretaries of State, first Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary at War, Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse.

Her Majesty had afterwards a dinner party.

This being the birth-day of the Duchess of Gloucester, H. R. H. received congratulatory visits from the Princess Augusta, Duke of Cambridge, Prince George, and other members of the Royal Family, Foreign Ministers, and many of the nobility left their names.
The Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

26.—Her Majesty went from the New Palace to St. James’s, with her suite, in three carriages, and held a drawing-room, the second this season.

The Duchess of Kent came in state to the drawing-room, escorted by a party of Life Guards. H. R. H. was attended by Lady Flora Hastings, Gen Sir Geo. Anson, and Capt. Hon. Frederick Spencer.

Her Royal Highness’s dress, on this occasion, was composed entirely of British manufacture.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Col. Cornwall. The Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham, and Sir Benjamin Stephenson. The Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Caroline Legger. The Duke of Sussex, was also present at the drawing-room.


At the entrée, the following (foreign) presentation to her Majesty took place—

Madame P. Raill, the Lady of the Greek Consul-General, by Princess Soutzo, the Lady of the Grecian Minister.

The entrée drawing-room, was attended by the Ambassadors, &c. from foreign courts, and many other noble and distinguished personages.

The following ladies were presented to her Majesty:—

Presented by

Antrobus, Lady Countess of Charlemont
Antrobus, Miss
Antrobus, Mrs. A. Their mother, Lady Antrobus
Allen, M. Mrs. Maltby Ashbrook, Viscountess. March of Downshire
Brown, Mrs. Gore Lady Langdale Blane, Lady. . . . . . Duchess of Somerset
Barrington, Viscountess. Lady C. Barrington
Burrowes, Mrs. W. . . . . . Lady E. Bruce
Bourne, Miss S. . . . . . Mrs. Howley
Cotts, Miss Angela Burdett. Lady Langham
Cox, Miss Laura . . . . . Mr. T. Cox
Cowell, Mrs. S. . . . . . . Hon. Mrs. Westmor
Coventry, Miss C. . . . . .
Conolly, Mrs. . . . . . Countess of Charlemont
Cooper, Miss C. C. Their mother, Mrs. Cooper
Cooper, Miss C. C. Their mother, Mrs. Cooper
Dungarvon, Viscountess. Dowager Lady Clinton
Dinsdale, Miss. Her mother, Baroness Dinsdale
Dillon, Viscountess. Dowager Viscountess Dillon
Douglas, Lady Frances . . . . . Countess of Morton
Fitzroy, Mrs. Hugh. . . . . . Countess of Euston
Flower, Hon. Miss Her mother, Viscountess
Grosvnor, Mrs. Lady Willoughby d’Eresby

Presented by

Gomm, Lady Marchioness Lothian
Gurney, Mrs. . . . . . Lady F. Wemyss
Gordon, Lady Duff. Countess Charlemont
Gordon, Miss Duff . . . . . Lady Duff Gordon
Gosling, Mrs. Robert. Lady Cottenham
Gage, Mrs. . . . . . Dowager Lady Clinton
Gage, Miss Sophia. Her mother, Mrs. Gage Haggart, Miss. . . . . . Her sister, Mrs. Spiers Higgston, Lady Frances. Countess of Benholowley, Mrs. . . . . . Lady Manners Howard, Mrs. Robert. Countess of Wicklow
Johnston, Miss . . . . . Countess Delawarr
Johnstone, Mrs. Mary Hope. Visctts. Barrington
Kerr, Lady E.
Kerr, Lady L. Marchioness of Lothian
Kerr, Lady F.
Lawford, Mrs. Admiral. Lady A. Buller
Lothian, Marchioness . . . . . Lady Sarah Ingoldsby
Langham, Lady . . . . . Hon. Mrs. Abercomby
Langham, Miss . . . . . Lady Langham
Lechmere, Miss C. Her sister, Lady Saumarez
Morton, Countess of . . . . . Lady Portman
Mitford, Lady G. Countess of Ashburnham
Malyth, Mrs. Countess of Euston
Maule, Hon. Mrs. Hon. Mrs. Abercomby
Maclaine, Lady. . . . . . Lady F. Wemyss
Nugent, Lady Rosa. . . . . . Lady Gough
Nuford, Lady G. Countess of Ashburnham
Newark, Viscountess Countess Charlemont
O’Grady, Hon. Mrs. Hon. Mrs. B. Paget
Poultier, Mrs. B. Duchess of Somerset
Paget, Miss Laura . . . . . Mrs. Berkeley Paget
Pepys, Mrs. H. . . . . . Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Colonel Robertson, Miss of Holleraig
Robertson, Miss A. of Holleraig
Reeves, Mrs. Col. Sir H. Lady Howden Reeves, Miss. Her mother, Mrs. Col. Reeves Rolle, Lady. . . . . . Lady Clinton
Stuart, Hon. Frances. . . . . . Duchess of Somerset
Stuart, Hon. Cath. . . . . . Hon. Mrs. Erskine Somerville, Mrs. . . . . . Lady Langdale
Somerville, Miss. . . . . . Mrs. Somerville
Somerville, Miss M. . . . . . Miss
Sutton, Mrs. Naseau. . . . . . Lady Manners
Sutton, Miss Their mother, Mrs. N. Sutton
Smyth, Lady Elizabeth. Countess of Euston
Smyth, Mrs. Their mother, Lady E. Smyth
Smyth, Miss M. . . . . . Duchess of Somerset
Saumarez, Lady de . . . . .
Seavell, Lady Marchioness of Downshire
Spiers, Mrs. . . . . . Countess of Charlemont
Vyner, Lady M. . . . . . Countess de Grey
Willoughby, Hon. Mrs. . . . . . Lady W. de Eresby
Wingfield, Mrs. R. Her sister, Lady Cottenham
Wilson, Mrs. . . . . . Lady Walker
Watkins, Mrs. Her sister, Lady de Saumarez
Wynn, Hon. Lady W. . . . . . . Dow. Visctts. Dillon
Wynn, Miss H. W. . . . . . . .
Wentworth, Lady A. V. Lady Ernest Brooke
Wilbraham, Miss E. . . . . . . Mrs. Groenvan
Wilbraham, Miss J. . . . . . .

27.—Her Majesty honoured, with a visit, the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall East. Her
Majesty was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, Lady Barham, Lady Caroline Har- 
lington, Marquis Conyngham, Lord Gauden, 
Hon. C. Murray, and Col. Wemyss.

GUESTS AT HER MAJESTY'S TABLE.

H.R.H. Duchess of Kent, April 6, 9, 12, 15, 19, 29, 22. 
Duchess of Gloucester, April 3. 
Duchess of Cambridge, April 3. 
Prince George of Cambridge, April 3, 9. 
Princess Augusta of Cambridge, April 3. 
Duchess of Northumberland, March 28. 
Earl of Aberdeen, March 28. 
Viscount Powersworth, March 26. 
Viscount Melbourne, March 27, 28, April 2, 4, 6, 9, 19. 
The Lord Chamberlain, March 28, April 3. 
Sir Henry Wheatley, March 26. 
April 4. 
Mr. George Byng, M.P., March 28. 
Mrs. Byng, March 26. 
Viscount Falkland, March 27, April 12. 
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, March 27. 
Lady Agnes Byng, March 27. 
Hon. C. C. Cavendish, March 27. 
Lady Catherine Cavendish, March 27. 
The Lord Steward, April 2, 9. 
Hon. John Ponsonby, April 2. 
Archbishop of York, April 3. 
Miss Harcourt, April 3. 
Earl of Burlington, April 3. 
Earl Courtown, April 3. 
Earl Fingall, April 3. 
Countess Fingall, April 3. 
Countess of Burlington, April 3. 
Viscount Palmerston, April 3, 19. 
Hon. Lady Harriet Clive, April 3. 
Miss Clive, April 3. 
Lady Georgiana Bathurst, April 3. 
Miss Kerr, April 3. 
Colonel Cornwall, April 3. 
Lord Durham, April 4, 19. 
Countess Durham, April 4. 
Lady Mary Lambton, April 4. 
Lord Byron, April 4. 
Lady Byron, April 4. 
Lord John Russell, April 4, 19. 
Lady John Russell, April 19. 
Lord Gienelig, April 4, 19. 
Treasurer of the Household, April 6. 
Mr. Harcourt, April 6. 
Mrs. Harcourt, April 6. 
Baron Kneesebeck, April 9. 
Earl of Uxbridge, April 9, 19. 
Countess of Uxbridge, April 19. 
Viscount Morpeth, April 9. 
Viscount Sydney, April 9. 
Viscountess Sydney, April 9. 
Lady Caroline Barrington, April 9. 

Hon. Sir E. Cust, April 9. 
Lady Cust, April 9. 
The Clerk Marshall, April 9. 
Lord Alfred Paget, April 9. 
Lord Surry, April 12. 
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, April 12, 19. 
Mrs. Cavendish, April 12. 
Miss Cavendish, April 12, 19. 
Baroness Lehzen, April 12, 19. 
Lady Portman, April 12. 
Lady Mary Stopford, April 12, 19. 
Mr. Rich, April 12. 
Hon. Mrs. Gardiner, April 12. 
Miss Lister, April 12, 19. 
Miss Davis, April 12, 19. 
Colonel Wemyss, April 12, 19. 
Marquis Conyngham, April 13. 
Duke of Argyle, April 19. 
Lord Gardiner, April 19. 
Lady Barham, April 19. 
Lady E. Paget, April 19. 
Hon. C. Murray, April 19. 
Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cust, April 22.
HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—Up to Thursday the 5th, no change took place in the performances at this Theatre, a sufficient proof of Persiani’s success. Rubini and Tamburini were there, however, once more to be welcomed to the boards of which they are the most prominent ornaments. Donizetti’s Opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed for the first time in this country. It is a straggling adaptation of the Wizard of the North’s “Bride of Lammermoor.” Had the plot of that novel been closer abided by, the interest of the piece would have been far greater. As it is, it is a mere series of tableaux. Persiani becomes the greater favourite the oftener she is seen. Her conception of characters is remarkable for a musician. Rubini in the part of Edgar, and Tamburini as the Lord Ashton of the novel, were welcomed in a most gratifying manner. Signor Tatti, who sustained the part of Bucklaw, at a short notice, would do better if he did not attempt so much. Her Majesty was present at the first performance of the Opera, which we think likely to be a favourite.

On Saturday the 21st, Grisi made her re-appearance in Rossini’s *Otello*, to the manifest delight of her enthusiastic admirers. Persiani and Grisi can appear on the same stage without detracting from the merits of either. The one demands admiration, the other wins it. Lablache who also made his bow for the first time this season, is in fine voice, and performed the part of Elmiro with his usual excellence. The only other novelty is a poor Ballet called *Le Châlet*, founded on Donizetti’s *Betty*, brought out at the Opera Buffa last season.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that Albertazzi has been seriously indisposed, and with us be glad to hear that she is now convalescent.

Balf’s new Opera to be shortly produced, is founded on the tales of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Lablache will take the part of Sir John Falstaff. We expect a treat from this native importation to the Italian Opera House.

Z——VOL. XII.—MAY, 1838.

There has been open hostility evinced to the recent addition to the stalls; so much so, as to assume the character of a riot. When discord reigns at the Opera, where, alas! can we look for harmony?

COVENT GARDEN.—Lord Byron’s tragedy of *The Two Foscari*, was produced on the 7th ult. for the benefit of the Lessee.

The characters were thus sustained—Macready was the Doge; Jacopo, his son, Anderson; Loredano, the enemy of the family of Foscari, Ward; Barbarigo, a senator, Elton; and Marina, wife of the younger Foscari, Miss H. Faucit.

The plot of the piece is, by some, considered faulty, but it must be borne in mind that the play was never intended for the stage.

On the rising of the curtain, the auditor is at a loss to ascertain the reason of the deadly enmity borne by the Loredano to the House of Foscari, which is not fully explained throughout the piece. We will, however, supply the deficiency, by a poetic illustration from Rogers’s “Italy.”

"But whence the deadly hate
That caused all this—the hate of Loredano?
It was a legacy his father left him,
Who, but for Foscari, had reigned in Venice.

And, like the venom in the serpent’s bag,
Gathered and grew! nothing but turned to venom!

In vain did Foscari sue for peace, for friendship,
Offering in marriage his fair Isabel.
He changed not; with a dreadful piety,
Studying revenge; listening alone to those
Who talked of vengeance; grasping by the hand
Those in their zeal (and none, alas, were wanting.)
Who came to tell him of another wrong,
Done or imagined. When his father died,
'Twas whispered in his ear, ‘He died by poison.’
He wrote it on the tomb, (tis there in marble,)
And in his ledger-book—among his debtors—
 Entered the name ‘Francesco Foscari.’"
Leaving a blank—to be filled up hereafter. When Foscari’s noble heart at length gave way, he took the volume from the shelf again, Calmly, and with his pen filled up the blank, Inscribing, “He has paid me.”

The crime of Jacopo Foscarì, on which his father sits in judgment, is also left in a state of obscurity; we again refer to the above cited poem.

“Half withdrawn
A little to the left, sits one in crimson,
A venerable man, four-score and upwards.
Cold drops of sweat stand on his furrowed brow.
His hands are clenched; his eyes half shut and glazed;
His shrunk and withered limbs rigid as marble,
’Tis Foscarì, the Doge. And there is one,
A young man lying at his feet, stretched out in torture. ’Tis his son, his only one;
’Tis Giacomo, the blessing of his age.
(Say, has he lived for this?) accused of murder,
The murder of the senator Donato.
Last night the proofs, if proofs they are, were dropped into the Lion’s mouth, the mouth of brass, That gapes and gorges; and the Doge himself,
(’Tis not the first time he has filled this office.) Must sit and look on a beloved son suffering the torture.”

We find by consulting the histories of the Republic, by Daru and Sismondi, that the younger Foscarì was first banished to Napoli di Romania, for receiving presents from Philippe Visconti, in the year 1445, and accused in the year 1450, of the murder of Donato, of which he ought to have been acquitted from the confession of Nicholas Erizzo; but he was banished to Candia, and only again brought to Venice to be subjected to the torture for having written for protection to the Duke of Milan. At the time of his return he is first introduced into the drama. With these brief explanations, the plot may, we think, become perfectly intelligible.—Jacopo Foscarì, son of the Doge, is condemned to exile for crimes which his father’s Venetian sense of honour considers meet for punishment; but not so Marina, the young man’s wife, who could not behold in the object of her love a single stain. In vain she alternately upbraids and supplicates,—the old Doge is firm, although the feelings of the father strive to trample on the duties of the senator. The son is about to be banished for ever—but ere he goes, the Doge, at length, consents to embrace his only child. And here, the hatred of Loredana, which winds throughout the whole play, stands out in fine relief. They are about to part. But the heart of Jacopo, which seems to live alone for Venice, the land of his birth—burst upon his native soil. He dies at the Doge’s feet. Scarcely has the heart-broken old man poured forth his stifled tenderness o’er the body of his child, ere he hears that he is deposed. It is more than his strength can bear; yet he combats his intriguers well. But as he is about to quit the palace, by the same public steps he entered it, (not by a private way,) the cold corse of his son is carried past him from the palace. The spirit of the poor old man cannot bend—it breaks at once, and as the curtain falls, he dies upon the body of his child.

We will now give a few of the beauties of the play, which stand prominent on the stage, and, in our way, throw out a few hints to the performers.—Much of the first act has been judiciously omitted, as the play would have been too long to sustain its fair interest. Although we generally admire greatly the acting of Miss Helen Faucit, we like not her conception of the character of Marina. She overacted the part; and, as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, she often reminded us of a school-girl or tomboy put out about her new dress, or some such trifle, or a scolding wife, than the bride of Foscarì, who died for love of Venice. Less straining after effect would have been better: as when she delivered

“Not his; no!
He shriek! no, that should be his father’s part,
Not his—not his—he’ll die in silence.”

We speak to Miss Faucit in kindness, as she is now perhaps the best tragic actress on the stage; and how effective might the above passage have been made by one of her powers! Miss Faucit however improves in parts, for instance.

“What!
Are judges, who give way to anger? they
Who do so are assassins. Give me way.”
The scene which occupies the whole of the second act, and is said to be from a pencil-sketch of Macready, when in Venice, is exceedingly beautiful. It represents an apartment in the Ducal palace, ornamented with the portraits of the doges; even the black curtain, inscribed "Hic est locus Marini Falericri pro criminibus decapitati," hangs conspicuous near the "giant staircase," down which—

"the grisly head of old Falerio Rolled from the block."

We pass on to where Marina, pleading with the Doge, calls forth the epithet of "child."

"Call me not ‘child!’ You soon will have no children—you deserve none—You who can talk thus calmly of a son, In circumstances which would call forth tears Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep. Their boys who died in battle, it is written, That they beheld them perish piece-meal, nor Stretch’d forth a hand to save them! Done. You behold me. I cannot weep—I would I could; but if Each white hair on this head were a young life, This ducal cap, the diadem of earth, This ducal ring, with which I wed the waves A talisman to still them;—I’d give all For him."

Miss Faucit is good in—

"I do—I do—and so should you, methinks— That these are demons; could it be else that Men, who have been of women born and suckled— Who have loved, or talk’d at least of love— have given Their hands in sacred vows—have danced their babes Upon their knees, perhaps have mourn’d above them In pain, in peril, or in death—who are, Or were, at least, in seeming, human, could Do as they have done by yours, and you yourself, You, who abet them?"

And the Doge when talking to Loredano.

"I!—Tis true Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter As their son e’er can be, and I no less Was theirs; but I was openly their foe; I never work’d by plot in council, nor Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret means Of practice against life by steel or drug. The proof is, your existence."

And—

"So that Methinks we must have sinn’d in some old world, And this is hell: the best is, that it is not Eternal!"

Anderson’s acting deserves great praise. We will quote part of his opening soliloquy in the dungeon.

"What letters are these which Are scrawl’d along the inexorable wall? Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names Of my sad predecessors in this place; The dates of their despair, the brief words of A grief too great for many. This stone page Holds, like an epitaph, their history, And the poor captive’s tale is graven on His dungeon’s barrier, like the lover’s record Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears His own and his beloved’s name. Alas! I recognize some names familiar to me, And blighted like to mine, which I will add, Fittest for such a chronicle as this, Which only can be read, as writ by wretches."

And the end of the third act is beautiful.

"Dogel. Boy! no tears.
Marina. Let them flow on: he wept not on the rack To shame him, and they cannot shame him now They will relieve his heart—that too kind heart— And I will find an hour to wipe away Those tears, or add my own."

And the love of Jacopo for his country is finely told.

"Never yet did mariner Put up to patron saint such prayers for prosperous And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you, Ye tutelar saints of my own city! which Ye love not with more holy love than I, To lash up from the deep the Adrian waves, And waken Auster, sovereign of the tempest! Till the sea dash me back on my own shore A broken corse upon the barren Lido, Where I may mingle with the sands which skirt The land I love, and never shall see more!"

And his death is exceedingly beautiful.

"Jacopo Foscari. I doubt not. Father—wife.—Your hands.
Marina. There’s death in that damp, clammy grasp.
Oh, God!—My Foscari, how fare you?
Jacopo Foscari. Well!"
And Marina’s grief and chiding of the old Doge.

"Dogé. — Daughter!
Marina. — Hold thy peace, old man!
I am no daughter now — thou hast no son.
Oh, Foscari!"

Again, when about to quit the Palace.

"No. I
Will now descend the stairs by which I
mounted
To Sovereignty — the giant’s stairs, on whose
Broad eminence I was invested duke.

But, come; my son and I will go together—
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine."

"The people! There’s no people, you well
know it,
Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.
There is a populaе, perhaps, whose looks
May shame you; but they dare not groan
nor curse you,
Save with their hearts and eyes."

And the old man’s death.

"Barbarigo. — I pray you sit.
Dogé. — No; my seat here has been a
throne till now.
Marina! let us go.
Marina. — Most readily.
Dogé (walks a few steps, and then stops.)
— I feel a thirst; will no one bring me here
a cup of water?
Barbarigo. — I
Marina. — And I —

Loredano. — And I —
(The Doge takes a goblet from the Hand of
Loredano.)
Dogé. — I take yours, Loredano, from the
hand
Most fit for such an hour as this.

Loredano. — Why so?
Dogé. — ‘Tis said that our Venetian crys-
tal has
Such pure antipathy to poison, as
To burst if aught of venom touches it.
You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.
Loredano. — Well, sir!
Dogé. — Then it is false, or you are true;
For my own part, I credit neither; ’tis
An idle legend.
Marina. — You talk wildly, and
Had better now be seated, nor as yet
Depart. Ah! now you look as looked my
husband!
Barbarigo. — He sinks! I support him—
quick — a chair — support him!
Dogé. — The bell tolls on! Let’s hence;
my brain’s on fire.
Barbarigo. — I do beseech you, lean on
us.
Dogé. — No!
A sovereign should die standing. My poor
boy,
Off with your arms! That bell!

(The Doge drops down, and dies.)

And here the curtain falls upon the sor-
rows of the lovely Marina.

We must be excused for the straggling
manner in which we have extracted
from the Tragedy; but we knew no
other way in which the beauties could
be consecutively pointed out, and as
we fear, however, fine as many por-
tions of the play are, that it is not of a
nature to ensure a long run; we wish
all who really love fine imagery and
language, to go with a guide in their
hands.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 6th of April, the lady of John
Vaughan, Esq. of Watlington Park, Oxford-
shire, a daughter.
On the 9th, at Wilton-place, Belgrave-
square, Mrs. A. R. Twine, of a son.
On the 8th of April, in Hunter-street,
Brunswick-square, the lady of the Hon.
R. V. Powys, of a son.
On the 7th of April, at the Vicarage,
Cawthorne, near Barnsley, York, the lady of
the Rev. A. M. Parkinson, of a daughter.
On the 23rd of April, at St. Heller’s, the
lady of Frederick William Hill, Esq. 10th
Regiment, of a daughter.

Marriages.

On the 27th of March, at Marylebone
Church, by the Rev. Haviland de Sau-
marez, M.A., James de Saumarez, Esq.,
of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to
Eliza Frances, eldest daughter of Frederick
de Lisle, Esq., of York-place, Portman-
square.
On the 4th of April, at Weymouth, by the
Rev. Willoughby Bracey, the Rev. George
Cesar Hawkins, Vicar of Pinhoe, Devon,
second son of John Caesar Hawkins, Bart.
to Eleanor, eldest daughter of George Villiers
Villiers, Esq., late of the Royal Horse
Guards.

Deaths.

On the 28th of March, in the 31st year of
his age, the Rev. John Southwell Hill, M.A.
third son of the late Benjamin Hill, Esq. of
the Island of Barbadoes.
On the 11th ult., at Paris, the Rev. John
Devereux, formerly one of the Chaplains at
Moorfields Catholic Chapel.
Fig. 1. Ancient British female.

Fig. 2. Queen of the Saxon race, 9th Century.

Fig. 3. Episode in the life of the Saxon race.

Fig. 4. Queen of the Saxon race, 9th Century.

Fig. 5. Episode in the life of the Saxon race.

Fig. 6. Lady in full dress of the 9th and 10th Centuries.

Fig. 7. Lady of distinction in full dress.

Fig. 8. Lady in full dress.

Fig. 9. Episode in the life of the Saxon race.
OUTLINES OF BRITISH FEMALE COSTUME.

(GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.)

Subject matter of the Plate in the Present Number, in Illustration of an Article at p. 276.

Figure 1.—Ancient British Female.
Figure 2.—Bonduca, Queen of the Icenii. A.D. 61.
Figure 6.—Anglo-Saxon Lady of Distinction, of 8th century, in Full Dress. From Cottonian MS. Claudius, b. iv.
Figure 9.—Winter, or Riding-dress, of Anglo-Saxon Female of 8th century. Cottonian MS.
Figure 10.—Anglo-Saxon Lady in Full Dress of the 9th and 10th centuries. From Harleian MS. 2908.
Figure 11.—Anglo-Saxon Matron; a muffler on the left hand. From Harleian MS. 2908.
Figure 12.—Ethelhrytha, a Princess of East Anglia. From the Duke of Devonshire’s Splendid Benedictional of the 10th century.
Figure 13.—Alfgjof, Queen of Cnut. Dress of Danish period. From MS. Register of Hyde Abbey.
Figure D.—Anglo-Saxon Ring, inscribed, Ahlstan, Bishop of Sherborne. From the Archaeologia, vol. iv. p. 47.

The placing before the public eye any branch of history accurately illustrated, furnishes, in our humble judgment, an aliment for the curiosity of amateurs, a text for the investigations of the student, as well as the learned, and an agreeable variety for the general reader. To make much progress, however, the union of the joint character of artist and antiquarian is indispens: for, if it require an experienced hand to re-produce, with accuracy and elegance, the crumbling monuments of antiquity, it demands, also, some little research to clear up the obscurities presented in the representations of the scenes of by-gone ages.

Our present endeavour will also form an agreeable rest in the full-length series of portraits, which we have conti-
nued for some years, whilst, with a new reign, the minds of all men are, as it were, predisposed to look to the beginning, as well of our state and customs, as of our national costume of the earliest periods: and we shall avail ourselves of the interval, in providing still choicer stores of a truly historical case for the delight and amusement of our readers. The Bayeux Tapestry is well known, yet but few persons have seen the old, worm-eaten relic which represents, indisputably, the greatest event of the eleventh century, which involved the destinies of Europe at that epoch of the world; which, nevertheless, furnishes alike a faithful portraiture of the costume, armour, and usages of the period.

Again: how little known is the pro-

fusjon of taste, talent, and unwearyed labour which was lavished, during the middle ages, upon the illuminated books throughout Europe—the Bibles, Psalters, Missals, Livres des Heures, Libri Bestiarum, &c. &c., with all their world of grotesque and arabesque (the graphic epigrams of the time), quaint groupings, and miniature likenesses of the rich, and noble, and saintly possessors! Well has one (recently deceased), most competent in matters of taste generally, but, in this department of national art especially, remarked, that, "it is to be regretted that we possess but very incomplete accounts of those artists of the thirteenth and following centuries to whom we are indebted for the laborious, and often splendid performances, which decorate the choral books and other manuscripts written in Italy (and other parts of Europe) during those periods. Sometimes, it is true, these illuminations were the work of monks and nuns, and other religious persons, who, being insufficiently instructed in design, could do little more than evince their devotion to their patron saints by the prodigal use of gold and fine colours. Stil, it is certain, that the leisure of a cloister often produced artists of great ability in this way; and, besides these, Italy has been at all times provided with schools of professed illuminists, or miniature painters, of a superior order, whose works are alike estimable for their beauty, and interesting as ex-

amples, showing generally, though upon a small scale, the style of art that prevailed at the time, and in the schools, in which they were done; and these specimens are, in many cases, found in a more perfect state of preservation than the frescos, and other large works of painting remaining to us, of the same periods. To this it may be added, that the processes which were resorted to by the ancient illuminists, in preparing and laying on the different metals used in decorating their paintings, and in mixing their colours, have long ceased to be remembered; so that, whatever performances of this kind now remain to us, merit also our regard as—the monuments of a lost art."

The art of ornamenting manuscripts in gold, silver, and colours, which prevailed in Europe from the fourth to the sixteenth century, inclusive, and which forms the connecting link (as Sir Frederick Madden very justly remarks) between the ancient and modern schools of painting, has hitherto received only a portion of that attention it is justly entitled to claim. "In regard to the works of Dr. Dibdin and M. D'Agincourt, they both labour under the same disadvantage, that of not representing the subjects to the eye by means of colours without which it is impossible to form a just notion of the style or execution of a miniature. Many of the specimens in the Decameron are engraved with a beauty beyond all praise, but they rather exhibit a tasteful selection from a certain number of beautiful MSS., accompanied by a running commentary, than a critical history of the progress of art. The author, indeed, very modestly, assumes the merit of producing a Sketch, capable, as he owns, of being filled up with the most costly and elaborate finishing. "The public taste in this department of the Bibliomania," observes Dr. Dibdin, "is yet partial, and not sufficiently cultivated; but a more intimate acquaintance with its characteristics will only convince the zealous student of its various and inexhaustible attractions."

Though the work of M. D'Agincourt has the superiority from its more elaborate character, still it is by no means complete, for were his specimens always faithfully delineated, (which there is
often reason to doubt) they are confined almost wholly to manuscripts executed by Greek and Italian artists, and afford only a casual and very unsatisfactory glimpse of the state of art in the greater portion of Europe. Great Britain, indeed, is wholly neglected, yet there are well founded grounds for belief, that more considerable progress in design and colouring had been made during the tenth and eleventh centuries in England and France, than in Italy.

Mr. Ottley, speaking of the illuminations in St. Ethelwold's Benedictio-

nary, (now in the Library of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and from which figure 12, plate 1, Anglo-Saxon period is taken) in a letter to Mr. Gage, printed in the Archæologia, vol. xxiv. p. 30, writes thus: "I can honestly say that I think them in the highest degree creditable to the taste and intelligence of this nation, at a period when in most parts of Europe the fine arts are commonly believed to have been at a very low ebb."

Sir F. Madden, in his very elegant specimens of "Illuminated Ornaments, selected from manuscripts of the middle ages," leaving, as he states, the history of the higher grade of miniature painting.—its rise, decline, revival, and final extinction,—to those who may hereafter be enabled to enter on it more fully," (and how desirable would it be, even if accomplished, in regard to Great Britain alone!) has confined himself (more especially) to general remarks on the practice and style of ornamenting manuscript volumes in gold and colours, more particularly as exemplified in borders, arabesques, and initial letters; on all of which the pencil has been exercised with an elaborate minuteness and beauty of execution, which, in some respects, may challenge more admiration than the larger and more masterly efforts of the limner."

The use of minimum, or vermilion, he adds, in marking the commencement, titles, or particular words of manuscripts, seems to be of very high antiquity, since we find it commonly in the Egyptian papyri, the earliest specimen of writing which has descended to modern times. In the same papyri often occur mythological figures, painted in red, blue, green, yellow, and white colours. From Egypt the practice may have passed to Greece and Rome; but, previous to the Christian era, no evidence exists of the mode of writing manuscripts in either country; and in the rolls of papyri discovered at Herculaneum (written in Italy, in the early half of the first century,) there is no trace of any ornament whatever. These rolls, however, appear to have been of an inferior description in point of decoration, since we know from Ovid and Pliny, that the Romans, long before the destruction of Pompeii, were accustomed to rubricate their MSS., and adorn them with paintings, in a style far more beautiful than the elaborate arabesque which travellers still see upon the chamber walls of Pompeii. But in the most ancient MSS. now remaining, red letters were used, yet sparingly, and only at the beginning of books, or for titles. Such is the case in the Medicean copy of Virgil, in the Alexandrian Codex, and in the St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, formerly in the monastery of St. Germain des Prés; in each of which the books commence with three lines written in vermilion. All the above volumes are assigned by the best judges to the fourth or fifth centuries.

Among the Greeks of the Lower Empire, the use of cinnabar, prepared in a peculiar manner, and termed by them the sacred γυαλιτος, was appropriated especially to the emperor, on the signature of his name to the imperial rescripts, as confirmed by an edict of Leo, A.D. 470. This usage continued till the thirteenth century, and, in the Western Empire, was adopted by Charles the Bold, in the ninth, but does not seem to have been continued by his successors. Whether any, and what difference existed between this cinnabar and the vermilion used in manuscripts, we are ignorant; but, in appearance none can be discovered, as
we are assured by the learned Montfaucon.*

The process of laying on and burnishing gold and silver (continues Sir F. Madden) appears to have been familiar to the oriental nations, from a period of remote antiquity; and although there are no instances of its use in the Egyptian papyri, yet it is not unreasonable to believe that the Greeks acquired from Egypt or India the art of ornamenting manuscripts thus, which they, probably, conveyed to the Romans. Among the later Greeks, the usage became so common, that the scribes or artists in gold, were especially termed χρυσόγραφοι, or writers in gold, and seemed to have constituted a distinct class. Pliny is silent as to the practice in his time, therefore we may suppose it commenced among the Latins, at the beginning of the second century. The luxury thus introduced, was augmented by writing on vellum stained of a purple or rose colour, the earliest instance of which is recorded by Jupiter Capitolinus, in his Life of the Emperor Maximinus, the Younger, to whom his mother made a present of the poems of Homer, written on purple vellum, in golden letters. This took place at the commencement of the third century. For upwards of a hundred years the practice seems to have continued of rare occurrence; but, towards the end of the fourth century, we learn from a well known passage of St. Jerome, that it had become more frequent. It was, however, confined solely to copies of the Scriptures and devotional books, written for the libraries of princes, and the service of monasteries. The celebrated Codex Argenteus of Ulphilas, written in silver and gold letters on a purple ground, about A. D. 360, is perhaps, the most ancient existing specimen of this magnificent mode of calligraphy, after which may be instanced the copy of Genesis at Vienna, the Psalter of St. Germain des Prés, and the fragment of the New Testament in the Cottomanic Library, (British Museum) Titus, cxv., all executed in the fifth and sixth centuries. This taste for gold and purple manuscripts seems only to have reached England, at the close of the seventh century.† when Wilfrid, archbishop of York, enriched his church with a copy of the Gospels thus adorned, and it is described by his biographer, Eddius, (who lived at that period, or shortly after), as “inauditum ante seculis nostris quoddam miraculum,” “almost a miracle, and before that time unheard of in this part of the world.” But in the eighth and ninth centuries, the art of staining the vellum appears to have declined, and the colour is no longer the same bright and beautiful purple, violet, or rose colour of the preceding centuries. It is rare also to meet with a volume stained throughout; the artist contenting himself with colouring a certain portion, such as the title, preface, or canon of the mass.†

An unique example of a MS. written and illuminated on gold grounds, on both sides the leaf, is preserved in the British Museum, a faithful fac-simile of which Sir F. Madden has given in the work above quoted.

It is curious to remark, how individual efforts, in matters deeply interesting, will sometimes have a host of followers and imitators. For upwards of seven years we have been presenting to the English public full length colored portraits of celebrated women; we are ready to confess that to the artistic diligence of our French neighbours we are greatly indebted, but let any candid reader be a judge between us, how great the research in entering

* Palæographia Graecæ, cap. 1.

† Yet, if we may credit an Annalist of the reign of Henry V., the Bible sent over by Pope Gregory, to St. Augustine and preserved at that period, contained several leaves stained of a purple or rose colour. See Wanley’s Catalogue, lib. Septem, 173.

‡ See the “Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique,” tom. ii. pp. 96—101. In the British Museum, are two MSS. of this description worthy notice. The first is in the Royal Library, marked I. Evi., and was executed, unquestionably, in the eighth century, by the Hiberno-Saxon school of art. It is a copy of the Gospels, in folio, several of the leaves of which are stained of a beautiful rose colour (visible by holding them to the light), with inscriptions on them in gold and silver capital letters, an inch in height. The second instance occurs in the Cottomanic Collection, Tit. A. II, and is a copy of the Gospels given by king Athelstan, to the Church of Canterbury. The three first leaves are stained of a purple colour, with titles in gold and silver.
upon such minute, and, we have been constantly assured, most interesting detail, which we have set before our readers. In proceeding a step beyond this, we have drawn from the fountain sources of old and by-gotten literature and records, printed and in MS., from which we have gleaned far and wide from the invaluable treasures of our museums, public libraries, and other sources, that truly most delightful of all histories.

AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF WOMEN IN THEIR DAY CELEBRATED FOR THE BEAUTY, WIT, SOME RARE VIRTUE, OR EXTRAORDINARY POWER WHICH THEY POSSESS OVER KINGS, PEOPLE, AND EMPIRES.

After a while, the fashions of our English court assimilated with, that is, were copied from, these choice and elegant costumes. There, then, we held a sovereign sway, each noble and distinguished lady selecting, according to taste or judgment, that costume which was most suited to her sense of elegance, most likely to display to advantage the charms of her figure, and the golden and diamonded stores, of which she was the envied possessor.

The British public next anxiously looked for memoirs of celebrated women, as well as their portraits, and publishers were not wanting to feed the appetite of the hungry, some with good food, others with a repast which public censure soon condemned as unwholesome. Then lately we had publishers who were resolved to dip still deeper into the pictorial and historical records of the past, and republish entire, ancient works of value, so that the path which we originally took in England, is crowded by a host of imitators.

Departing a little from our first plan, it became necessary for us to adopt a course now peculiarly our own, and by selecting from Royal English Portraits, we have again rivetted upon our work the attention, and (we may be allowed to say) the approval of the public.

But thus entering upon English history, our minds were naturally led to think of our ancestors, and even whilst so engaged in thought, a fair damsel put to as a very homely question, 'I wonder! quoth she, 'how they used to hold their pens before the patent penholders were brought into use, can you tell me?' Smilingly, she uttered this, knowing our delight for antiquarian research and the pursuit in which we are engaged. Simple as this question may appear, yet in ages to come, equally anxious will be the enquiries upon subjects not more important. Perhaps some persons (not grandfathers or grandmothers) might be unable to answer how the community managed to shelter themselves from the rain before umbrellas were invented.

The beginning of a new reign, as we have before hinted, coupled with the manner in which our thoughts were carried back to ancient English History, brought us to the resolve of making a temporary break in our series, by preparing, as promised in our number for March, p. 276, illustrations of which we give our first plate in the accompanying number; we repeat the title, as giving our work a claim to the merit of priority.

"British Female Costume from the Earliest Period."

Judge then, fair readers, of our delight in seeing by circular from the Royal Society of Literature, dated May 10th, (1838), that the ground chosen by us is also to be occupied by so learned a society of noblemen and gentlemen. It is mentioned, that a fund is to be especially raised for publishing, in quarterly parts, a Biographia Britannica Literaria, arranged in chronological order, and comprising an entire Literary History of the United Kingdom, beginning with the commencement of the Anglo-Saxon period.

We rejoice in having such fellow-workers in the field, and the Court Magazine takes pride and pleasure in having made such a wholesome stir amongst men of literature.

[We have a second Plate in progress to illustrate this era, and reserve further remarks until its appearance.]
ODE

ON HER MAJESTY’S BIRTHDAY, MAY 24th, 1838.

Hail! to sweet May, for she doth give
The charm of life to all who live:
Whether upon the wide-spread plain,
Or in the deep sequester’d dell,
She shows the glories of her reign,
And bids the woodland concert swell.

May is the month of sparkling showers,
Of peeping buds and blooming flowers;
Her tendrils bind the roseate bowers,
Where peace and virtue rest—
Her balmy breath revives the weak;
Recalls the blush to beauty’s cheek;
Through ev’ry form with being rife,
Awakes the genial springs of life,
And tells them to be blest;—
She gives to motion myriad wings
And every brilliant insect sings
Her bounty and her praise;
Though not to them the power is given,
With the sweet nightingale and thrush,
To pour in rich melodious lays
From towering elm and lowly bush
A strain less meet for earth, than heaven.

O, May! benignant May! to thee
The more endearing gift we owe;
(The source whence boundless good shall flow),
The boon of youthful Majesty.
Let other lands boast brighter skies
And flowers whence gaudier hues arise
Or plains whose perfumed gales dispense
More fragrance to the shrinking sense:
 Enough for us to own,
No land can boast a Queen so fair,
So virtuous, lovely, wise, and dear,
Nor one, on whom her subjects dare
Rely with such implicit trust—
For their’s “the love that casts out fear,”
The faith that, to its object just,
Deems wisdom, innocence, and truth,
Strong intellect, and stainless youth,
The peerless jewels of the crown.

To Britain, in her social state,
Victoria comes as May—
She finds dominions wide and great,
She makes them bright and gay.
Oh! ne’er may mildewing blight await,
On her refulgent day—
Ode on Her Majesty’s Birthday.

Or, if some purifying breeze
    Be needful—gently may it pass,
Nor bend the forest’s stately trees,
    Nor check the springing grass;
Whilst, like the sun, her royal smile,
    Shall renovate the landscape round;
And e’en the lowliest sons of toil
(The tillers of the ground)
    Shall bask in bliss such beams impart
And feel their solace cheer the heart.

For not alone to learning’s claim,
    To Science, Enterprise, or War,
To Art, in every varied name,
    To Commerce, and to lands afar—
Will her all-anxious views extend—
    However queenly, lofty, great,
Her heart will ever softly bend
    To those who “dwell in low estate—”
For she hath felt—as woman feels—
    And she hath read—what God reveals—
And, ‘midst the pride of pomp and power,
    Of festal mirth and glory’s hour,
When music’s softer joys entrance,
    And beauty threads the mazy dance,
Throughout the dazzling scene—
    With steady eye and tender heart,
Her healing influence shall impart
    The aid that drooping want requires,
The need to waken slumbering fires
    In the pale student’s mien.

Not less the vision of a poet’s brain
    All brilliance and all beauty is she seen,
Whom kings may envy, and kings sue, in vain—
    Thou benefactress of the humble train,
Who, on this joyful day,
    Lift up their heads, to pray
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Hammersmith, May 24th, 1838.

BARBARA HOFLAND.

LIFE’S CLOSE.

FROM THE TRAGEDY DIE SCHULD, BY MÜLLNER.

Wie der letzte Laut verklinget.

As the last note dies away
    When the fingers gently stray
O’er the harp in tuneful play;
Like the ring a drop will make
    Falling on some crystal lake,
Wider spreads, but feeble grows,
    As the circle onward flows,
Till it nears the flow’ry shore,
Kissing which, ’tis seen no more:
Soft as this would I away,
    And, like a sound, have life decay!

H. C.
THE BEAR'S PASS: A STORY OF NORWAY.

BY MRS. S. A. GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Norna, my child, throw another log of wood on the fire, and lay out the table for supper. Would that thy father were returned! 'tis bitterly cold, and the wolves are abroad; even now, methought, I heard their howl in the distance."

Norna rose from the low stool on which she was seated, and, sided by her brother, began to arrange the earthenware dishes for their homely supper; then she brought, from a closet at one end of the room, two small flasks of spirits, a pot of fresh butter, and a quantity of the fabro, the hard, black biscuit, too often, alas! the only food of the poorer peasants of Norway; preserved cranberries, fresh milk, and a piece of the flesh of the rein-deer, with some porridge, which was being boiled in a large cauldron on the fire. Such were the comparative luxuries which completed the repast, save the addition of the national dish of pancakes, which important piece of cookery was left entirely to the direction of the good-humoured girl, who was looked up to by the surrounding neighbours, as the cleverest of cooks, and the neatest of housekeepers.

The table arranged to her satisfaction, the pretty Norna took her seat again by the side of her mother, who was leaning her head upon her hands, with her elbows resting upon her knees, and gazing upon the fire, evidently in deep thought, only changing her attitude at intervals as the porridge on the fire began to hiss and bubble: she would then take a stick and stir it well, every now and then turning an anxious gaze towards the door, and listening intently, as if some distant sound met her ear. At her feet was crouched a fair-haired youth, whose blue eyes and open countenance were the very counterpart of his sister's, who was busily employed in mending a fishing-net.

Norna was the first to break silence. "I have been thinking, dear mother," she said, casting an eye to the table, "that, though we fare better, thank God, than most of our neighbours, and are happy to boot, notwithstanding our cottage is but of wood, and our dresses of common woolen stuff, yet the Lady Hulda and her merry sister, Margaret, must find, aye, and feel, too, a great difference between the peasant's home and the baron's grand castle; and much do I marvel, that such noble ladies should leave a palace where they were waited on and looked up to as queens, and surrounded with pomp and pleasure, to spend so many days as they have now been with us, in the cottage of a poor huntsman."

This was said in an inquiring tone; for poor Norna, who was by no means exempt from that woman's failing, curiosity, had for many days vainly racked her brain to discover a secret, that her mother seemed resolved to keep locked up in her own bosom. Turning her head towards her daughter, the old woman replied, in a tone in which was mingled evident severity—

"It mattereth not to thee, child, wherefore our noble guests should tarry thus long with us. Thy only concern is to see to their comfort; and thy only duty, to obey thy parents in all things, and be silent as to those things which thou mayest see or hear."

The young girl, at this rebuke, hung down her head; and, drawing her stool close to the boy, after a moment's silence, she began helping him in his work, singing an old ballad in a low and plaintive voice. The old woman's anxiety for her husband's return seemed now greatly to increase; for she hastily opened the lattice, and leaned far out of the window, gazing long and intently all around her, notwithstanding the coldness of the air.

"Oluf," whispered Norna to her brother, "stir the porridge, and then
come sit thee by me, and tell me some old legend to wile away the time.”
“Nay, sister,” replied the youth, “I am in no humour to chant ditties or
think of ghost stories: wherefore does
my father tarry so long? By the good
King Eric’s wishing-cap! would that
he thought me old enough to accom-
pany him! How often I have wished
to follow him to the Skal, and how
proud should I be to return with a
bear’s skin hanging over my shoul-
der.”
Norna sighed; and, kissing his fore-
head affectionately, said, “Alas! bro-
ther, is it not enough that one of our
family should thus peril his life? What
would our mother do, if both of ye
were absent, and how could she bear
the thought that, some day, she might
be deprived both of a husband and a
son? No, dear Oluf, Heaven grant
that thou may’st never be a wolf-
hunter!”
“Tush, coward sister!” exclaimed
the fair boy, as he freed himself, some-
what sullenly, from her embrace: “thou
art not worthy to be a huntsman’s
daughter. What! disdainest thou the
exciting pleasures of the chase? Art
thou not—” but here his speech was
closed, for Norna, seeing a cloud of
anger gathering on his brow, placed
her hand on his mouth, laughing the
while so good-naturedly, that Oluf
would have been worse than ill-tem-
pered had he continued the conver-
sation.

For some minutes there was again
profound silence; when, on Norna’s
remarking that it was waxing late,
Oluf jumped up, and began tidily to
arrange the mat that he had finished,
saying—
“Now, I would forfeit a smile from
the stately Lady Hulda, and a kind
word from the merry Lady Margaret
(and that is not a little), if my father
would but return; and, mother, do
come in, there is nothing to be heard,
save the roar of the cataract at the
distance, and a precious noise it makes,
too, since the melting of the snows.
And, look! the moon is shining as
bright as if it were day; be sure my
father is safe, and watching will not
hasten his coming: therefore, dear
mother, let me close the casement.”

The good woman either did not hear
her son, or else disregarded his advice,
for she continued at the open window
till the baying of dogs in the distance
announced to her her husband’s ap-
proach, when she hastily opened the
door of the hut, and, at the well-known
sound, the brother and sister, quitting
their seats, began to re-arrange the
table, pouring the porridge into a large
wooden bowl.
“Welcome home, my Carl; where-
fore hast thou tarried so long?” ex-
claimed the huntsman’s wife, as an el-
derly man, of strong and powerful
frame, armed with a heavy spear, and
followed by a couple of hounds, crossed
the threshold, “tis full an hour and a
half beyond thy usual time.”
“When I had toiled up the steep,
black rock, methought I saw traces of
a man’s feet in the marsh; ’twas strange,
for I could not recognize the footprint
as being that of one of our neighbours.
I followed their track as far as the de-
scent towards the ravine, and there the
tracing stopped; when, thinking that
my absence might cause alarm at home,
and seeing, by the height of the moon
in the heavens, that I had wandered
further and later than I had intended,
I hastened homewards. Forgive me,
wife, it shall not be so again. Norna,
tell our noble guests that supper is on
the table, and that we wait their plea-
sure.”

The young girl left the room, and,
in a few minutes, ushered in the Lady
Hulda and her sister.

There was a great difference of fea-
tures and manners between the maidens,
and yet both were passing fair. Hulda,
the senior of her sister by several years,
was taller and more stately than Mar-
garet, and far more serious and com-
manding in her manner: the long
tresses of her dark brown hair were
confined by a silken net; her hazel
eyes were mostly bent upon the ground,
but when she raised them in conversa-
tion, her gaze was full of the eloquence
of silent sorrow—such a look as will
soften the hardest heart, or check bois-
terous mirth, and cause the giddiest to
sigh. Her countenance bespoke grief
and a certain degree of pride combined;
and her marble forehead and pale face,
contrasted with the bright and ever-
changing hues of Margaret’s glowing cheek.

The younger sister was barely seventeen, her father’s darling, and the spoiled child of the family: she was the giddiest, wildest, and most untameable creature imaginable. She had the best of hearts, and it spoke in her open countenance; the creature of impulse, she was one moment all smiles, and the next, all tears; mirth laughed in her blue eyes, and her fair hair that hung in ringlets upon her shoulders seemed “to have caught a sunbeam and kept it prisoner.” Every one loved Margaret: the very heavens seemed to smile upon her; the very earth upon which she trod seemed to bear her tiny footsteps with affection. The peasant, as he met her in her evening walk, would doff his cap, and bless her as she passed; and the children of the surrounding villages would gather flowers and wild fruit from the mountains, and bring them to Carl’s hut, as offerings to the stranger lady, who would stop and speak to them, and laugh at their innocent games.

Hulda, more reserved and less sprightly than her sister, was only appreciated by those who knew her well; but those who did know her, bore towards her the most devoted affection; and many a heart at the court of Stockholm ached for the proud and handsome daughter of the Baron Von Ritterstedt, who returned their love with bitter scorn.

Both the ladies were habited in the national court dress of Sweden, of rich black velvet, with Spanish sleeves slashed with white—one of the most becoming costumes that the vanity or coquetry of woman had ever invented.

Supper passed in silence: the two ladies were helped first, and waited on respectfully by the huntsman’s family, whilst the old Thorga sat near the fire, gazing thoughtfully and affectionately upon her favourite Hulda.

As soon as meal was ended, the ladies withdrew, when Carl, with his wife and children, took their places. Their conversation was upon different topics; but the thoughts of the huntsman frequently turned upon the mysterious footsteps which he had seen. “Twas strange,” he re-echoed, “for, on this evening, he had by chance taken Sotto, the blood-

hound, to Ej Firrol, a village at some distance in the valley, and had lent him to his good neighbour Hanz, and the intruder must have discovered this.” Soon, however, other matters so engrossed his attention, that he had forgotten the cause of his alarm, when a noise at the casement made him start on his feet: this movement was quickly followed by a piercing shriek from the ladies’ chamber.

In a moment, the cottage presented nothing but bustle and confusion. Oluf flew to the door, whilst the rest rushed into the room whence the sound proceeded.

Margaret was kneeling at her sister’s feet, gazing earnestly at her as she leaned back in her chair, whilst she covered her face with her hands: the window at which she was seated, was open, and both the sisters appeared embarrassed at the entrance of their host, although an expression of suppressed mirth gave a look of peculiar archness to Margaret’s countenance.

“It is nothing, good Carl,” she said, as, with her hand, she motioned them to leave the room; “twas merely a bird that flew in at the window, attracted by the light, and startled my silly sister, whose nerves have been weak since her illness.”

The cottager bowed, and slowly retired: but, if he believed the story, there was one who knew, by the heightened colour of Margaret’s cheek, and the averted glance of the frightened Hulda, that the lady’s words were not all truth; and the old Thorga lingered for a minute, and gazed thoughtfully and inquiringly upon the young people, ere she closed the door and returned to her husband.

Before the reader is made acquainted with the cause of this sudden commotion, we will give some account of these maidens, and of the incidents that caused them to pass, for a time, this life of seclusion in the barren wilds of Norway.

CHAPTER II.

The father of Hulda and Margaret, was a Swedish nobleman of vast wealth and ancient lineage, but of a proud and haughty character. Few loved him; and it was whispered, that his young and beautiful wife had lived unhappily
with him, and had died, in the flower of her youth, of a broken heart. Fear, rather than affection, appeared the predominant feeling of his daughters towards him: they saw but little of him, and, during their childhood, were educated in strict seclusion, their only companion and playmate being their cousin Franz, the orphan child of a sister of the baron’s, who had incurred the displeasure and indignation of her family, by a marriage with one beneath her rank, who, dying a few years after their union, left his widow to struggle through poverty and misery. All her applications to the baron were unheeded, and it was only on her death-bed that her brother deigned to pay her a visit of forgiveness, and, somewhat softened by the recollection of his sister’s virtues and meekness, offered to take charge of her boy and adopt him as his own.

When Franz first became an inmate of his uncle’s castle, he was a fine, bold boy, five years old, with an open countenance, fair curly hair, and laughing blue eyes. The child used to spend his days in climbing the steeps and rocks that surrounded the domain; and, when older, he would hunt the wolf or elk deer, or guide his little cousins to the spots where the prettiest flowers were to be found, or where the reina moss grew the thickest, and the woods would ring with the peals of their merry laughter. But time flew on with rapid wing, and Franz became a tall, handsome youth; and his cloth frock was changed for one of velvet blouse; his green cap and heron’s plume for a toque adorned with an aigrette and feathers; and his rustic hunting-knife, for a gold-hilted dagger. Moreover, Franz became one of the king’s pages; and many a heart was sad, and many an eye was wet, on the day that he took his departure from the home of his childhood for the Swedish capital, for the merry Franz was a favourite with all. But none were so sad as the gentle Hulda, though she showed it less, for her disposition had always a touch of melancholy, and such brings a calm with it in sorrow, that cannot be attained by those whose feelings are ever varying from light to shade.

“You will not forget us, Franz,” sobbed little Margaret, as he vaulted gracefully into his saddle and waved his hand in token of adieu to the baron’s followers, who thronged the court of the castle to see him take his departure. “You will not quite forget your poor little cousins, and our pleasant walks and rides, and the old ruin on the hill, and the rock, and the——” and poor Margaret burst into tears.

“No, no, cousin Mag, fear not,” cried the youth, with a husky voice, half pleased at the thoughts of his future prospects, and half ashamed to show his emotion at leaving his old playmates, “I will not forget you, and I will write often, and think of you always, whether in mirth or in grief: so, God’s blessing be with you! and, give me a parting kiss. But where is Hulda? Nay, she might have tarried to have bid me farewell; but, may be, ’twould hurt her feelings; and, somehow or other, methinks I could not bear to bid her adieu; so, wilt thou say it for me, Margaret? and, once more, fare thee well!” And the youth, spurring his steed, was soon out of sight.

Franz had guessed rightly; Hulda could not bid him adieu, but she watched him from the casement of her chamber, till his form lessened in the distance, until she could no longer see him; then she fell on her knees before her crucifix, to pray for the happiness of the companion of her childhood, and to weep over the first grief that her young heart had known.

Months rolled on, and the passing time grew into years; and Franz, in constant attendance on his sovereign, did not re-appear at the castle, but many were the letters which he wrote, often accompanied by presents and tokens of remembrance and affection for his fair cousins. The sisters were at this time, insensibly passing from the dawn of youth to womanhood, when the baron declared his intention of taking his daughters to Stockholm, for the purpose of presenting them at court. This news caused no small sensation in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Mardo, and much sorrow amongst the peasantry, to whom the sisters had been as ministering angels, not only distributing their charity
amongst them, but often interceding with their father in their behalf, whenever his natural severity or harshness urged him to act tyrannically towards them. None, at this news, felt more sorrow, than did their old nurse Thorga; she had been a faithful attendant of their mother's, and it was in her arms that the baroness had breathed her last. She was a Norwegian, and had married in her own country, where her husband and children always resided; but, during six months of the year, she left her cottage to repair to the castle, which contained those who were nearly as dear to her as her own children, and she now feared, and with some probability, that the baron might find husbands for his daughters, amongst the nobles who thronged the capital, and that it might therefore be long ere she should see them again.

A heavy melancholy sat upon the old woman's brow, as she bent over Hulda, to give her a parting kiss; and the maidens wept, as they guided their palfreys over the drawbridge, and waved their handkerchiefs, and gazed at the old castle, with its turrets and dungeons, and the lake, whose waters were as calm as the unruffled sleep of an innocent child, and the wood of firs, in which they used to ramble, till a turn in the road hid the Baron Von Ritterstedt and his train from the eyes of those who were watching their departure.

It was a year after this event, and about six months before the period at which this story commences, that Thorga, who had returned to her family, received a message from the baron, to leave her country, and repair immediately to Mardo, there to await his arrival, as he had intelligence of great importance to communicate to her. She set off instantly on her journey, and performed it with such speed, notwithstanding that it was long and wearisome, that she had reached the castle, situated near the boundary which divides Norway from Sweden, several hours before the arrival of those whom she went to meet, so that she found the several vassals in a state of hurry and bustle, preparing for their lord's arrival, each busy in trying to guess the reason of this sudden return.

Just as the last ray of the setting sun had ceased to illumine the turrets of the castle, and had appeared to sink into the bosom of the lake, the train of Von Ritterstedt crossed the drawbridge, and the baron, alighting, helped his daughters to descend from their palfries.

"My children! my dear children!" exclaimed Thorga, rushing forward to embrace them. Margaret threw herself into her arms, and burst into tears; whilst Hulda, without speaking, or lifting her eyes from the ground, ascended the large stone staircase, and, entering her own apartment, she threw herself into a chair, burying her face in her hands, and sobbing audibly. "My dear children," repeated the old woman, who, with Margaret, had followed her into the room, "Welcome back to Mardo! a thousand welcomes to the home of your childhood! But what mean these tears?" she added, seeing that the sisters still continued weeping, and remarking, at the same time, the paleness of Hulda's cheek, and the grief that was stamped on her brow.

It was some time ere she could get any answer to her repeated inquiries; and, as Hulda raised her head to speak, when the brush of excitement was over, one of her waiting-women entered, to tell Thorga that the baron wished to confer with her in his study. Leaving Margaret, therefore, to attend to her sorrowing sister, she obeyed her lord's commands; and, of this interview, we will give a succinct account.

On arriving at Stockholm, they had found Franz awaiting them with impatience: great was the delight at meeting. Margaret cried and laughed alternately; now clapping her hands for joy, now staring with surprise at her cousin's armour (for he was changed from a page, to an officer in the king's guard). Then she admired the tie of his sword-knot; and laughed at his broad shoes, fashionable with the Swedes in that century; whilst Hulda smiled at her giddy sister's mirth, and only thought how tall and handsome Franz had grown, and how happy she was to see him again.

Every leisure moment that the young officer could call his own, was spent
with his fair cousins; and, as time wore on, his affection for Hulda increased, till she became the idol of his heart, the all that made this earth a Paradise to him—"the ocean to the river of his thoughts." Deep and faithful was the love that the maiden bore him; and often, when Margaret's merry laugh sounded in the feast or dance, would the lovers steal from the glittering scene, and wander together in the gardens of the palace, breathing hopes that never were to be realized, and building airy castles that the breath of fate was to crumble into dust.

The beauty of the sisters was soon the topic of all Stockholm, and the theme of many a wandering minstrel; and there were not wanting amongst their admirers, many who would offer them the wealth and titles of the noblest families. Amongst these, was Count Eric Von Artmann, who boasted his descent from the ancient heroes of Scandinavia, and was rich enough to purchase half the country that gave him birth; he was joyfully received, therefore, by the baron, when he made his proposal for the hand of his eldest daughter, and a glad consent was given by the delighted parent. Summoning Hulda to his presence, after a long lecture upon the duty owed to parents by their children, and his expectation that she would obey him in all things, the baron proceeded to inform her of the proposal which he had accepted for her. Fear, at first, chilled every feeling in his daughter's breast, and appeared to freeze the blood that flowed in her veins, for she sat pale and trembling, gazing at her father in mute astonishment; but, when he ceased speaking, she summoned all her courage to her aid, and, throwing herself at his feet, disclosed her attachment to her cousin, and her determination never to become the wife of another. It is impossible to describe the baron's feelings of rage, at what he termed her unexampled folly, in thinking of wedding a penniless boy, and her unequalled audacity in not consenting to submit to his commands; her sorrow and appeals were alike disregarded. That evening, Hulda was removed to a country-house near the capital, belonging to a friend of her father's; and the next day, Franz was entrusted with a mission of importance to the Court of Denmark, by the special request, it was said, of the Baron Von Ritterstedt, who claimed this favour from the king, as a reward for past services.

Many were the trials that poor Hulda had to submit to, but nothing could shake her immoveable resolution; and, at the end of two months, the baron determined to put into practice a plan that Count Eric had advised—to send her, under the care of her nurse, to the wilds of Norway; trusting that the hardships and utter seclusion of a life so different from that passed amid the gaieties and splendour of the capital, would tame her into obedience, and a ready compliance to their wishes. Margaret, who loved her sister better than aught else on earth, would not be separated from her, and generously gave up her own pleasures and amusements, to cheer her sister's solitude. Such was the state of things, at the time when the event described in the first chapter, took place; and six months had created no change in the feelings of our heroine.

Such is the depth and fervour of love in woman's heart, that, when based upon esteem and true affection, it defies the storms of adversity, the sarcasm of the heartless, and the temptations of the world. It is eternal (at least in this world); and well may we say with the poet, "Love is, indeed, a light from Heaven!" for, to a woman who truly loves, the world is nothing; all fades from her eyes; all is nought to her, save the one loved being, and the God who will unite her to him for ever, in another and a better land.

CHAPTER III.

The huntsman's cottage was situated midway upon the slope of one of the highest of the Hardanger mountains, whose lofty summits tower over the blue and fathomless depths of the Fiord, that runs far inland, passing the heights Bergen and the desolate and barren rocks that line the western coast of Norway. Behind it rose the majestic Alps of the north, crowned with eternal snows, whose echoes are, ever and anon, awakened by the awful thunder of the avalanches which fall into un-
explored vallies and abysses, whose depths mortal eye has never scanned. On one side was a black and precipitous rock, up which the peasantry might often be seen toiling, in their way from the small town of Eidjford, situated in the valley beneath; and, on the other, a wretched village, composed of a few miserable huts, boasting, indeed, of a church, and small burying ground; whilst on a green, in the front of the house belonging to the priest, the inhabitants would meet in the summer's evenings for the various amusements of dancing, singing ballads, and telling old legends. At the present moment, there is not a vestige of the place remaining; all around is bleak and desolate; not a ruin, or even a stone, is left by the levelling hand of Time to arrest the gaze of the traveller, and to tell him that once the habitations of men stood there!

In front of the cottage was a vast plain of marshy land, covered with wild heath and stunted cranberries, and abruptly terminated by a frowning precipice, down which a river, formed by the mountain snows, rushes with appalling violence, forming the celebrated Cataract of the Vorinofs, which here falls a perpendicular height of a thousand feet, dashing the white and feathery spray half way up the rocks which appear to hem it in, for they close around it, leaving a dark and narrow opening through which the river winds, till it spreads into the smiling vallies beyond, and emptied itself into the Fiord. The scene here baffles all description! Niagara may, indeed, be still more terrific; but the mind loves to dwell on the awful majesty of the Vorinofs, and the striking grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

The spot from which it is, in general, viewed by strangers, is both dangerous and difficult of access, for the valley into which it flows, being considered nearly impracticable, from its extreme narrowness leaving hardly any space between the river and the slippery sides of the rocks, it can only be viewed from the summit over which the adventurous traveller leans, grasping the nearest shrubs, and held back by the guides, whilst he gazes, with mingled feelings of terror and admiration, at the abyss beneath him.

The sun had just withdrawn his rays from the peaceful vallies, though they lingered still upon the snowy summits of the higher mountains, and the peasantry were wending their way homeward to their evening meal. A heavy snow-storm had announced the approach of their long and early winter, and white patches were to be seen on the plain, where a partial thaw showed that summer still struggled for the supremacy with her mortal enemy.

A cheerful fire was blazing in the cottage of Carl, in a small apartment of which, three individuals were in earnest and serious conversation.

"You have now heard my unhappy story, Norna," said the Lady Hulda, fixing on the young girl her large dark eyes, that were moist with the recollection of the sorrows that she had been recounting, "it remains only for me to ask if you will aid me in the escape that I am determined to make, or betray me to your mother, who, however fond of the child whose infancy she has tended, would deem it a grievous wrong towards my father, did she not acquaint him with this rash attempt of my cousin's."

"Lady," answered the girl, "can you doubt me? have not you and the Lady Margaret been ever most kind to me, and could I leave you in your sorrow, or betray you, when you confide in me? No, lady! Norna is no deceiver; Norna is poor and humble, but she is faithful."

"Sister, oh! my sister," sobbed Margaret, throwing herself on her neck, "must I lose you this night, this very night? Shall I, indeed, part from you, perhaps never more to hear your sweet voice, never again to see you smile. Oh! my own sister, let me go with you, I care not for hardships, there can be none where Hulda is. What are privations to me? there can be no sorrow so great as that of parting from you. Let me accompany you, my sister."

"Hush, dearest!" exclaimed the scarcely less agitated girl, returning her embrace, "this must not, cannot be. Thou seest what Franz says," she
added, opening a small roll of parchment, tied with a silken string, "we shall depart, to tarry only until my father's wrath is appeased, and who can do this, but thou, his favourite child? Therefore, my own Margaret, for our sakes, for the sake of the sister whom thou lovest, cease this useless grief, and remain here, that we may the sooner meet in happiness."

"Well, then, if so it must be, I will resign myself to the will of Providence, and strive to comfort me: but see, the sun is set, and night is hastening on: this enterprise is fraught with great difficulties, and we must give our thoughts to its accomplishment. Thou gavest the note to our cousin, Norna, telling him that Carl had brought back the blood-hound, whose kennel is by the side of the rock, and that, therefore, there is no possibility of escape on that side of the mountain?"

"I did, lady, and he answered that, as he could not get access by the path that he had explored on the night when he threw in you parchment, and caused you all so great an alarm, that he would, with some trusty men, find his way by the river side to the foot of Vorinos, and that, difficult as it appeared, he would, nevertheless, clamber up the rock, and, by the help of ropes, and the assistance of the men who would remain below, safely convey the Lady Hulda down, and take her to the place where the palfries will be waiting."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Margaret, clasp ing her hands, "it cannot be! that awful abyss into which I have never yet had courage to look—which the bravest approach shuddering; it is too, too dreadful. Thou wouldst not risk thy life, Hulda?"

"Alas! what would life be without Franz?" answered her sister; and, blushing at the vehemence with which she had spoken, she turned to Norna. "At what hour said he that he would be there?" she inquired.

"At the tenth hour, lady."

"'Tis well, then: leave us now, good and faithful girl; at the ninth hour, when all sleep, be ready to accompany us, and thou wilt escort back my weeping sister, when I am gone. In the meanwhile, we trust to thee to persuade thy father to pass this night with his sick brother at Eidsford, for he has keen ears, and might, notwithstanding all our precautions, be arosed in the night, when we leave the cottage. For the present, as we are already suspected, we had better part. Tell my poor Thorga, that I am too unwell to join you at supper, and that Margaret will keep me company; we would spend this evening together, and alone, for we have much to talk over ere we part."

The moon, obscured at intervals by passing clouds, rode high in the heavens, when the three females, enveloped in furs from head to foot, stole cautiously out of the house, and, trembling with apprehension, wended their way across the plain as rapidly as they could, turning their heads in the direction of the village that they had left, whenever any distant sound met their ear. The night was singularly calm; a sharp frost had congealed the half-melted snow, making the path that they had chosen, most slippery and dangerous; whilst the, sometimes total, eclipse of the moon, when a cloud shadowed her silver disk, often perplexed them, causing them to fear, lest they might lose their way on the large plain, and obliging them frequently to stop, and listen to the roar of the cataract, to guide them in the direction which they were to take.

At length, they stood upon the rocky platform that, green with a moss ever verdant from the spray that sprinkles it, hangs over the yawning abyss and frightful whirlpool at the foot of the cataract.

How grand was the scene before them! The moon shining upon the snow-clad mountains; and the water that fell dashing and roaring with tremendous noise, sparkling in the light like feathery flakes of snow; and the mist that rose as smoke, or some thin vapour, on every side veiling the black and frowning rocks.

Nature! how glorious art thou at all times! whether in our own cultivated England,—amidst the vineyards of France and orange-groves of Italy, or in the rude and uncultivated wastes of Asia and Africa; but, how much more glorious in the solitudes of mountains, where no human being intrudes, and,
with ill-timed levity, breaks the sacred and holy spell that hangs around thee, with frivolous converse of the world, banishing the lowly, but sweet contemplation, in which thy admirers love to indulge.

The maidens gazed around them with feelings of deep awe; and Hulda, after breathing a prayer to the glorious Creator of the wonders that surrounded them, approached the brink of the abyss cautiously, and leaned over it. A passing cloud at that moment obscured the sky; yet she fancied she could discern a dark object, something resembling a human form, on a small point of rock, that jutted out nearly midway between the place where she was standing, and the ravine beneath her.

"It is Franz! he is, doubtless, fixing the ropes by which I am to be lowered," she said, with a slight shudder of apprehension. "Yet he stirs not; he does not gaze upwards, as if he expected us."

At this instant Norna, who had remained standing at some distance, not to interrupt, by her presence, the solemn parting of the sisters, rushed towards them.

"Lady!" she exclaimed, "in God's name haste, or all will be lost. I see figures moving in the distance on the plain. Our escape is probably discovered, and they are in search of us!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Hulda, frantically, "what will become of me? Franz, dearest Franz! Alas! he hears me not: he does not see us! I must trust to my courage, and descend to where he stands, alone; they will not dare to follow me, and we shall be far off, ere they have time to retrace their steps. Nay, sister, cling not thus to me; I must go," Kissing the young girl's brow, she placed her, fainting, in the arms of Norna, bidding her hold her back, till she was in safety; and, grasping the shrubs within her reach with a firm hold, she began her perilous descent.

Norna, placing Margaret gently on the ground, advanced fearlessly to the brink, and, grasping the branches of a wild thorn, gazed below in breathless suspense and agitation. The courageous maiden continued her dangerous way with caution, descending, as nearly as possible, in a direct line from the spot whence she had started, still gazing upwards, as if fearful that one look towards the foaming cataract might cause her brain to turn, and precipitate her into the dread abyss. At each step that she took, the horror of the young Norwegian became more intense; much did she wonder, too, that Franz should not strive to attain her he loved, and fly to assist her; when, lo! the moon burst forth in all her splendour, and discovered to the eyes of the now agonized girl, the form of a large bear, who, probably attracted by the snow that had fallen on the previous night, had wandered from his cave, and was seated on the point of the rock. It was plain that the unfortunate lady was not aware of her danger, for she continued her course till her foot touched the rock, when, on turning to throw herself into the arms of her lover, she found herself face to face with the terrific animal! There was a pause: then a long, piercing shriek, that was heard above the din and roar of the waters: then a desperate struggle, as each strove to pass, and down, down they went together, into the eddying whirlpool that yawned to receive them. Two dark, undistinguishable masses rose twice to the surface of the foaming waters, and then the raging torrent carried them far away to its ocean home, and buried them in its blue depths, where the north wind sings its requiem over the grave of the young and beautiful; and the waves, as they ripple against the shore, seem the sighs and lamentations of the naiads for the lovely and unfortunate mortal!

Poor Norna had remained kneeling, as if spell-bound, upon the spot where she was uttering prayers for Hulda's safety; from the moment in which she had first seen her danger, a strange fascination had appeared to hold her in its thrall: she uttered screams after scream, in impotent terror, till those who had been sent in pursuit of the fugitives tore her away, and carried her raving, to her home, with the senseless Margaret!

Long years have fled since this dread-
ful occurrence took place, but the rock still retains the name of “The Bear’s Pass,” given to it by the peasants of the surrounding hamlets; and many a Norwegian maiden sheds a tear of compassion for the fate of the beautiful Hulda Von Ritterstedt, whenever the story of her woes and early death is made the theme of conversation on a winter’s evening.

It is said, that the stern baron never recovered the shock that he received on hearing the dreadful tale, and that he followed his daughter to the grave in less than a year, leaving his broad lands and ancient castle to his only remaining child, who, when time had somewhat softened her anguish, gave her hand in marriage to a Swedish nobleman, attached to the court of Henri IV., and spent the remainder of her days in France, far from a country that brought only painful recollections to her mind.

Franz had arrived in time to see the body of his mistress still floating in the stream, and would have thrown himself into the raging torrent, had he not been withheld by his attendants, who conveyed him to Carl’s hut. Thence he disappeared two days afterwards, and, as he never returned to Stockholm, or was ever after seen by any of his friends, his fate is a mystery that cannot now be ever solved.

NIGHT’S POETRY.

A veil is thrown around created things,
The sense of sight is powerless and dead,
Each passing sound, with increased echo rings
Upon the ear, and fills with unseen dread
The wakeful mind, still ready to receive
Whilst either sense remains; yet losing sight
To gratify, and quick desire relieve,
’Tis restless, and grows busy with affright,
Creating conscious fear; ’twould fain perceive
Some unfelt, fancied ill, throughout the night.

’Mid the dark—ebon shade, each chasing each,
Black, dismal clouds, in steady order pass,
Borne through the air unseen; but now a breach
In the slow, panoramic, vap’ry mass,
Reveals the firmament, bespangled o’er
With gems that twinkle in the dark expanse
In modest brilliancy, these quick restore
The lately powerless eye; with instant glance,
It turns the new-born objects to adore,
And wakes the mind from its bewilder’d trance.

’Tis moonless still, and mighty volumes roll
Across the wide, the dull-illumined sky;
Stretching, with angry frowns, from pole to pole,
Like moving mountains robed with majesty.

B B.—VOL. XII.—JUNE, 1838.
Silence prevails on earth, for heavy sleep
    Pervades the whole, and every object near
Is dimly seen; an undefined heap,
    All colourless, disguised in shade so drear,
That undistinguish’d thus a semblance keep,
    And none, their proper form, exhibit clear.
The clouds depart, and, scattering, unfold
    Innumerable orbs diffused around;
Each by one undefined power contrôl’d,
    Which all man’s wild imaginings confound:
In number countless, lost in endless space
    They fill the wonderful infinity,
Existing each in its ordained place,
    To work the purpose, the unknown decree,
Of that great Power, whose majesty we trace
    In all created things—a Deity.

Now, at the confine of yon cloud, appears
    A light, whose actual effulgence seems
Screen’d by transparent work; dread darkness cheers;
    Yet would the eye, untaught, e’en shun the beams
Thus thrown around, and, with astonish’d gaze,
    Expectant wait, the vault of heaven to see
In one continuous and mighty blaze!
    But time reveals to man each mystery,
And this now strikes no more with blank amaze;
    The darkness fades and dim obscurity.

’Tis the appointed Empress! whose soft ray
    Mellow the dark, the all-prevailing gloom,
And brightens up the night another day!
    Spreading around a fairy-tinted bloom
Which melts the stern, bold outline of the rock,
    And lends to it a mild, though sov’reign air;
Her lovely beam will instantly unlock
    The separate charms of nature, ever fair—
But, wrapt in dreary shade, the captive flock
    Is fair in vain, the silver moon not there.

Welcome, bright orb divine! for, ’tis thy light,
    Which, on his lonely watch, the sailor cheers,
As speeds the bark throughout the cloud-screen’d night
    Across the briny wave, and lulls his fears:
Tis thou, too, guid’est the wanderer on his way,
    And, to the suffering houseless, bring’st relief;
The lover seeks, with filial love, thy ray,
    Which magnifies his joy, allays his grief,
And all creation fondly bids thee stay,
    For night is rich, indeed, with such a chief.
How clear is now the night! the gloom is past,
The moonbeam dances gracefully along
Fair Nature’s face, and all around is cast
A silvery veil, to shield the sleeping throng.
The stars more steady shine, save here and there;
Each has a new-born lustre now acquired;
The deep blue sky is soften’d, and the air
Yields, with this varied influence inspired,
A heavenly atmosphere! till night so fair,
Is all celestial-born, and heaven-attired.

Changed is the scene: for loudly roars the wind,
And rain impetuously falls to earth;
The threat’ning heavens with frowning clouds are lined,
And man is awed whilst majesty has birth.
The forked fire, with more than instant flash,
Stands high in air; ’twould seem, as ’twere a guide
Marking some victim for the impending crash
To vent its fury. Hark! the deaf’ning tide
Reverberates along with frequent dash,
As if some force its power in vain defied!

Crash after crash, with quick succeeding leap,
Bounds through the air betwixt each vivid flame:
Wind, thunder, lightning, rain, all active keep
In concert wild; and eagerly proclaim
Their separate strength—combining force with force,
Till all the earth doth undisguised shrink
Amidst the awful grandeur of its course;
And mountains vomit forth, and valleys drink,
And rivers swelling headlong, swiftly toss
With vain importance in the sea to sink.

Night aids the raging storm to magnify,
Giving it terrors which the day could not;
The fiery gleam strikes fiercer on the eye,
And heavier far the after sound is shot
Upon the ear. Man only can exclaim,
How wonderful is night! What unseen power
Of might, and skill, and majesty could frame
The thick, black veil; and, ’midst the darkness, shower
Magnificence sublime? throughout the same
Creating man, and this his wondrous dower!

H. C.
"Is this heath interminable?" exclaimed a weary traveller, as he paused, and, leaning on his staff, gazed eagerly around him. "Is there no friendly hostelry where I may repose my wretched head, and, in the forgetfulness of sleep, seek the happiness, of which, when waking, accursed memory deprives me?"

Vain was his eager glance; the moor which he was traversing, spread for several miles around him, nor did the cottage even of a poor peasant gladden his sight. The sun, just disappearing at the extreme edge of the horizon, announced that darkness would speedily shroud surrounding objects, while the distinct, although as yet, distant muttering of thunder, denoted an approaching storm. With an agitated air, the wanderer seated himself on one of the rude ridges into which the surface of the heath was broken, threw off the cap which had shaded his brow, and bared his burning temples to the cool evening breeze which, happy in its unconsciousness, swept sullenly and heavily past him. He was young, but from the furrows which marked his brow, it seemed as though sorrow had been but ill-apportioned to his length of years, and his athletic form was evidently attenuated, either by care, or bodily suffering—possibly both. He was clad but meanly, and yet betrayed a certain nobility of air, as though once far superior to his present condition, while his whole appearance seemed that of one whose fair prospects had been blighted, and who had sunk beneath the frowns of fortune, but not resignedly.

"This desolate heath," he muttered, "must be my resting place; hence, if by my sinking frame I augur rightly, my soul must pass from life to eternity. Well, well, so much the better, my pilgrimage will be ended, a consummation for which I have prayed so often." While he yet spoke, the sound of horsemen at some distance, stole upon the breeze: actuated by that instinctive love of life which all alike experience, although in some cases, as in this—involuntarily, the wayfarer turned, and sought with eager glance to pierce the deepening twilight, and scan the persons of the approaching travellers.

There was, as a nearer view informed him, but one individual, but he led by the bridle another horse fully caparisoned, although boasting not of a rider. The person who now approached, was mounted on a sorry steed poorly saddled; he was clad in a suit of rusty black, primly cut, and void of aught like ornament; his hair was closely trimmed; he wore on his head a steeple-pointed hat, and by his side hung a short sword. He was evidently a puritan preacher, for, in his girdle might be descried the books whence he doubtless read his daily, almost hourly supplications, and likewise those mortal weapons y'clept pistols, wherewith he possibly enforced his spiritual adjurations; his age seemed dubious, for while the little of his hair which could be distinguished, was a grey, approaching nearly to white, his eye was penetrating and brilliant. As he neared the spot where our foot-traveller sat watching him, he suddenly stopped his horse, while in a tone, savouring partly of astonishment, and partly of alarm, he exclaimed, "God save you!" as yet, however, not knowing whether the being before him was one for pity or distrust. No answer was immediately returned, and in a more resolute manner, the querist continued, "Who art thou?"

"One," replied the other; "whom a long and wearisome journey hath nigh
destroyed; little matters it how soon the last pang is administered.

"Where are ye bent for? Whence come ye? Why sit ye there at this time of the even?"

"Fatigue, good sir, chains me to this spot," was the somewhat evasive reply.

"Your name?"

"It matters little—call me Rugby."

"Well, master Rugby, I am, as you see, a poor preacher, one who would willingly, aye marry, an' with joy, lay down his life an' it be required, in defence of the faith; one, moreover, who would as willingly, and while he liveth, aid the cause of the poor in pocket or spirit; rise therefore, and mount this steed, which is, as ye see, unburthened, and I will anon guide thee to the nearest public, called, an' my memory, for I grow old, fail me not, the Neville Arms. There thou may'st obtain those creature comforts of which, it becometh us in great moderation to partake."

These words were delivered, as indeed was most of his subsequent discourse, in a canting tone and manner strikingly disagreeable; but the nature of his offer was such as to deserve thanks and merit consideration.

"I thank thee heartily," replied Rugby, "for thy kindness, thy christian charity, and although five minutes back, death seemed a welcome visitor, yet, now that I may escape him, I feel strangely tempted to accept thy offer."

"Of a verity," said the preacher; "thou must be of the true faith, for none but we who hold it carefully, can regard with such philosophical indifference, the approach of the destroyer; the gaudy men, termed by ungodly ones, 'cavaliers,' have ever too much of worldly vanity to answer for, not to dread fearfully the last moments of existence; verily, my soul rejoiceth to see thee so willing and well prepared."

Rugby gazed somewhat suspiciously upon the face of the speaker. "I know not, reverend sir," he replied, "whether those words were uttered in sober earnestness, or spoken jestingly: at least there was a meaning in them which has resolved me to accept thy charitable offer."

"Now again, I fear me thou art not of our flock, or thou wouldst well know we never jest."

"Well, well, I thank thee; were all thy sect like thee, I had not been as I am now."

"My son," replied the preacher, as Rugby rose from the ground, and mounted the led horse; "judge ye not so rashly by appearances, neither blame a religion because individuals err; I tell thee 'twould indeed be wondrous in our sight, could we behold a flock wherein not one wayward sheep is nurtured; beware, beware of scandal, leave ye that vice to the sons of Belial, of whom we spake anon."

The stranger laughed aloud and bitterly.

"A little time back, and I should have cavilled, and drawn swords and perhaps heart's blood about such words as these; now I am better schooled, prithee tell me, good sir, is experience conducive to the happiness of mankind?"

The preacher spurred his horse, and they trotted on some little distance ere he vouchsafed, in his canting tone, to deliver his opinion: "Verily, experience is calculated to promote happiness, inasmuch as it teaches us to avoid those snares and pitfalls into which we might otherwise be trepanned. The man who hath the largest stock of experience, hath most chance of escaping the ills of life, and consequently hath the largest chance of happiness."

"Then am I supremely blest," exclaimed he who styled himself Rugby; "time was, when I believed that friends were sincere; that love was true and disinterested; that I was happy; now, now that experience—blessed experience, hath taught me the falsehood of these silly fancies, I possess felicity; do I not, sir?"

"Of a verity," apostrophized the preacher, looking upwards; "of a verity, the words of the sage Solomon are truly the essence of wisdom—all is vanity; then, turning to his companion, he exclaimed with energy, forgetting in the impulse of the moment the canting manner he had hitherto assumed. "Vanity, then, is the cause of your apparent iniquity. Why, should you presume to imagine yourself possessing, or worthy to possess those blessings denied to all others? Why, dare suppose that woman, false to a proverb,
should be true to you? Or why, that friendship, which hath long since shaken hands with this world, and in its steady left cold convenience, should return merely to gratify you? Go to! go to! That man must be a fool, who, when he awakes from a charming dream, sighs and bemoans because ’twas not reality. Adopt my plan, friend; treat all who greet you well, as best suits ye, mould them to your purpose, and be prepared to find them knaves and hypocrites; then, if their deceit be very galling, treasure in your heart of hearts the wrongs thus offered, and when opportunity affords, revenge them."

"Marry sir, are you a preacher?"

"A poor, but zealous professor of the faith which liveth unsheathed through all persecution," replied the other, resuming momentarily his cunting tone.

"Your words are those of the worldly-minded, aye, of the -coffer; much marvel I at thy advice."

"An it suiteth thee, not reject it," carelessly replied the preacher; "pursue thy own wayward course; seek the phantoms ye can never grasp, and spend thy days in useless repinings."

"My days are numbered," replied Rugby: "long enough, surely, have I struggled with my misery."

The preacher laughed. "Thou art crazed, man! why shouldst thou wish to die? Live and revenge thine injuries."

"Are these thy Christian precepts?"

"Marry are they; revenge is sweet."

"Revenge, to me, presents no charms," sighed Rugby; "the false friend who betrayed me, is already dead; the other cause of my despair, I know not where to find, and fear I love too well."

The distant muttering of the storm, now became louder, and large drops of rain, heralded its immediate approach. The preacher enveloped himself in the folds of his Geneva cloak, and quickened his horse’s pace into a smart canter, in which action he was imitated by his companion. Traces of vegetation speedily became visible on the hitherto desolate heath; half an hour’s sharp riding materially changed the face of the country, and through the misty twilight which now began to receive the aid of the rising moon, rich masses of wood might be perceived varying the sterile prospect, while, immediately before them, in a gentle valley, a few scattered lights announced the vicinage of some hamlet or town.

"Our ride approaches a conclusion, friend Rugby," said the preacher, after a long pause, and now suffering his steed to relax its pace—a pace no longer imperatively necessary, as the storm, which had at worst, but slightly reached them, was now dying swiftly away. "Yon glimmering lights, which shine to us through the darkness, even as the bright star of hope shineth to the afflicted sinner—("Hypocrite," muttered Rugby)—proceed from the village of Neville, in the middle, whereof, stands the hostelry of which I spoke, well known to travellers, and called the Neville Arms. Hast thou any objection to offer against a warm seat by the blazing hearth of Gideon Broadfoot, the owner thereof?"

"Truly, no," replied Rugby; "I have walked so far this day, and refreshed so slightly, it is little marvel that I look with joy to the prospect of repose and sustenance."

A short time further, and they reached the village alluded to, and opposite the ancient, time-worn market cross, they dismounted, and entered the house of entertainment the preacher had described. Mine host was speedily summoned, and that important personage, after bowing lowly to the preacher, whom he appeared to recognize, lost no time in conducting him and his weary companion, into a small apartment adjoining the kitchen, from which latter, proceeded a loud and confused clamour, clearly evidencing that it lacked not its usual number of wayfarers and wassailers.

"Good Master Broadfoot," said the preacher; "I pray you bring us, with all convenient speed, some of those creature comforts, whereof the elect partake with discretion, and the ungodly with unprofitable waste."

"Of a verity, reverend sir," replied the host, with a species of sly leer; "your wants shall be supplied:" so saying, he applied a light to an old-fashioned iron lamp on the table, and to a pile of faggots on the hearth, and then left the apartment.

Rugby had thrown himself on a
bend immediately on entering the chamber, and now lay without speaking, partly overpowered with fatigue and partly from a wish to endeavour to pierce the mystery which appeared to attach itself to his newly-acquired friend, who, on his part, acteduated by motives, probably not dissimilar, drew a rude chair in front of the blazing embers, and said, "And so my son, the world hath misused you; wilt thou take upon thyself to aver that none of these evils have been evoked by thine own conduct?"

"Marry, no," answered Rugby; "I have been reckless—improvident—perhaps guilty—but little matters that to any save myself. I know not how I came to speak of my own wrongs or sorrows, seeing that they cannot interest a stranger."

"Are we strangers?" cried the preacher. "Have we not met before? Methinks, my son, you are not unknown to me?"

"Nor thou to me," replied Rugby, "although my memory serves me so ill; I remember not thy name, nor where I beheld thee."

"Thou art a cavalier?"

"I have been so, I confess; now, I acknowledge no party; ingratitude alike disfigures all."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the host and all his family, each bearing some portion of the goodly, nay even luxurious repast which, to Rugby's infinite amazement, presently adorned the rudely formed table. Delicate dishes, fit for a princely board, smoked savourily before them, while rich wines of various vintages added their peculiar charms to the repast.

The arrangement of the dishes completed, the preacher invited his companion to commence the meal; noting, with an amused eye, the surprise which Rugby's countenance betrayed, as he contrasted the rich dishes with the desolate-looking ill-furnished room, and anon with the puritanical dress, canting tone, and assumed austerity of the puritan's manner.

"Prithee waste no time, Master Rugby, in studying analogies just now; but in this, at least, deign to follow my example;" and so saying, the preacher seated himself and commenced a vigorous attack upon the good fare before him.

Rugby followed his example; but presently inquired, with some earnestness, "prithee, sir preacher, how is it so poor a house of entertainment can furnish forth so goodly a repast?"

"Marry, sir, thus it is: when I travel, knowing well how bad the fare is so far from London, I ever forward before me some few trifles to assist my host's exertions in preparing a suitable meal. Here I am well known, and was expected at this very hour; a friend who was to have accompanied me has been delayed in Salisbury; it was his horse ye rode, his place ye now occupy: he was to have assisted me this evening in an adventure calculated to advance my interest and happiness; perchance, you will likewise there sustain his part?"

"Most willingly; that is, provided the part you would have me play, lieth within the compass of my power, and is consistent with strict honour."

"Were it not within thy power," and the preacher smiled, "I would not have been requested: and as to honour, my son—why, as the world goeth, there is nought to start at; but there is time enough,—fill thy goblet, and when sufficiently refreshed (of a verity, I have scarcely begun my meal), I will narrate what you can perform to serve me."

The meal passed almost in silence, and when concluded:—"Friend Rugby," said the preacher, seating himself opposite his companion, "it is now time we understand each other more fully. You have told me that you hate the world; abhor men, because they have wronged you, women because they are fickle and deceitful; nathless, you will not surely scruple to return good for good. I have saved thee from a lingering death on yonder moor—it is in thy power to assist me—will ye do it?"

"Name the service you require."

A little hesitation was visible in the other's countenance—in a minute it vanished.

"I will trust you," he said, "with my secret." He rose from his seat, removed false eyebrows from his face, rubbed away a few cleverly painted wrinkles, threw aside a wig of admi-
rable workmanship and stood confessed, 
a gay, reckless looking cavalier, whose 
long curling locks contrasted ludicrously 
with his prim Geneva cut clothes 
and appearance. He was handsome 
still, but had evidently once been far 
more so, ere profligate excesses had left 
their deteriorating lines upon his youth-
ful countenance.

A pause followed this strange meta-
morphosis, during which he evidently 
 enjoyed the manifest astonishment of 
 Rugby, who at length exclaimed, "may 
I inquire the motive for this strange 
disguise?"

"In good truth," replied the cavalier, 
"it is my purpose to engage you in my 
plot, and consequently necessary that 
you should understand the part you 
have to play. Thus then it stands:— 
I carry with me this night, from a 
house hard by, which you shall see 
anon, a fair and beauteous damsel; her 
uncle, with whom she resides, is a firm 
follower of the faith according to which 
I am attired, and my only chance of 
gaining admittance to his mansion is by 
outwardly, at the least, appearing as 
one of his flock. I have a letter of 
troduction, which I obtained by a stra-
tagem hardly worth detailing, from one 
Pious Praying-for-Grace, which repre-
sents me as a worthy follower of the 
true light; this will gain me entrance 
and lodging for the night, and then, as 
soon as the household slumber, and the 
 bark of the watch dog is stilled, away 
steal I with my fair one, to scenes more 
adapted to our age and wishes. Is it 
not a well digested plan?"

"Doubtless," replied Rugby; "but, 
prithee, how can I assist you?"

"With your right hand and sword, 
if necessary; the prize once in my pos-
session, I surrender it not with life. 
Should an alarm be given, ere we are 
safely gone, the uncle will, of course, 
endeavour to recover his ward, and 
then the sword's point must serve to 
cut the knotty question."

"Warfare is my element—I will 
stand by you; but stay—are we two 
sufficient, think you, to fight the whole 
household?"

"Marry, no; I have two auxiliaries 
with whom we can easily effect our 
purpose; you shall see them." He 
dashed the silver tankard, which he 
held in his hand, violently against the 
table and, in a few minutes, the host of 
the hostelry obeyed the rude summons. 

"Prithee, good master Broadfeet, 
send in those two fair gentlemen ye 
worst of, who even now are carousing in 
your kitchen."

"Yes, your honor."

"And, hark'ye, another pottle of 
wine. And now, sir," turning to Rug-
by, "list to me; in five minutes I re-
sume my priestly garb—in ten, I leave 
you to put my project into immediate 
execution; and, when ye hear the dis-
tant castle clock strike twelve, with my 
doughty warriors, who will lead the 
way, you must hasten to assist me."

Ere Rugby could reply, the door 
unclosed and admitted two, equally 
strange, but widely dissimilar individ-
uals. The first who entered was a 
young man of perhaps six and twenty, 
bearing a silly yet sly expression of 
countenance, and clothed in a garb not 
unlike the habit of our modern harle-
quin—"a thing of shreds and patches;" 
his form was slight, his gait stooping, 
and he bore in his hand a sword, the 
 sheath of which he employed himself 
in diligently rubbing with his coat 
sleeve, as though vainly endeavouring 
to remove some of the rust with which 
it was encrusted. For a moment after 
his entrance he ceased, made a very 
low and somewhat ungraceful bow, and 
then, without wasting a single look 
upon Rugby, resumed his occupation.

After him came a man of wild and 
savage appearance, great height, and 
corresponding strength; high cheek-
bones; a wide mouth, always half open, 
as though for the purpose of displaying 
the formidable teeth within; bushy eye-
brows, almost hiding the small, dull 
eyes they clustered over; a swarthy 
skin; and a large, ungainly head, cov-
ered with matted black locks, were 
the principal characteristics of this un-
amiable-looking being. He wore a ga-
bardine, fashioned in the style of some 
two centuries before (at that period still 
common among the peasantry), con-
 fined round his capacious waist by a 
broad leathern belt, which, moreover, 
bore a huge clasp-knife, possibly used 
 alike to carve his food, or strike his 
foe; while the stout ashen stick, or 
rather club, which he held in his
brawny hand, completed a striking portraiture of savage ferocity. The contrast presented by the four individuals thus congregated together, was singularly picturesque. The giant savage, turning his eyes alternately from one to the other of his companions; the motley garb, useless employment, and mingled simplicity and cunning of the slight figure next him; the gay, reckless bearing, courtly manner, but incongruous attire of the cavalier who stood gazing at them from the opposite side of the table; and lastly, the ragged habiliments, yet striking, though care-worn face and figure of Rugby, altogether formed a picture calculated to attract the attention of a curious bystander, had such an one been there to witness the interview.

“Friend Rugby,” said the cavalier, after allowing the person thus addressed time to survey his new associates, “thou seest thine and mine companions in this midnight scheme. This sily fellow, who is wasting his time so idly, is Redmond, surnamed the Fool; once a jester, employed by the former owner of Neville Castle, to aid the hilarity of his guests, now turned from his place and calling, by the puritanical spirit of the present master; he relishes the thought of nought, so much as annoying the man who has treated him so farcical. What say’st thou, thou Killigrew in miniature, is’t not so?”

“Why, yes, indeed, Master John, it is as you have said,” replied the Jester; “always premising that fair Mistress Alice be not displeased.”

“Alice!” exclaimed Rugby.

“Alice!” echoed the cavalier, turning his bright, keen eye upon him; “Alice Neville: do you know her?”

“No,” replied Rugby, moodily; “but I once knew a maid who bore the name of Alice, and its sudden utterance revived a recollection I would fain dismiss for ever.”

“I will wager ye a gallon of sound claret, the Alice ye speak of ne’er was so fair as mine,” gaily replied the cavalier; “but we have no time to spare just now in such silly discourse. He, who stands by this motley personage, is Ralph, surnamed Strongitharm, the best man at single-stick in the country, and, moreover, well skilled in playing with short sword or clasp-knife; make thine obeisance, thou ogre, to this, thy new and most worshipful acquaintance.”

The man thus spoken to, bent his huge body slightly to the cavalier, and then to Rugby, meanwhile regarding the latter with a sullen glance of inquiry, as though estimating the power he might possess in the arts just enumerated as appertaining to himself.

“And now, friends,” resumed the cavalier, that ye are all acquainted, I shall forthwith take my departure. But say, Rugby, hast thou a sword? Thou shakest thy head; well, then, mine shall serve thy purpose,” and he drew from its place of concealment, beneath his Geneva cloak, the weapon of which he spoke; the gay and richly-ornamented sheth much better harmonized with its owner’s looks and bearing, than did his present disguise. “Take ye this,” he cried, “gird it round thy loins, and strike in the name of the—stay,” and he broke into a short laugh, “I forgot, I am not playing the pious preacher just now. But pray you, Master Rugby, be careful of it; the blade is true Toledo, and the handle, even as you see, is curiously carved and decorated. I should be pleased to see it come unscathed from the warlike conflict, should such a thing chance to form our night’s diversion.”

“A stouter weapon would, perchance, be more desirable,” said Rugby, as he drew from its sheath, and examined, the slight, coroneted blade.

The sight of it appeared to awaken some pleasant reminiscences in its owner’s mind; he took it from the hands of Rugby, gazed on it earnestly, and, half involuntarily, exclaimed, “How well I recollect the night, when I received this costly gift from the fair hands of a certain duchess, who, pretty but vulgar, had caught the heart and engrossed the attentions of the inconstant Charles; and her grace, the duchess, gazing on me with looks replete of love, said, as she gave this weapon into my hands—but hark! What sound is that? By Heavens! ’tis the castle clock sounding nine. I must away without a moment’s pause, else will my errand prove bootless. Master
Rugby, use this weapon with discretion; I would not have it injured for worlds. Here, take one of my pistols,” producing two superb ones from the inner portion of his belt, “and avoid using the sword, if possible. And now,” as he resumed his wig, and other portions of his disguise, may I depend upon your fidelity?”

“You may,” replied Rugby. “I willingly owe favour to no man, and am glad I may thus return the one you anon conferred upon me on yonder moor.”

“Good! the identical feeling upon which I calculated. And now, my friends, individually and all, I pray and conjure you, abstain from all deep potations till your work is done. Be ye not drunk: remember, the creature comforts may not be abused, for all who do shall not enter—pshaw! I have studied preaching till, I have become one of the craft. What I mean is this, do my work well, and then, returning here, drink my health, and that of pretty Mistress Alice, an it please ye, till not a man sits but sees double. The rewards I promised you, Redmond, and you, Ralph, shall be paid to-morrow: and you, Rugby, will this purse of gold content ye?”

“I want no gold,” replied Rugby, and his brow glowed; “nor do I work for hire. I will, as I have told thee, willingly aid thy emprise, but require no further reward, than the satisfaction of requiting thee for the past.”

“As ye please,” carelessly rejoined the other, who having now donned his disguise, whispered a few words in the ear of Ralph, and departed. The latter now for the first time spoke—

“If it so please you, Master Rugby,” he said, in a voice, the deep and sullen tones of which corresponded well with his wild appearance, “I will await with my companions in the kitchen, the hour when we must join our master.”

Rugby, eager to be relieved from the presence of one so unprepossessing, willingly gave the permission he appeared to crave, and Strong’t’arm withdrew; while the Jester, having carefully watched his retiring figure until the door closed behind him, laid aside his sword, helped himself to a deep draught of the wine on the table, and then seated himself, as though perfectly willing to enter into conversation with his new acquaintance. Rugby, however, betrayed no intention of the kind; he had once more thrown himself on the rude bench in silent abstraction. In vain, then, did the fool whistle, or cough, or sigh, until finding it impossible, by such means, to attract attention, he hazarded an observation.

“We shall have no child’s play, sir, to-night.”

Rugby looked up, recalled his far-straying thoughts, and replied, “Think ye, then, we shall be called on to use our weapons?”

“Marry, beyond a doubt; and, i’faith, I’m glad on’t, too. They call me fool, and never yet would trust me with a sword; but now, Master John has given me one, and, by the rood, as the old baron used to say, I’ll prove I’m fit to use it. Let me see,” he continued, and his eye, glancing wanderingly about, betrayed the partial aberration of his mind, “there’s Rob, the butler; ’twas he refused me wine to’other day, and now he shall suffer for it.”

“But, touching our adventure of to-night,” said Rugby: “think you, in case it comes to open warfare, we shall have many against us?”

“Many?” echoed the Jester. “Many? Why, if they get intelligence of what is going on, we shall have all the household upon us. There’s not one amongst them would not die to defend pretty Mistress Alice, who—”

“Defend!” interrupted Rugby.—

“What! does not the lady go willingly?”

A slight colour passed over the Jester’s face, as, with a sly leer, he regarded Rugby for a moment, and replied, “I guess so. What I meant was, if they thought she was in danger. Poor young lady!” and now he spoke in a rapid tone, as though willing, if possible, to lead his hearer’s thoughts in another direction: “poor young lady! fond as she is of Master John, I’ll wager my cap and bells, there was once, one whom she would have liked better. Did ye ever hear of him?”

“Never,” said Rugby. “But who is this Master John?”

“Who is Master John?” repeated
the Jester, with evident surprize: "what! don't you know?"

"I know his features well, but cannot recall his name to memory. Tell me, Jester, who is he?"

"Ah, but can you keep a secret? Will you swear by the rood, as the old baron used to say, not to tell again?"

"I can preserve a secret inviolable, without an oath."

"Oh! ha! and so can I!" and the Jester chuckled, with such a hearty, inward glee, that Rugby could scarcely suppress the rash desire which rose within his breast, to strike the knave to the ground. He did, however, succeed in concealing his anger, and calmly said—

"You design to joke with me, I perceive."

"Exactly so," cried Redmond: "tis my vocation. I am a jester, and 'tis natural for a jester to joke: he! he! he!

"And so, the lady had a former lover, had she?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; and a brave, handsome fellow, they say he was: but jealous—jealous as a fury; and, upon some offence or other, away flies he to King Charles's court, in France, and never so much as says 'Good-bye!' to his lady-love. However, he suffered for it."

"As how?"

"Why, the Protector Cromwell confiscated all his estates, for being a royalist: so, she was fortunate in escaping a marriage with him, after all. By the rood, as the old baron used to say, 'twould have been poor work to have married a beggar: say'st thou not so, sir?"

"Indeed, I think so."

"And so think I. Fool as I may be, I am right there."

"And now the lady loves Master John, as you call him, does she?"

"Why, of course she does," and the Jester carefully glanced at and watched his companion's visage, "or else she never would run away from her uncle with him, would she?"

"Doubtless not."

"To be sure not," replied the Jester; and, apparently satisfied with his survey, he once more resumed his useless occupation of cleaning the rusty scabbard. "Oh, it was a fine thing for the baron, getting back his titles and estates at the Restoration: no one expected it, for he and his brother, and their father, had all been in the army of the Parliament."

"Just like the inconsistent Charles," muttered Rugby, as he started from his seat, and paced the chamber with rapid strides: "enemies are rewarded, friends forgotten, else had not I been here, and desolate."

"What! have you lost estates too?" asked Redmond, with a vacant stare.

"By the rood, as the old baron used to say, to judge by appearances, one would think you never had any of which to deplore the loss: he! he! he!"

"Silence!" thundered Rugby. "You were placed here to perform your master's bidding, not to indulge in rude curiosity."

"I crave your pardon," answered the Jester; "remember, I did but take pattern from your honour," and so saying, he paid his devoirs once more to the wine-cup, and slid from the apartment.

"Strange! strange!" murmured Rugby, as he resumed his hurried and unequal pace to and fro the narrow room, "that I should be engaged in an adventure such as this! Strange, too, that the king should be thus unmindful of past wrongs or services! This is another proof of Charles's weakness: the friend of Cromwell, the puritan Neville, is restored to the rank of his ancestors, while the companions of the monarch in his exile and misfortunes, are neglected and forgotten! Who, too, is this Master John? His face is not unknown to me, and yet my treacherous memory refuses to recall his name. Who can he be?" and thus he pondered on, until the hour arrived at which his required service was to be performed, and, with it, his companions.

As these three dissimilar individuals, thus strangely linked together, issued from the hostelrie, the door of which was carefully closed and barred after them by the host, the hour of midnight tolled from the village church. The night was bright and cloudless: high in the heavens rode the placid moon, softening with her gentle beams the distant landscape, and anon glancing
on some humble casement, chequering each pane with hues of gold. A slight hill rose before them, on the summit of which stood the large, but now partly dismantled castle, which, no doubt, had once guarded the village thus lying around it. Few words passed as they advanced towards it. Redmond led the way, followed by the giant ruffian; and, after him, came Rugby, one moment indulging the gloomy thoughts which filled his bosom, and the next, seeking, by a lengthened gaze on the surrounding scene, to catch some portion of its peaceful character. Each was armed: by the side of the latter hung the cavalier’s sword, and, in his belt, was the cavalier’s pistol. Redmond bore in his hand, with menacing yet witless gesture, the weapon he had been so recently employed in cleaning; and Ralph carried over his shoulder a club of ponderous dimensions and weight. Much would their appearance have amazed the inhabitants of the little hamlet, had any been there to see them; but such was not the case. No light gleamed in the cottages: no sound—save the occasional bark of some watchful dog from a farmer’s homestead, roused from his slumbers by the stealthy footsteps, and anon quieted by their speedy passing and being heard no more—disturbed the stillness of the night. The villagers, fatigued by wholesome labour, slept in peace, nor dreamt they of the scene about to be enacted.

When they reached the castle, Rugby observed, within the deep shade cast by its antique donjon keep, a carriage and four, around which stood several attendants, evidently awaiting the arrival of their employer or master, a personage whom he readily guessed to be “Master John.” Passing this, they cautiously crept over the bridge now built across the moat, in place of the former more warlike drawbridge; and then, led by Redmond, who officiated as guide, they approached that portion of the building which bore the most evident marks of decay and desuetude. Here, at a small, arched door, the Jester stopped, and having knocked gently three times, he turned to Rugby, and whispered—“Twas from this door the old baron used to go hunting in the times of yore; but at last, six men carried him out, heels foremost, in a wooden box; and after that,—he! he! he!—he never hunted again. I thought it fine fun then, to see the noisy old fellow nailed up in a box, and I couldn’t but laugh to think what a rage he’d be in when he got out again; but well-a-day, he never came back, and the times changed, and they turned me away, and I went and looked for the old baron, but I couldn’t find him.” And the merry laugh with which he had commenced his speech, with that facility for displaying violent changes of emotion which appears to distinguish the imbecile, terminated in a vehement burst of tears, and he continued whimpering.

“Must we enter here?” demanded Ralph, modulating his rough voice to a low grumbling.

“I know not,” said Rugby, “Answer thou that question?” addressing the Jester.

The latter paused a minute, and then, having overcome his sobbing, answered, “Yes: but when those within seek, or need our presence, this door will be opened.”

“That moment has arrived!” suddenly exclaimed a well-known voice near them, “and the door-way is unobscured.” And, as he spoke, the mock preacher—for he it was—threw open the entrance, and led the way into a large and desolate apartment: damp and mildew had stained its stone walls, and in many places the roof had fallen in large patches to the floor, leaving wide gaps, through which the tranquil, starry sky, shone loneliness though brightly. A glimmering lamp, giving but little light, stood on the ground; another, unlighted, was beside it: this the preacher now illumined, then turning to the silent group, he said, somewhat anxiously, “The moment has now arrived which will determine the success or otherwise of my adventure. Ralph you, remaining outside this door, suffer none to enter, but guard it carefully; and, hark ye, sirrah, should the clash of swords be heard within, come hither instantly. You, Redmond, haste to the carriage, bid the positions be ready to depart instantly;—away!” and his retainers vanished. “You, Rugby, will stay here till my return; I go now to meet my sweetheart, in five minutes
I shall return with her, for, by Redmond’s accurate description, I can thread the castle passages as well as the baron himself. But say, do I still look the preacher well? Anon, I deceived the lord of this domain delightfully."

"Your air is somewhat too anxious and hurried for the staid Puritan," replied Rugby; "and your black curls are stealing from under that prim cut yellow wig very picturesquely; but little matters it, the lady of course will but slightly care about the disguise being preserved, when no one but herself is by, to notice the inaccuracy."

The cavalier preacher looked keenly, and somewhat doubtfully at him: "True," and then, after a pause; "stay you here, although I trust to accomplish my purpose without alarming the inmates, and consequently, without requiring your assistance," he raised the lamp, turned, as though about to quit the chamber, then suddenly stopped, and as though animated by some new idea, walked hurriedly up to Rugby.

"Master Rugby, did you not tell me on the moor, that the falsehood and inconstancy of woman, had disgusted you with the sex?"

"I did."

"Good! pay then, no heed, should the wayward wench prate of deception, or scream with well-affected alarm for assistance—women assume these little airs sometimes, to give importance to an after consent."

"I know it."

"Ah! Rugby, they will pretend aversion where they are best affected, and seem most to love, where they care little—"

"Or nothing," interrupted the other; "I know that too, women are all deception."

"Right, quite right, Rugby," said the cavalier, shaking his hand heartily; "I commend thy penetration and right judgment, they are all deception; but now for the last part of our game," and so saying, the cavalier left the chamber by a small door exactly facing the one by which they had entered, his countenance bearing that peculiar air of satisfaction which a man wears, when he

fancies he has performed some remarkably clever and convenient action.

With his arms folded, and leaning against the side of the chamber, Rugby patiently awaited the return of his new friend; anon, would his thoughts glance to the days of yore, when blessed with affluence, rank, and beauty’s smiles, he had dreamed this earth an Eden; then would the heavy breathing, and regular step of Strong’th’arm, as he paced to and fro, without the door, disturb his meditations, and recall his mind to present events; then was it he repeated the question he had already so frequently asked himself; "Am I certain the wench goes willingly? Though I hate the sex for their deformity of mind, I have no fancy to stand idly by, and hear a woman’s cries for succour, unheedingly; but these are bootless reflections, which a few moments patience will set clear." Here he was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Redmond, through the door which led without the castle; his face, always pale, now looked almost cadaverous, and he muttered his words with such mingled haste and earnestness, as well nigh to render them incomprehensible.

"They are coming! they are coming! I’ve been watching the light as it shone in her room, and traced it gleaming through the casements of the galleries; they will be here directly, and then he will take her away from the castle for ever."

"The sooner the better," said Rugby; "for the night is far advanced, and I would willingly seek my couch."

The jester heeded him not. "She was always kind to me; ay, even yesterday, she gave me bread and meat, and bid me be of good cheer. What has she to do with her uncle’s conduct to me? Would it not be different, if she could help it? Is there no other way to wound him, save through her?"

Whilst the jester thus unconnectedly mumbled on, a slight bustle in an adjoining chamber, struck the ear of Rugby, and then a piercing shriek announced the near vicinity of some terrified female. Redmond bounded into the air, as though shot, when the sound reached him, and then, half inarticulately, exclaimed,—
"'Tis her voice! 'tis she! the kind, the good, the gentle—I played with her when a child, and watched her grow to womanhood, and shall I cause her sorrow? No, no, she must yet be saved," and he rushed through the door, into the court-yard, and disappeared. Again the scream was repeated, and hesitating no longer, Rugby darted across the chamber, threw open the inner door, and in another moment, stood before the mock preacher, who, with one arm round her waist, was endeavouring to force forward a young girl, from whom the shrieks had proceeded."

"How, sir?" exclaimed Rugby; "How is this? Said you not the woman went willingly?"

"Marry, and so she doth, good sir, but her humour is peevish this even, nothing more; come, my own dear," but the girl falsified his word, for, escaping from his grasp, she rushed towards Rugby, and sank at his feet."

"Mercy, aid, save me!" she frantically exclaimed; "this man, who, under the guise of religion, sought and found hospitality here, now seeks, first by deception, and then by rude violence, to force me away with him. In pity's name, save me from this danger."

"This enterprise must be abandoned," and Rugby spoke in that cold, decided manner, which argues a fixed determination.

"Good, my friend," replied the cavalier; "and wherefore?"

"Because the lady is not willing; she seeks for protection, and must have it."

"I thought," retorted the other, with a sneer; you were prepared to war with all the sex?"

"I overrated mine own humour," said Rugby, calmly; "I now, upon experience, find I was not framed to see a woman's tears, and scorn her sorrows."

"How sentimental! aye, and chivalric! Well then, Master Rugby, we must exchange passes. I will not resign the prize so nearly won, at the command of a houseless vagrant," and he drew, and as he did so, thrust back the puritan wig, and once more suffered his cavalier tresses to fall upon his shoulders. A sudden thought struck Rug-
but Rugby's eyes were fixed on the pallid features of the girl, now first turned full towards him.

"One word, one word," he muttered incoherently; "Your name is—is—Alice Eccleston, say;—is it not so?""

"It was once so," replied the lady falteringly; "but when the king restored my forefather's estates, 'twas changed to Neville."

"What does all this mean?" inquired Rochester, "or, rather, what is it to me?"

"More than you think for, my lord," gloomily said Rugby, "you gave me a pistol, as you may chance to remember, behold," and he drew from under his cloak, his left hand, in which was grasped the weapon; "had not that woman's features paled my hand, nay, even my heart, you had, ere this, paid with your life for this lawless action; but now, do as ye please, no let or hindrance shall ye have from me."

"Oh, say not so," screamed the lady; "do not you desert me; deliver me not to misery and despair."

"Did not you deliver me to misery and despair," exclaimed Rugby, and with such vehemence, that the stone walls reverberated the sound, and both his hearers involuntarily started; "you are amazed, you look on me as though you thought me mad, girl: I am not mad, and with one word, I'll prove it to you; I am—I am Walter Vere!"

"Walter Vere?" screamed the lady, "then I am safe still!"

"Walter Vere!" exclaimed the earl, "then my devoir is not accomplished yet!"

"Yes," gloomily added Rugby; "Sir Walter Vere, to whom you, Lady Alice, played the inconstant; the very man whose hopes you nourished until they became part of his very existence; and then, with levity and neglect, crushed—annihilated them. The hour for vengeance is arrived; behold, Alice, how I act;—without a sigh—without an effort to save, I resign you to the spoiler; take her, my lord of Rochester—Alice screamed,—had she been true to me, I would have perished to spare her one single pang; but now—it joys my soul to see her anguish."

"Away then," cried the earl, "let us not delay; come lady——"

"No—no—I will not move," shrieked Alice, as she struggled in his grasp. "Walter, Walter, you are deceived—fatally deceived—I never wronged—never was inconstant to you; behold here, at my bosom, hangs your portrait, the one you gave me at parting; it has never been cast from me—the heart which pants beneath it is yours—in mercy then, save me!"

"Ha! that portrait? Is it possible?"

"Come, come, Alice, these struggles are vain; mine you must be," said Rochester, as he bore his beauteous prize toward the door.

"Hold, sir," cried Rugby; "this must be explained; if—if Alice has, indeed, been true to me——"

"I am thine—thine only," murmured Alice, breathless with agitation.

"Then, my lord, you must pause—"

"Pause, master Rugby? no, no, I have paused already too long; what ho! Ralph, Redmond, what ho!" and momentarily the giant Strege on the floor burst into the chamber. "Seize ye man, ye man of blood, and if he resist, brain him with your club. Now, Alice, to the carriage." Ralph sprang towards Rugby, to carry these instructions into execution, and received the contents of the latter's pistol in his brawny chest, and, whilst his mighty frame rolled in dying agony to the ground, his destroyer darted upon Rochester who, taken by surprise and encumbered with the almost senseless form of Alice, could make but impotent resistance, wrested from his sword, and threw him to the centre of the apartment, himself guarding the door for egress.

"Foiled, by the Mass!" said Rochester, "one struggle more though, most potent master Rugby."

"'Twould be useless," answered Rugby, coldly; "listen, my lord, to those sounds," and, as he spoke, the alarum of the castle rung briskly, and numbers of people were heard advancing, and, above all, rose the shrill voice of the jester, as he said:

"Master John is a good fellow, but I love my mistres best; so on, on lads, to save her."

"By heaven," exclaimed Rochester, "I shall be discovered; and, should this adventure reach the court, perchance ruined as well!" A sudden
thought appeared to strike him: "Master Walter Vere you must assist me; detain these people until my carriage has conveyed me hence, and afterwards conceal my name."

"And why?" asked Rugby.

"For two most powerful motives:—first, because in consideration thereof, I will presently move the king and parliament to restore your estates; secondly, because I will prove to you that lady's fidelity."

"Ha! I accept the terms; but be speedy, else 'twill exceed my power;" and he crossed the chamber, and barred the door leading to the interior of the castle, just in time to preclude the entrance of the jester, the baron, and numerous servitors who clamoured loudly for admittance.

"The tale," said Rochester hastily, and anon glancing with ill concealed uneasiness toward the door, "is soon told. When you and I were together, squandering away our wealth at the court of Charles in France—I, hoping to secure this fair creature for myself; even then loving her dearly, obtained her letters directed to you, and, by the arts ye wot not of, made you think her false."

"Villain!" exclaimed Rugby.

"Nonsense," said Rochester, "all's fair in love; if I was a villain to hatch lies, you were a fool to credit them of so fair a lady," and he bowed to Alice.

"Now, most valiant Rugby or Vere, woman-hater or gallant, or any other alias, may I depart?"

His latter words were lost upon Rugby, who had thrown himself upon his knee before Alice; whilst she, hanging fondly on his shoulder, murmured forgiveness almost before it was asked.

"Marry," resumed the earl, "this is pleasant to be third in a love party! By the bright eyes of my mistress, I like it not." Another sound caught his ear:—"Ha! They are going round to the courtyard; so—so—master Walter, you will have full revenge at last!"

"Not so," exclaimed Rugby, turning from Alice; "the ecstasy of this moment induces a full forgiveness of the past; away, away, my lord;" and he threw open the door which led through the outer chamber to the courtyard.

"Farewell, then," said Rochester, "Please Momus, I shall reach London to-morrow, and then I will mention your hard fortune to the king; for the present, Rugby, remember secrecy is the word;" then, turning to the lady, he added, half serious and half joking, "this night, madam, has almost made me a convert to the doctrine of virtuous love. And now, most amiable lovers, good night." He darted from the chamber, crossed the courtyard, dexterously escaping the grasp of those who sought to detain him, sprang into the carriage, gave the signal to his postilions and, with the speed of lightning, fled from Neville.

"Your uncle, Alice?" demanded Vere;

"Is impatient to behold you, and will most willingly forgive, as I do, all past errors. See! he comes."

"Then we may yet be happy!" exclaimed Vere. "Once reinstated in my father's home, and with you, Alice, for my wife, all that this world affords of happiness must be mine."

The hopes of Walter and the promises of Rochester were all fortunately fulfilled; the unjustly attainted estates were restored, and long did their possessor and his lovely bride live to talk of, and bless the happy chance which had effected "The Lover's Rescue."
TRUTH

Hast ever seen a feather in the air,
By softly whispering breezes borne along
The aerial way?
Hast noted; how each tiny breath will bear
The sailing down, aloft, with force too strong
For it to stay?

Like captive then it yields; yet short delay,
And, when the breath is spent, it slowly sinks
Adown again:
Another comes, and still compell’d t’ obey,
’Tis floated higher, that one even thinks
It falls in vain.

(As, when the sorrowing mind, perhaps awhile,
By others’ joy invited to be gay,
May then be boon:
Yet, ’tis no healthy, but a sickly smile,
That, o’er the pallid cheek, is seen to play;
It fades too soon.)

Again adown; and now, perchance, the wind
Is later in its coming than before;
It falls full low:
The breeze no longer fans it up we find,
Beneath the current, now its power is o’er,
In vain ’t may blow.

Just so with Truth; though Error may pervert
Its present triumph; yet it must, at last,
Stand firm and free:
Although each noxious breath awhile may hurt,
The tender bud shall ’scape the coming blast,
And sov’reign be!

Not like the downy feather shall it lie,
Subject, e’en then, to every passing breeze,
From none secure:
Truth shall subdue, and force its foe to fly,
Pursued on every hand by its decrees,
Till all is pure.

H. C.
THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MISS EMMA WHITEHEAD.

(Continued from page 448, May.)

Sergeant Hugh Doyle, the dragoon, as he quitted Fairy Fanny at the door of Mr. Astel's chamber, smiled bitterly in memory of the past, and hastily entered the room, where he found Herbert Astel involved, like himself, in deep and painful thought. He, however, was only devising how to claim the property which otherwise would eventually belong to Emily, and in such a manner as to run no personal hazard.

Desperation is sometimes the best friend of misery, and when Mr. Astel contemplated the destitute condition of his daughter, he resigned himself to the blind impulse of affection, and regardless of future consequences determined to make known his existence and assert his right of inheritance, if only for her sake. Yet, though he so resolved, some secret dread suggested the necessity of caution, and from his reliance alone in the honor of Counsellor Lewisteme had he, at last, confided in him, and despatched his daughter upon the happy errand which avowed his escape and gave him openly a claim to the property thus bequeathed to him. Emily had joyfully undertaken the task, altogether ignorant of the risk he incurred by the chance of his being discovered in the asylum where he had remained so long concealed. But no sooner was he informed that another claimant was likely to appear, in the person of a youth, long since supposed to be dead, than new disquiet and difficulty perplexed him. Falling, therefore, into profound reveries of thought, it was under such circumstances of necessity that he requested to see Sergeant Doyle.

The soldier, indeed, possessed too much good sense not to perceive that these consultations were somewhat out of his way, but as he entered, the most skilful physiognomist could not have discovered that such an impression weighed upon his mind. His mien, not less intelligent than reserved, was full of the dignity becoming worth and independence of spirit. Emily arose and welcomed him courteously, while her father, who was pacing the room in restless excitement, stayed his steps, shook him by the hands, motioned him to be seated, continuing, nevertheless, his own unquiet action up and down the apartment. Embarrassment, impatience, and fear, were evidently at work within his bosom, but Hugh Doyle was apparently too much occupied by the curious skill with which the young lady exercised her needle, to take much notice of these symptoms of agitation. Herbert Astel at length prepared to speak.

"The moment of explanation has come, for her benefit, that I may fulfil the last duty that I owe her; I am content to endure ignominy or shame, or, if my enemies prove too powerful for me, I will brave their machinations, and abide the fatal issue of this hour."

"Not for me, father," said the young lady, with mournful calmness, "you would wrong yourself and me by bringing this misery upon us. It is neither just nor proper that you should criminate yourself, or become the victim of treachery for my sake; moreover, let me hope that you will not believe me so much."

"Silence, Miss Astel," her father cried, and, in nervous irritability, he paused ere he spoke again. "Henceforth we will understand one another—you, to whom and what you are bound, and by what ties of duty—and I, whether motives of love or dread will induce you to obey me. For you, Sergeant Doyle, let us hear what honesty and courage will say to that which seems like cowardice or guilt; but here, sir, I throw away the trammels which have bound me: and, as he seated himself, his trembling hands and livid complexion might have been well
regarded as omens portentous or indicative of crime.

"I can only say, sir, that you may command my services in what way you will," said the dragoon, "only let no passing anger compel you to reveal that of which you may repent."

"Let me entreat you, dear father, say not another word," faltered the young lady, "for all my love and honour are your own, and remember that if, to obtain this property, you make those sacrifices, you buy it at a price even dearer than my life."

"Do you see, sir, the happiness of having children?" asked Herbert Astel. "Here is one ready to vouch for her parents’ guilt; aye, to believe that her father is a murderer, and that with as little remorse as if it were to speak of his high honour; and doubtless she can give evidence in confirmation of the fact, or undertake to argue the point whether or no, and this to show her skill and insight into human character."

"Suppose you speak to me alone, sir," said Doyle, in some perplexity, "and inform me how to prosecute your claim upon this fortune, or wherefore you resign it."

"No, sir, no," he answered; "look in the girl’s face, and there find corroboration of the words I have spoken. She has wasted away with amiable sympathy of the crime that oppresses me; she assumes the soft voice of consolation, humbly abets all my manoeuvres of concealment, and only fails to call me the villain that she thinks me."

"Nay, this is too cruel, you must excuse me, sir," said the soldier, and he moved to withdraw.

"If you please, sergeant, you must remain," said Emily, quietly continuing her work. "My father argues with singular unkindness and unlike himself, but in this instance I wish him to believe that no prospect of wealth can ever compensate me for any act wherein he shall be injured for my supposed advantage."

"It shall be all revealed, nevertheless, girl," said her father, and, while he spoke, he pressed her wrist with such emphatic energy that he left the mark of violence where he touched. The soldier beheld the action in mingled scorn and pity, and, not aware that the excited mind may unintentionally commit such ills, believed him now capable of any inhumanity with which the world might charge him. Perhaps the sad sight of womanly softness, doomed to such severity, had its full weight in prejudicing his thoughts, but however that might be, he now regarded her father with distrust fast verging into absolute aversion.

"You must make up your mind to the worst, Emily," said Astel at last, as if ashamed of his sudden violence, "for you may yet be applauded for your penetration in recognizing that as guilt which looks so very like it. The tale is, however, shortly told."

"I do not perceive," interrupted Hugh Doyle, beholding the ghastly change in Miss Astel, "nor can I comprehend what relation this can have to your right in the Hamborough property. Let me hope that you do not think me curious in your affairs, which need, in truth, no explanation to me, sir."

"It is an exposure that I have myself sought," said Astel, in deep embarrassment, "and let me rely on you to direct me, since your conduct has taught me to put trust in you; for that I have been wronged, betrayed, duped, deceived, is only one portion of my misery; and, girl, no fainting or folly, for you must hear it out."

His daughter gave her melancholy assent, and as Herbert Astel paused, he now became aware of the soldier’s casual regards being fixed upon him, and quailed beneath this inquiring scrutiny, as if under the dominion of fear or the striving of conscience. But, notwithstanding this, it also appeared that he sought to assume some show of resolution and calm decision of purpose, but, through this feigned outward address, the truth of his confusion and uncertainty of mind were only too apparent, and this to the most fearful degree of human shame imaginable."

"You have, doubtless, heard of the extraordinary murder of Amelia Astel?" he all at once hastily inquired, "and that I was one of the supposed perpetrators of the deed."

The soldier hesitated in pronouncing an answer in the negative, like one who suspected the sanity of his interrogator, but, seeing the horror that
engrossed Emily Astel, he replied, smiling, as if at the absurdity of the question.

"It is true, however, and fatally so," said Astel. "But, as there is a living judge above us. I am innocent of that enormity, and were I to appear before him at this hour, I would asseverate and swear the same. No, sir, it is not to be believed, that on the simple fact of her preferring one more rich or prosperous than myself, that I should commit such outrage upon humanity, forget the sacred bond of our youth, dissemble the last tie which bound us to each other,—and then her life so precious to me,—for sir, we were lovers at some time."

"One would think that only hate could do such villain's work as that," said the soldier; "but then, it's the hardest thing in life to meet a rival in the way of love, and if you had measured swords with him, there would have been some bravery in it."

"But listen, Doyle," said the other. "In the estimation of some people, I had good reason for unkindness towards her. She had vowed to be mine, and yet united herself to another. When we met, she charged me with deceit and treachery; mad with misfortune, we quarrelled long and bitterly; and it may be argued that there were motives on my side to desire her death, for I was then a beggar, and her maternal inheritance devolved to me."

"May I enquire how you became implicated in the deed?" asked the dragoon; "though innocent, yet chance might so betray you."

"It did, it did," cried Astel, hurriedly. "The same cruel destiny that separated us, awaited us both on the night of her unhappy death; and from that very moment, tracked by the shade of that dark hour, my life has been a withering curse, my existence hateful to me, and I,—I have been the victim of conscience, mocked eternally by the memory of that event."

"Ask him no more, Sergeant Doyle," said the young lady. "He is ever at war with himself, and will talk wildly, and conjure up strange tales, but believe him not, he is not to be believed. Let me entreat you to hearken no more."

Doyle who had been hitherto looking downward with sedulous intentness, now glanced about him in the action of enquiry, but neither responded to his gaze. Emily Astel pursued her employment in painful serenity of sorrow: the marble rigidity of her mien, just relaxed enough to enable her to continue her mechanical occupation, while her father was shrunk into himself, overcome with humiliation, or it might be, the consciousness of guilt. However, he darted an uncertain glance in the soldier's direction, and hastily withdrew it.

"I am not to be thwarted, Emily, or to be again betrayed," said he, with angry bitterness. "I have decided on the full confession of my feelings, my persecutions, and my wrongs; and let me now seek the advice of this man, or convey me to the nearest magistrate to take my deposition upon the case as it then existed—as it now exists."

"I trust, sir," said Doyle, "that you will not involve me in the necessity of exposing any errors that you may have committed, nor indeed do I wish to hear those secrets which it has cost you so much anxiety and misery to keep."

"It was in the dusk of the evening," said Astel, as if he were corners some oft-repeated subject by rote. "I intended to bid her farewell, and quit the country for ever; Sir Andrew was from home, I visited her, and found her alone. In broken explanation we discovered that she had been duped into marriage, that I had been betrayed by him whom I employed to convey my letters, for I was then at variance with her father. In anger we had met, we now conversed in tears; and yes, it was so, late that night we parted; and she in tenderness gave to me some token of her kindness. The hour was late, nor do I know how the time passed; when I perceived that it was money she had given me, I turned and retraced my way, wishing to return it."

The speaker here ceased under the influence of some overpowering emotion; the soldier played with his helmet in all the sympathetic distress of one who hears, or expects to hear, the criminal confession of his fellow-man; while diverted by this plausible commencement, Emily Astel breathed more freely,
and relaxed the vigour of her occupation.

"And what hour of the night might this be, sir?" said the dragoon.

"Dark, it was the purple darkness of deepest night, it might be between twelve and one," answered Astel; and in agitated whispers, he added: "I returned to the house, the family had gone to rest, the street door yielded to my touch, I went to her room: still horror was upon me and I called, but my breath heaved louder than my tongue could speak, my feet pattered in dabbled moisture as I stole along. I entered the place where we had bade adieu, the lamp still burned, her blood crept onward, and met my footsteps to welcome me—she was dead."

"Infamous villains," cried Doyle, grasping his sword; "and they have murdered her."

"Oh! God bless you for those words," gasped Emily; "then you know it was not my father."

"Yes, she was gone," groaned Astel; "and as I knew it and felt it, and acknowledged it, the abiding curse of my life; the friend whose mockery and triumph have brought me to want and dishonor, and ignominy was near and desidered me. He told me that I had killed her, and I saw that it was true."

Hugh Doyle answered not, but turned his interrogating glance of judgment upon him, and as mortal eyes are dazzled with the sun, thus did the senses of Herbert Astel reel and become dizzy, before the unwinking scrutiny of his companion. It was as though he sickened, and sunk away before its influence.

"The doors were open, and I was found there alone," said Astel; "my feet were soaking in her blood, my arms had clasped her. In the anguish of separation I had left her, and forgot my sword; the mantle that had clad me now wrapt her form, that sword had killed her. You will allow, at least, I looked too like her murderer."

"But these facts surely were never yet made public," cried Doyle; "as they might have carried something like conviction with them. It might have been dangerous, sir."

"Some space of time passed by," said Astel, "and Giles Mullin was beside me. He had been my confidant, my uncle's clerk, and now was in the service of Sir Andrew. He smiled, — his smile is worth a human life. He whispered me that I was in his power, hinted of her lost reputation, lost through the fatal visit of this night. He only said the word: caught in the snare, I bribed him, promised him eternal benefits, and bound myself to be the slave of infamy—the sport of villainy, — all for the wretched life which was permitted me."

"You must have surely been mad, sir," said the dragoon; "when possibly, by your own account, your evidence would have sufficed to save yourself, to clear the reputation of the lady, and possibly, might have given the clue to the true murderer."

"It might have been so," said Astel, in renewed confusion; "but he threatened me, declared his intention to charge me with the crime; I looked around, and took the terms he offered. Yes, yes; her blood was on me, and here it is felt, even to this very hour."

"You know best to what extent of guilt you stand committed," said Hugh Doyle.

"I must have left the doors open," said Astel; "and thus opened the way to her destruction, for I stole from the place unseen, since my habits of dissipation, my character for profligacy, would have been the ruin of her reputation for ever."

"Let me frankly own to you," said Doyle, "that I still cannot see sufficient reason for the measures you adopted, and if you wish the world not to judge harshly, you will be silent on this point; for this bribery of the man, what purpose did it answer, but of ignominious bondage to yourself?"

"Why, the fear of death, the dread of infamy," cried Astel, eagerly; "even natural cowardice, may be found to be the best excuses of my conduct, and if not, I dare the worst. I have been subject to this villain, his intimidation, threats, extortions, till oppressed with the memory, my fortune ruined, and health destroyed, I attempted to fly the country, and was defeated."

"Weak and miserable absurdity," cried the dragoon, "to fly before the scoundrel who had wronged you! Not
one step would I have retreated, but
braved him at the foot of the gibbet,
and to the last. This was the way to
prove your innocence: the only way."

"Oh! do not say so, but bid him
be concealed until we quit this place,"
cried Emily, whose agitation had hither-
to kept her silent. "Resign all pros-
ppect of the estate, dear father; it cannot
avail me now, and let us fly together;
it is the only kindness that you now
can do for me."

"You see, it is as I say, Doyle, she
thinks me guilty," said Astel, smiling
bitterly,—"but what had best be done.
To claim the property, is but to bring
upon me the new infraction of this man's
persecutions; and sir, the lawyer, his
friend, had taken especial liking to my
daughter, so that my life, at length,
was to be bought at this last price of
human honour."

The soldier fumbled with his sword-
hilt and muttered words of scorn, till
silenced by the manner of Emily Astel,
who rising suddenly threw herself upon
her father's bosom. The action was
full of the timid dignity and modesty
that awes while it enchants. "I do not
plead for you, my father," said she,
but only for myself. "Yes, bid me go
again to Mr. Lewisteme, the secret is
safe with him, resign your interest and
mine, and let us escape from him, far
sooner than that man, that Cravenlaw;
dear sir, you know my meaning, and
yield for my sake, since you will not
for your own."

"Never, never," he exclaimed, with-
drawing from her embrace. "This
boy, this new heir, is but some fresh
deception in the hands of Cravenlaw;
I left the proofs of my right to the
estate pawned to him, till the time I
could redeem them. You are my legal
representative, and to you they belong;
it is the least justice that can be done
you. Sergeant Doyle, I look to you for
counsel, and hope this kindness from
you."

"If you had bade me meet the fel-
low in the field, or even at the game
of single stick, I could have said some-
thing to it," he answered, in bluff
embarrassment; "but really here, this
Counsellor Lewisteme would suit your
purpose better. However, if convinced
of your own innocence, I would assert
it even unto death; but if the thought
of self-reproach deter you, I would
retire, concealing my own safety, and
leave this lady to assert her rights. This
can be done, I will defend her from
peril, and Counsellor Lewisteme shall
do the rest."

Thus speaking, he smiled as with the
encouragement of hope, but Emily re-
plied with looks bedimmed with tears,
and her father flung away, and paced
impatiently the room.

"It is the intention of Providence
that this event should be cleared up,"
his said, at length, "and let it be ful-
filled. I will have my claims urged
to the uttermost, and will openly appear.
I tire of my fears, and will not flinch
even at the latest hour. But, sergeant,
think upon it."

"I will give you my opinion," an-
swered Doyle, rising to retire, "and
you shall take it as it is meant. There
are many facts, even in your statement,
that must go against you, that must
prejudice the mind in your disfavor;
for the love of her, I would conceal
them."

"You told Mr. Lewisteme, that there
were motives of secrecy and caution,"
asked Astel, addressing his daughter,
who answered in a faint affirmative;
and after a lengthened pause, he added:
"These facts shall now be stated to
him, one and all. Sergeant Doyle, let
me see you again."

"And this man's name is Mullin,
Giles Mullin?" asked the soldier.

"The same, sir, the same?" said
Herbert Astel.

"He is of the nature of a cat, and
to be treated like one," was the answer.

"Have you any papers that expose
these extortions, this intimidation, sir?"

"None, none that bear proof about
them," said Astel? "the money he
gained was nothing of great con-
sequence to me; but oh! the property
lost or squandered in nervous madness
and mental misery; there, there, he
ruined me?"

"He is a fellow to be defeated, but
we must not meet him face to face," said
the dragoon? "I should like to
worry him as I'm a man."

"I need not enjoin secrecy; and let
me see you soon," said the other? but
still, ere they parted, they drew aside in
deep conversation together. It seemed that the dragoon received some instructions from Mr. Astel, but little of their meaning was heard by Emily, excepting when, all at once, Hugh Doyle burst into open laughter.

"Should you mind watching the house? should you fear it?" was the question.

"I fear, I!" laughed the soldier. "No, no, trust me, not all the ghosts and haunted houses in the kingdom."

After these words nothing more was audible, till at last, on her father giving further information, the soldier retired. But he was in some perplexity, for he foresaw that the present design could never prove of any benefit to Mr. Astel. He was compelled to admit there were certain evidences against him; for instance, his midnight return to the house, the pretence of restoring the money, the fact of his being found on the spot, with other circumstances which might go a considerable way in the argument of his guilt.

He felt too truly indeed, that he might be innocent, but it was almost impossible for him to bring proof of it; and now Hugh Doyle feared and trembled for the first time in his life. But no sooner had he departed, than Miss Astel renewed such gentle carresses and terms of endearing persuasion as might win her father to coincide in her opinion and renounce his intentions for the present; but though half kneeling in entreaty, she clung to him, he could not throw her away, reminding her that her own suspicions and doubts had led him to this determination, and that nothing could now alter it.

"Remember girl," said he, in some excitement, "remember, you have already sacrificed for me one who was dearer than ever I could be; now, you will at least, gain a fortune, even though you should lose a father, and fortune is another name for husband. At all events, it will buy you one, so let me be alone;" and thus he quitted her.

Emily Astel, accustomed to misfortune, and to endure such variations of temper as it induces, beheld in patient resignation her father's departure, nor reproached him in thought or word for his unkindness. But, as she sighed upon it, some dearer recollection wafted her emotion away, and she retraced in dreams that brought bluses along with them, all the pleasing incidents of the last few days. For even in sorrow this delight remained; the satisfaction of knowing that she had seen, heard, been in the presence of Edmund Lewisteme; that is, that she had beheld him for an instant, listened to his sigh, ruffled against him in passing, and all these circumstances are very fitting to be admitted into the chronicles of true love; at least, she deemed it to be fitting, and it is only a just supposition to infer that there are many in the wide world who agree with her in thought.

But still, it is true that the conduct and feelings of men are at the best enigmatical, so at least, thought Lewissteme, as he returned home in perplexity and doubt of the smile with which Fanny Lynne had appointed him to meet the fair incognita; and how he became reconciled to this dereliction from his first love, it has never been ascertained, but nevertheless, upon the promise of that smile, he already began to jump at conclusions which were in themselves paramount to the confession, that he was willing to forget the past, and make amends for all the disappointments he had hitherto experienced. But what would his mistress have said to this! It is believed that dead men tell no tales, nor loquacious women either that ever yet was heard of, and grief was never meant to be immortal; moreover, it has been averred, that Emily had too little vanity, not to have conceded this one point of constancy, that, at her death, he might be happy with her, who should be able to please him.

However, the charms of this beautiful unknown, now utterly occupied Lewisteme, and he waded patiently through parchments and debated in active controversy, with such fire of eloquence and obstinacy of research, that it astonished those about him. But he was under the new excitement of love, which stirs with ambition, and he dreamed of her and her applause; while, had others known the motive of these exertions they might have pitied it; yet, from such every-day causes, the inspirations of genius oftentimes arise. Thus, he argued and amused the hours
until the period of his appointment with young Fanny Lynne.

Led by the impulse of recovered hope, he hurried along, and on reaching the Rose, paused to gain breath and self-composure; till, weary of the task, in unrepressed agitation, he entered and presented himself before the beauty of the borough.

This very enigmatical of all maidens laughed outright, in the full meaning of laughter, and bidding him tread softly, lest he should conjure up spirits with his foot-fall, led the way to the green chamber, celebrated as the abode of pleasant slumbers and sweet dreams, once enjoyed by Emily Astel, and here she would have left him; but the force of past incidents and present association worked such change upon him, the revulsion of feeling from unreal joy into certain melancholy, that Fanny Lynne beheld and paused, with smiles of wondrous import, awaiting what he might have to say. And what was best to be said, was matter of shrewd and speculative cogitation. It must not be too little, that would argue an unworthy indifference; if too much, it might suggest ridicule, or hint the really painful state of his excited mind. But still the absurdity of his situation struck him, and produced the corresponding smile of that which played so mischievously in the mien of Fanny Lynne.

“I come by your own appointment,” said he, “and you must not leave me without explanation. Who is the lady? Now can I see her? Nay, Fanny, I must and will hear something further.”

“Oh you will see and hear enough for any man,” said Fanny; “and if ever you wish to know pretty ladies again, it is your own fault. As sure as you saw a spirit here one night, you shall behold it again. Aye, you may start, and something might be told you, but find it out yourself.”

“What might be told?” asked he, still more perplexed by the sagacious nods which accompanied her words.

“You know all my desire to serve and befriend you, for the sake of times past; you cannot have any better interest with me or deserve more; so come, tell me.”

“You said that you would save me from the hands of Cravenlaw,” said she, “so that it would be a pity that you should ever sigh again; but I have promised not to tell. But let me show you the way, and you shall find it out.”

Lewisteme, in new bewilderment, listened; and was fain to imagine that she had lost one at least of her senses, yet when he perceived the malicious air of secrecy that possessed her, he was silent, but questioned her by such close scrutiny, that she was somewhat confused.

“Well, don’t be frightened,” she answered, smiling. “Whatever you hear, listen; and what you see, behold and watch. But keep your room till the moment arrive when all is safe, and then, at the sound of a silver bell, you may come forth, and cross the passage to the chamber opposite; enter and go forward, and you will see her. Remember, I have not had my name for nothing.” So saying, Fanny Lynne waved her hand in playful adieu, and like one of that tiny race of mischief-making spirits from which she took her name, vanished as noiselessly, and with such airiness of motion as might hardly bend the feathered blade of grass whereon her footing lighted.

She left Lewisteme in unspeakable amazement at her conduct, and full of anxiety respecting it; so much so, that his thoughts involuntarily recurred to their old subject of regret, as to something even less painful than his present distraction. And how could he ever cease lamenting the beauty and worth which had once enchanted him, or exchange it for the light and frivolous idea of one whom he had never known, and therefore could not value; besides, he began to suspect that he was the dupe of some preconcerted folly, and repented thoroughly of his weakness in coming there, perhaps, only to become a party to some absurd scene of exposure, or to meet with the ridicule which he richly deserved.

As he thus meditated in inconceivable distress, the only refuge of all his high-floated expectation was in the sad remembrance of her, for whom he had resolved never more to mourn. In that chamber she had doubtless dreamed of him; but, could her innocence ever have imagined this hasty forgetfulness
of her affection? He glanced towards the glass door where he had once beheld that beauteous vision, and the likeness of all its awful reality uprose; it seemed as if he saw the form, and hailed it once again, so vividly his thought depicted it, and suddenly, like one struck with the intuitive knowledge of the truth, he sprang up, and held his bursting heart, for could it be that she might still be living? He sickened with the pain of ecstacy, and then in very shame of the idea, turned from the glaring flame of light around him, and searched into the coming mist of night, which was fast sinking down upon the city. The window-panes were clouded with thick fogs; the ray of lamps, the space below, were almost invisible, but through the shadowy grey of the dim atmosphere, he managed to trace out the shower of falling rain, in laggard drops of moisture passing downward, and just escaped from the wan moonlit clouds, to melt and pass away in nothingness.

"No," he sighed with the decisive action imitative of the descending shower; "even as youth and happiness and time, are seen and gone, come and hasten hence, like this frail rain; as pure as this she came, and has departed.

While yet in this mournful state of emotion, he became aware that the noisy revellers and visitants of the Rose, were hastening away, and their departure left the sense of such oppressive silence as ensues in all places of public resort, to which the sound of mirth and gaiety is only found familiar. He listened deeply and long, and at length the accent of the silver bell was heard; but only when it sounded the second time, did he move forward to obey it.

Strict to the letter of his instruction, he left his lamp behind, and presently was standing at the door of the destined chamber. In strange palpitation, between uncertainty and the revived desire to behold the fair unknown, he lingered yet awhile, and trembled as he entered. The twilight of almost utter darkness obscured the room, but as he hesitated, Fanny Lynne emerged from out its shadow, and motioned him on tiptoe forward to another entrance, from whence the faint ray of light was emitted, which thus imperfectly illumined the surrounding gloom. He advanced, and would have spoken, but ere he could attempt it, the maiden brushed by him, and was gone from the place.

He could not well tell how he arrived immediately opposite this opening; such dizzy agitation occupied his senses, that he was only just aware that it was necessary to do so, but as his reeling faculties regained their strength, this beauteous vision dawned upon him in all its reality. She was seated with her back towards him, yet surely without reality, such heavenly resemblance of form could hardly well exist; so lovely was the sight, that he scarce breathed, while gazing on it. And when she moved and sighed, for all this speaks in the language of memory, the delusion was at least complete; but to his apprehension, he saw her, and her alone. He tremulously whispered and approached her.

"Madam! dear, and lovely creature," he sighed, and with an almost unheard cry of alarm, she turned towards him, but she echoed that cry, as if with the last tones of expiring nature, and as he faintly touched her yielding figure, the stamp of momentary madness was impressed, where only the soul of intellect and wisdom had ever shown before. He stood stroking and smoothing the tresses on her brow, and when she uttered, "Edmund, dearest Lewis—" sunk at once into the seat, to which she motioned; but this was but the calmness of the delayed tempest.

No sooner did she attend him with motions of endearing and consolatory tenderness, than the certainty of truth was all apparent. He kissed her hands, lips, and throat, and clasped her to his heart in that hysterical passion, where tears express joy, and smiles depict the bitterness of misery, in all the perversity of distracted sympathy. At her gentle expostulation, one burst of manly emotion broke from him, fierce as his frenzy of delight, and strong as the happiness that called it forth, and only when she herself was sunk into anguish, beyond even this relief, did his strength recover from the shock, and no longer succumb to the agony of bliss which overpowered him. It was now, that both looked into each other's looks with confidence
entire, firm in the conviction of unchanging esteem.

"Dear Edmund," said she, in whispering faintness; "forgive all the deception that has been practised, so shameful to me, and dreadful to yourself, and yet, in my unhappy fortune, only too necessary."

"I may well forgive you the happiness of this moment," said he; and silent with excess of joy, the busy throng of hope, oppressed him with all its strange confusion of idea, and new visions of felicity began to replace those which this hour had effaced; but if this high excitement appear unreasonable, let those only judge, who have had one supposed to be dead, restored to their affections, or having parted from some beloved object for ever find it suddenly, and at once returned unto its native home of truth and affection. But why not let me know the secret?" asked he, at length; "that some shelter might have been sought, more worthy of you."

"Dear Edmund," said she, shrinking from his support, and wiping away her falling tears; "this is an accidental discovery, and better that it had never taken place; let us keep in mind that we are parted for ever; the distance between us is as great as that between life and death. You, at least, shall not be again deceived."

"No, I will not, dear Emily," he cried; "but will claim you," and the fullness of his thoughts spoke out in energetic pressure; but this action, instead of exciting reciprocity of kindness, only created terror and grief in her who dared to love, but did not dare to hope; kindly therefore, she restrained him, and turned in despondency away.

"Your father willed it so, Edmund," said she at length, "and then it was want of fortune, at all events it was thought to be so; but now it will be the loss of honour—the want of that last principle which holds man to man in the common bond of society. No," she added, roused into momentary enthusiasm; "would that we had not met again, and you had sought your happiness elsewhere, rather than you should find my father as he is, and me lost in the last abyss of human degradation."

"What do you mean?" he asked, "Does not my father know that you are living—befriend you and protect you? Astel of Hamburgh is dead, my father's views will now be realized; but perhaps you, Emily, you are changed."

"You might spare me the reproach," she answered mildly; "even this hour my weakness has confessed too much. And oh, did you never hear, surmise, imagine?—did you never conceive that infamy and shame might separate us? Your father has acted justly, the fortune will be mine; but more than ever we are divided, Edmund."

"I'll not believe it," he exclaimed, "dear girl, it shall not be so:" but as he beheld the calm despairing dignity of her regret, he was forced to understand it as the last rejection of his love, so decisive was the negative that it seemed to imply. They thus remained in silence some length of time together, he worshipping her presence whom he had missed so long, and she fearing to regard him, lest she might betray the truth of her affection; the same thought however, occupied them both.

"Have you never heard one—one fatal circumstance?" she at last tremblingly faltered; his willing arms sustained her, but the ghastly anguish of his manner, revealed that his thoughts had tended the right way, and its sympathizing gentleness confirmed him in the notion. The one word that his father had spoken, recurred to him, charging Astel with the last enormity of crime, and he was then murderer, and to further his escape, were little better than guilt itself. But of what avail to argue his dishonour? this was his daughter; and Lewistene remembered she was raised by virtue above most other beings, and now he clasped her closely, in the redoubled emphasis of pity and esteem. She passed her hands in soothing motion along his forehead, and rising with mournful firmness, withdrew from his embrace.

"You see that imperative necessity commands it," said she, "and prudence, that guides us with safety through all the events of life, must direct you in this; besides, your wisdom, which counsels others, must learn to defend itself, and only misery and disgrace can ensue from opposition to this advice. What would you say more, Edmund?"
"I would, yes, I would marry you in spite of all," he cried; "honour—is paltry honour bought by birth, and to forfeit happiness for such poor compensation; you cannot, must not yield to such absurdity. Oh! I could draw the rough draft of existence," he continued; "the sketch of such content and homely blessing, that sage philosophy might smile and say, 'This is the way to pass a mortal life,' and Emily, you surely shall consent to it."

"The home of an enduring friendship, where truth and sympathy exist together, was never meant for us," she answered, and faintly smiled; but as Lewistene grasped her hand in his, and she avoided this last entreaty, her father entered. It seemed that he had grown doubly grey in these few hours of explanation with Counsellor Lewistene, and now decrepitude and misery weighed on his exhausted spirits; but if so, he was not one to yield before their influence. The same majestic motion awed the beholder, and that imperturbable and morose serenity remarkable to him, was now again perceptible.

"You take advantage of the time, sir," he said; "the girl will have money, certainly, only take care you don't again reject her. Miss Astel might have spared herself the chance of this humiliation. That seat will do;—there girl, no fawning, no flattery."

"You wrong your daughter, sir, no less than me," said Lewistene, in some agitation. "I have awaited your consent up to this hour, and now again;—but the trembling negative of Emily Astel silenced him, and the contrast between his anxious air of hope, and her decisive rejection, was sufficiently explanatory.

"Hear what your father, sir, says," Herbert Astel answered; "and the impression that this night's secret has left upon him. I tell you, sir, the humble shun me, and the great despise me; and then, girl, this Counsellor, your father, sir, my friend it seems, he recommends me to be quiet, and fly the country, and not to face my enemies? He thinks—in fact, believes—me to be the murderer."

As he ceased, Lewistene glanced towards his daughter, and witnessed the deep abstraction of woe which wrapt her senses, more frightful to him than anything, or all which he had suffered.

"I will hear his opinion," said he, "and the facts of the case that you have mentioned, and give my unbiased judgment, for the sake of that respect which I have hitherto owed you; and if there be any justification of the measure, I should advise you to oppose and defy these villains, and will abet you to the utmost ability of my profession and fortune. Come, come, sir; we shall prosper yet."

"Never, unless I brave it out," cried Astel; the misery of my past life urges me; death must be fast approaching, and I will have the mystery cleared up, but only in pity to that girl? She thinks, sir,—she thinks me guilty."

"Oh! not so, my father, indeed, indeed," she cried; "but my fears for your safety." And she was interrupted by Lewistene, who urged the impossibility of this belief, and suggested some ready pretext for hope and consolation. For he, with the unsuspecting nature of true honour, was apt to be credulous of other's virtue, and in the spirit of early manhood, was zealous to combat fraud, and defend the injured or oppressed.

But Emily Astel, in the tumult of her feelings, though she heard, scarcely comprehended him; and at length, to conceal her emotions, seated herself at the table, and took her needlework.

"I should think, sir, you find her altered?" said Mr. Astel, suddenly addressing him; "you find me changed? Salt-sea, rough winds, shipwreck, and escape from death, want and woe, these are the things to leave a blighted ruin in the form of woman. And, sir, she may thank me for it," he added, with bitter and sarcastic expression.

"She is wan and thin," cried Lewistene; "but, sir, the same as ever to me,—to me, sir."

"I'm glad she is so," answered he? "for she may be in need of your friendship. And that needlework, sir! Is it not shameful that this is the last, the only resource of woman's want and weakness! Heavens! that I should live to see it!"

"You must live to see better days, dear sir," she said, in suppressed emo-
tion; and Lewisteme glanced his applause of all her worth and virtue.

"My dear sir," he replied; "let us hope all things," and in further conversation, he offered his assistance and counsel; and by the frankness of his manner, and the sincerity of his good will, he soon induced Mr. Astel to place confidence in him, and established his claims to old acquaintance.

Thus, as they sat conversing, gradual tranquillity and peace returned to the mind of Emily Astel; and even her father seemed beguiled into passing content, and to have gained fresh confidence in himself and others; but Lewisteme allowed no unpleasant idea to intrude, being kept in that mimic paradise of joy, which, though enduring only for the moment, even the most wretched have felt and cannot fail to recognize. But this delight was strictly confined unto himself, at all events he thought so, though his mistress beheld the sweet delirium that entranced him, and finched before the fire of that affection that burnt through him in each gesture.

At length, her father bade them good night, and with more conciliatory kindness than was usual to him of late, reminded Lewisteme of his promise and left them together. The opportunity was thus given for the full discussion of their circumstances, and Lewisteme was fain to submit to the charge of inconstancy, and avow that only some imagined resemblance had hitherto directed him in the pursuit of her; and even this error Emily Astel forgave him. But when it came to the prosecution of his love suit, he felt that it was sacred ground where he was treading, and yielded in awe of the reverence which it imposed, and she was grateful for the concession. Yet, it is true, that when he rose to depart, the separation was painful, as if they were never again to meet, and she would have detained him even at the expense of caresses, but that blushes must have been paid along with them. As it was, twice she called him back under pretence of having something further to say, and with the well-feigned reserve of modesty concealed her regret; and if visionary, saw something in this which roused him from his serenity into enthusiasm near akin to exaltation; we fancy it was not only natural, but highly excusable.

He went home on that night, in mind, body, and heart, an altered man; his heart had recovered all its happiness, his body its vigor, his mind its elasticity and intellectual scope. He was fit for all things, and averse to none; for in fact, his character had now undergone all that change which may be caused by the pleasing transition from misery to bliss—from grief to happiness. He was intent on solving the mystery of the haunted house; or proving, if possible, the innocence of Mr. Astel, and on defending him from the further machinations of his enemies. Thus, he trod on air during the distance from the Rose Tavern to his own home.

It may yet, however, be as well not to conceal that the time must come when the transport which ensued from this unexpected meeting must have an end, and like every other joy in life, be abridged of its peculiar benefits, and brought down to the level of that ordinary and social intercourse of sentiment which is most compatible with society, and with our views of every day existence. But this time had not yet arrived with Lewisteme; for hours after, he lay awake that night devising curious schemes of future happiness, and with as little remorse, as if the present were never doomed to pass away, or the future to belie our expectations.

While he was yet contemplating the visions that his fancy conjured up, the weight of heavy sleep oppressed him, and presently his thoughts were distorted with the imagery of dreams, represented in all the varied and grotesque figures peculiar to this species of mental delusion. Thus was he led through labyrinths of interminable intricacy, symbolic of the perplexity and doubt of human care and woe, and wafted to bowers in the gardens of some new Eden, where pleasure was always sought but never found; or when about to snatch it, some painted snake upsprung from out the flowers, or passing phantom scared him from his rest, and led him on in all the haste of terror, where danger only overtook him. And sometimes Emily strayed with him through these paths of pleasant sweet-
ness, and discoursed with such eloquence as mortals fail to utter; and now she fled with him in swift career, when all at once they were together in a deep ravine or natural valley cleft amid high rocks.

The mountain sides were clothed with larch and pine trees, and the red-berried ash, and stunted fir; and at all their roots there sprung the knotted weed and tangled brush-wood, forming a wilderness of such thick verdure, that it defied footsteps, and shut out all prospect. The stream that flowed incessant in its course, tracked every winding of this narrow vale, and as it rippled on in babbling current, washing the path that ran as slender as a thread, between the ledge of rocks and its own margin, it seemed that it might sap the sand they walked on, and lead them into ruin and destruction. But they could not escape. Its silver motion still made music as it went, the verdure glowed in all its rich luxuriance, but the melody of nature was irksome, and the sameness of its beauty palled upon the sense. This way and that they turned, but there was no opening for their safety. Lewisteme appealed to her, but as he did so, it was no longer Emily, some other female form was clinging to him. The path grew narrow and more narrow, and now the gurgling waters rose around, the voice of Emily now called, again it was herself. But as he looked on her, she changed once more; and surely he had known this being elsewhere, she was the exact representative, she was the spirit of the haunted house. This hasty recognition roused him, he started, shook his sleep away, and was awake.

The breath of some one else besides himself, breathed audibly through the chamber, but by the shaded light of the night-lamp, nothing was discoverable, far or near, till, as his curiosity and wakefulness subsided, the deadness of stupor, next akin to slumber, stole again upon him. It was now, that a human voice was heard near, in musical whispers of imperfect melody—the lowest possible tones of harmony, that might be best likened, in their effect, to the booming sounds that issue from a shell or to accents of concord singing afar off, and wafted through the distance to the hearer. But the latter case was here altogether impossible, for the words were entirely unknown to Lewisteme; but notwithstanding this, some sudden enlightenment of the senses, or the distinct utterance of the singer, who was, perhaps, situated in some nearer vicinity than might be supposed, made them perfectly heard and understood:

Can lover’s restless spirit ever sleep;
   But to some desert dream removed;
   Upon his bosom’s sorrows he will weep,
   Or clasp again the form his heart has loved.
Still the dear shadow must his thoughts pursue,
   Till he believed the airy fancy true.
And when he wakes to sudden life once more,
   His anxious thought of beauty is bereft;
   Again the fleeting pleasure to deplore
   Whose sad reality is only left.
Yet still beguiled by the too blissful pain,
   He only wakes to love and dream again.

The song came to an end with deep-drawn sighs, that died away, and Lewisteme once more aroused himself, but nothing met his view, nor did any other sound of life intervene. In vain, however, he would attempt to sleep, for as often as the gentle trance was stealing over him, as if in mischievous mockery of his torment, the voice repeated some wandering snatch of melody, and with its insidious sweetness robbed him of his repose.

"As a bird in its flight
   Flies unseen through the night,
   Such is my spirit:
   Thus I wander alone,
   Like the shadowless moon;
   The life I inherit,
   Has no such revealing
   Of dear human feeling;
   Born sadly to sigh,
   And gently to die,
   The fair stars that glisten so brightly above,
   Have stolen my heart, and the soul of my love.

   As the echo that tells
   All that passes around,
   And mimics with spells
   Each small airy sound.
   So I wander alone,
   Where no footsteps can come;
   My heart is unknown
   In its desolate home;
   But its grief still concealing,
   It has no friend in feeling,
   Though I know that dear spirit that dwells
   Up above,
   Is living in heaven, and there is my love."
"Strange, most singular," he muttered, at last; "that the memory of this dream should so annoy me, and the tune, too, like the ripple of passing waters, so softly to be repeated," and upon this complaint, he turned again to willing rest. This time, the dead silence was unbroken, and he was yielding to the heavy drowsiness that oppressed him, when the voice close beside him whispered, but with the accent of careless familiarity, "Shall I sing it again? Will you have it once more?"

"I will find this mystery out," he answered quickly, and springing from his bed with all imaginable haste, he threw on his dressing gown, muttering "Yes, yes, it shall not escape me, I will find it out."

"Do, do," whispered the voice, and the breathing of some one, as if in hasty motion, was heard, and the flutter of garments rustled through the chamber, and as it appeared to Lewisteme at the moment, they moved fluttering towards the doorway, as if to lead the way.

"Provoking devil," said he; "what can you be? Go, go on, I will follow you," and he sprung towards the door, but ere he could reach it, the handle of the lock rattled as in the action of some one passing outward, the darkness of some moving shadow clipt across the further dusk of the room, and as he snatched the lamp, it almost seemed that he saw the door close after some retreating being; in an instant he was in the passage, and there he paused.

"Follow, follow me," whispered the voice; "no harm is near; follow, follow," and the patter of unseen steps, led on from stair to stair, but he rushed by in the headlong haste of curiosity, and speeding upward through the garret passages of his own residence, was quickly gazing into the dark depths of the haunted house; but as he brooded over the downward space, utter loneliness was there, and no longer awed by the possibility of the shade of Emily Astel visiting him, he laughed at his own folly, but still resolved to search into the facts, and therefore speeded forward.

As he descended, the floating echo of the singing voice was heard, now here, now there; and as he hastened on, it struck him as exquisite and sweet beyond comparison; only as it led him from one place to another, in wild inconstancy, he remembered the dulcet accents of the mermaid, reported to frequent the sedgy nooks of rock and beetleling precipice, to lead the unwary mariner astray, and as he thought so, he became more cautious, though he smiled at the simile his mind created. At length, lured by the melody, he entered a vast chamber, and by the transient flashing of the light, he had only just time to remark the objects in it. when, as if by some sudden gust of wind, the lamp was extinguished, the door fell too behind him, and thus defenceless and alone, he was imprisoned and in darkness. Caught in this unforeseen situation, he made some effort at escape, when the same harmonious signal of song was uttered at his elbow, with such insidious sweetness, that the thought of danger vanished, and as silence was restored, he began to recall the scene he had just then beheld.

In the wide space of this immense saloon, now stripped of all the gorgeous trappings that adorned it, or only hung with tarnished wrecks and ruins of former splendour, one being stood alone. The furniture and ornaments of life had both departed, but such records as were left, spoke of past magnificence; this being displayed, no traces but of the deep misfortune of poverty, or the desolation of woe. That she was aged and past the prime of womanhood. Lewisteme well believed; for though her tresses wantoned freely and uncon fined, yet they only veiled that frail attenuation of figure which is seldom recognized as belonging to the young. But still the momentary impression of her was graceful, wild, and intelligent, and such as inspired romantic interest. He felt that there was nothing to be feared in the presence of one so weak, and after some delay he prepared to speak.

It was only when he came to this decision that he perceived the difficulty of addressing one of whose real existence he was by no means certain; whose singular method of communication with him was altogether unprecedented; and besides, the blank darkness of the space around, prevented his
directing his speech towards the precise point where she might now be stationed. While yet he pondered in deep-toned energy of feeling, she whispered him.

"What would you fear, Edmund Lewisteme? What spirit would injure the free hearted, and where’s the mortal who would ensnare the virtuous and good."

"Tell me," he cried, eagerly; "tell me, what are you? The voice breathes like something out of the pale of nature, beyond and past all human misery, yet touched by each passing breeze into emotions strange and unknown. You are no spirit."

"Spirit, spirit," murmured the voice, "would that I were! To wander far away to other worlds—to live and be the creature of my youth—to once forget myself again to peace; but if you talk of spirits, I could tell strange tales enough."

There was something in the last part of this speech which startled Lewisteme, for it was full of the mockery of derision, and yet created painful sensations of compassion mingled with doubt; but the latter sentiment he thought it only prudent to conceal.

"I will talk of what you wish to hear," he answered; and since you have roused me from my sleep, you doubtless have something to reveal. Whence come you, what can be done for you? I am ready and willing to befriend you."

"Speak therefore;—you seem to know me."

"Nothing, nothing for me," was the reply; "for I am past recovery, and what heaven cannot give, you are not likely to bestow. My youth is past, and let it go, my joy is fled—be it gone also; my hopes are blighted, they can but wither; like seeds borne upon the wind to be scattered on rocks, no harvest shall spring from them. No, I ask your help for the sake of another."

"Can you be—are you—that Amelia Astel, who was supposed to be murdered?" asked Lewisteme; "If so, rely on my protection, confide in my honor, for you shall yet be defended from persecution, and relieved from the bondage of your enemies; but the withering and unnatural laughter of the being now interrupted him.

"Am I old—old enough to be your mother?" whispered the voice. "You know nothing of sorrow, it changes days to months, and months to years, and time works like eternity when it is counted by sighs. But I will do her duty for her son; I am just the miserable creature fit for it, and love him quite as well too."

"For her son," repeated Lewisteme. "Then the boy lives, and you know him to be her son, and who was his father? and can produce him to claim the estate which he is heir to—the fortune which is awaiting him."

"Is there fortune and prosperity awaiting him?" said the deep voice, in deeper agitation. "Though I could never share it, I should kneel down and bless my Maker for the gift. Oh, yes, I know him as never human being knew me before. But never mind, sir, we shall all die some day, and be at peace, and there's an end of us."

These words again perplexed the listener; so full of energy they were, and yet so wild in flighty desperation, and Lewisteme experienced the same vacillation of thought respecting her, or her intentions, which he had before.

"You will, perhaps undertake," said he, at last; "to find this youth, and bring him to me."

"Will you undertake to find his mother's murderer and bring him to me?" was the question; and he paused upon the interjection that expressed his knowledge of her meaning.

"You know the villain then," he cried, in ill-repressed delight; "and the innocent will be clear of all reproach, and the boy will get the property?" but he ceased, for the idea of proving beyond the possibility of doubt the innocence of Astel, of thus restoring peace to the heart of his daughter, of therefore destroying every obstacle to his own happiness, was full of such content, that words were well nigh denied him.

"I do not know him," was the answer; "but have my strong suspicions, and neither his wealth shall save him, nor his reputed character, nor his well-feigned religion, for he shall be unmasked. I hold some letters that will blast him."

Lewisteme recoiled in horror; for
this could only relate to Astel himself, whose guilt would now be substantiated, whose doom was no longer to be avoided.

"If you be poor," he hinted hastily; "there are those living who would bribe you, that is, buy the papers at any price; and if you hold no further proof, it might advantage you—what would you say to it?"

"Would spurn the offer?" whispered the other; and she was now close to him, for he felt her breath against his face as she uttered this. "Yes, though at the gibbet he should entreat me, though my own death were to pay the forfeit, justice should have its right, and I, my vengeance. I am quite old enough to owe him this one recompense."

"Enough, enough?" said Lewisteme, "but why interrupt my quiet; of what avail is all this to the youth?" and he searched about seeking some method of departure.

"The boy is starving," said she; "for the sake of his mother this shall not be; and if he had some friends to speak to Sir Andrew, he would protect him; but you see, his mother blames me that I do not tell who the murderer is."

"You knew Amelia Astel, then?" asked Lewisteme, as he leaned against the wall in agitation, and for the first time he thought the sound of her voice betrayed insanity.

"Oh yes! I knew her," she replied; "and there are pretty secrets in this house that I might tell you, and I know the man that could point the murderer out, if he could speak, and I hold the pretty love-letters too; so please me, and see what I will do for you."

"Give me up the letters," said Lewisteme; "and I will get the boy a fortune, or tell me the man whom you suspect; tell it only in secret, and I shall owe you endless gratitude. As it is, he shall be righted at all hazards."

"Harry Burrell shall come to you soon," said she; "and when you give him his fortune, you shall have the letters, and we will seize upon the murderer, and hang him."

"Silence, silence?" cried Lewisteme, in horror. "If you owe me any kindness, tell me what most this man resembles; tell me, that I may know my fate."

"He is a worthy man and mighty religious?" said she in mockery; "and gentle and proud, and all the rest of the gentleman. But he could murder with religion on his lips, and play the friend that he might prove the profligate. He is the meanest of the guilty, he is a hypocrite. Do not curse me with talking of him."

"You spake in wrath," said he; "virtue is the gift of all humanity; he, doubtless, has his share. He does not contaminate those he lives amongst."

"He will break the heart, and smile when it be done," she answered; "but I must go, my wits are wearing fast; to speak of him, it makes me mad. But we will meet again, my gentleman, hereafter."

"Who is he? what is his name," cried Lewisteme; and he listened for the response, but no reply was given. "Where are you, here or gone?" he asked again. "Speak at least; yes, speak once more."

"And do you think I shall tell you who it is," said the same voice, derivatively." No, no! you will let him escape; but I'm going to Sir Andrew, to let him know my thoughts about it, so good bye."

"But why—why call me from my bed—why bring me here?" he exasperated.

"There is something to find out—and find it if you can," said she, impatiently. Nothing can be done without me, I know the secret."

"The secret—what secret?—The name of the murderer?" he whispered. "I know him," said she; "and more too."

"What more?" he repeated? "Much more that I shall tell, or not tell as I please," she answered, wardingly.

"Foolish girl, are you mad?" he cried. "Speak, or let me go."

"The mad forget all things but their misery," said she, as if addressing herself; "and they remember their misery to make mirth of it. The mad live in the world, but have a world of their own; they neither love nor hate; they neither pity nor complain; they laugh, weep, speak, and are silent without
knowing it; yes, I am mad—I am mad."

"There is something too much like sense in you," said Lewisteme; "and if you will not openly reveal, you must be compelled to explain your singular conduct."

"Edmund Lewisteme, you cannot frighten me," said she, firmly: "The truly wretched have nothing in this life that they can fear,—and I have nothing."

"You seem to know me," he rejoined; "then why not confide in me? You must be the person who has been mistaken for a ghost—a spirit; who has rendered this house uninhabitable; and what purpose can this answer, what can it mean?"

"Aye, indeed, but I am not though!" she answered mischievously; "though it may mean something too. I know the mystery as well as I know myself."

"Worlds would I give to find the wretch—the fool—who could play upon us thus?" he cried. "There must be something more in this than we imagine."

"Something, nothing, everything?" she repeated slowly. "But wait till I have full evidence to convict him. The day that brings the murderer to light reveals the mystery."

"Then never let it come," he cried in agitation.

"But it shall, and it must, and it will," she answered lightly; "for I have not been driven mad for nothing: kind heaven is on my side, sir."

"Wherefore am I brought here? Mock me no longer," said he.

"There is a secret to find out; seek, and you shall find it," said the voice.

"Tell it me yourself—you can do so," said he; and hearing the rustle of garments and retreating feet, he made a motion to follow through the darkness.

"I can, but I may not; I may, but I will not. Let the moment come," said the person; and her voice was now heard as speaking from the distance.

"Who are you? What are you?" cried Lewisteme; and as he moved away to seek the means of his retreat, a light in the outer passage showed that the door was open and the way clear.

He urged the question in vain, the silence was undisturbed; and at last, he hastened in its direction, but as he walked forward, the light was borne before as faint in its beams as the ignis fatuus that floats over moor and boggy marsh; the wafting of female attire was, however, now heard to attend it.

"Are you afraid still?" said Ellen Blake, the mad girl, for it was she. "Oh, Edmund Lewisteme, tears are dried up, or I could weep now for the last time."

"Poor girl, you have been mad," said Lewisteme, involuntarily; "are you so still? But never mind, you seek a shelter in this wretched house—a sad place too."

"I have been, but am not mad now," she answered, emphatically; and so beautifully reason shone forth serenely in her face, that Lewisteme halted and listened.

"It is the last ray of light, burning more brightly ere it be gone," said she. "Believe me now and for ever, my madness is the best gift of the Almighty. I bless him day and night for the dear gift. My madness brought me here, led me to strange society, taught me strange things. But oh, kind heaven be thanked!" and here, she sunk on her knees, heaped up in a soft attitude of mild entreaty, such as might have won even angels to pity or plead for her.

"What can I do for you?" said Lewisteme; "do you live here."

"Not live, but die here day from day," said she bitterly; only listen. "I am the spirit, the ghost—I haunt the house; I—I myself, is it not enough?"

"Why, why are you here, wherefore?" whispered Lewisteme.

"Dreams, horrible dreams pursued me," she answered, wildly. "I came here and found them true. The murderer of Amelia Astel, shall live no longer,—he who has broken my poor lover’s heart,—driven me mad,—he, he shall live no longer. Oh, no—no, no;" and she now shrieked a mystical shriek, half agony, half joy.

"Just tell me his name," said Lewisteme, soothingly; "no horror shall happen to you."

"Soft!" said she, let us whisper it; and she attempted to speak it, but at
last shrieked out, "Giles Mullin—Giles Mullin! His clothes dabbled with blood are found—the letters!—But let me prove it so, and here let me die!"

"God bless you! bless you, even sunk in this depth of misery," said Lewisteme, and with such solemnity, that the girl looked up at him;—her fading reason seemed to wait awhile, in hopes of hearing something further.

"He, your lover, shall be as my brother," sighed he; "you, poor blighted creature,—shall be protected. God bless you, if not now, when dying;" and overcome by the words she had spoken, those words that breathed such comfort to him, he smoothed her gently on the brow, and broke forth into weak tears while speaking to her. This outcast, this most neglected of human creatures, was thus doomed to save Emily, her father, himself, from utter and inevitable ruin.

"Giles Mullin, is the man?" he whispered once again.

"He is the man?" she answered, and arose from her knees; while a deep and long pause took place between them.

"I am just fit for sleep or death," said she; "good night."

"Stay, stay," "come to a peaceful home, a quiet bed,—poor girl,—my mother will provide it," said he; but she turned away.

"A peaceful home! Rest, rest?" she enquired. "Edmund Lewisteme, both will be mine in time; only let it be some green spot—to lie beneath a tree, in the country—dead to the day,—but sleeping in sunlight. Farewell," and she glided away.

It was inexplicable, but so it was; for certain reasons, this frail and miserable being had wandered restless around the haunted house. She was the spirit that presided there,—but for all else, Lewisteme retired from it: he saw it was too long a tale even then to think upon.

---

THE HAUNTED HALL,

BY G. R. CARTER.

From the purple West descending,
Twilight's shadows fall;
With the mist of evening blending,
O'er the haunted Hall.
Sunset, with a crimson glow,
Blushes o'er the clouds of snow,
And lends a lustre to the gloom
Which the darkling skies assume.

Why does twilight's mist of grey
On the landscape fall?
Or maintain its gloomy sway
O'er the ancient hall?—
Oh! it gives to it a charm,
Won by time's resistless arm
From the wrecks that fate has strown
Round her universal throne.
Many a year has flown away
Like a shaft from its silent quiver,
Since the sunbeam, through the portal grey,
Stole at the close of a summer’s day,
And wanton’d with the river:
And many a laugh and shout rang loud
As the breezes caught their sound,
And the skies of youth, without a cloud,
Illumed life’s fairy ground.
Alas! that the shadows of time should fall
On the brow of the old ancestral hall.

The sun-dial still recalls the hour
To the wanderer’s thoughtful eye,
And the clouds still weep their sweetest shower
Where the early violets die;
But the voices that rang so loud and shrill
On the sunny slope of the breeze-swept hill,
Have yielded their latest breath;
Quench’d is the fire of each sparkling eye,
And the clustering locks, o’er the brow that lie,
Are wet with the dews of death.

Still, through the pictured window, streams
The purple glow of heaven,
And the fading sunset’s latest gleams
To the warbling fount are given;
Still on the walls ye may clearly trace
The portraiture of many a race
In dark and stern array;
But the joyful bands of wood and glen
Have faded away from the haunts of men,
Like dreams of a summer’s day.

And is not this a haunted Hall?
Are not the spells of time
Still lingering round its hoary wall
With eloquence sublime?
The forms that here received their birth,
Oh! can they quit their native earth,
Declining to its fall?
Like guardian spirits still they roam,
And will not claim another home,
Beside the haunted Hall.
THE GRAVE OF THE PENITENT.

Sleep, frail child of beauty, sleep,
     Curtain’d ’neath thy robe of green;
Heaven’s tears thy pillow steep,
     Soothing, albeit wept unseen,

Cold thy lowly couch of rest,
     Yet no thorn invades thy bed;
And the storms of insult press’d
     Fiercer on thy living head.

Willows weeping o’er thee close;
     Sighs upon the breeze are heard;
O’er the place of thy repose
     Creeps the speckled lady-bird.

Brightly bloom’d the early flow’r,
     Breathing life and fragrance round;
Doubly gall the blighting hour
     Strew’d it withering on the ground.

Painfully the canker fed
     On thy beauty’s faded bloom,
While each happier rival head
     Pitied not a sister’s doom.

Prudence view’d thee with a sneer;
     Vice look’d on with gloated eye;
Virtue shed no soothing tear
     O’er thy night of mystery.

Broken-hearted and alone,
     None to close thy glazing eye,
None to catch the murmur’d tone
     In thy penitential sigh.

Swiftly fled thy life of sorrow,
     Like a leaf upon the stream,
Which we seek in vain, to-morrow;
     Vanish’d as a glow-worm gleam.

Better thus—since, raging o’er thee,
     Swept of infamy the wave;
Surely God in pity bore thee
     To the shelter of the grave.
Passion holds no more his sway,
Death's abode is not his home;
Guilt, (created worlds obey)
Owns thy virtue in the tomb.

When a husband's vengeful sword
Laid thy vile seducer low;
When thy gentle voice implor'd
Mercy on the fallen foe:

Thou' the blood of lover slain
Purpled o'er thy garment fair,
Charity forgives the stain
Blench'd by sorrow, shame, and pray'r.

Thou' the world hath thus contemn'd thee,
Thrust thee ruthless from the shore,
Mercy's God hath not condemn'd thee—
Angel, sinner now no more.

Sleep, with Nature for thy mourner;
Pardon'd now, in heaven bloom!
Be the tauntings of the scorners
Buried with thee—in the tomb.

GUILLAUME.

SONG.

BY MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

When the bright moon is breaking from her dark cloud-girt lair,
And eve's flowers, awaking, perfume the calm air,
When the blue vault of aether, and the wavelets of sea
Are glist'ning beneath her, I'll think, love, of thee!

When fairies are twining their garlands of flowers,
Those flowers brightly shining with night's dewy showers,
When the nightingale's singing in brake and on tree,
And home the bee's winging, I'll think, love, of thee!

And when, as eve saddens, I go to repose
Ere the morning light gladdens the lily and rose,
When I, under Heav'n's care, pray ever to be,
And dear friends my thoughts share, I'll think, love, of thee!
VICTORIA.

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

Up to the brim! let no daylight be seen,
'Tis the birth-right of freemen to drink to their Queen;

Hurrah!

The cliffs of old England shall give back the cry,
O'er her hills and her corn-fields the echo shall fly;—

Victoria!

Drain to the dregs! ne'er a heeltap I ween,
Will descend from the lips that would honour their Queen,

Hurrah!

The "Maid of the Isles" is the toast of to-day,
And I call him a traitor who dares to say "Nay!"

Victoria!

O'er the wide sea, which encircles the world,
'Tis the flag of our land which the breeze has unfurl'd,

Hurrah!

The name of our Sovereign is honor'd and blest,
'Mid the sands of the East, and the wilds of the West,

Victoria!

Press round the board! let your voices be given,
'Till the toast which ye breathe reach the portals of heaven.

Hurrah!

Let a bumper be raised, and willing the hand,
For the Queen of our hearts and the pride of our Land!

Victoria!

Health and long life to the "Rose of the Isles,"
And may peace crown her reign with its plenty and smiles;

Hurrah!

But should war spread its horrors, our Queen's blessed name,
Is the watch-word of Britons by land and by main.

Victoria!

24th May 1838.

TENNANT LACHLAN.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin 61.

Capote en soie recouverte en mouseline brodae des ateliers de M. Duprez, rue St. Louis 12.
Mantelet en tulle double de taffetas de Mme Dauendi, 67 Bergere St. Hle. en ren de soie
de Mme Augustene, rue Louis-le-Grand. Emballe de Nallae, 8 de Capucines 16.

Court Magazine No. 1, Caryy street Lincoln Inn London
Capote en soie recouverte en monscaline et garnie d'une Safran Bonnet en tulle de M. Follet, rue Richelieu.

Redingote et Robe des ateliers de M. Augustin rue Saint-Antoine, 7, Hotel de Chapelet.

Court Magazine No. 6, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.
DESCRIPTION OF OUR PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

June Fashions.

Plate 11.—Costume de promenade.—High dress of striped gros de Naples, trimmed with satin tisserés (pippings). The corseage of this very pretty spring dress, is made high and quite tight to fit the bust. The fronts, as seen in the plate, are cut on the cross way of the material, so as to make the stripes meet down the front; the back goes the straight way, and has a slight fullness at the waist. The sleeves are full from the shoulder to the elbow, the remainder tight, they are confined, as may be seen in the plate, in regular flat plaits a certain distance below the shoulder by three frills, cut on the cross way and not very full, and put on close to each other, that is, no space left between. The bottom of the dress is ornamented with a very deep flounce, with a heading formed of itself. The ciusure, which is of the material of the dress, is edged, as well as the frills on the sleeves, &c., with a satin piping of a different colour from the dress. It is likewise embroidered all along in little bouquets, done in silk to match the piping, which gives, as in the plate, an exceedingly pretty finish to the dress; the ciusure is tied in front, in a small bow with two long ends.

Hat of white poux de soie, trimmed with ribbon & la jaune, white and gold, and blonde (see plate). The front of the hat is large and evaseé, coming low at the sides of the face where the corners are merely rounded off, and nearly meeting under the chin. The blonde and ribbon are put on in the style of the other bonnet, which can be more distinctly seen by looking at the second figure in the plate; a wreath of roses ornaments the underneath part of the front of the bonnet, and a veil of white blonde is put on at the edge. Double lace flail, tied with a coloured ribbon, which is likewise inserted into the bouillon to which the frills are sewed. White gloves, green silk parasol, and black shoes.

Fig. 2.—Capote of clear embroidered muslin, over a coloured silk lining. The front of capote, which is worn only in demitaille, is large enough without a veil to shade the complexion from the sun. Half high dress of poux de soie, plain tight corseage fastened at the back, a narrow lace goes round the top of the neck (see plate). Mantelet of white tulle lined with coloured silk, the mantelet has a deep cape, and is confined at the neck with large regular folds. It is trimmed all round with deep lace, and tied down the front at distances with bows of coloured ribbon. Straw coloured kid gloves, cambric ruffles, and black shoes.

Plate 12.—Dinner Dress and Walking Dress.—Dinner Dress.—Dress of rich figured satin corseage à pointe, fitting tight to the bust, and sloped down, as shown in the plate, en cœur, the corseage, it will be perceived has a seam down the centre of the front, as well as one on each side; the back is made tight to lace; the dress has a deep flounce at bottom, edged with a piping of itself, the sleeves are long and full, as far as midway below the elbow, where they are finished by a very deep poignet (wrist) fastened with five ornamental buttons. The sleeve is confined in two places, in regular folds or plaits, some distance below the shoulder (see plate). The neck of the dress has a narrow blond all round. Cap of tulle, ornamented with a bouillon, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted. Hair in plain bands. White kid gloves, and black satin shoes.

Fig. 2.—Walking Dress.—Redingote of poux de soie, lined with silk of a different colour. The corseage is perfectly plain, crosses in front, and is much open at the upper part of the neck. The sleeves are full at top, tight, or nearly so, (see plate) below, they have two deep frills, the upper one put on with the putting in of the sleeve. The redingote is fastened round the waist with a long silk cordelière d’bosset. Capote of white crape over coloured silk: form à l’Anglaise, a laite (lettuce) of silk the colour of the lining is placed at the left side, and a bouillon in form of a wreath goes round the capote (see plate). The front is trimmed with a ruche of tulle illusion. Round the neck is a lace frill, falling over the dress in place of a collar; a piece of black velvet ribbon encircles the throat and is fastened in front with a small gold buckle. Cameo broach, embroidered cambric handkerchief, white gloves, and black shoes.
THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[We do not, in future, pledge ourselves, after a few days from the day of publication, to give the same Fashion Plate, as here described; but to supply Fashions of a subsequent date, in order that purchasers of this work, for the sake of its literature and portraits, may also have the latest fashions; but the plates of Fashions so given, will be different to any inserted in the monthly numbers of this periodical, yet drawn, engraved, and coloured by the same hands. Le Follet, indeed, is published in eighty-four numbers, during the year, at Paris, so that there is ample selection and variety, and perhaps many of our readers might be glad to know how they can obtain that work. It is published by Mr. Dobbs, in London, and can be had of all book-sellers, in the country, at 2l. a-year, or 10s. 6d. a quarter, once, or twice a month.]

Paris, May 20th 1838.

I am in despair, ma chère amie, not to be able to accept your most amiable invitation, to visit you in London and witness the approaching ceremony of the coronation of your young and lovely Queen. The fact is, that I am scarcely strong enough yet, to venture upon the fatigue attendant upon such a journey, and besides, my children are all more or less indisposed. I think I must content myself with going to spend a quiet summer in the country with them, so as to renovate all our healths. I shall not go far from town, but Paris will be deserted completely, so I cannot possibly remain. All our friends are preparing for their visit to London, the milliners and dress-makers are as busy as possible inventing, making up, and packing the superb toilettes, which our belles propose displaying on the occasion, and, as you may imagine, have been rendered as becoming as art can make them. I could tell you of some (but you will soon discover them) who have made up their minds to return the brides of English noblemen. And I might add, amongst the “Lords of the creation,” there are many speculations, to become the possessors of the fortunes, and of course the lands (as the one is dependant on the other) of some of your fair country-women, in exchange for their (empty) titles! But I must describe some of the dresses I have seen, as a few hints may be useful to you in the selection of your own.

You are of course aware that on such occasions our court dress consists of what we call a manton, but which is, nevertheless, far from being a cloak or any thing resembling it. It is a trained dress in the style of those adopted at the English court, and only differs I believe in name, and perhaps some other slight particulars. One I saw was of mois satin, you know this is a deeper and richer colour than paillie or osest de paradis. All round was a deep border forming a kind of chain pattern in diamonds worked in gold, at each side of this chain was a wreath of rosettes embroidered in light chocolate colour silk, each rosette separated from the next by a little ornament of diamonds surrounded with amethists, a single large diamond in the centre of each rosette, and in each space between the chain work, a splendid bouquet of natural flowers, embroidered in coloured silks, every bouquet different. The manton was trimmed all round with a beautiful blonde richly wrought in gold.

Another of white satin was worked all over in detached bouquets of flowers. The bouquets in diamonds, and done alternately in gold and coloured silks; it was trimmed with rich blonde.

A third of sky blue satin had a border of arabesques all round, wrought in silver, the whole manton was besides studded with small silver stars, a rich white blonde all round.

One of maroon satin was embroidered in shades of blue chenille, a sort of chain pattern, the spaces filled up with rosettes worked in gold and precious stones. Two others were nearly similar, the one of cherry colour velvet embroidered like the last, but in pearls. The other green satin marked in gold.

I saw several of white, pink, and pale blue satin, some embroidered in bouquets of natural flowers done in shade of chenille, and others ornamented with flowers of the aster and dahlia kind stamped out of coloured velvets, the stalks, foliage, &c. worked in gold or silver.

One or two of surpassing splendour were done in alternate bouquets of precious stones, and velvet flowers. A wreath of vine leaves done in shades of chenille, the branch and tendrils gold upon one.

Another in the same style had a wreath of currant leaves in velvet, the stalks and veins gold twist, and the luxuriant bunches of fruit were done in rubies.

All these were trimmed with either rich white blonde, blonde embroidered with gold, or dentille d’or.

For head dresses, I have seen such an infinity of feathers, flowers, diamonds,
tiaras, gold, silver, and lace lappets, turbans of every description, Spanish hats, &c. &c. that it would take a volume to describe them. And as some of your friends may like me, be deprived of attending the ceremony of the crown, I must not neglect to endeavour to describe a few of our more humble toilettes, which, like butterflies, are only to be seen now and then on an odd day when the sun deigns to smile. And, indeed, that luminary seems very unwilling to shine upon us with his wonted glorious splendour; he does, it is true, now and then come forth of a morning, but before we have decided upon what toilette we intend displaying in the Bois de Boulogne, an 'envious cloud' comes between and forces us to take a mere drive for health, well wrapped up in manteaux or wadded mantlets, or shawls.

Figured gros de Naples are coming in for redingottes and all kinds of walking dresses. Striped silks are also becoming fashionable, but the latter are of two or more colours; these silks are very thick and rich, and quite substantial enough to stand alone. I have seen some, the pattern and colours of which, are à la Cervantes. To call the 'ribbon grass' in English, I mean a broad leafed grass of a bright beautiful green colour with a stripe of pale straw colour. Others are blue and ecru, blue and bois, (brown) blue and paille, and so on various colours that match well together, but I have seen some in broad stripes, blue, pale pink, green, and purple, they are new, but in my opinion very ugly. I prefer a dress all of one colour, a person gets reconciled by habit to seeing two colours, but when you can count four or five, it becomes a little too near the dress of an harlequin to please me. The newest mantilles de laine, are à Colonnes, light grounds preferred to dark, and lively colours. All the corsages, even of the redingottes, are made en cœur, so as to display, far too much I think, of the neck in the street. At back they are little more than half high, but quite open in front. This make is adopted since the grec frills have come in. I believe I have already described these frills, two falls of lace, sewed on to a bouillon in which a coloured ribbon is inserted, and the latter tied in a bow in front: but as new inventions are daily improved upon, I must tell you that the ribbon is satin, moreover, that to get the ribbon to sit nicely upon the neck a little round and smooth, you must run a silk in with not very long stitches, but even at the inner side, and try it on till it comes into sit, you then fasten it. Another silk, of course much less drawn in, is run at the outer edge and fastened in the same way, thus the ribbon becomes an exact fit, and sits in nice little plaits. The ribbon is then to be laid upon the piece of tulle (or whatever you make your bouillon of) and the tulle covering to be cut out of the piece the proper form. At first the outsides were done in the manner I have described for the ribbon, but they were found too thick; they are now transparent and the ribbon is seen to advantage. The two, or one lace frill is sewed to the lower edge of casing. There is as much variety as ever in the sleeves. Some two with three frills, some tight with only one frill very deep reaching even below the elbow, rather plain, and sloped under the arm. Others, full to the elbow, the remainder tight brought low on the shoulder in plaits, and one deep frill close to a quarter in depth on the outside and quite sloped away underneath, in fact cut out of a alf handkerchief piece, the point rounded off of course. Many sleeves are quite plain and tight at the shoulder, the remainder loose to the wrist, two frills put on at top. Some sleeves I have seen in preparation for thin muslin dresses, have three bouillons put on below the friller, at top, the remainder of the sleeve to the wrist quite loose, coloured ribbon inserted into the bouillons; these are pretty.

For grande Toilette.—Corsages à pointe, some with a second point at back are worn, tight short sleeves with ruffles à la Louis XIV. Open skirts, looped tight with marabout tips, or with bows, bouquets or jewels. Some dresses are made with trains. Those for dancing are trimmed with blonde and flowers, looped up at the side, &c., I described these dresses very fully in my last.

Pailles de riz.—Are only waiting for the warm weather to come forth in all their beauty of feathers, flowers, and blonde; for blonde now forms a part in the trimming of a dress hat. Generally speaking, the ribbons preferred are white, edged with green or lilac, some with pink or blue. Hats and capotes of gros de Naples and gourx de soie, are worn smaller than they were; the flowers are placed in a drooping position, a few drawn capotes are to be seen. Veils are again coming in sewed on at the edge of the front, in default of a veil. A double raie of tulle is frequently seen, and in most cases to a drawn capote. Flowers are very much worn. Also fruits, especially red currants and mulberries.

Shawls seem likely to be prevalent this season. The most fashionable are China crape embroidered at the corners in large bouquets, and others of a very fine texture called satin shawls, these are neither satin nor cashmere wool, but a mixture of both,
the size is from five to six quarters. The colours are white, pearl grey, very light lavender, very light drab, straw colour, and a few light green: but they are entirely one colour, the embroidery of the same shade. Mantelets are still worn. Black silk trimmed with lace, others of coloured silk, or to match the dress, and some of white tulle or thin muslin with coloured linings, which will be in high vogue it is said as soon as the weather permits.

There is no difference as yet in the form of the pelerines from those worn last year. At the neck, they are of a shape quite suitable to the frills worn at present; they reach to the waist at back (with the trimming) may be either pointed, or slightly rounded, and cross in front beneath the ceinture, but not reach below it; the trimming consists of a frill, which is narrower and plainer towards the waist both at back and front than it is upon the shoulders.

Colours.—For hats the prevailing colours are white, pink, and paille, blue is also worn; and for dresses lavender, greys of various tints, green emerald and apple, and lilac.

Maintenant adieu, ma bien aimée. Je t'embrasse toute à toi,

L. De F———

---

**Miscellany.**

**The Late Prince Talleyrand.**—This celebrated man who has played so prominent and so varied a part upon the great theatre of life expired on the 17th ult., at 4 P.M., in the 85th year of his age. We content ourselves this month with merely giving from the private correspondence of a morning journal the following details of the closing scene, reserving a detailed biographical notice for a future period:—

For some time past symptoms of an approaching dissolution were evident, though the singular bodily energy of the Prince enabled him to conceal his sufferings, and to preserve almost unaltered the use of his remarkable intellectual faculties. In the provision of that event the Duchess de Dino, whose attentions have been unremitting till the last moment, under pretence of consulting the Prince on the propriety of the choice she had made of the Abbé Duperanloup for the direction of the religious instruction of her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino, introduced the subject, and insinuated that she could only be satisfied with the selection she had made, when the Prince should have seen the good Abbé and approved her choice. M. de Talleyrand readily took the hint, and assenting to the proposal, indicated a day when the Abbé Duperanloup should be asked to dinner, as well as several other ecclesiastics. It is said that upon the Archbishop of Paris hearing of this collective invitation, he formally put his veto upon it!

But the seeds of dissolution, already so apparent, were making hasty progress. An operation of a painful nature was thought necessary: Prince Talleyrand bore it with great fortitude, with the conviction of its uselessness; so that, about a week ago, Mademoiselle Pauline de Dino on entering her great uncle's room in the morning, and hearing from his lips that he had suffered severely in the night, exclaimed, that if he knew how sweet were the prayers of the good Abbé, he would allow him to come and offer up his orisons to Heaven for the alleviation of his sufferings. The Prince readily answered, that he would willingly see him. Thus has the Abbé Duperanloup been called several times to the Prince's bedside, and remained in attendance near him till he breathed his last. That priest has the reputation of being a mild, sensible, tolerant man; yet in the ardour of his zeal, he ventured too far, and gave the Prince an opportunity of showing how much to the last he preserved his presence of mind and his habitually ironical turn of thought. Upon M. Duperanloup's protesting that the Archbishop of Paris's personal dispositions towards M. de Talleyrand were such as to induce him, if necessary, to give his life for his, M. de Talleyrand calmly and smilingly retorted, that "he really might make a much better use of it!"

These successive conferences led to the Prince submitting himself to all the formalities prescribed by the Roman Catholic church for the repentance of sinners and their restoration to its bosom. He consented to the drawing up of a declaration, embodying his religious sentiments and the confession of his errors, which is addressed to the Pope and to the Archbishop of Paris, and after having calmly corrected some of its expressions, he declared he would sign it on Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, and
not till then. That being done, he took the last sacrament, at the moment Mademoiselle de Talleyrand, the darling child of his affection, was receiving it for the first time! For some motive hitherto unexplained, he was not submitted to other ceremonies usually imposed by the church upon dying penitents.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the King, accompanied by his sister, Madame Adelaide, arrived. M. Talleyrand, in expectation of that visit, had taken care to give directions as to the particular mode prescribed by Court etiquette, in which the Sovereign should be announced and introduced into his apartment. Upon their entrance into his chamber the Prince de Talleyrand exclaimed, "This is a great day for our house," alluding either to his own approaching demise, or to the high honour thus conferred by the Royal visitors, and, perhaps, to both circumstances together. The King, after a few moments, left the room, shedding tears. The Princess, his sister, followed him a little later, also much affected. Thus expired, surrounded with something like the pomp and numbers which attended Richelieu and Mazarin on their death beds, and preserving to the last the unimpaired use of his wonderful faculties, this highly-gifted personage, upon whose tomb posterity will heap so many contradictory judgments.

All external excitement will probably be avoided by the Prince's submission to and reconciliation with the church, and by the circumstances that his body, only presented to the parish church, will be immediately conveyed to Valençay. M. Talleyrand leaves memoirs, which he has bequeathed to the keeping of the Duchess de Dino. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which they would excite, it must be doubted if they will ever see the light.

In England, where Prince Talleyrand was so well known, these details, scanty as they are, may be of interest, and I thus hastily forward them to you in anticipation of those more or less correct informations by which the press will soon complete them.

Custody of Infants Bill.—

Mr. Serjeant Talforord moved on the 23d of May, that this bill be read a third time.

Sir E. Sugden, in opposing the motion, said he believed that few bills of a public nature had been more canvassed for than the passing of this bill, and that might account for the small minority, as compared with the majority, on the last division on the question. However, as this was not, and could not be, a party matter, he would state to the house why he objected to this measure. The law of England, whether wisely or unwisely, had put all the marital and parental power in the hands of the father. A woman's strength lay in her submissiveness, and if they found the law as it stood did by its operation on society give the mother a greater moral power over her children than the law could give her, he called upon them to beware how by altering the law they relaxed and weakened that moral tie by which mother and children were bound together. If this bill were suffered to pass, the proper title to designate it by would be "a bill to facilitate separation and divorce between husbands and wives." The subsisting marriage law proceeded upon totally different grounds. It vested the whole power in the connubial state, both over wife and children, in the husband. He did not believe that they would benefit women as a class by this enactment, however appropriate it might be to individual cases of hardship. Separate the mother wholly from her children, and you wholly remove the facilities for reunion. The existing law was by no means so cruel as was represented. In the vast proportion of cases where separation took place in consequence of disagreement of temper, he had never heard of an instance in which reasonable allowance was not made for the access of the mother to her children. Unless the woman's conduct have been of a flagrant nature, unless the husband have a strong case to justify him in estranging the mother from her offspring, he will not be received into society, if he be known to have obstinately refused this access. He did not believe that the children would be benefited by the proposed measure; on the contrary, he believed that it would be productive of injury to them. The father and mother are at variance at the period of separation, and in numerous cases that variance is afterwards increased to the extent of bitter animosity. If the wife have access to her children, and his (Sir E. Sugden's) opinion was that she ought to have that access, but they could not reach it by legislative means, the adoption of which would produce a great deal more mischief in the general principle than of good in particular cases—if the wife, as he said, were ordered access to her children, the husband he would suppose, having retired with his children to the north, and placed them there at school, how was the wife to act in order to obtain the benefit of the rule of court which ordered her the access? Was she to take a cottage in the neighbourhood of her husband's residence in order to have the opportunity of visiting them
once in each week? When access was denied by the husband, and permitted by the judge, it was natural that the wife should conceive herself as greatly aggrieved by her husband—she would consider his conduct to be, perhaps, still harsher than it really has been, and will do her best to impress her own views on the minds of her children. The children would be brought up in that unnatural and most deplorable state of want of love or confidence in their parents. The father will do his best to blacken the mother in their eyes, the mother will do her best to blacken the father, and the children will be reluctantly compelled to admit the sad conviction that neither father nor mother is entitled to their esteem; or, if this effect be not wholly produced, the children will be at least utterly and unduly estranged from one of their parents. He, therefore, believed that on the one hand the proposed change would be anything but beneficial to the children, and on the other hand, that it would tend to produce mutual separation which was now only temporary. The right hon. gentleman concluded by moving that the bill be read a third time that day six months.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd said, there was something very extraordinary in the opposition of his right hon. friend after the result of the house, on the common consent of a majority of four to one in a house that was certainly not canvassed. He did not complain of this resistance to the measure, but he must state, as a matter of fact, that he was not prepared for it. The sense of the house had been three times expressed upon the measure, and he confessed he did occasion him no small surprise to perceive that his right hon. friend now thought fit to divide upon the third reading. He could only account for this opposition, by supposing that his right hon. friend regarded the evils against which the bill was directed as the mere bugbears of the imagination of the mover, and as having no substantial existence. The opponents of the bill talked about the unsoundness of that legislation which was directed against particular cases—surely all laws were made to meet particular cases. They asked the house to continue to inflict torture, in order, as they said, that the integrity of the marriage tie might be maintained, while, as he would contend, the continuance of the present practice was, in an especial degree, calculated to defeat that purpose. It had been said that great inconveniences resulted from the mass of affidavits to which disputes between married persons gave rise—he denied that the fact was so, and at all events, the bill then before the house would tend much more to diminish than to increase the evil; besides that the proceedings would come before, not a private but a public tribunal, and the judges, though beyond the time of life at which passion has much influence, would still feel as men and as fathers, and they would know how to deal with criminatory affidavits against women unconvicted of adultery; they would know how to deal with husbands who denied to their innocent wives the last happiness which a woman so circumstanced could only enjoy—a sight of her child. The mother of an illegitimate child could not be refused access; and that which he demanded was, not even to place the innocent matron on a footing of equality with her who in surrendering her chastity gave up the best safeguard of her other virtues; but he merely required that the matron should be placed on a footing something like that of which the mother of an illegitimate child enjoyed the advantage. That was what he asked, and what his right hon. friend denied. When the bill was passing through its preceding stage, it was suggested that a clause should be added excluding women convicted of adultery from the benefit of the bill; but the opposition would have that clause he was prepared to bring up when the third reading of the bill should be agreed to, as he hoped it would be. He begged farther to say, that this was a question on which the house had not been canvassed—and indeed, the state of the house at that moment placed the proposition under a shadow of doubt; but he hoped, nevertheless, that the feelings of our common nature and the plain principles of justice would triumph over those of artificial law. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Langdale opposed the measure, on the ground that it would do injury to the sex, for whose advantage it was intended; he thought, moreover, that it would aid in dissolving the marriage tie, in addition to inflicting injury upon the children, who were of necessity innocent. He never read a bill more fallacious in its principle. In his opinion, the present state of the law favoured reconciliation between husband and wife who might for a time have separated, while the bill would promote separation and litigation. There was at least one satisfactory feature in the proceeding—that however it might favour the vices of the rich, it would not much interfere with the morals of the poor.

Mr. Peared supported the bill, because he did not anticipate any of the evil consequences which the last speaker appeared to apprehend; so far from favouring, he thought it would prevent divorce; neither did he think that it would oppose any obstacle to reunion between husband and wife.

Mr. Warburton said, that although the right hon. gentleman opposite had taken the unpopular side of this question, and although it could not be denied that the hon. and learned gentleman who had brought it
forward had succeeded in enlisting in its favour the majority of members in that house, and the majority of persons out of the house who thought on the subject, yet he (Mr Warburton) felt it his duty to support the right hon. gentleman opposite (Sir E. Sugden), agreeing, as he did, in the opinion he had expressed as to the probable effects of the bill. It was their duty to look to the general effect of every law, and his decided opinion respecting this bill was, that it would not operate unfavourably for the offspring. Giving the mother the power of unrestrained intercourse with her children, would be giving her an opportunity of enlisting their support and feelings against an injured husband, where it so happened that the husband was the aggrieved party; and, although unpopular to do so, he should vote against the third reading of the bill.

Mr. Leader was surprised to hear the hon. member for Bridport say he opposed the bill on the ground that he wished to protect the interests of the children. Surely those interests were not protected under the present law. On the contrary, they, as well as the interests and feelings of the mother, were by the present law totally overlooked, as might be observed from a petition lately presented to the house from a lady named Green, stating that she had separated from her husband, in consequence of his living with another woman, under a fictitious name; that he would not allow her to have access to her children; and that, nevertheless, the Court, on application, refused to interfere in her behalf. He could not conceive, therefore, how the hon. member could refuse his sanction to this measure, or how any one could think, for a moment of advocating the continuance of the present law.

The house then divided, when there appeared—

For the motion... 60
Against it... 14
Majority... -46

The bill was then read a third time and passed [in the Commons.]

The Lover's Walk, Bromley.—A many years agoe Margaret Honeyman was the prettiest girl in Bromley, and several of the best of the village lads wished to keep company with her, but she was of a light and careless fancy, and never minded any of them. Late she suffered them to court her, and got ribbons and laces at fair-days, and many envied, and some found fault with her, but she and her mother were well to do in the world, and no one could fix any real fault upon them. At last, one day, a recruiting party came to our village, and several families lamented that the military should stay in the village, for they wiled away some of the choicest of the young farmers, to leave their ploughs and homes, and enlist to go beyond seas. While all this was going on, Sergeant May (I think they called him) fell to courting Margaret, and he was, they say, a very comely man, and full of book-learning; he could write as well, or better nor the sexton, and after some weeks, he carried off Margaret's heart; and it was all settled, that they should be married, as soon as Sergeant May could come back from asking his father's leave, who was a weaver by trade, and lived at Richmond. It was however necessary, that he should first inform his captain of his intention; and Captain Goldburn told him, that a soldier should not marry till very late in life, and that his gun and his sword should be his wife and children; Sergeant May, however, was a favourite of his captain's, and after much entreaty, the captain consented to the sergeant's marriage. He had only, therefore, to go and get his father's consent, and persuade him to give them some money, that Margaret might set up house with, in times of peace, though she was determined, she said, to be a good soldier's wife, and follow the drum, wherever her husband went; but then her poor old mother would require more to keep her, when she would not be with her, to take care of and cherish her; so that she wanted a little money to add to her stock, and to comfort old Margery for her loss—for the child's marriage, which may be a gain to the child, is a loss to the parent whom she leaves. I've heard say. Well, Sergeant May left Bromley, and when he got to Richmond, he was obliged to remain many weeks there, for his mother died, and his father was broken-hearted, and he was a good son, and he could not leave him, till such time as the old man should begin to cheer up; but he wrote to Margaret, and told her he would soon be able to make almost a lady of her, and that he loved her dearly, and longed to be back with her. In the meantime, Captain Goldburn saw Margaret one day, as she came to the barracks with her mother, to help carry some of the men's washing to their cottage; and he thought her very handsome; and he made some excuse or another about Sergeant May, and went and paid her a visit. From one visit, he paid her many; and he gave her presents, and her old mother too; and he persuaded her to walk with him in the very walk, and the village folk did call it the Lover's Walk; but they all found fault with Margaret, for being 'gaged like to the sergeant, and yet listening to the captain's speeches. At last, she listened so often and so long, that he came to tell her it would be a shame so pretty a girl should be a sergeant's wife, that if she would go with him she should ride in her coach, and go to plays and masquerades, and lead a very different
life, full of nothing but pleasure and fun. So she listened and listened till she began to love him far better than poor May, and at last consented to go with him wherever he chose to take her; then they met late and early, sometimes in the churchyard, sometimes down by Bromley Wall, but oftener in the Lover’s Walk; and there they were one night a love-making, she saying, that she never before knew what it was to love a man, when they heard footsteps advancing, and, by the light of the moon, who should they see but Sergeant May. He directly stops, and laying his hand on Margaret’s arm, asked her if she was not ashamed to behave so—she who had promised to be his wedded wife.

“But,” he added, “Margaret, you shall never be more to me nor a worthless woman. Nevertheless, I will not be treated so by any man without my revenge, and though you be my captain, and Captain Goldburn though you be, we are man and man now pursuing the same woman, I honourably, you dishonourably. Yes, you are a villain and a coward, if you do not resent this blow.”

And he struck the captain, and spat on him. A party of soldiers, who chanced to be loitering about, not far from the spot, hearing high words, approached, and the captain desired them to take Sergeant May into custody for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

“I am not drunk,” said May, “and there is not a man of you, worthy of the name of man, who would not do as I have done; nevertheless, I must abide my sentence.”

He made no resistance, but as he was being taken away, he said,

“Margaret, for you, you are not worth an honest man’s thought; but remember, that if you trust to such an one as Captain Goldburn, you will come to sin, and shame, and misery.”

“Off with the fellow,” the captain cried, “he’s drunk, away with him; lock him up till he comes to his senses, and then a good flogging will do the rest.”

But there was something in the sergeant’s words and manner that sank into Margaret’s heart, and she insisted on going home to her mother, notwithstanding Captain Goldburn’s fine words; so he cursed and swore, as the story goes, and vowed he’d have his revenge. And so he had, for the poor sergeant was condemned to, I forget how many lashes, and he was tied up, and suffered the punishment without flinching. Twice he was asked to beg his captain’s pardon, and the rest of the punishment should be remitted, and twice he refused to do so.

“Not,” he said, “from any unchristian feeling, but because he would always declare, to the last of his blood and his breath, that it was a shame to seduce another man’s affianced wife, and then punish him for having told the truth.”

“Let up the obstinate dog again,” cried the captain; and he was tied up, and he suffered the whole punishment, and was taken away senseless and carried to the hospital, for the doctor said, one more lash and he would die. And he did die as it was, for his wounds mortified, and he sank under the fever that came on; but at his death, he asked to see his captain, and holding out his hand he said he forgave him; then he sent for Margaret, and said he forgave her also, but told her to be aware of sin, for we must all come to a death-bed; and then the sore of sin would be greater anguish than even the sores of which he was dying. And Margaret never took her eyes off him till he breathed his last. And then, the story goes, she never closed them more ever after, but the little sleep she got, she slept with her eyes wide open. Well, after Sergeant May’s death, his captain was arraigned for cruelty, and for having caused his death, and he was scouted by all his officers, and the king took away his commission, for the court pronounced sentence against him, and he was broke, and as he was a very proud man, he could not bear it, and so went mad; for pride, they say, comes before a fall, and he is now in a lunatic asylum. As to Margaret, she never rested, and her open eyes were fearful to look upon; nobody could bear to see her but her poor mother, and at the last, she disappeared from the place, and none ever found her out; it is thought that she wandered to the sea-coast, for she was traced to Worthing, and some of her clothes were found on a lonely part of the shore, and it is supposed she drowned herself; and they do say her spirit walks about here o’ nights, but I never seed it, nor yet that of her old mother, who some pretend hobbles about, leaning on her stick as she used to do when in life, only wailing and wailing dolefully, and crying Margery, pretty Margery; and this is the rightful story of the ‘Lovers’ Walk.’—Love, a Novel.

The Distinction between Bronchitis and Asthma which auscultation enables us to make is evidently an important matter for investigation, especially to those who consider the latter a functional disorder, and therefore to be strongly contrasted, as far as treatment goes, with inflammation of a mucous membrane. But the distinction is more difficult to be made, because the violent and suffocative action of the respiratory muscles in asthma tends to stretch and otherwise mechanically irritate the mucous membrane, which is the seat of the bronchitis. Those, however, who observe closely, will find that where the asthma is not complicated with other complaints, there is no mucous rattle,
and the sound on percussion (of the Stethoscope, to the ear or chest,) is very clear. It must be observed that in making these observations, I intend to apply them to the forms of asthma which are called nervous or spasmodic, and not to those affections of the respiratory organs which have obtained the same name from some authors, and which are attributable to organic disease, of the heart or great vessels.—Holmes on Consumption.

Birth-day Present.—Lady Herbert gave her husband a tender glance of reproach, and to recover her composure, took from her neck a watch and chain, which she placed around his, and said, trying to speak cheerfully: “May this watch remind you how I am watching every moment when you are absent; and this chain be an emblem of that which binds us together—light and lasting.—Love.

Pulverized Milk. A much better substance, says Professor O'Shaugnessy, can be prepared by evaporating perfectly fresh milk to dryness at 100°. The process requires attention to prevent the temperature rising, which would curdle the milk, and the fluid must be in very shallow pans, to accelerate the operation. The heat should be applied by a water-bath. The milk thus treated, dried, and powdered, retains all the properties of fresh milk, and its solubility in water. The flavour of the solution is exactly that of fresh milk. The powder makes excellent custards and puddings, and is a capital article for food, and even of luxury, at sea."

An Umbrella Life Preserver.—The wells at Constantine and at Smyrna are of course uncovered. An English gentleman carrying an open umbrella on account of the rain, slipped in, but its circumference being greater than that of the well, he was just sustained until his cries brought assistance.

Coronation Comforts.—Mr. Bonnel Thornton, who was present at the coronation banquet of George III. and his Queen, says, "It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets, which were let down like prisoners' boxes at Ludgate or the Gatehouse, with "Pray, remember the poor prisoners!" It was pretty much the same at the coronation of George IV.

The Roc de Falare.—In a spot near Caixas, in the Eastern Pyrenees, as stated in a Perigord Constantinople, there is to be a remarkable rock, called the Roc de Falare, standing sixty feet high, and having at its base a capacious spring, the favourite rendezvous for parties, and an object of curiosity to strangers. A short time since, sounds were heard in its vicinity, resembling an earthquake, followed by a powerful explosion. Some of the inhabitants, on going to the rock, found it shivered into innumerable calcined fragments, and the spring totally gone.

Count Pozzo di Borgo has been laid up at Ashburnham House, from the effects of a singular accident. The Count was paying a visit to Lord Holland, the Princess when through the gaucherie of the domestics, they wheeled Lord Holland's easy chair over the foot of the ambassador, who was seated in the drawing room.

Simple Costume of a Prince's Family.—In the prince's De Sambos' palace I made some awkward mistakes. I mistook the son for a servant, the daughter for a housemaid, and the wife for a cook, their attire and demeanour were so humble, that they displayed no superiority over the other females.

Sir W. Knighton's Memoirs.—I saw no more of the prince (George IV.) till I was made his physician in ordinary, in the year 1819, when I was presented. The prince was then civil; spoke to me and inquired for Lord Wellesley. The second time I went he said nothing, and his countenance betrayed displeasure. This, I afterwards found, arose from his having been informed that I had spoken offensively of him, in regard to his conduct respecting the Princess of Wales. This was a falsehood, and of course carried to him to stop my progress at court.

Dancing Dervishes.—Whoever visits Turkey should, by all means, see the dancing Dervishes; they wear loose robes, which extend to the feet, and a high buff-coloured cap. They exhibit their agility in a building at Pera, in a circular enclosed space, twenty feet in diameter; seventeen or eighteen walk very solemnly round, bowing extremely low, and with some grace, to a certain priest whenever they pass him. All of a sudden one extends his arms to their length, and turning round rather slowly, closes his eyes. His example is soon followed by others, and at last the whole number are seen spinning themselves round with their arms extended and with considerable rapidity; yet though in so small a space, they never hit or jostle one another. It is a religious ceremony, but what the meaning is, I know not.—Heret' Constantinople.

Unjust Demands.—That portion of "Love," which treats of the demand made by Lord Herbert on his daughter for 10,000l., and the application of it, offers a wholesome lesson to the kind-hearted and benevolent of the sex. Rare is the instance where such secrecy, as was there enjoined, can be needed in an honourable transaction; yet how many generous women have their means thus basely torn from them?
THE POET TO HIS PURSE.

THE WORK AND GIFT OF THREE SISTERS.

A PINARIC ODE.

BY LORD NORTHAMPTON.

Hail! Hail!
Thou levity of levities! Thou empty purse!
Thou sieve of gold-dust, were there aught to fall
Of genius, and of fancy, thou dry nurse;
Thee, by what name endearing, shall I call,
Embalming thee in verse?
Oh! how I love thy radiant hue and matter,
But only wish thy form a little, little fatter.

A little roundness would become thee much,
For, truth to say, thou'rt very, very thin;
Thy mouth is small; in sooth it should be such,
Useless if large, when nothing ere goes in.
I would not have thee like an alderman,
With huge rotundity of form and chin;
But I must own indeed, to see the nannies,—
Dull prosy folks, who neither will, nor can
The muses serve,—have purses full of guineas;
This grieves my heart, and makes me bold to express
The wish, that thy smooth, silky prettiness
Held something more than air and emptiness.

We poets yet,
As was Apollo, erst are poor;
He ran in debt
We may be sure,
And never paid the coachmaker his bill
Who furnish'd him his phaëton;
And we his sons, can testify, that still
Pactolus is not Helicon!

Dear purse, my song returns to thee,
Thou creature of my patronesses three;
I gaze admiring, on thy silken sheen,
Thy rings vandyked, thy pendent glossy ends,
Thy meshes intricate, of green and blue;
Thou proof the Muses and the Graces are good friends.
Another proof less pleasing, dost thou yield—
Purses are sooner made than fill'd.

Farewell, my purse, farewell!
To other themes I tune my lyre;
For gold, my verse disdains to swell,
To wealth, my thoughts no more aspire;
Let laurels twine around my head,
My country echoes to my fame,
Although my home may be a shred
And tatters clothe my shivering frame!
Alas! poor purse, my glory still may be—
Empty, like thee!

The life of this private friend and confidant of George the 4th is now again before us. This publication, it is well known, has excited a fever of expectation in the reading world equal, if not superior, to that Diary which has been falsely ascribed to Lady Charlotte Bury. Judging from the manner in which the author of that work dealt with her, or his unfortunate correspondents, every courtier, who had supplicd royal favour through Sir Wm. Knighton, or who had entered into an intrigue of diplomacy connected with the court or household of George the Magnificent, seems to have been in an agony of apprehension, expecting to see the ghosts of buried hopes and fears rise in dread array, multiplied through the wicked combinations of Bentley's types, and clad in winding-sheets of foolscap for the edification of the public.

For some reason, the leading articles of the press seemed to consider Lord Brougham by anticipation as likely to be especially aggrieved: they rang with his legal opinions respecting the right of individuals to the copyright of their own letters, a question by the way to which it is well that public enquiry should be directed, and about which if so inclined, we could say a great deal. Meantime, all apprehensions are now set at rest, respecting the wicked violation of private confidence, by the appearance of the dreaded volumes. It will be evident on their perusal, that although a part of the correspondence, may become available to the historians of the Times of George the 4th, yet there is nothing published to wound the feelings of a single human being. The Memoirs of Sir William Knighton are truly the records of a good man's life, and will be pleasing and instructive to classes of readers who would fly from highly seasoned scandals as moral poison. No lady need be ashamed of suffering these volumes to appear on her boudoir table, no mother need forbid her daughter to open their pages; far from this, the letters of Sir William Knighton to his son and daughter cannot be too much diffused among young people entering life. The christian father appears in every page. In many instances the contents of these volumes remind us of the letters of the brave Admiral Collingwood to his family. But above all we are pleased with the single hearted humility in which the early circumstances of the friend of George the 4th are discussed. His good principles occasioned his favour with George the 4th, who at least had the sagacity to appreciate an honest man when he met with one; indeed that monarch is raised in the eyes of reflecting persons by the fact that he had the good sense to approve of a person like Sir William Knighton, and form a strong attachment for him. The circumstance, which led the King to place unbounded confidence in Sir William was that he restored to the King a packet of most important papers that had fallen into his hands at the demise of Colonel Mac Mahon, who had been highly in the confidence of George the 4th; he was at that time one of the royal physicians, but had not been distinguished by any marks of royal favour. The King was struck by the gentlemanlike delivery of his manner when he performed this duty, without stipulating for the slightest reward; this conduct, which after all is but honorable dealing, in strong contrast with the rapacity of some court employs when they have become possessed of royal secrets, advanced him deservedly to the King's intimate friendship. George the 4th placed his pecuniary affairs in the hands of a man he found trustworthy, and the management of Sir W. Knighton delivered him from debt and embarrassment. Such was the origin of the friendship of George the Fourth for Sir William Knighton.

The early life of this true friend of
the English monarch is discussed without any affectation of concealment or mystery. He began his career as an apprentice to a medical practitioner in a country town. He was descended from a gentle family impoverished by the prodigal conduct of the father of the family. So far from being ashamed of his medical tyroship, one of his letters is full of gratitude for the opportunity he had of an education, which he made the means of advancement. He thus expresses himself:

"To the question of your friend relating to me, "Do you know his history?" I answer, Few do, I believe, and scarcely he himself. He is indebted to Providence for what he possesses, and to industry and application for what he may else have obtained. At one time he was in a measure deserted by the world, and a consultation was held whether he and his infant sister should be committed to the care of the parish. Before the sun had shone two years on one, and one year on the other, they were left orphans; and the father that was thus deprived of life had spent in irregularity and intemperance a comfortable independence, and died at the age of twenty-nine. Reflection was the inheritance of those he left behind,—probably of more value than gold. My grandfather, whose death immediately followed my father's, died, possessed of much wealth, in misery, because his fancy suggested that he had done nothing for us orphans; but it proved otherwise. To him I am indebted for the fortune I possess, which educated me, and brought me to that which I now attempt to profess. A part of this fortune was attempted to be kept from me by my father's youngest brother; but it has been happily recovered since I have been in this place.

"The stories that have been told of me have been beyond everything wonderful. Tis but of little consequence. The mother of Euripides sold greens for her livelihood, and the father of Demosthenes sold knives for the same purpose; but does it lessen the worth of the men? Yet, as Johnson observes, 'there is no pleasure in relating stories of poverty; and when I tell them that my father was an old bookseller, let them be content without further inquiry.' What man, now he is dead, did not rejoice at the honour of his acquaintance? Many would be as proud to handle the pencil of Titian as the sceptre of the Emperor he painted."

The weakest part of these volumes consists in the publication of a great number of mere notes of conventional kindness from various exalted personages. In this collection Lady Knighton has not had author-like experience sufficient to distinguish between letters that are valuable to collectors of autographs and those which stamp a strong characteristic interest on a literary publication. The early journals of Sir W. Knighton when he accompanied Lord Wellesley to Spain are of little value; they have the boldness and baseness of a mere road book, but are now and then interspersed with pleasing observations illustrative of the feelings of a tender husband and father; still that part of the work bears but a scanty portion of interest. About the middle of the first volume we begin to read with eagerness the correspondence of George the 4th. The reader will notice the following letter of the King's, written at a time when Queen Caroline was seized with her fatal illness; the propriety of its tone and abstinence from all apparent hostility form a strong contrast to the impudent epistles of his unfortunate cousin and Queen which we have quoted from another Diary.

"Off Holyhead, August 10th, 1820.

"Dearest Friend,

"As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass.

"I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have but just now received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed.

"I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the Queen's indisposition.

"On Tuesday at noon, as I had heard nothing from my friend Lord Sidmouth, who had passed over to the other coast some hours before, we took up our anchorage here. We had reason to know he had heard the report before he left Holyhead; and it was determined as the best medium line that could be adopted until I could hear from him, that I should proceed for twelve hours to Lord Anglesea's.

"Accordingly I wrote to Lord Sidmouth and Bloomfield, to acquaint them with the communication I had received respecting the Queen, to account for the delay in my not proceeding to Ireland, and desiring Lord Sidmouth's advice as to what I had best do, and that he would make all the arrange-
ments which might be necessary under existing circumstances.

"I returned from Plasnewydd to my yacht here about four o'clock on the next day (Wednesday), and found Lord Sidmouth just disembarked and ready to receive me. He stayed about two hours with me on board, and then again took his passage in the steam-boat, having arranged with me, that if the accounts from London of the Queen the next day should represent her to be in an improved state, that then we should set sail as quickly as possible, and land at Dunleary, and make my public entrée at Dublin on that day (Friday); although he had already taken measures for a private entry if matters should be worse, as it was utterly impossible for me under any circumstances not to proceed now to Ireland, where public notice would be given that I should observe the strictest privacy for some days, until we were acquainted either with the Queen’s recovery or her demise, and till after the body should be interred.

"Lord Londonderry fortunately arrived the next morning after Lord Sidmouth left me,—that is to say, yesterday, Thursday, before seven o’clock in the morning,—and has remained with me, and will continue to do so till I have set my foot on the Irish shore. He approved of all the arrangements I had made with Lord Sidmouth as the best possible, and with every view I had taken of the whole circumstance; and it is now determined that either in the course of the day, or as soon as possible as the wind and weather will permit, (but which at present does not appear very encouraging,) we are to set sail, either in the yacht about four o’clock, to Ireland; to make Howth (about five miles from Dublin), and to proceed without any sort of show or display to the Phoenix Park, without entering or passing through Dublin at all. My arrival there will then be publicly announced, and thus the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as proper decency and decorum may require; and that after that, the day will be announced when I shall make my public entrée, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence.

"Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only that ‘all is well,’ for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine: it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have not you immediately at my elbow. You may, then, judge what I do now at this moment feel, and what I have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities and difficulties. You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always

"Most affectionately yours,

"G. R."

The following anecdote of Lord Byron shews that Sir W. Knigbtson’s judgment of results, arising from his perceptive discrimination of character was acute and unerring. This peculiar acumen seems to have been in him a most decided talent; and a certain answer at the end sets at rest a quackery which some men have for miscalling the noble poet.

"I was Lord Byron’s medical attendant for some time previously to his marriage. One morning, on making him my accustomed visit, I found the table at which he was writing covered with printer’s proof-sheets, scraps of manuscript verses, &c. On my being announced, he neither raised his head nor the pencil from the paper he was rapidly scribbling, but said, ‘Be so kind as to take a book, and be silent for two minutes.’ A longer time had scarcely elapsed, when he threw down the pencil with an air of satisfaction, explaining, ‘I have done at last!’ He apologized for claiming a poet’s indulgence, saying, that the last four lines of that stanza had given him more trouble than the whole of the poem besides; adding ‘The right words came into my head just as your carriage drove.’

"His Lordship then rose, and, with a smile, said abruptly, ‘Knighton, what do you think I am going to? I am going to marry.’ I replied, ‘I am sorry to hear it, my Lord.’ ‘The d—l you are! And why should I not?’ ‘Because I do not think you are constituted to be happy in married life,’ ‘He looked grave, and after a pause said, ‘I believe you are right; but the ladies think otherwise,’ (alluding to his sister, Mrs. L.). ‘However, the die is cast; for I have presented myself in due form to the lady’s papa. I had an amiable reception. The only personal question put to me was when I was mounting my horse: Sir Ralph called after me, ‘Pray, my Lord, how do you pronounce your name? Birron or By-ron?’ I replied, ‘B Y, sir, spells by, all the world over.’"

The second volume of these Memoirs is by far the most attractive to the reader. It contains many letters from the late King, the Princess Elizabeth, and Duchess of Gloucester, breathing the most tender family friendship for
their brother when he was enduring his last severe illness. This portion will be read with great interest by the public. Here are also several letters from Sir Walter Scott which are not comprised in his memoirs. Among other passages we note the following brief but acute observation of Sir Walter:—

"I saw it reported that Joseph Hume said I composed novels at the clerk’s table: but Joseph Hume said what neither was nor could be correct, as any one who either knew what belonged to composing novels, or acting as clerk to a court of justice, would easily have discovered."

Also another anecdote related by Sir Walter respecting his ward, Lady Northampton:—

"He said, moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight the following anecdote as an instance of her playful cleverness. 'When she was about to be married,' said he, 'I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what settlement was to be made for the benefit of younger children, &c.; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before: A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'Sing what you please; I shall not meddle in those matters.' Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story."

We here find the Duke of Wellington’s reasons distinctly stated for preventing the royal visit to the city in year 1830. This matter for history. The Duke’s valour could afford to take precautionary measures. We were never more struck with the true dignity of plain good sense and its real superiority to the bluster of violence than in these observations of the Hero of Waterloo:—

"I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and found his Grace glad to see me, and in good spirits. The ground he took on the subject of the Lord Mayor’s dinner was, that he advised the King and Queen not to go, because the probability was that bloodshed would have happened in their presence."

"In regard to myself,' he said, 'I had no desire to be massacred; which would have happened. I would have gone, if the law had been equal to protect me; but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell were it would end? I know what street-firing is: one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten.'"

The heartfelt tone of piety continues through the whole of Sir W. Knighton’s Letters from his earliest career, as much in the time of his high prosperity as when health and life began to decline, and correspondence is continued within a few days of the time when he was laid at rest in M. Carden’s, Harrow Road Cemetery, where it was his particular wish to be interred.

The embellishments of these volumes consist of a very pleasing and well engraved portrait of Sir William from Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the autograph of a singular letter from George the 4th to Sir W. Knighton which we do not find in the letter press, nor any allusion to it in the narrative. We have no doubt but that Sir W. Knighton’s family possesses stores of material which would electrify public curiosity, if good feeling did not keep them in abeyance till a future period: when like Horace Walpole’s legacy, the boxes A and B in the blue breakfast-room ‘may be’ opened fifty years after the death of the principal correspondents. We really regret to take our official leave of these highly interesting and wholesome volumes.


Of all trials to poetic genius, the subject of royal panegyric is the most difficult to surmount with success. Scott would none of it, and Southey holds the laurel without paying his annual quit-rent of a song. Mr. C. Whitehead has here sung a voluntary on the accession of her present Majesty in a style of great elegance, it is in a far superior
strain to any laureate stanzas we recollect to have seen; and when we consider (if we rightly construe some lines in the introduction) that it has been written under circumstances of suffering and deprivation, we think the poem of Victoria Victrix will be read by its royal inspirer with re-doubled interest.

We have space but for three of Mr. Whitehead's polished stanzas:

O God! who haste, before her perfect noon,
Call'd this our Sovereign to an earthly throne;
In whom we deem we see a present boon,
Which shall hereafter be a blessing shewn;
If aught of Thy intentions may be known
By our weak sense,—if we assur'd suppose
The odour of the flower, or ere 'tis blown,
And from the bud conjecture of the rose;
What glory shall we see when its ripe leaves unclose!

And yet, since nought is glorious in thy sight,—
Since, out of Heaven, the best are human still,
Guide her, that she may know Thy will aright,
Guard her, that she may safely do Thy will.
Confirm her virtues, and to us fulful
The hopes her future years before us spread:
And as, upon the summit of a hill,
The rays of the full sun are soonest shed,
So may Thy mercy's beam light first upon her head.

And grant; for oh! how dearly, well thou know'st,
We priz'd her promise once, and priz'd in vain,
Who now is counted of Thy heavenly host,
And sits with Angels of immortal strain;—
Grant, over us, Thy Servant long to reign.
This land, for royal Charlotte's loss, requite
With our Victoria; bless her,—and sustain:
Out of our darkness then, be now our light,
As oft the loveliest day springs from the darkest night.

---

Rufus or the Red King. A Romance.
In 3 vols. Saunders & Ottley.

William Rufus, is a fine stirring romance, written by a person who is not only minutely informed on every particular regarding the antiquities and history of the remote period in which he has cast his story, but by one who treats his subject with freedom and fire. Now, these are qualifications we very seldom see united in the writer of historical romance. Such of our readers as are given to chronicle reading, will well remember the scandal that rampant pagan William Rufus, brought on Christendom, by endeavouring for love of gain to re-convert to Judaism, a young Jew, who had left the faith of his old father; the old man bribed the christian king to re-convert his heir. William did not succeed, but insisted on retaining half the fee, because he had taken as much pains in the business as if the proselyte had turned Jew again. Of this odd incident our author has made admirable use. His characters of the young Jew, Nicholas de l'Epee, and of his father Jodesac, are cast in the boldest style of originality. The young Jew Simeon, has escaped from Winchester with a christian ward of his father, who is the hero of the late Cœur d'Acier. The accidental meeting of the two runaways on their return to the Jew's house, is admirably described.

"Some tall trees which grew just within one of these enclosures, and shot their long arms over the wall, now fixed the attention of Cœur d'Acier. Seating himself upon a large stone beneath the shadow of the overhanging foliage, he looked upward, and said at last in audible tones—"Yes—here, at least, I can scarcely err—this must be indeed the house of Jodesac— I remember me that
from this very elm we dropped to the free earth the night of our departure—I and the never-resting Simeon—!” he paused, as his mind journeyed back to the period he then recalled, then added—“by St. Mary! I marvel if that mischief-loving imp be yet hanged for some fair deed—yet more, how I am to present me before his grisly sire—the Rabbi Jodesac—if the spawn of the old serpent came never again to his unbelieving home—.”

A hand was laid upon his shoulder at this moment, and a voice said,—

“I will instruct thee, Raymond.”

He started, and beheld Nicholas L’Epee.

“Thou here!” was his involuntary and not delighted exclamation.

“I— even I,—” said the modest Nicholas, “a fair assurance did I give thee that we would indeed visit together the mansion of thy Jewish sorcerer. Now, behold me up, and enter, Sir Squire of the North! and, again do I say, I will instruct thee how to perk thy visage in the beard of the Rabbi Jodesac, with never a twinge of conscience touching the lost Simeon.”

“Why,” said the surprised Raymond, “what knowest thou of the lost Simeon?”

“That he is found,” replied De L’Epee, “found, gentle Raymond, where thou, methinks, hast lost both eyes and ears. What! can the lapse of six summers—a shirt of mail and a cap of steel—a Milan brand and a Christian oath, so change an ancient comrade that, quick-witted as thou art held, thou yet knowest not Simeon, the son of Jodesac cum barba, in Nicholas-with-the-sword, who was baptised Christian ere a hair had sprouted upon his chin!”

Raymond’s surprise at this disclosure of identity, was scarcely greater than at his own sluggishness of perception in not anticipating it; and yet, so great was the singularity of the thing, that it still struggled against perfect conviction. Proof, however, by the adduction of circumstances, was too clear to be long resisted, and Raymond indeed saw, in Nicholas de L’Epee, the very Simeon upon whose boyish restlessness of temper he had wrought to fly from the paternal roof.

“Blind as the earthworm!” he muttered to himself, and then looked as if confounded upon the sudden apparition of his converted friend, sprung from idle boywood to the vigour of the full grown man; and upon his expanded limbs, the array of chivalry, instead of the despised garments of Judaism.”

The master of the Jew esquire, a Knight of Free Lanus, Alberic de Coci, is our favourite character throughout the whole romance. Whenever he appears, the dialogue lightens up with no little fire and animation. As for Rufus, we have seen him better done. The scene in Robert of Gloucester, where he quarrels with his chamberlain regarding his hose, is hit off with more point and wit, than in the romance. Our readers will notice too, how the old chronicler mimics the broken English, and the French expletives of the Rufus. Here are the words of our earliest author in English.

“As his Chamberlain him brought, as he rose one day.

For the morrow for to wear a pair of hose of say,
He asked, ‘What ha costen? Three shillings, the other said,
‘Fie a dibles,’ said the king; ‘who says so vile a deed.’
A king to wear clothes but what costen more,
Buy a pair at a mark, or thou shalt suffer sore!

A worse pair forthwith the other to him brought,
And said they were for a mark and hardly so bought,
‘Yea, bel ami,’ quoth the king, ‘they were well bought,
In this manner serve me, or thou shalt serve me not.’”

The scene where the monks are outbidding each other for a rich abbey is done better in chronicle than in the romance, in short our author has more power when he relies on his own original conceptions than when he paraphrases chronicle. Want of concentration of the narrative round his most interesting persons is his chief fault, he is sometimes obscure and sometimes leaves us unsatisfied, while he flies off to a crowd of new personages, for whom we care nothing. He has the usual fault which hangs heavy on most of the romances of the day, telling his story by dialogue instead of narrative, this is a great injury to his work, since it spoils in many parts, the light free coloquial tenor of the scenes. The mysterious Saxon Wolfsic, who is the grand mischief-doer of the tale, does not please us so much as the other characters we have named; the interest of his unaccountable whisperings with the accused Raymond in his dungeon, has been forstalled in Peveril of the Peak, and the horrors of the Bamborough
caverns, are rather too much in melodramatic caricature for good taste. The author has, however, happily availed himself of the dubious circumstances attending the fall of William Rufus, in the New Forest, to attribute the death of that monarch to the Saxon's arrow.

Our authors' self-esteem, is a little more apparent in the preface, than is good for the well-being of his work; he is self-conscious that he has produced a romance replete with fine passages; one might be disposed to praise him more if we did not think he would be inclined to imagine that he is all perfection, as if by inspiration, at first starting.


The times when Proserpina gathered flowers in Sicily and Dionysius, the Tyrant, had an ear at Syracuse, are far more familiar to the memory than anything else, relating to this paragon of islands. Of the history of Sicily, in the middle ages, of its present population and productions, readers in general know little, and till Mr. Gally Knight published the present work, it was not easy to learn; his information we must therefore acknowledge to be both welcome and wanting. This tour is ostensibly for scientific purposes, in which are, nevertheless, many amusing passages of no little interest to the general reader. Foremost we will introduce the remains of Syracuse, as a specimen.

"August 27. — No spot which I ever beheld ever illustrated the transitory nature of earthly things more strongly than modern Syracuse. Historians have distinctly described the vast magnitude of the ancient city. Enough vestiges remain to confirm the truth of their statements. The harbour is still in existence, which originally made Syracuse the emporium of the world; but the harbour only contains a few fishing-boats and speronas, and the Syracuse which now exists is but the wreck and mockery of departed greatness.

"You cast your eyes on the rising ground at the upper end of the harbour. Where is Neapolia? Where is Tyche? Where Acradina? There they assuredly stood; but what is now there? — Absolutely nothing!"

On the other side of the bay you distinguish the Doric shafts of the temple of Jupiter Olympicus: the very temple which contained the statue from which Dionysius the elder purloined the mantle of gold. How deep into the past do these remembrances carry your thoughts!

"From hence we repaired to one of the ancient quarries — all so picturesque with their fantastic masses of rock, trailing shrubs, and trees. In this quarry is the cavern which goes by the name of the Ear of Dionysius. A winding grove in the roof of the cavern, whether natural or artificial, conveys the sounds which rise from beneath to a particular spot. To that spot my companion suffered himself to be slung up by ropes, and, when there, was able perfectly to distinguish whatever was said by persons at the bottom of the cavern, in the ordinary tone of conversation; but whispers, he deposed, were inaudible."

It was a most excellent plan to publish the historical outline of the Norman domination in Sicily, in connection with the particulars of a tour made in search of the architectural remains of that great people. We earnestly wish all history were written in the same authentic manner.

How lively and forcible are our feelings when we see before us the tangible remnants of the works of mighty generations, who have passed away long ere we existed; and we trust our readers will be pleased with the simultaneous effort we are making in pictorially exhibiting the costume of those times. We like to see history illustrated by the remains of antiquity, and this we are happy to remark, is a taste becoming every hour more prevalent in the present age: we, therefore, do most heartily congratulate Mr. H. G. Knight, on the great services he has performed to the literature of his age, by his labours in a department which few persons, excepting men of distinction and influence, could favourably undertake, and he has done well, and deserved well of his country.

Like all persons who wish to draw near to the fountain head of historical information, he has studied the contemporary historians of the times of which he treats, and his work is rich in notes quoted from the Sicilian chronicles.

His description of the Saracenic palaces of the Zera and Cuba, will be read
with great pleasure, both as regards their present state and their former splendour, from the details of the chronicles of the middle ages; but it is not only on former times that this brilliant writer exercises his agreeable powers of description, here is his approach to Palermo, and part of his picture of that city:

"I left Cefalu the same afternoon, impelled by the first favourable breeze which had filled our sails since we turned the Pharos. We glided along in a very agreeable manner, past Termini, and for a few miles beyond. "The breeze then died away. The men had recourse to their oars. It became dark. At length we descried the lights of Palermo, which were then about twelve miles distant. "I lumi di Palermo!" exclaimed our men, who had not been a little annoyed by the tedious length of the voyage. "I lumi di Palermo!"—and with renovated spirits, they broke forth into Sicilian songs, and pulled away with great vigour.

"Palermo, placed on the margin of its beautiful bay, is surrounded by a rich and extensive plain, which is bounded by mountains of the most varied outline. The city stands on ground which slopes down to the sea, and stretches along the shore. On the western side of the bay, the remarkably picturesque Monte Peligroso closes a scene of which it is the chief ornament.

In a climate which blends the oriental palm, and aloes, with the orange-tree, the fig, the olive, and the vine; cheered by the brightest sun, refreshed by the purest breeze, and looking upon the dark blue waves, Palermo is one of the most attractive spots in the world. No wonder that the Saracen princes made it their capital, and that the Normans followed their example.

The leading features of modern Palermo are two great streets, each above a mile in length, which cross each other at right angles; and the Marina, which skirts the sea. The two streets, in their present form, are the creation of Spanish Viceroyos. The Cassaro, which is the principal street, is lined on either side with lofty houses in a stately style of modern architecture. Bold cornices, and ponderous iron balconies prevail. The balconies are usually filled with flowers, or shaded with striped verandas, which add colour and richness to the scene. The ground floor of all the houses is turned into shops, the front of which consists of one large open arch that supplies the place of windows and doors, and mixes the traders with the pedestrians. Above these shops is the piano nobile, or the apartments occupied by the proprietors. From the fifth and sixth stories often project long rows of light iron gratings, which belong to various nunneries, and enable their inmates to catch a glimpse of the world. The Cassaro is always full of bustle and animation."

We can with pleasure recommend this instructive and sterling book, as an excellent addition to every library.

The Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.
By Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of the Buccaner, &c. &c. Colburn.

Wherever the manners and characteristics of people are studied from life, a certain degree of value is undubitably stamped upon a literary production; according to the faithfulness of the portraiture, so is in general the success of the work. Mrs. Hall's Irish Sketches have the merit of being studies from nature, and if we do not find in this lady's copious volubility of dictation, the force and nerve of Miss Edgeworth's dialogue, still we must remember that Miss Edgeworth writes no more, therefore the very attempt to follow in her wake is a virtue. Changing times produce varieties of character, and we find that Mrs. Hall, has taken laudable pains to produce features of Irish life, as it is in the present hour. She does not always discriminate between peurilities and poignant circumstances which tell well in print, and her conceptions are often borne down and diluted under a torrent of thibise as many words as are required. However, these Irish Sketches are calculated to be popular, and we have, no doubt will please many readers, for the very faults we have named, such as are common with the voluble Charles Matthews, have sorts of admirers with amusement lovers in the present day. Mrs. Hall's narrative is greatly superior to her dialogue, often swamped in the manner named. No such fault can, however, be found in the following extract; and our readers will allow that the picture is both forcible and true.

"'Keep up your spirits, my lily,' said one venerable man; 'sure there's no accounting for Old Granny's doings—maybe she's off to gather flowers, or herbs, at the

* The Cassaro derives its name from Aleazar, Arabic for the Palace, to which the street conducts.
charmed hours. Who ever thought of mind-
ing her?’

‘But Maurice—Maurice!’ murmured poor Anty, her feelings forcing her to ac-
knowledge an interest which at any other time her maiden modesty would have com-
pelled her to dissemble.

‘Maybe she’s taken him for a safe-
guard,’ continued the comforter; ‘there’s some-
times wild doings along the coast, and she
might not like to go as a lone woman
down the glen, where the rag-wort, ground
ivy, and more whose names I forget, grow
most plenty.’

‘Who ever thought of harming Gran-
ny?’ replied the maiden; ‘those who never
honoured God nor feared Satin have bought
her charms as a safety, and she might walk
through sin and murder without suffering;
— who ever thought of harming Granny?’

‘She had hardly finished her sentence
when the house-dog barked, and steps
sounded from without. Several ran to the
door, but Anty’s feelings so overcame her
that she hung to the dresser, unable to
move or speak; in an instant a mingled
crowd of the water-guard and soldiers be-
longing to a detachment quartered at the
neighbouring fort filled the cottage, and
those who entered last bore upon a rude
bier, formed by their crossed arms, the
murdered body of ‘Old Granny.’ As they
placed her remains upon the very table
which her hospitable hands had spread but
a few hours before for the entertainment
of her friends, there was a dead silence—the
awful silence of extreme horror; those who
had remained with Anty appeared para-
lyzed. One of the soldiers rolled a cloth to
support the white head whose hairs were
clothed with gore, which had not ceased to
flow; and the sight of the trickling blood
recalled Anty to her senses, while it told
her of the extent and reality of her bereave-
ment; her scream—loud, shrill, and terrible
—startled every creature within hearing, it
was so wild and so prolonged. She threw
herself upon the body, where she lay, as
inanimate and unconscious as the clay she
pressed. Then came the questions, brief
but earnest—the who?—the when?—the
where? Who did the murder? The sol-
diers and water-guards separated so as to
show a group of bound and fettered men
whom they had thrust into a corner—the
foremost of them was Maurice Grey!

‘Now the great God of heaven guard
us!’ exclaimed one of Anty’s aged friends,
advancing towards him. ‘It is an awful
night and an awful time—and there’s many
a charm and many a change over the earth
which poor mortals can’t understand: but
if you be Maurice Grey—the Maurice Grey
whom I nursed many a winter’s night upon
my knee, and whom that murdered craythur
loved next to the girl now stiffening by her
side—speak, and say you had no hand in
this!’

While Mrs. Hall has the tact to seize
with some acumen the absurdities and
excellencies of Irish character, we won-
der that she should not be superior to
the now low mania of attaching ideas of
vulgarities to particular districts in
London. When the Omnibuses run
from extreme east, to extreme west, for

’suspence.

‘Of course, I resolved to present Matty’s
letter myself, and went, for that purpose,
to one of the peculiarly smart, neat—I had
almost said vulgarly neat—streets that skirt
the Regent’s Park. Nothing can be more
at variance than the aristocratic-looking
houses, half buried in gloom, and excluding
daylight as a too familiar object, in May
Fair, and those prinky green and white
dwellings, where city folk enjoy themselves
and entertain their neighbours at the north
East of the Metropolis.

It is indeed, a nice cry for the owners
of land and houses, that so far west
now extends to the streets skirting Re-
gent Park.

Did this mania which makes London
the laughing stock of foreigners, first
arise among the dwellers in ancient
halls, and lordly palaces, or among the
parvenu class itself? That is a question
we think wants solving. Poor Regent’s
Park! it is to be hoped that before
your respectable and, in many in-
stances, refined and aristocratic inha-
bitants abandon your beautiful streets
and vulgarly neat dwellings, they will
assure themselves that your counte-
nancers have always inhabited an eyry
of sufficient pride of place, to authorize
them to look down upon you! It is time
that the strong good sense of well de-
sended Englishmen should put a stop
to a most inconvenient folly, which is
growing into a national one. How
aptly did Sir Walter Scott, define the
word vulgar, when he forbade it suse
to his young daughter. “There is
nothing vulgar, he said, but pretence
and pretenders.”

Away then with the capricious pre-
tension, regarding pride of place! a
folly that has sprung up among authors,
whose duty it is (or ought to be) to
weed out such noxious habits, and not
originate, or foster them. We deny
that this nonsensical mania originated among the high bred and courtly aristocracy of our country, who are distinguished for the simplicity and absence of consequential pretence in their manners. Amidst all our literary nobility, we remember but one who belongs to the silver fork school of writing; he, who might look down upon the inhabitants of Regent’s Park; but who else, throughout the whole of our literati, we should like to know, would join him in the folly.

Fitzherbert, or Lovers and Fortune-hunters, by the authoress of the Bride of Sienna. Saunber's and Ottley.

Fitzherbert possesses one grand requisite, the power of captivating the attention of a reader: a certain clever individuality of style, appertains to some portions of the narrative which at times atones for improbable incidents and inconsistency of character. Wherever the fair authoress relies on herself; and on her own observation of life and character, she is intensely interesting; but, wherever she imitates the faulty compositions of those whom she fancies are the peculiar favorites of the public, she lamentably fails. This is the more to be regretted since her natural talent is good, and if she had never read a modern work, she would have produced an original standard novel. Her character of Emily Harland, and all the incidents relative to her and to her change of fortunes, are extremely interesting. But our authoress does not seem to have a proper judgment regarding the moral qualities of her own characters; her other heroine, Camilla, is, from the time she scampers down into the vault to be buried with her mother, a most odious and faulty actress, and when prompted by jealousy to make her unfeminine orations on Whigs and Tories, and rant as an improvisatrice with “her torrents of dark hair,” Camilla is not a whit superior in female dignity to the acting and intriguing Sullivans, and certainly not by many degrees so amusing; for the adventures of the younger Sullivans are naturally and well written. The probable and delicate gradation of character in Anne and Angelina Sullivan, ought to point out to the authoress that her talents really reside in the power of pencilling with feminine skill, the incidents of home and social life, and the inner workings of the female heart. Such we should have expected from the authoress of this highly and minutely finished poem of the Bride of Sienna; who could have supposed that this lady could have perpetrated the coarse caricature of Miss Matthews, or set up the handsome dunce Fitzherbert as an hero; a person quite as worthless, and every way deserving as calamitous a destiny as Richard Sullivan. Fitzherbert, it is true, is endowed with the affected and wrong-headed heroine Camilla, as a bride, who, no doubt, in due time would prove a sufficient punishment for his falsehood, and vacillating principles.

Meantime, the character and situation of Miss Matthews are well planned, but the whole wants toning down by the hand of taste; we weary of the broad and improbable accidents which are perpetually befalling her, and of the common place scrapes, she plunges into at every turn. Goethe truly says: “No character is wrong but that, which is inconsistent with itself.” The extreme artifice of Miss Matthews, would have been exercised constantly in guarding her wig, and keeping her fine clothes out of harm’s way, as well as in watchful observance for her presumed interests. But to the character of Richard Sullivan, the charge of improbability especially belongs, the shallowness of his plots, such as setting fire to inns, the odious circumstance of his being the son of Shuffe, his improbable folly of buying a special licence, when he was destitute, in order to pretend to be about to marry a woman whom he did not intend to make his wife, are events forced, unnatural, and strongly inconsistent with modern habits and manners. Character names to, are worse than bad. Who can meet with the names of Shuffe, Revel Quibble, Syntax or Flauntartun, and expect to be amused with the definition of their characters? All these faults arise from the aptness of an inexperienced writer to follow bad models; the present style of authorship is that of violent trans-
tion from one hurried impossible incident to another; the public show the disgust this style produces by nearly abstaining from reading fiction; yet crowds of new authors follow their predecessors in the same track, instead of striking out into original paths of their own. Supposing our fair authoress had wholly relied on her own powers of observation, on our present social state, and confined her incidents and the actions of her characters, to the semblance of life and probability, we should have had truthful and improving pictures like the following admirable sketch of school quackery.

"Henry was accordingly ushered into that most uncomfortable of apartments, a school-mistress's show drawing-room. It was a cold, keen day, but no fire blazed a cheerful welcome; in its place the grate was hung with a piece of silver-paper, which must have cruelly tasked the eyes and hands of some poor pupil or teacher, for it was cut into a pattern emulating the finest lace, and is a decoration known to the initiated as a Coburg-apron. Although there was no fire, there was every sort of fire-screen and hand-screen, all the odious varieties of transfer. Oriental tinting, pencil tinting, japanning, in fact, all the tawdry, mindless manoeuvres with which young ladies spoil good paper and white wood. Then there were fly-catchers sufficient to have caught all the flies in the village, but which had not obviated the necessity of covering all the frames and ornaments with yellow muslin. There were card-racks, more abundant than the cards; baskets in every frippery variety of beads, wire, clave and alum; chair-covers disfigured with distorted flowers; jappanned tables, and tea-chests and boxes; glaring wax-fruits, and chenille flowers under vases; and lastly, but most important, a large silver drinking cup, likewise under a glass case, and with an inscription informing the curious that it was presented by one hundred quondam pupils of Mrs. Syntax, as a small token of gratitude for her more than maternal care, and respect for her talents, virtues and acquirements. The few drawings which hung from the walls were execrable, so much more common is mechanical industry than one ray of genius or one iota of taste; so that four hundred and ninety-nine will work to perfection, for one who can draw a face tolerably or group a picture with any success."

But above all things we would advise an author, especially a lady, to eschew jokes and puns, perpetrated at the expense of humanity, such as the following:

"Most Frenchwomen (as an intelligent friend once observed to us) contrive, by dint of taste, or art, or grace, or something, to be pleasing, and often pretty when dressed, but here and there you meet with one who has made up her mind to be ugly, and when that is the case there is nothing we know of so hideous. Of course she has not come to that resolution without great inducement from nature, perhaps not without having vainly tried the resources of art; but when it does happen, her own grey hair is stained off a sallow forehead, her high cheek-bones are unshaded by a cap, her teeth neglected, her dress a squallid shawl and wrapper, and even her foot (in general so justly the Frenchwoman's boast,) takes refuge in a dirty shuffling slipper. There is nothing of the neatness or cleanliness about her, which her pretty countrywomen display, and which makes the ugly of other lands tolerable.

"A more perfect specimen of this very rare genius was never beheld than in the old Countess de Belmont; and yet, in spite of these immense disadvantages, there was a charm in her conversation, a grace in her manner, and a cultivation in her mind, not often met with among countesses of any age or place. When very young, finding she could not charm by her person, she had resolved briller par l'esprit, and some forty-five years back had won the Count de Belmont,—then officially employed, and pronounced 'a very rising young man'—from hosts of competitors with sparkling eyes and all the charms of dress and beauty. The rising young man, as Quibble would say, had redeemed the pledge; for he had been elevated—to a hurried gallows—a la lanterne, in the awful excitement of the year 1790."

There are still other errors in judgment. The work abounds in laudatory passages, on certain authors of name in the literary world, both in regard to their personal qualities and their works; if this is meant to exalt the fame of Messrs. James, St. John, Hook, &c. they will scarcely acknowledge that they require the effort, however kindly meant; if however, it is their intention to return the compliment, the very consciousness that their praise was purchased by flattery, would impose silence on them. Another instance of impolicy is the scornful mention even of periodicals, in which the authoress was glad to write in times past, whose notice she
also courted, when establishing some degree of literary reputation. The want of wisdom in such a line of conduct, we need scarcely point out.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum,
March, April, May, Nos. 45, 46, 47.
Longman.

We have not yet taken leave of the Arboretum, although, to the regret of its readers, it is drawing nigh to its conclusion; but while it monthly produces such interesting new matter, and beautifully embellishments, we are right well content to be its fellow traveller. The main body of the letter-press, however, finishes in the March number, having brought the Coniferæ to an end with the Junipers; and it concludes with some magnificent and curious representations of Yuccas and Agaves. The rest of these two months are filled with supplement and index; the former richly illustrated with wood-cuts.

The Suburban Gardener, Nos. 10, 11, 12. Longman.

These are three valuable numbers of the Suburban Gardener, larger (indeed, of which, none will complain), than their predecessors, and plentifully embellished with wood cuts. The series, giving practical directions for the choice of ground for a villa, by a nouveau riche, from the city, is useful to all classes interested in villa building. Mr. Loudon, gives us all the ambitious whims of Mrs. C——, with the utmost naïveté,—but we think that if her castellated lodges, and archery grounds for the Misses, and riding grounds for the Masters, had been in the hands of Messrs. Hood and Hook, they would have given an especial good account of them. What torrents such customers must have been to a landscape gardener. Moreover, we cannot help laughing at the unhappy Coniferæ imprisoned in the garden pots at the Hendon Villa; poor vegetable wretches, we should like to go and break all their pots for humanity's sake. We really think Mr. Loudon is very good, not to laugh over his task, but he discusses whims which are only inspired by the smell of metropolitan smoke with the most laudable gravity, and is seriously inclined to guide the good people possessed with them to rational tastes we cannot, therefore, but wish him every possible success.

Architectural Mag., March, April, May.
Longman.

The Architectural Magazine, continues to increase in value and utility; the professional reviews are skilfully written, and among them we find an excellent paper on Dr. Arnott's Stove. We have also been amused with Katas' papers of Chimneys and Cottages: we think the tastes of the writer a little paradoxical; but the word wood-cuts, make the papers useful. The author should, we think, have given us more instances of ancient chimneys in English manorial and castellated buildings, he would then have convinced himself that this part of a building often makes a picturesque addition to a landscape, and ought, therefore, to be introduced into the study of modern architecture.


Our fair contributors cannot find a better instructor on the subject of the teeth, than Mr. E. Saunders; every lady who values her personal attractions should, indeed, read this little treatise, and we would advise every mother who has growing up girls, to make them read it through to her, as the mischief that children do their teeth by idle tricks, is incalculable, and is a subject of deep regret to them in after life, which is conveyed in perspicuous language easily to be understood.

Were we collecting a toilette library, this treatise should, occupy a prominent place. By the way, what do our fair friends think of that idea of a toilette library; we know that book stands are always part of the furniture of a lady's dressing room, and why should not one shelf be devoted to the service of health and beauty; as well
as to Rowland's Macassar, Hannay's Rhondolelia, or Blount's eau de Bouquet, Gowland's Lotion, Hubert's Milk of Roses, or Ede's endless accessories of the toilette.


Self-Dependance is, in this moral tale, placed in contra-distinction to a religious reliance on the guidance of the Supreme Director of events. The story is written with ease and simplicity, united with talent, that commands the reader's attention. When qualities like these are in conjunction with a high moral aim, what more indeed, can be desired in a juvenile work? From the title we were at first led into an error, imagining that the fair authoress meant to repress a fault which is liable to beset the daughters of the affluent; who too often make themselves entirely dependant on the services of their attendants. Had such been the aim, in a personal point of view, Self-Dependence is a virtue. But this is not the object of the work, as it is meant wholly to reprove "presumptuous sins," and as such perhaps 'Self-Reliance,' or 'presumption,' would have been a better title.


This number is occupied with the beauties Lady Bellasys, Lady Southesk, and Mrs. Nott. The first engraving is the best; but the portrait is a little injured by the introduction of two vile cupidis, which distract the age. Lady Southesk is a pretty little sullen creature, who looks too weak in intellect to keep herself out of mischief. Mrs. Nott, is certainly attired in the mourning habit of that day, which assumed a character approaching to the conventual costume.

The literature comprises the memoirs of Lady Falmouth, Mrs. Nott, Lady Southesk, and Lady Sunderland; we find Mrs. Jameson is an apologist for this deceitful intriguante, though not however, bringing forward, in her favour any other instances than the fact that she once gave her guineas to a charity, and that she was related to Lady Rachel Russel; this is scarcely sufficient to bear down the testimony of the writers of all parties belonging to the seventeenth century. Mrs. Jameson can see nothing wrong in one party; nothing right in the other; but the nature of her work, makes it exceedingly amusing, to watch how she extricates herself from the sometimes dangerous position in which she has placed herself.


The present time, when all England is under course of survey, on account of the tithe adjustment and railway courses, we should think to be a very propitious moment for the publication of this work. The clear and simple diction of this treatise must, indeed, recommend it to many landholders, who are interested in the question of tithes, and consequently desire to have an insight into the proceedings of the persons employed to survey the several districts and parishes.

Part of the book is, therefore, not inaptly devoted to railroad surveying. The treatises on surveying in use being antiquated and inapplicable, to the extraordinary rapidity of modern improvement, we believe this work may be considered a desideratum in the present day.


This much required work partakes more of the nature of the Gazetteer, than that of a mere Atlas; the letter-press is much superior to the usually bold wording of such works; it traces the railroads now in progress, both in the maps and in the descriptions, and makes other improvements, which are in progression over England. We like the plan, and consider that the work deserves extensive encouragement.
Music of the Month, Concerts, &c.

If the music performed during the past month, at her Majesty's Theatre, presented nothing novel as regards composition — the excellence of those selections, on subscription as well as benefit nights, added to strength of cast and very perfect execution, leaves little to be desired in this, whatever there may be in the ballet department.

The operas of Norma, I Puritani, Don Giovanni, and La Sonnambula, have been severely given, both vocally and instrumentally, as near perfection as we ever remember to have heard them. In addition to the exquisite singing of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Berberi, Lablanche, and Tamburini, great care has been bestowed upon the chorusses, which, together with additions of scenic and costumic novelties, all tend to the completion of an ensemble, calculated to please the most fastidious critic. The incongruity of the finale to Norma being performed before a scene representing the interior of a Greco-Roman Temple, has been done away with — and in its place, very correctly designed after Sir Samuel Meyrick, figures a perspective of the circular, trilithous, in the centre of which gleams the sacrificial fire, surrounded by other appurtenances of Druid worship; and with interest, the frequenters of this house, will turn to the present month's illustration. The Don Giovanni has been likewise mounted with entirely new scenery — and the catastrophe rendered as appalling as sheeted spectres, reanimated statues, demons, and variegated fire, can effect. Lablanche's rich and quiet humour, as cowardly Leperello, merited all praise — his "statua gentilissima," was buffonissimo. Tamburini enacted the gallant Don with great spirit, and gave the music with his usual care, taste, and finish. His duet with Persiani, "La ci darem," was rapturously encored.

The performance of Rubini did not please us — the music of Mozart is spoil-ed by the fioriture peculiar to his style. Grisi did not appear to advantage as Donna Anna, though she gave the little she has to do with great force and expression. Albertazzi sung as gracefully but as frigidly as ordinarily. The Ami-na of Persiani, in the Sonnambula, has done more to establish her fame upon the boards of this theatre, than any previous part in which she has appeared — her "al giunge," was honoured with a double encore. The lessee has it, seems, experienced no little difficulty in carrying out his arrangements and engagements for the ballet, and disapprobation of a character unusually stormy for this temple of harmony, has on several occasions been manifested, but on Saturday the 26th ult., good harmony again reigned among the subscribers, and habituées, by the announcement of his engagement of Madlle. Taglioni, and her certain appearance there, on the 1st of June, and we are happy to be able to announce her arrival.

Mr. Benedict's New Opera. Cramer.—The past month has been rather prolific in musical novelties. Mr. — Benedict, a pupil of the lamented Weber, and of fair fame in this country as a pianist, has produced an opera at Drury Lane, called the "Gipsy's Warning." Like most others of the romantic school, its plot laughs to scorn the 'unities' so rigidly adhered to of the olden time; and the poetry of its libretto, generally speaking, rarely soars above common-place composition. The mind of the composer is evidently imbued with the Plutonic school, in which he has studied — his melodies are, for the most part, chaste and unpretending — whilst his harmonies partake of the diametrically opposite character — we think many of them (looking at the pianoforte arrangement, and not having seen the score) needlessly complex, — and evincing too profuse a display of accidentals to suit the ordinary capabilities of the English amateurs.

Nevertheless, over-studied as they
frequently are, they shew careful composition and of a good school. Limited as has been Mr. Benedict's success, he has evinced capabilities which argue fair promise of considerable advance, when his broad German style of instrumentation shall have been more maturely engrafted with the graceful, animated melody of the Italian school.

The following pieces well merit notice, and are generally calculated to please:

"THE GIPSEY'S WARNING."

1. "Scenes of my Youth."—Ballad sung by Miss Romer. An exceedingly pure composition—which, without desiring to allege the slightest charge of plagiarism, forcibly reminds us of the style of "Weber's adagio."

2. "Rage thou angry Storm!"—Sung by Mr. Phillips, bears a character similar to the foregoing—a grand melody, well suited to the peculiar sortenuto in which Mr. Phillips' style of singing is so execrable.

3. "When a pretty Girl."—Sung by Miss Caws. A sprightly, allegretto, very archly sung by Miss Cause.

4. "From our rocky towers on high."—Mr. Seguin, solo and chorus. A spirited and well harmonized glee, without advancing any very great claim to originality of subject.

5. "Blessed be the Home."—Serenade of students. The most salient morceau, of Mr. Benedict's opera—very effective as arranged for three voices—the concluding movement has somewhat the buoyant, jovial Swiss character.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Music by Alexander D. Roche.

1. "Aileen Mayournen."—Words by Mrs. S. C. Hall. A very pretty naive ballad worthy to be ranked with the national melodies of Moore. The music a very natural echo of the sentiment conveyed by Mrs. Hall.

2. "When lovers come to woo a Girl."—Sung by Miss Shaw. A lively and extremely simple air—the latter a characteristic by no means unacceptable to the generality of amateurs, where the melodies, as in this opera, are both original and captivating from their very simplicity.

3. "A perilous thing is the Blarney."—A good song in the true Irish style—redolent of whiskey, and waggery—and given by Mr. Bower with all his inimitable and characteristic humour.

MESSRS. THOMAS AND GRATTAN COOKE'S CONCERT.—On the 18th ult., at the Hanover-square rooms, was one of the most attractive and crowded we have attended this season. Shortly after its commencement the throng was so great as scarcely to afford standing room to late comers. After a very excellent and varied selection of vocal and instrumental music, the audience were regaled by the performance of Haydn's celebrated Joy Symphony, the execution of which imparted so much delight that the younger portion of the company, seconded by their seniors, entailed upon the orchestra an encore. The gem of the evening, to our mind, was a Madrigal, composed by Mr. J. Cooke, given with full choir, the words of which we subjoin:

MADRIGAL.

THE WORDS BY G. M. BUD, ESQ.
Shall I waste youth in sighing
For Phillis, uncomplying?
No, no, no, no,
I'll let her go,
And comfort find for her denying.
Wine its choicest sweets shall lend me;
Beauty's brightest smiles attend me;
No more I'll wear a face of care,
Or let cold Phillis' frown offend me.
Haste then, Shepherds; music's treasures
Shall yield her gayest measures;
And maidens coy
No more enjoy
The pride of marrying all our pleasures.
Know ye not, ye fair and cruel,
Flame exists not without fuel?
So love, unbed by genial fires,
Glimmers, flashes, and expires!

MRS. WM. SEGUIN AND MISS FOSTER'S MORNING CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms on May 25, was well attended. Although Mrs. Wm. Seguin laboured unfortunately under the effects of cold, yet, in the air "Dove sono" the audience were altogether charmed. Miss Foster played "Concert Stuck." on the piano, with such force and feeling that the attention of every one was rivetted to the piece; so also in a fantasia by Schubert this young lady astonished her auditory by the grandeur of her execution. Madeiroselle Caremoli delighted by her sweetness in the air of "Se Romeo;"
Mrs. Bishop sang sweetly as ever, "as the Robin when once fondly cherished." Chatterton was clever in a fantasy, of his own composition, on the harp. De Beugnis in the humorous song of "J'ai de l'argent," was rapturously encored; Signor Curioni was full of sentiment; Madame Eckerlin, in Rossini's Rondo, "Pensa alla Patria," exhibited masculine and sometimes sweet powers of execution. A Mademoiselle Catrufo made her first appearance in this country in the air "Vaga Luna," which she sung in a very pretty, chaste, and effective style; so much so, that we augur most favourably for the future. A rehearsal at the Opera House caused considerable delay and confusion in the morning's arrangements.

No. 140.—Scene from Anne of Géstein, by Ed. Corbould. A perfect gem both as regards composition, colouring, and attention to general detail. This is sold for sixty guineas.

No. 149.—The Assuaging of the Waters, by John Martin—a bold and very poetically treated subject in the artist's very peculiar but forcible style.

No. 156.—Interior of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, T. Keamen. A very clever and elaborate drawing of that wonderful specimen of the highly ornate style of perpendicular Gothic architecture. The cross-lights thrown over the picture evince great skill.

No. 164.—Dorothea, by H. P. Riviere—painted with considerable breadth, but the figure (a very charming one) is stunted by the frame being disproportionately small for the subject.

No. 183.—The (fair) Student, by Fanny Corbeaux. The only fault is that the face is too angelic to be fit for the earthly soil of thinking.

No. 178.—Portraits, doubtless as such very pleasing. The drapery of the chamber, and children in particular, merit praise.

No. 192.—The Sons of Jacob before Joseph, by H. Warren—a gorgeously treated subject. The costume details seem very correctly attended to, and it possesses much depth and glowing effect of colouring.

No. 198.—L'Entretien Gallant, by F. Rochard. A very pleasing miniature in the best style of art.

No. 206.—Augustine's Mission to the Anglo-Saxons, by W. H. Kearney. 'In our humble judgment, the costume is not exactly true to the period."

No. 226.—Picknicking, in Wanstead Park, by T. Lindsay—a sweet bit of rich woodland scenery.

No. 236.—Antwerp Cathedral, by G. Howse, Gothic details, rich in execution elaborately worked out.

No. 241.—Richard and Friar Tuck, by C. H. Wergall—characteristically and humbly treated, particularly on the part of the rosy-gilled friar.

* In those days, contraction of the waist was not; we allude to the male figure. Neither was the hair of women allowed to appear from under the coverchief, far less in clustered ringlets.
THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—None new piece has been produced during the month excepting a Ballet entitled "La Réssemblance," for the debut of Madame Fitzjames, and to each we assign equal praise. The Operas have been "La Sonnambula," "Norma," "Il Don Giovanni," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Puritani," and "Cenerentola." In the case of Giovanni Piace, Grisi, Albertazzi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Morelli and Lablache, presented a phalanx of talent seldom witnessed by an English public. Her Majesty has been at the Opera nearly every evening.

We are sadly lack of the presence of Duvernay and Taglioni. There seems, however, to be a greater number of frequenters of this Theatre this season than ever.

DRURY LANE.—At this theatre we have had a new comic Opera entitled "Diadeste." The words by Fitzhall, the music by Balfe. Celina (Miss Romer) and the Countess Amalfi (Fanny Healy) are blessed, the former with a jealous husband and the latter with a roving betrothed. The "nice young men," Manfredi (Templeton) and Steno (Phillips), are bosom friends, but Manfredi is so afraid of the fascinating manner of the latter, that he neither introduces him to his wife nor allows her to go out without a veil. Manfredi and Celina agree to play at "diadest," a Venetian game, something like that of our April fool, as the humour of it consists in offering your adversary something, which if he accept without first crying "Diadeste" he loses the game. The stake is 300 ducats and the time limited is one day. Manfredi's jealousy is aroused by hearing that Steno has received a love letter from a veiled incognita, whom he suspects to be his Celina. He therefore resolves to watch her closely, but unexpectedly he is called to the Ducal Palace. Meanwhile, the ladies hit on a scheme to cure the foibles of their respective partners. The Countess meets Steno as the veiled incognita and drags him to Manfredi's villa. Celina contrives that hints shall be spread abroad which awaken the jealousy of her husband, who accordingly goes down to his villa fuming greatly. The husband finding the door locked of the apartment in which Steno is concealed, angrily demands the key. Celina offers it; she snatches it from her, and she tells him he has lost the ducats because he did not cry "diadeste." Steno is then dragged forth, handed over to his own fair lady, the plot is explained and they are all friends. Our favourites are the duet (the air of which forms the finale) "Diadeste charming play," sung by Miss Romer and Templeton. The Duet "Life is but a summer day," by Phillips and Templeton. Phillips's song "In the winter of old age," and the Quartet "Come listen all," sung by Emma Romer, Fanny Healy, Poole and Giubelli.

Mr. Charles Kean has appeared as Othello with but slight success. Miss Allison took the part of Desdemona.

Mr. Charles Kean takes his benefit on Monday the 4th June, in the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, in Coleman's "Iron Chest." And we have no doubt he will put something into his own "iron chest" by his London engagement.

COVENT GARDEN.—On the same night that Balfe's Opera Buffa was performed at Drury Lane Theatre, an Operetta from the pen of Mr. Hullah, the composer of "The Village Coquettes," was brought out here. It is entitled "The Outposts." The scene lies in Germany. The best things in the piece are the chorus of "Our Fatherland," and the finale Quartet.

A farce entitled "The Veiled Portrait" has been brought out with some success.

On Wednesday the 23rd, Sheridan Knowles's new play, "Woman's Wit; or Love's Disguises," was presented to
the public. The play opens with a drawing-room scene in the house of Sir William Sutton (Bartley) where a grand ball is given. Lord Athunree (Ward), a dissolute man of fashion is waltzing with Hero (Miss Faucit), the niece of his host, who is betrothed to a youth named Valentine De Grey (Anderson). Walsingham (Macready), one of the guests, observes that he hates Athunree on account of his base conduct towards a young lady of his acquaintance. Athunree makes the company aware that he is waltzing with Hero merely to annoy De Grey. The jealousy of De Grey becomes aroused, he reproves her for dancing with such a person, and a quarrel of course ensues between the lovers. Walsingham then becomes acquainted with Eustace, (a part enacted by Miss Taylor) a youth who is very expert at the sword exercise, and to him in an after part of the piece, he confides the reason of his hatred of Lord Athunree, which is in consequence of his having once loved a lady named Helen, whose honour Athunree blemished. Sir W. Sutton is lamenting his niece's giddiness when he is suddenly intruded upon by a quaker lady and her servant, who have come (as they pretend) to give spiritual advice to Hero, but who soon are found out to be the mad cap niece herself and Sir William's own servant Clever (Harley). A plot is then set a-foot by Hero, who sends Clever to De Gray to tell him that a modest cousin of Hero's named Ruth who resides at Greenwich is excessively like the object of his attachment, from whom he is estranged by the levity of her dancing. De Grey catches at the notion of finding a person of equal beauty as Hero united with a greater sense of decorum, and accordingly pays a visit to Hero's quaker cousin—he is delighted with her manners, becomes instantly captivated, and is persuaded to renounce all worldly vanities, become quaker and take the homely name of “Friend Peter.” Lord Athunree, however, gets scent of the lonely habitation of Hero (who is in fact the quaker cousin) and bribes Lewson (Diddear), a creature of his own, to make him, at night, a passage through her chamber window. Eustace then challenges Athunree for the blemish cast on his friend's character, Walsingham's mistress Helen. Athunree gives him a wrong slip of paper, which betrays his plot against Hero. Another love scene takes place between the Quakeress and De Grey, who has assumed a Quaker habit. He asks Ruth for her hand, she assures him that Hero still loves him, and refers him to that lady; but promises to marry him if his suit is negatived. Eustace has an interview with Hero, informs her of the plot, and then discovers himself to be Helen, formerly a friend of Hero's, and they rush into each other's arms. Lewson, who enters the chamber by the window, is struck with pentiment at discovering by some letters that Hero has relieved his starving family, and a bible turned down at the words “Go and sin no more.” In the fifth act Eustace meets Lord Athunree, Walsingham being his second. The latter, who loves the boy for his likeness to his long lost Helen, insists on being principal in the affair; they are, however, interrupted by officers sent by Sir W. Sutton a magistrate. The parties are brought before him; the fair Helen is declared unblemished. It is proved that Lord Athunree has merely raised a scheme to calumniate her; Eustace (now Helen) embraces Walsingham, and De Grey entering, discovers that Ruth and Hero are one person, so that in the end all are made happy.

Some of the most beautiful passages are Sheridan Knowles’s description of love. For instance, where Sir Valentine presses his suit with the Quakeress.

"Hear me! O the world! the world, That’s made up of two hearts! That is the sun! It moves around! There is the verdure! There The flower! the fruit! The spring and autumn fields, Which in the reaping grows! the mine that work’d! Accumulates in riches—ever free From the influences of the changing stars.
Or aught, save that which sits above them higher Than they above the globe! Come! make with me, E’en such a heavenly world."

And again:—

"Sir Val.—She never gave Her heart to me."
**Theatre.**

**The White Horse of the Peppers,** is on the eve of production. Power sustains the principal character.

**St. James's.** "Love and Charity," a new Burletta, may claim an average share of approbation.

"Cosima," an Operatic Burletta from the French has been brought out. The music, which is mediocre is by M. Prevost.

"The British Legion" is a very clever farce from the pen of Haynes Bailey. Three young sisters, Mrs. Honey, Miss Williams, and Miss J. Mordaunt, have each a lover in Spain. The soldiers return home, but before they see their sweethearts, their servant, a bit of a wag, persuades the ladies that their lovers have respectively lost a leg, an arm, and an eye in the service. The girls determine to meet their swains in disguise, in order to learn the truth of these statements, and the gentlemen aware of their intention pretend to have suffered these mutilations, which double deception is productive of much fun, and is likely to engage the attention of the theatrical world for some time.

The Opera of the "Devil's Bridge," has been revived and proves an attraction.

**Haymarket.** A very successful farce entitled "Weak Points," has been produced from the pen of Buckstone the actor. Mr. Jeremy Wheedle (Buckstone) introduces himself into the family of Mr. Docker (Webster) by studying the weak points of each member of the establishment. He carries his point so far that he is even about to be married to Miss Penelope Pump (Mrs. Glover), a rather elderly, but uncommonly wealthy maiden lady, residing in the house. Penelope has a bean, Jolly (Mr. Strickland), but Wheedle does for him at once, by telling Miss Pump, that the wicked, deceitful man, has a wife still living. Penelope, on hearing this, consents to elope with Wheedle. He is, however, cut short in his career, by his own weak point being detected. He is apprehended for the forgery of a will, and like a penitent sinner, confesses that what he has said against Jolly is a lie, and then directs the audience to draw a moral from his sad fate; which arises he says from his having paid too much attention to the weak points of others, and not enough to his own.

"Suzanne," a petite drama was also produced on the 14th. It has been written to display the graceful motions of Madame Celeste, and was very successful.

A farce termed "The Irish Barrister," would have been condemned but for the acting of Mr. Power as a barber.

A musical drama from the pen of Mr. Lover (the author of Rory O'More) entitled "The White Horse of the Peppers," is on the eve of production. Power sustains the principal character.

**St. James's.** "Love and Charity," a new Burletta, may claim an average share of approbation.

"Cosima," an Operatic Burletta from the French has been brought out. The music, which is mediocre is by M. Prevost.

"The British Legion" is a very clever farce from the pen of Haynes Bailey. Three young sisters, Mrs. Honey, Miss Williams, and Miss J. Mordaunt, have each a lover in Spain. The soldiers return home, but before they see their sweethearts, their servant, a bit of a wag, persuades the ladies that their lovers have respectively lost a leg, an arm, and an eye in the service. The girls determine to meet their swains in disguise, in order to learn the truth of these statements, and the gentlemen aware of their intention pretend to have suffered these mutilations, which double deception is productive of much fun, and is likely to engage the attention of the theatrical world for some time.

The Opera of the "Devil's Bridge," has been revived and proves an attraction.

**Olympic.** "Naval Engagements," a clever burletta from the pen of Mr. C. Dance, met with deserved success. Admiral Kingston (Farren), a widower, and his son Lt. Kingston (C. Mathews), more like brothers than parent and child, are mutual confidants, and agree that neither shall offer any objection to the marriage of the other, provided the ladies selected are suitable in years. The Lieutenant goes to Gibraltar, and falls in love with a Mrs. Col. Pontifex (Mrs. Orger), a widow fifteen years his senior, and the Admiral remains at home, and becomes enamoured of Mary Mortimer, thirty years his junior. Each doubts how to break the matter to his confidant. Attended by their lady loves, they chance to meet at the same inn, and each party is struck with the absurdity of the other's proposed marriage, a violent quarrel then ensues. Mrs. Pontifex and Miss Mortimer, seeing how matters stand
resolve that each shall wait on the intended of the other, and induce a reconciliation. The result of the two interviews is, that the Admiral falls in love with the widow, and the Lieutenant with the spinster, and they agree to an exchange of ladies; each has then a partner suitable to his years; and the father and son become as great confidants as ever. The piece is an amusing little comedy, exceedingly well acted, and was, as it deserved to be, received with universal uproar.

The only other novelty of which we have to speak, is a farce called "Patter versus Clatter," in which Mr. C. Mathews appears to great advantage. It is after the style of the pieces in which his father earned his fame; of course, there is no great plot in it, as the merit consists in the personification of several characters by one actor.

The Olympic closes on the night of our appearance, so that we are unable this month to give our readers Madame Mathews’s "farewell address," prior to her departure for the United States, a land doubtless long in prospect more congenial with her sentiments, although we must be allowed to give Madame the credit of 'expressing' herself most generously and feelingly alive to the support and favor she has received (and as an actress merited), at the hands of her countrymen.

Adelphi.—An extravaganza, entitled "Pat and the Potatoes," has excited considerable merriment at this house. Mich Mulligan (Power), has been shipwrecked near Japan. Twanke (Yates), has stolen his potatoes and introduced them at the table of Moon-eye (O. Smith), king of Japan. Phe Pheh (Wilkinson), informs Mich that the potatoes have made the fortune of Twanki, who is about to marry Phe Pheh's daughter Ching Ching (Miss A. Taylor). Mich and Phe Pheh, go to Japan, accompanied by Blue nose, a monkey (Mr. Mitchinson), Mich and Ching Ching fall in love, and acquaint Moon-eye of the villainy of Twanki. A discussion takes place, when Blue nose enters and throws the whole into confusion. Moon-eye is exasperated, and orders both parties to be beheaded.

Blue nose, however, interferes and becomes the favorite of the capricious monarch, who bestows the hand of Ching Ching on Mich, and the curtain drops. It will be seen that the piece is altogether extravagant, but affords good opportunities for the exercise of Power’s brogue and blarney.

The house closed after a successful season, on Saturday, the 19th; and Mr. Yates very appropriately alluded to the losses which he and the public has sustained by the death of John Reeve.

Strand.—"The Tobit’s Dog," a new burletta founded on an adventure of Lord Rochester, in the days of Charles the Second, of merry memory, has been produced with success. Near Paul’s-chain in the olden time, stood the sign of the Tobit’s Dog, kept by one Jacob Whittington, and much frequented by the wealthy citizens, and occasionally by the court gallants. The story now attached to it runs thus. Lord Rochester (M. J. Lee), is scheming to get possession of Alice (Miss Daly), wife of Jacob Whittington (Hammond), the Landlord. Jacob sends his wife into the country. She is, however, intercepted by Rochester, to escape whom she assumes the disguise of a lady of quality, and returns to the house of her husband. Here she again encounters Rochester, who works upon her jealousy and almost persuades her, that her husband has sent her into the country, in order to carry on an intrigue during her absence. This idea is assisted by the sudden appearance of Lady Diana Clarges (Mrs. Franks), who is to marry Rochester, but she being in love with Saville (Mr. Franks), has disguised herself as a waiting maid, and persuaded Jacob to let her see how her lover and her proposed husband are conducting themselves in his house. Alice mistakes Diana for the mistress of her husband, and a scene takes place between the two dames and Rochester. Rochester orders a supper at the Tobit’s Dog, and Jacob the landlord, at first believes the guests are to consist of Diana, who is still disguised, Saville, and a lady whom Rochester tells him is a court beauty, but whom Jacob dis-
covers to be his own wife. Diana and Alice are reconciled, upon an explanation being given by the former, and Saville agrees to assist them in exposing Rochester. Rochester accordingly becomes the butt of those whom he supposed would be his dupes, and he is obliged to relinquish Diana to Saville, and Alice to her husband who become the best of friends. The piece is likely to become a great favourite at this peculiar and prosperous establishment.

A trifle from the pen of the veteran Moncrieff, entitled "The Cannibal," was produced on the 7th, with success. Hammond sustained the principal character.

"Tom Thumb," has been revived for master Hutchinges, a child only 4 years old, who takes the part of the hero of the piece.

"Hamlet," and "The Lady of Lyons," are about to be travestied after the fashion of Othello, which was so attractive last season.

**Pavilion.**—The Pavilion is doing very well under Mr. Yates’ management. A new burletta called "The King of the Danube, or the water Lily," has been produced.

---

**THE ROSE OF MERRIE ENGLAND.**

**BY TENNANT LACHLAN.**

The loitering sun, ere his race begun,
Peep’d o’er the misty hills,
And he gazed awhile on his own sweet smile,
Chasing the sportive rills.
Then he sent the breeze to arouse the trees,
Himself awoke the flowers;
And his first fond kiss so teeming with bliss,
He gave ‘mongst Flora’s bowers,
To the Rose of merrie England!

When the God of day, in his bright array,
Mounted his dayling throne,
And no eye could brook, the proud Monarch’s look,
One flower rejoiced alone;
In the full noon-tide, like a blushing bride,
She raised her modest head,
And she bared her breast, in it’s beauty drest,
And Love’s soft breath was shed,
From the Rose of merrie England!

Soon a crimson dye in the pale blue sky,
Told of the sun’s farewell,
But before he went, a luster he sent,
O’er forest, hill, and dell.
And one fairy flower, at that parting hour,
Curtain’d her scented bloom;
With the last faint light, she sigh’d her "Good night,"
And folded in leafy gloom,
Slept the Rose of merrie England!
QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

May 1. — Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Glenelg.

Marchioness of Tavistock and Vicountess Forbes, succeeded as the Lady and Bedchamber women; and Viscount Torrington and Sir Frederick Stovin, as the Lord and Groom in Waiting; and Lord Alfred Paget, as Esquerry in Waiting.

May 8. — Her Majesty held levees. The following noblemen and gentlemen were presented.

Presented by

Attree, Mr. Thomas Duke of Richmond
Allix, Lieut. Col. O'Daly, Col. D'Oylye
Agnew, Lieutenant Vans, Rifle Brigade
Lieut. Col. V. Agnew
Arkwright, Lieut., 6th Dragoons Sir Thomas
M’Mahon Anstruther, Lieut. Philip Sir G. Murray
Anderson, Major, East Essex Militia Visct. Maynard
A’Court, Capt., R.N. Lord Heytesbury
Alton, Rev. Dr. Marquis of Bute
Anderson, Rev. Dr. Marquis of Bute
Arnold, Mr., Deputy-Lieut. of the county of
Northampton Lord Palmerston
Alison Mr. Sir J. Hall
Armstrong, Mr. J. W. Marquis Chandos
Ainsworth, Mr. W. Marquis of Stilo
Abercromby, Hon. Lieut. Col. Marquis
Arthur, Mr. Lucius Lord Charlemont
Andover, Viscount Duke of Norfolk
Abbott, Hon. Charles Lord Tenterden
Andrews, Mr., Queen’s council, upon his appointment as one of Her Majesty’s counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Arabin, Mr., by his father, Mr. Serj. Arabin
Askev, Mr. Viscount Barrington
Anson, Gen. Sir W. Gen. Sir G. Anson
Bradshaw, Major-General Sir O. Mosley
Barry, Mr., Gentleman of Her Majesty’s Privy Chamber Lord Byron
Burke, Mr. G. C. Ed. Fitzgerald and Vesey
Bagot, Lieut. H. Bishop of Oxford
Bagot, Hon. Mr. Lord Bagot
Briske, Mrs. M. Duke of Richmond
Baker, Mr. Barwick Duke of Beaufort
Butler, Hon. E. Viscount Glentworth
Barclay, Mr. D. Duke of Cleveland
Badgley, Mr. Lord Glenelg

Boyd, Mr. A. Sir J. Hothouse
Blackburne, Mr. H., M.P. Lord F. Egerton
Booher, Mr. H. Duke of Richmond
Benett, Mr. Right Hon. T. S. Rice
Bagshawe, Mr. H. Sir Henry Williams
Beardmore, Mr. Lord Foley
Begg, Rev. J. Marquis Stilo
Beauchler, Lieut.-Colonel, Scots Fusilier Guards
Col. Aitcheson, Scots Fusilier Guards
Butler, Hon. F. F. W. Major-General
Blackburne, Capt., 17th Regiment Major-General
Sir William Blackburne
Burdett, Lieut. F., 17th Lancers Mr. Ayshford Sandford
Babington, Lieut., Madras Artillery Col.
Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.
Brook, Lieut., 1st Life Guards Col.
Hon. H. B. Cavendish
Boyle, Rear-Ad Sir C. Earl of Cork
Bayley, Capt. J. A., King’s Own Regiment of Light Infantry Earl Munster
Barlow, Capt. J. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Houston
Bark, Capt. Sir H. L. Vice-Ad. Sir H. Digby
Brodie, Mr. W., M.P. Sir G. Staunton
Baldwin, Capt. J., R.N. Bt. Sir P. H. 
Dawes, Capt., R.N. Sir C. Vere
Bell, Lieut.-Colonel, M.P. Northumberland
Yeomanry Duke of Northumberland
Brackenbury, Major Sir E. Lord Worsley
Bagot, Capt. C., Gen.-Gds. Lord Bagot
Brew, Capt. and Adjut., Royal West Middlesex Militia Count de Saillit
Bulkeley, Sir Richard Lord Gardner
Bland, Rev. G. Bishop of Durham
Brown, Rev. Dr. Marquis of Durham
Beach, Sir M. H., Bart., Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Shrewsbury Viscount Barrington

Braybrooke, Lord. Capt. W. H. Percy, R.N.
Best, Mr. G., Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Surry. Lord King
Brownrigg, Mr. M. P. Earl Minto
Blake, Mr. W. J. Lord Dacre
Berkeley, Mr. G. Marquis Conyngham
Bold, Rev. H. Duke of Beaufort
Bembeys, Sadi Ombark Sir W. Curtis
Baring, Mr. Lord Ashburton
Burt, Mr., Member of the Queen’s Body Guard in Scotland Sir J. McGrigor
Blair, Mr., M.P. Earl of Courtown
Cavendish, Capt. H. F., 20th Regt... Earl of Clare
Cecil, Lieut.-Col., Lord T. Lord F. Somerset
Collings, Col. W., Jurat of the Royal Court of Guernsey... Lord J. Russell
Cork, Gen. the Earl. W. Marquis Lansdowne
Clinton, Lord C. P. Gen. Visct. Combermere
Clifton, Sir Jukes, Bart., on succeeding to
his title... Vice-admiral Lord Colville
Curteis, Mr. Herbert... Lord J. Russell
Cumming, Rev. John... Marquis of Bute
Cochrane, Sir Thomas... Earl Minto
Clayton, Rev. A... Viscount Melbourne
Callander, Mr., Right Hon. Sir J. Graham
Cromer, Lord, on going abroad... Earl Char-...}
Corry, Viscount... Lord Heytesbury
Cawse, Mr. S... Lord W. Bentinck
Chute, Mr. Wigget, M. P... Lord Sondes
Cochrane, Mr. B... Viscount Palmerston
Clarkson, Mr. B... Viscount Coburg
Codd, Mr., on being appointed Equerry to
the Duke of Sussex
Crofton, Hon. Capt., R.N... Lord Minto
Craig, Mr. G., M.P... Earl Minto
Clanwilliam, Earl... Lord Heytesbury
Cole, Mr., on being appointed Earl Derby
Cresswell, Mr., Queen's counsel, by the Lord
Chancellor.
Cartwright, Mr., M.P... Viscount Hawarden
Chilton, Mr. George, on being appointed one
of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord
Chancellor.
Crumpton, Lord... Mr. Rosebery
Charleville, Earl... Marquis Londonderry
Denham, Commander H. M. R.N., Resident
Marine Surveyor to the Port of Liverpool... Lord Minto
Douglas, Hon. Lieut.-Col... Earl Minto
Dering, Rev. C. E., Chaplain in Ordinary to
her Majesty... Abp. Canterbury
Digby, Vice-Ad. Sir H., K.C.B... Earl of
Edinghiam
Davis, Mr., J... Lieut. Gen. Ld. Bloomfield
Dickens, Mr. S... Duke of Richmond
De Burgh, Mr... Lord Gardiner
Dering, Mr. G... Marquis Camden
Dashwood, Mr., M.P... Marquis Breadalbane
Dawarts, Mr. F. (late Colonial Law Commissi-
oner)... Lord Glenelg
Davenport, Mr., on his mar... Sir A. Mait-
edent, Mr. T... Lieut. Gen. Sir C. Imhoff
De Salis, Lieut. C., Scots Fusilier Guards
...Colonel Aitchison
Drummond, Lieut. H. D... Earl Kinnoun
Rifle Brigade...
Dickson, Lieut., Carabineers... Lieut.-Col. Wild-
man, Carabineers
Douglas, Vice-Ad... Vice-Ad. Lord Colville
Douglas, Lieut.-Col., 78th Highlanders, on
return from Ceylon... Lt.-Gen. Anderson
Delap, Lieut.-Col., Royal Surrey Militia... Marquis of Sligo
Dunsterville, Lieut.-Col. Bombay Army, on
his return to India... Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Bradford, G.C.B
De Broke, Lord Willoughby... Earl Eldon
Presented by

Ditmas, Capt. T., Madras Artillery, on his return to India...... Lieut.-Col. Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.


Dibdin, Rev. Dr., to present a copy of his northern tour, by the Clerk of the Closet.

Dundas, Lord——Lord Albemarle Denman, Hon. Mr. Lord Denman Eld, Mr. J.——Col. Sir A. Dalrymple Elphinstone, Major-General Sir H.——Inspector-General of Fortifications

Elphinstone, Mr. H.——Lord Denman Elbhan, Lord——Admiral Fleming Eldon, Earl——Archbishop of Canterbury Ellis, Mr. F.——Sir H. Vivian, Bart East, Mr. C.——His brother, Lieut. Col. Ellis, Mr. Arthur——Lord Mahon, M.P. Fielden, Capt. Montagu, 3d Royal Lancaster——Lord Abinger Ferguson, Lieut.-Col.——Sir R. C. Ferguson Farquharson, Col. F., Bombay Army——Sir T. Bradford

Fredericks, Mr.——Colonel Wood, M.P. Fleetwood, Mr. Hasketh——Earl of Derby Flood, Mr. L. T.——Earl Cadogan Fleming, Mr. M.——South Hants, Right Hon. W. Sturge Bourne Farrer, Mr. J. W.——Master in Chancery Fielden, Mr. W. M.P.——Lord Abinger Fielden, Mr. H. E.——on appointment to the Lord Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lorp Foley.

Falmouth, Earl of——Hon. Captain Percy Fitzgerald, Capt., Royal 1st Major-General Sir H. Hardinge

Frampton, Capt. J. N., Rifle Brigade, on promotion——Major-General Sir D. L. Gilmour Fawcett, Mr. E. J.——on his return from India——Sir J. Hobhouse Freeing, Mr. C.——Maj. Gen. Sir B. Stephenson

Forbes, Mr. John——Earl of Erroll Fitzwilliam, Hon. G. W.——Earl Fitzwilliam Grant, Capt. C. W., Bombay Engineers——Maj.-Gen. Sir T. Bradford, G.C.B

Green, Ens., 3d Regt. of Infantry——General the Earl of Effingham

Graby, Capt. S. D.——Lord Muskerry Gardner, Major-General Hon. W. H.——Lord Gardner

Gooch, Com.——Rear-Adm. Hon. F. P. Irby Gillespie, Mr.——Lord Glenelg Gladmie, Mr. T.——Earl Dunmore Gaskell, Mr. D.——Lord Morpeth Gambier, Mr. W.——Colonel Aitchison Gould, Rev. Joseph——Lord Tenterden Grant, Sir A.——Right Hon. W. S. Bourne Gurt, Viscount Combermere——Earl Clare

Glenall, Earl——H.H.——Earl Clare Grant, Mr. of Grant——Hon. Col. Grant Grant, Mr. F. A., of Grant, Madras Civil Service, and late first Puisne Judge of the Madras Court, by the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart.


Glarstone, Mr. W. M.P.——Viscount Mabel Gladstone, Mr. J. N., Lieutenant R. N.——Viscount Ingestrie Greville, Mr. F.——Lord Colchester Grosling, Mr. R.——Earl Ripon Holbeck, Mr. H.——on his mar. Lt. D. on his

Hardy, Mr.——Earl of Harewood Holmes, Mr. T. K.——Marquis Chandos Harington, Sir E.——Maj. Gen. Sir W. Gomm Horrnan, Mr.——Earl of East Halswell, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex.——Lord Holland

Hartley, Mr. Winchcombe H., High Sheriff for Berks.——Lord J. Somerset Hunter, Sir Richard——Earl St. Albans Hickman, Capt. Queen's Own Worcestershire Yeomanry——Hon. Col. Clive

Hockings, Capt., R.N.——Adm. Sir H. Neale, G.C.B.

Hope, Mr., M.P.——Lord Ernest Bruce Hamilton, Ensign, 1st West India Regt.——Colonel Lord Sandsy Home, Lieut.-Col. Gren., Gds.——Col. D'Oyley Hankey, Col. Sir F., Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George——Lord Glenelg

Hare, Col.——Lord Lynedoch Hay, Lieut.-Col., Coldstream Guards——Earl of Verulam

Harcourt, Capt. O. Vernon, R. N.——on his marriage——Archbishop of York

Harewood, Earl of——Lord Portman Hall, Lieut.-Col. 50th Regt.——Governor of Southern Australia, on appointment to be His Excellency's Private Secretary Houlton, Captain, Ensign of the Yeomen Guard——Earl Ilchester


Handfield, Commander, R.N.——Capt. Vice-Ad. Sir J. Beresford

Hamilton, Second-Lieutenant L. H., 5th Fusileers——Sir William Herries Harris, Hon. George——Lord de Tabley Hallford, Mr. D.——Sir T. E. Drake Hall, Mr. James——Sir John Hall, Bart Hutchinson, Mr. M.——Lord Montford Henneage Mr. Walker——Lord Helyesbury Harcourt, Mr. G. Vernon——Archb. of York Hall, Sir J., Bart.——Marquis of Breadalbane Hopkins, Sir Francis——Lord Falmouth

Henderson, Rev. Dr.——Marquis of Bute Hamilton, Archdeacon, on behalf of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, Mr. W. Hamilton Hippsley, Sir John——Mr. Labouchere

Hoad, Visct., on his marriage——Lord Bridport

Presented by

Middleton, Sir William. Earl Brownlow
Murray, Hon. J. O. Admiral Fleming
Murray, Rev. J. John. Marquis of Bute
Northey, Capt. Sir Brook Taylor
Nicholls, Capt., 94th Regt. Major-Gen.
Nichols, Capt., 2nd R.M. on promotion
Nugent, Lieut.-Col., Grenadier Guards, on his promotion...
Colonel D'Oyley
Neivill, Com. W. R.N. Marquis of Chando
Nicholas, Lieut. Keigwin, R.N. Rear-
Armad Sir William Parker, K.C.B
Napier, Mr. Berkeley, A.D.C. Sir J. Paul
Newark, Viscount...
Foley
Napier, Capt. C.B. Sir William Parker
Nicholl, Capt., Queen's Own, 2nd Infantry,
Major-Gen. Sir C. B. Vere
Neivill, Rev. C. Marquis Chando
Newham, Mr. W.... Earl Clare
Novia Scotia, Bp., on arr. Abl. Canterbury
Sir J. M'Mahon, Bart. O'Callaghan, Hon. G.P. Lord Morneth
O'Grail, Dr. Vice-Ad. Sir R. Doscally
Ogilvie, Vice-Ad. Sir Charles Lord Dacre
Otway, Lieut. R.N. Adm. Sir P. Durham
Owen, Rev. H. Bishop of Norwich
Pakenham, Lieut., Gren.-Gds. Col. D'Oyley
Parker, Sir... Sir Adolphus Dalrymple
Platt, Sir T. M'Mahon, Bart. on promotion
Perie, Mr. Henry... Earl Surrey
Pierce, Rev. E. Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.
Parish, Sir W. K.C.H. Marquis Conyngham
Palliser, Sir H.P. Duke of Hamilton, K.G.
Poulter, Mr. Sir R. Ferguson, K.C.B.
Platt, Mr. George, on his appointment to the
Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by
Lord Foley.
Penn, Mr. G.N. Marquis of Chando
Penn, Mr. W. Marquis of Chando
Plowden, Mr. W. C. Sir A. Johnstone
Pnorther, Mr., Ad. the Hon. C. E. Fleming
Phillips, Sir T. H.R.H. Duke of Sussex
Pollack, Lieut. F., Madras Engineers, on his
arrival from India...
Mr. D. Pollack
Ponsonby, Hon. W. Lord Charlemont
Pryse, Count, Carabineers... Lieut. Colonel
Wildman. Carabineers
Preston, Mr. Mr. W., Herries
Perry, Mr. H.J. Lord Lyndhurst
Percherley, Mr. H. Capt. J. Dunders, R.N.
Phillips, Mr., Deputy-Lieutenant of Penbrokeshire...
Hon. Col. Rice Trevor
Pole, Mr. Chandos... Lord Byron
Platt, Mr. Thomas Joshua, on being appointed
one of Her Majesty's council, by
the Lord Chancellor.
Perceval, Hon. Capt., R.N. Lord Byron
Peevil, Capt. Scott, 23d Fusiliers. Lieut.
Gen. Sir Willoughby Gordon
Pepysh, Rev. H.... Lord Chancellor
Priestley, Ensign F. J. B., 82d Regt. Col.
Patt, K.H.
Palmer, Capt., Commandant of the West
Essex Yeomanry Cavalry... Viscount
Mynard.
Pratt, Maj., 26th Regt. Earl Galloway
Penefather, Major... Lord F. Somerset.
Phillips, Mr. Lieut.-Col. The Hon. G.
Trevor.
Pratt, Lieut.-Col., 17th Lancers... Earl of
Leicester
Pelllow, Capt. the Hon. Sir Fleetwood R.N.
K.C.H. Lord Byron
Presley, Capt. Sir T. S. Bart. Admiral the
Hon. Charles E. Fenning
Sir R. O'Callaghan, K.C.B
Porter, Lieut.-Col...
Pack, Lieut., unattached Lieut.-Gen. Sir T.
Reynell.
Ramsay, Sir James, Bart. Earl Kinnoull
Russell, Mr. Watts... Sir John Barrow
Robinson, Mr. A. R., Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.
Rhope, Mr. E. B. Lord Morpeth
Rose, Mr. W. Right Hon. Sir G. Rose
Roade, Mr. Bishop of Rochester
Robinson, Mr. G. R. Lord Glenegy
Rice, Sir Ralph... Earl Denovan
Ricketts, Mr. C. S. Sir T. Troubridge
Rose, Right Hon. Sir G. Right Hon. W. S.
Bourne
Ruthernor, Major... Major-General Sir J.
Lushington.
Rayner, Captain, Uxbridge Volunteer Infantry...
Count de Salis
Raveneshaw, Col. Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Imhoff
Raiakes, Col... Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Peaceoe
Romilly, Mr. E. Marquis Lansdowne
Rolle, Lord... Earl De Lawar
Riddell, Sir Walter... Earl of Tyconnell
Rodan, Mr... Major-General Dyson
Rogers, Mr. Newman, on being appointed
one of Her Majesty's council, by the
Lord Chancellor.
Sandwich, Earl... Earl Brownlow
St. Alban's, Duke of... Viscount Duncan.
Stewart, Capt. H. R.N. Duke of Somerset
Surtees, Mr. R. Lord Lyndhurst
Saner, Mr... Lord Morpeth
by the Lord Chancellor.
Seale, Mr. Right Hon. Lord J. Russell
Somerville, Lord... Lord Carteret
Seymour, Mr. Duke of Somerset
Surtees, Mr. W. E. Bishop of Exeter
Selkirk, Earl of... Viscount Combermere
Stanley, Capt. Gen.-Guards... Earl Derby
Stronge, Mr. His father, Sir J. Stronge
Slocock, Rev. S. Bishop of Winchester
Seymour, Rev. Sir J. (Bp. of Gloucester
Stansfield, Mr. C. M.P. Lord Morpeth
Stapleton, Mr. M. Lord Tyrconnell
Stanley, Mr., Lord C. Fitzroy
Severn, Mr. P. Lord de Sauarez
Sampson, Mr. J. F.S.A. Lord F. Egerton
Shepherd, Mr. one of Her Majesty's council,
Stevenson, Capt. G. Warwick Regiment...
Lieu.-Gen. Earl Carnwath
Sharpe, Ensign J. B., 20th Regt... Major-
Gen. Sir O'Cary, K.C.B
Stanhope, Col. the Hon. Le F., on being per-
mitted to wear the Order of the Re-
deemer...
Duke of Argyll
Sandys, Col. Lord... Duke of Wellington
Presented by
Stannus, Col. Sir E. ... Hon. M. Elphinstone ... Stretton, Major, 6th Rgt. ... Major-General ... Lord Fitzroy Somerset
Saumarez, Com.de ... Lord De Saumarez ... Smith, Mr. Spencer ... Lord Byron ... Stone, Mr. G. ... General Lygon ... Stanley, Mr. M. ... Marcus Conyngham ... Sheridan, Mr. Brinsley ... Sir James Graham ... Stillwell, Mr. ... Count Fane de Salis ... Severn, Mr. ... Lord de Saumarez ... Style, Sir T. Charles ... Viscount Morden ... Stronge, Sir James, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber ... Right Hon. Sir Hussey ... Vivian, Bart., G.C.B.
Stanley, Sir J. T. ... Earl Derby ... Seymour, Rev. Richard ... and Bristol ... Skelmersdale, Lord ... Earl Derby ... Trevelyan, Capt., 60th Rifles ... Earl Falmouth ... Tyler, Ens. B. L. 62nd Rgt., on his appointment ... Gen. Sir T. Wetherall, G.C.H ... Taylor, Capt. J. H., R.N., C.B. ... Capt. J. D. Dundas, R.N., M.P. ... Taylor, Lieut. E. of the Carbineers ... Lieut.- Colonel E. Wildman ... Todd, Mr. Ruddell ... Duke of Argyll ... Tisdall, Mr. Hon. George Byng ... Talbot, Sir George Bart. ... Earl Clare ... Tyrell, Earl. ... Duke of Argyll ... Vereker, Hon. Lieut.-Col. ... His father, Viscount Gore ... Vane, Sir F. Bart. ... Duke of Cleveland ... Vavasour, Sir Henry Mervyn, on succeeding to the title ... Earl Carlisle ... Verney, Sir Harry ... Lord ... Viscount Bentick ... William, Viscount ... Marquis Conyngham ... Vaughan, Mr. E. ... Viscount Corry ... Vaughton, Mr. T. ... Mr. A. Beetham ... Vandelce, Capt. E. 12th Royal Lancers ... Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Commings, K.C.H ... Walsde, Lieutentant, Uxbridge Volunteer Infantry ... Count De Salis ...
Wyndham, Lieut. Col. ... Maj. Gen. Sir C. Dalibac ... Williams, Mr. R. M.P. ... Earl Shrewsbury ... Wentworth, Mr. V. ... Lord E. Bruce ... Wyndham, Mr. M.P. ... Lord Heytesbury ... Wombwell, Mr. O. ... Lord F. Somerset ... Walker, Mr. C. A. M.P. ... Earl Shrewsbury ... Whatley, Sir Joseph ... Earl Howe ... Worthy, Mr. Stuart ... Lord Wharncliffe ... Wildman, Richard, on being appointed Recorder of Nottingham ... Duke of Sussex ... Westrena, Hon. Henry R., M.P. on his re-appointment as Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the county of Monaghan, by Lord Morpeth ... Williams, Mr. Philip, one of Her Majesty’s counsel, by the Lord Chancellor ... Wynne, Mr. C. G. ... Lord W. de Broke ... Wetherell, Rev. Charles ... Duke of Richmond ... Wellsted, Lieut. J. R. ... Indian Navy, on his return from travels in Arabia, by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse ... Waynes, Lieut. Col. 11th Light Dragoons ... Col. Brotherton, C. B. ... Aide de Camp to Her Majesty ... Wood, Lieutenant David, Royal Horse Artillery ... His father, Colonel Wood ... Williamson, Sir H. ... Duke of Cleveland ... Wilson, Capt. ... Maj. Gen. Sir R. Arbuthnot ... Watson, Lieut.-Col. Sir F., on permission to wear the Order of Knight Commander of St. Bento d’Avis ... Sir H. Watson ... White, Col. ... Viscount Gort ... Woodman, Col. ... Sir A. Clifford ... Wildman, Major J. ... Earl Darlington ... Wise, Capt. R. N. ... Sir J. Y. Buller ... West, Lieut., Gen.-Gds. ... his father, Vice- Admiral West ... Wortley, Mr. James S. ... Lord Wharncliffe ... Watson, Hon. Richard ... Lord Strafford ... Wynne, Mr. J. L. ... Lord Blayney ... Wood, Alderman T. ... Marquis Lansdowne ... Welman, M.P. ... Lord Sandon ... Wagner, M.P. G. H. M., High Sheriff of Sussex ... Duke of Richmond ... Wood, Mr. A. ... his father, Colonel Wood ... Warner, Mr. ... Lord C. Fitzroy ... Wynard, Rev. Montagu John, Chaplain in Ordinary ... Archbishop of York ... Williams, Sir J. H. ... Viscount Ebrington ... Walsh, Sir John ... Marquis of Downshire ... Watson, Hon. and Rev. H. ... Lord Sondes ... Wynne, Mr. Charles, jun. ... His father, Mr. ... C. G. Wynne ... Wilson, Mr. W. Rae, on going abroad, by Admiral Sir Ross Donnelly.

The following were presented by Earl Minto, G.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty:—
Admirals Sir John Wells, G.C.B. and Sir W. H. Bayntun; Vice Admiral West; Rear-Admirals Schomberg, Hill, Tomlinson, R. Thomas, and Sir Edward King; Captain Austen, Her Majesty’s ship Bellerophon, on his appointment; Captain S. Jackson, on his appointment to Pembroke Dockyard; Captain Shiffler, on return from foreign service; Captain Shirefield, on his appointment as Captain Superintendent, Deptford; Captain J. Tomkinson, from Service in the Mediterranean; Captain Clavelle, on his appointment to the Superintendency of Chatham Dockyard; Captain Sir Edward Chatham, C.B. and K.C.H., on his appointment as Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Victualling-yard and the Naval Hospital at Haslar; Captain Mawhood Kelly, on his return to England: Captains Sir Thomas Thompson, Hugh Pat-ten, Sir S. Roberts, C.B., M. Kerle, B. Maxwell, Trotter, Mr. Patton, L. Bertie Cator, Merfield, Collier, Markland, Richard Bate-ton, T. Boucher, and Bowyer; Commander John Chamberlayne, on going abroad; Commander Charles C. Irvine, on his return from abroad; Commanders W. Turner, W. Savage, Sir G. Young, Bart., Fitzwalter, S. G. Fromont, Bingham, W. Ramsay; Lieutenants, George Oldmixon and D. Henderson.

The following were presented by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.:—
Major General Sir Donald Macleod, on being invested with the ensign of Knight Commander of the Bath; Major-General William Comyn, Bengal Army, and Pren...
durgast, Madras Army; Colonel Bellasis, Engineers, Bombay Army, on his return to India; Colonels Clapham, Madras Army, and Galloway, Bengal Army; Lieutenant-Colonel Bonner, East India Company's service; Major Pace, Madras Army, on his return from India; Captain R. Oliver, Royal Navy, on appointment as Superintendent of the Indian Navy; Captain J. G. Bell, Madras Artillery, on his return to India; Lieutenant C. Mainwaring, Bengal Army, on his return to India; Lieutenants T. Austin, Madras Artillery; R. Gill, 44th Regiment, Madras Infantry, Gaitskell, 29th Regiment, Bengal Infantry; G. W. Bishop, 71st Regiment, Bengal Infantry, and Macdougall 73d Regiment, Bengal Infantry, on their return from India; Ensign C. Woodhouse, 63d Regiment Bengal Infantry.

The following were presented by Lieutenant General Sir Hussey Vivian, G.C.B., Master of General of the Ordnance:—

The Rev. E. P. Henslowe, senior Chaplain Royal Artillery; Rev. Mr. R. Scott, Chaplain to Royal Artillery; Lieutenant-General Sir H. Bayly; Colonel Grant, late 18th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonels Ofield and Vavasour, of the Royal Engineers; Cator, Royal Horse Artillery; Webber, unattached H. P. Royal Artillery, and Marten, 1st Royal Dragoons; Captain Dundas R.N., M.P.; on his appointment as Clerk of the Ordinance; Captains Mee, Royal Artillery; Pascoe, Royal Horse Artillery; and Waddington, 6th Dragoons; Lieutenants Hill, Royal Artillery, A. H. Freeleig, Royal Engineers; and H. Alston; Ensign G. B. Cressy, 29th Regiment; and Mr. C. W. Ellis.

The following were presented by General Lord Hill, G.C.B., and G.C.H., Commander of the Forces:—

General Gascoyne, Lieutenant-General Sir C. Halkett, on his appointment to the 31st Regiment; Lieutenant-General Sir T. Bradford, on being invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath; Major-General Sir R. Arbuthnot, K.C.B., on his appointment to the command of Her majesty's forces at Ceylon; Major-General Sir Thomas McMahon, on appointment to the colonelcy of the 94th Regiment; Major-Generals Ross, Sir Octavius Carey, and Sir William Eustace; Col. Magher, Deputy Adjutant-General of Ireland; Col. Ewart, C.B., Inspector Fielding-Officer; Colonel Turner, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles O'Donnell; and Major Van der Meulen, H. P. unattached.

3.—The Queen held a drawing-room, at which the following ladies were—

Presented by

Alexander, Mrs. B. Duchess of Somerset
Alexander, Miss A. Mrs. J. Alexander
Alexander, Mr. E. Mrs. Col. Alexander
Alexander, Mrs J. Lady M. Christopher
Alexander, Miss ...... Mrs. J. Alexander
Allderson, Lady ...... Lady St. John
Anson, Mrs. .......... Viscountess Anson
A'Court, Hon. Miss ...... Lady Heytesbury
Andover, Viscountess ...... Countess Surrey
Anson, Viscountess ...... Countess Leicester
Anstruther, Lady ...... Marchioness Lansdowne
Abbot, Hon. Mrs. ...... Lady L. D. Bromley
Askev, Mrs. .......... Duchess Northumberland
Anson, Hon. Mrs. G. E. ...... Viscountess Angerstein, Hon. Mrs. F. ...... Lady Charlemont
Ashton Miss ...... Lady Braybrooke
Alston, Miss ...... Hon. Mrs. Calvert
Aston, Hon. Miss H. ...... Ditto
Anstruther, Miss E. ...... Their mother, Lady Anstruther
Archer, Mrs. C. ...... Dow. Lady St. John
Archer, Miss ...... Her mother, Mrs. C. Archer
Arnold, Miss ...... Lady Leicester
Alian, Mrs. ...... Countess Romney
Beare, Mrs. Gabbett ...... Lady Gossett
Burroughes, Mrs. ...... Viscountess Anson
Bromley, Miss ...... Lady L. D. Bromley
Best, Mrs. Geo. Musgrave
Barton, Mrs. N. ...... Marchioness Lansdowne
Blackwood, Hon. Mrs. ...... Lady Seymour
Bagot, Lady H. ...... Lady Bagot
Ballont, Lady E. ...... Countess Charlemont
Bulkeley, Lady W. ...... Lady G. Egerton
Bridgewater, Countess ...... Countess Surrey
Bradford, Countess ...... Marchess. Tavistock
Bromley, Lady L. D. ...... Lady Williams
Blachford, Lady I. ...... Marchess. Tavistock
Bolland, Miss F. ...... Lady Bolland
Burnett, Miss M. ...... Their mother, Lady Burnett
Burnett, Miss F. ...... Lady Burnett
Beauclerk, Miss H. ...... Lady F. Beauclerk
Beauclerk, Mrs. ...... Lady F. Beauclerk
Beauclerk, Miss L. ...... March. Lansdowne
Beauclerk, Lady F. ...... March. Tavistock
Baille, Miss ...... Mrs. Hugh Baille
Baille, Miss Eliza ...... Mrs. Hugh Baille
Baille, Miss ...... Marchioness Bredalbane
Burnett, Miss ...... Her mother, Lady Burnett
Blomfield, Miss ...... Mrs. Blomfield
Birch, Mrs. J. W. ...... Mrs. B. Reynardson
Bannerman, Mrs. ...... Marchess. Lansdowne
Bell, Mrs. ...... Countess Northumberland
Barnwall, Hon. Mrs. ...... Lady Talbot de Ma
hide
Buller, Mrs. E. ...... Duchess Sutherland
Bailie, Mrs. H. ...... Hon. Mrs. Ashly
Beach, Lady Hicks ...... Lady A. M. Cust
Bolland, Lady ...... Countess of Leicester
Burnett, Lady ...... Lady Suffield
Bolton, Lady ...... Mrs. Tuffnell
Bruce, Countess ...... Countess Pembroke
Bredalbane, March ...... March. Lansdowne
Blackburn, Miss E. ...... Hon. Mrs. Campbell
Bagot, Hon. Miss ...... Lady H. Bagot
Bagshaw, Mrs. ...... Mrs. Fletcher
Blair, Mrs. Lambert ...... Countess Galloway
Brownrigg, Miss ...... Mrs. S. Brownrigg
Bingham, Miss ...... Countess Winterton
Blackburn, Miss H. ...... Hon. Mrs. Campbell
Brownrigg, Miss J. ...... Mrs. S. Brownrigg
Brownrigg, Mrs. S. ...... Lady J. Walsh
Beresford, Miss H. C. ...... Ditto
Bennett, Miss F. ...... Lady G. Murray
Bagot, Miss F. Lady H. Bagot
Bagot, Miss C. Their mother, Lady Bagot
Bagot, Miss G. Her mother, Lady Bagot
Blachford, Miss. Lady I. Blachford
Beresford, Miss G. Lady Sarah Ingestre
Bewett, Miss. Lady George Murray
Brook-Legg, Miss. Countess Craven
Burroughs, Mrs. Mrs. Burroughs
Blackburne, Mrs. I. Mrs. Blackburne
Blair, Mrs. Countess Galloway
Brisco, Mrs. M. Countess Ashburnham
Byng, Hon. Mrs. H. Her mother, Dow.
Viscountess Torrington
Beauleker, Miss K. K. March. Lansdowne
Berkeley, Mrs. Dow. Countess Craven
Braybrooke, Lady. Miss M. Manvers
Campbell, Mrs. of Islay. Lady C. Bury
Clapham, Mrs. C. Countess Winterton
Crutchley, Miss. Countess Ashburnham
Crompton, Miss C. Lady Herries
Courtenay, Mrs. Countess Winterton
Corbett, Miss. Lady H. Clive
Colquhoun, Hon. Mrs. Countess Bandon
Cornwallis, Lady L. Countess Brownlow
Cornwallis, Lady E. Countess Brownlow
Cordinston, Lady G. Lady C. Cordinston
Cordinston, Lady B. March. Downshire
Compton, Lady Countess Winterton
Crouthie, Mrs. Lady H. Durham
Crutchley, Mrs. Countess Ashburnham
Cowie, Miss A. Mrs. Cooper Scarlett
Chesterfield, Count. March. Londonderry
Cornwallis, March. Countess Brownlow
Clanwilliam, Count. Countess Pembroke
Clifton, Lady. Mrs. Corbett
Campbell, Lady M. March. Cholmondeley
Canning, Miss. Mrs. Canning
Cartwright, Miss. Mrs. Cartwright
Cartwright, Miss F. Ditto
Cumming, Miss A. Their mother, Lady Cumming
Cumming, Miss F. Countess Manvers
Curdt, Miss. Lady Curtis
Curdt, Miss S. L. Lady Curtis
Carnac, Miss R. March. Lansdowne
Campbell, Miss. Her mother, Mrs. Stewart
Colquhoun, Miss. Mrs. Colquhoun
Caddington, Mrs. Duchess Northumberland
Cartwright, Mrs. Lady Cottenden
Coope, Mrs. H. C. Viscountess Lorton
Canning, Mrs. Countess Mountnorris
Courtenay, Lady Elizabeth. Lady Bolton
Craven, Countess Dow. Lady C. Barrington
Craven, Lady L. Countess Dow. Craven
Carmarthen, March. Countess of
Chichester
Cumming, Lady. Countess Charlemont
Charleville, Count. March. Londonderry
Carnet, Lady R. Marches. Lansdowne
Cust, Lady A. M. Countess Brownlow
Cawdor, Lady Dowager. Countess Surrey
Cust, Lady C. Countess Brownlow
Cordinston, Miss M. Lady Vivian
Cooper, Miss L. Curtis. Lady Cooper
Cordinston, Miss E. Lady B. Cordinston
Cordinston, Mrs. A. Lady Hardy
Corbett, Mrs. P. Lady H. Clive
Cottin, Miss. Lucy, Countess Winterton
Curry, Hon. Lady. Hon. Mrs. Scarlett
Cordingley, Miss E. Lady B. Cordingley
Clynton, Mrs. J. Mrs. March. Tavistock
Clarke, Miss. Lady Morgan
Cochrane, Miss. March. Downshire
Christopher, Lady M. Count. Brownlow
Clayton, Mrs. A. Lady J. Somerset
Cole, Lady Elizabeth. Lady C. Bury
Carleton, Hon. Mrs. Cts. Charlemont
Croft, Mrs. James. Lady Pringle
Copley, Hon. Miss. Lady Lyndhurst
Callender, Hon. Mrs. Lady Graham
Cust, Miss J. Lady A. M. Cust
Calvert, Miss. Hon. Mrs. Calvert
Crutchley, Lady C. Count. Ashburnham
Cottrell, Mrs. Viscountess Gage
Cordinston, Miss J. B. Lady Vivian
D'Eyncourt, Mrs. Lady Worsley
D'Eyncourt, Miss C. Mrs. D'Eyncourt
Dering, Miss C. Cts. Nelson, Duchess. Bronte
Dent, Mrs. Thomas. Lady Inghol
Dent, Miss. Lady Inghol
Denman, Hon. Miss Their mother,
Denman, Hon. Miss M. Lady Denman
Dickson, Lady. Lady Gardner
Dodd, Lady K. Lady Dodd
Dodd, Lady K. Lady Dodd
Drummond, Miss H. Lady W. de Eresby
D'Eyncourt, Miss. Mrs. D'Eyncourt
Dyer, Miss M. Mrs. Blomfield
Dyer, Miss A. Dow. Viscountess Torrington
Dalyell, Mrs. Duchess Somerset
Davenport, Mrs. Mrs. Tuffinell
Drummond, Lady E. Lady W. D'Eresby
Dansey, Mrs. J. on her mar. Lady Malet
Dyer, Mrs. H. M. Dow. Lady Arundel
Dover, Mrs. Countess of Devereux. Hon. Miss.
Delap, Mrs. Lady H Clive
Davies, Mrs. Hon. Mrs. Denman
Evans, Lady. Lady Vivian
Eustace, Miss. Mrs. Howley
East, Mrs. C. Marchioness Downshire
East, Miss A. C. Her mother, Mrs. East
Elmes, Miss. Mrs. East
Eyre, Mrs. Hon. Mrs. Eyre
Elphinstone, Mrs. H. Mrs. Col. Davies
Elves, Miss E. Lady J. Somerset
Fowell, Miss. Mrs. Eyre
Eveline, Mrs. Countess Nelson
Edgcumbe, Mrs. Countess Brownlow
East, Miss C. Her mother, Mrs. East
Eustace, Lady. Lady Brybrooke
Escoffet, Mrs. Lady Portman
Egerton, Mrs. Lady Bridgewater
Ellice, Mrs. A. Lady C. Barrington
Forcher, Mrs. Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell
Fremantle, Mrs. Hon. Mrs. Mussey
Fremantle, Mrs. C. Ditto
Fleming, Mrs. Dowager Lady Arundel
Fitzroy, Hon. Mrs. March. Downshire
Ferguson, Miss. Countess of Leicester
Flower, Lady. Countess of Albermarle
Fox, Lady Augusta, on leaving England
Follett, Lady. Lady Yarde Buller
Falmouth, Countess Countess Charlemont
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Presented by</th>
<th>Queen's Gazette.</th>
<th>Presented by</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Farnier, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mrs. Howley</td>
<td>Johnston, Lady B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flanery, Miss</td>
<td>Countess Albermarle</td>
<td>Jermyn, Lady K.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleming, Miss</td>
<td>Mrs. Fleming</td>
<td>Johnstone, Mrs. C. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher, Miss</td>
<td>Lady Imbblow</td>
<td>Jodrell, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher, Miss</td>
<td>Mrs. Imbblow</td>
<td>King, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferguson, Mrs. H.</td>
<td>Lady de Dunstanville</td>
<td>Kinnaird, Hon. Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garth, Mrs.</td>
<td>Lady Harriet Clive</td>
<td>Knox, Hon. Mrs. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gossett, Lady</td>
<td>Lady Vivian</td>
<td>Kinnaird, Hon. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham, Lady</td>
<td>Duchess Northumberland</td>
<td>Kerr, Mrs. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glengall, Countess</td>
<td>Viscountess Kinnoull</td>
<td>Kerr, Lady S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gort, Visctss.</td>
<td>Duchess Northumberland</td>
<td>Kinnoull, Countess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, Miss, of Grant</td>
<td>Lady G. Murray</td>
<td>Kniught, Mrs. Gally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gillees, Mrs. Colonel</td>
<td>Lady Barton</td>
<td>Kenyon, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gage, Hon. Anna M.</td>
<td>Viscountess Gage</td>
<td>Kyd, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gage, Hon. Miss</td>
<td>Viscountess Gage</td>
<td>Kensington, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galway, Dow. Visctss.</td>
<td>Countess Bandon</td>
<td>Knollys, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, Lady</td>
<td>Lady George Murray</td>
<td>King, Hon. Mrs. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gage, Miss</td>
<td>Lady Portman</td>
<td>King, Hon. Mrs. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffith, Mrs. M.</td>
<td>Mrs. D. Griffith</td>
<td>Ker, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaskell, Mrs. D.</td>
<td>Hon. Mrs. Annesley</td>
<td>Lumond, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladstone, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mrs. Cartwright</td>
<td>Lucas, Miss I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gossett, Miss J.</td>
<td>Their mother, Lady Gossett</td>
<td>Lethbridge, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gambier, Mrs. W.</td>
<td>Lady de Dunstanville</td>
<td>Leslie, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helbert, Mrs. H.</td>
<td>Lady Macaline</td>
<td>Lampion, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holden, Miss</td>
<td>Her mother, Mrs. Holden</td>
<td>Lorton, Visctss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humie, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mrs. H. Tuffnell</td>
<td>Lowther, Lady L. E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heydon, Miss</td>
<td>Countess, Winterton</td>
<td>Lennard, Lady B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holbech, Hon. Mrs. H.</td>
<td>Lady Bridport</td>
<td>Lismore, Countess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hood, Hon. C.</td>
<td>Their mother, Lady Bridport</td>
<td>Lascelles, Lady L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hood, Hon. F.</td>
<td>port</td>
<td>Legge, Miss A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herries, Lady</td>
<td>Lady Gomm</td>
<td>Legge, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howland, Miss Dow, Clare</td>
<td>Lady J. Elliott</td>
<td>Legge, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heytesbury, Lady</td>
<td>Lady J. Elliott</td>
<td>Legge, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Lady</td>
<td>Countess Surrey</td>
<td>Legge, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardwicke, Count.</td>
<td>March, Londoonderry</td>
<td>Lefroy, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmesdale, Visctss.</td>
<td>Duke Northumberland</td>
<td>Longley, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope, Lady Frances</td>
<td>Countess Sheffield</td>
<td>Lumley, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunter, Lady</td>
<td>Countess Surry</td>
<td>Leslie, Mrs. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honywood, Miss C.</td>
<td>Their mother, Dow.</td>
<td>Lowey, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heeley, Miss</td>
<td>Lady Honwood</td>
<td>Lefroy, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hankey, Miss F.</td>
<td>Hon. Mrs. S. Bathurst</td>
<td>Lane, Hon. Mrs. N.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoare, Mrs. H.</td>
<td>Countess Falmouth</td>
<td>Legge, Mrs. Augustus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honywood, Lady Dow.</td>
<td>Lady E. Palk</td>
<td>Moore, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hillborough, Count.</td>
<td>March. Down-hire</td>
<td>Moore, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harwood, Countess</td>
<td>Countess Sheffield</td>
<td>Milman Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hargood, Lady</td>
<td>Lady Pringle</td>
<td>Murray, Lady E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardinge, Miss</td>
<td>Lady Hardinge</td>
<td>Milman, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herbert, Mrs.</td>
<td>Duchess Northumberland</td>
<td>Monk, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herries, Miss I.</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Monckton, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hippe, Miss</td>
<td>Her mother, Mrs. Hume</td>
<td>Monckton, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herries, Miss</td>
<td>Lady G. Murray</td>
<td>Musgrave, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henenge, Mrs. W.</td>
<td>Mrs. Long</td>
<td>Morrison, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houlton, Mrs. G.</td>
<td>Mrs. H. Helbert</td>
<td>Moore, Lady L. D. Bromley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helbert, Mrs.</td>
<td>Mrs. Duchess Northumberland</td>
<td>Mosley, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardinge, Lady</td>
<td>March, Londoonderry</td>
<td>Mosley, Miss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmes, Hon. Mrs.</td>
<td>Lady Heytesbury</td>
<td>Mosley, Miss Mary Ann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardinge, Lady</td>
<td>Lady E. Hardinge</td>
<td>Munday, Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harcourt, Mrs. D. V.</td>
<td>Countess of Surrey</td>
<td>Midden, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hornby, Mrs.</td>
<td>Lady Halkett</td>
<td>Madder, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irby, Miss F.</td>
<td>Hon. Mrs. F. Irby</td>
<td>Mrs. Rodon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imhoff, Lady</td>
<td>Lady Pringle</td>
<td>Mulgrave, Countess Dow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving, Miss A.</td>
<td>Lady C. Wood</td>
<td>Monck, Lady M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, Miss</td>
<td>Mrs. Talbot</td>
<td>Maw, Lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnstone, Miss</td>
<td>Viscountess Lorton</td>
<td>Musgrave, Hon. Mrs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnston, Lady</td>
<td>B.</td>
<td>Murray, Mrs. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray, Miss L</td>
<td>Lady H. Durham</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Prince Esterhazy and his daughter, the Countess Chorinsky, had an audience of the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Royal Academy.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence J, Somerset

Prince George of Cambridge, honoured Mr. Cox with his company at dinner, on

Thursday evening, at Grosvenor-place.

5. The Queen honoured the Performance of Norna, at her Majesty’s Theatre, with her presence.

Her Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Melbourne, the Bishop of Norwich, Lord Hill, and the Right Hon. R. Cutler Ferguson, Judge Advocate-General.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Duchess of Gloucester and a select party, dined with the Princess Augusta, on Saturday, at Clarence House.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, honoured the Earl and Countess of Stavenport with their company at dinner, in St. Olave’s.

6. Her Majesty attended by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, attended Divine Service in the morning, in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, from the 6th chapter of Micah, verse 8. The officiating Clergymen were the Rev. Messrs. Hadden and Knapp. Mr. Eyvett presided at the organ.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, also attended the service, having in her suite, Lady Charles Somerset, Miss Hope Johnstone, and Earle Howe.

The Duke of Beaufort, the Countess of Chesterfield, the Bishop Cachester, and Earle Wilton, Bandon, Claredon, and Cowdor, were amongst the nobility present.

After the service, the Queen, attended by the Marchioness Tavistock, Hon. Misses Cocks and Murray, Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Stovin, and Lord Alfred Paget, and the Duchess of Kent, by Lady Flora Hastings, descended from the Royal Closet, and approached the altar, when the Bishop of London administered the Sacrament to Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and suite, the Bishop of Norwich, the Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Hereford, Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and the Bishop of Hereford.

Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock, took a drive in an open carriage and four, in the afternoon, in Hyde Park and the Regent’s Park.

The Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

Viscount Palmerston had an audience of the Queen.

The Princess Augusta, attended by Miss Wynyard and Sir Henry Wheatley, attended Divine service in St. Phillip’s Chapel.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta Cambridge, &c.
tended Divine service in the morning, in Grosvenor Chapel.

7.—Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock, took a drive in an open carriage and four, in the parks. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty had a dinner party at the new palace. The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards was in attendance during dinner.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took a carriage drive in a pony phaeton and four, and was afterwards visited at Marlborough House, by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Majesty visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.


8.—Her Majesty took an airing in the parks, in an open carriage and four, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty honoured the performance of I Puritani La Rossemae, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with her presence.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took an airing in an open phaeton and four.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duke of Kent.


The Princess Augusta took an airing at Kensington. The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, honoured the performance of I Puritani, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Prince George of Cambridge was present at the entertainments given by the Countess Cadogan and Mrs. Robarts, at their residences in Piccadilly and Hill-street.

9.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty had a dinner party, which was attended by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, took a carriage drive.


10.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, visited the Queen.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

The Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George of Cambridge, dined with the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards honoured the concert of Ancient Music, with their presence.

Ball.—Her Majesty's first state ball since her accession, and the first grand entertain-

ment at the new palace, was given this evening.

The splendid suite of rooms was opened for the occasion, and brilliantly illuminated.

The company were admitted under the centre portico of the marble hall, which was protected from the weather by neat drapery, and ornamented with a variety of choice plants and exotics. During the band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, stationed at the end of the hall, performed a variety of choice selections.

The company began to arrive shortly before ten o'clock, passing between the Yeomen Guards, to the grand staircase on the left, (without passing through the statue gallery;) and entering the first state room, the green drawing-room, were ushered across the picture gallery into the saloon.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Mary Pelham and Major-General Sir Henry Wheatley, arrived soon after ten o'clock, and was received by the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, the Hon. Col. Cavendish, Clerk Marshal, Sir Frederick Stovin, Groom in Waiting, and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting, who conducted Her Royal Highness to the Yellow Drawing-room.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Miss Kerr, Colonel Cornwall, and Baron Knesebeck, the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Colonel James, followed soon afterwards, and were received by the same Officers in Waiting, and conducted to the Yellow Drawing-room.

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent, together with the Royal Family, passed the saloon into the large ball-room, followed by the rest of the company. Sets for quadrilles were formed, and the ball was opened by the Queen, who had for her partner, Prince George of Cambridge, in a quadrille, entitled "Versailles."

During the ball, Her Majesty, danced quadrilles with the following noblemen:— Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Marquis of Douro, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Morpeth, Lord Fitzallan, Lord Suffield, Lord Folkestone, and Lord Jocelyn. In the intervals of the dance Her Majesty and the Royal Family sat in a recess at the west side of the room, which was hung with white satin, embroidered in bouquets of flowers, and trimmed with silver fringe, with curtains suspended from the front on each side. The seats of crimson satin and gold, were placed on a platform covered with a Persian carpet.

The elevated orchestra, over which was a chandelier, had a gilt ballustrade, edged at the top and bottom with gold fringe, with valances to correspond. It was supported by two portable pedestals. One very large, and four small cut glass chandeliers, and a profusion of gold candelabra, illuminated the room in a most brilliant manner.

Her Majesty sat on the opposite side of the room to that on which were the por-
traits, by Sir D. Wilkie, of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, as the Earl of Inverness, and the Princess Charlotte.

Strauss' band was stationed in this room, and after the first quadrille performed, his entirely new set of Waltzes, entitled "Hommage à la Reine d'Angleterre," which were much admired by Her Majesty. Their Pari
sian and Venetian gallopes were, during the evening repeated by command of Her Majesty. Her Majesty danced in every quadrille played in this room.

The Yellow Drawing-room was, likewise, used a ball-room, and at the end an orchestra (facing the orchestra in the large ball-room) was fitted up in similar style with ornaments, but smaller scale. In the room Weigart's band was stationed; the favourite music of the evening, played by this band, were the quadrilles, "Gems of the Opera," "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Waltzes, "Serenade" and "Berlin," and the "Postillon de Lonjumeau" gallope. A platform, having seats for Her Majesty and her royal relatives, with rich and elegant drapery, occupied a recess on the west side. The saloon (between the ball-rooms,) was illuminated with a very handsome ormolu lustre, in the semi-circular projection, and also by a cut-glass chandelier.

Refreshments were served at the tables in the Throne-room during the evening.

At one o'clock, Her Majesty and the Royal Family, followed by the company, passed from the large ball-room under the orchestra, into the supper-room, (which opens en suite,) where supper was served at tables extending round the sides of the room. The side-board at the end displayed a number of magnificent articles of gold plate, having in the middle, the shield of Achilles. At the two angles of the room were also, displayed some choice specimens of gold plate. The portraits of George IV., of George III., and Queen Charlotte, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and of Augusta, his consort, were hung in this room.

Dancing was resumed after supper, and continued till near four o'clock. Her Majesty joining in the last dance. "God save the Queen," was played on the arrival and departure of the Royal Family, by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, in the marble hall, and by the band of the Foot Guards, who were on duty in front of the palace.

Amidst the company were the Austrian and Russian Ambassador, the Turkish Ambas
dador, and Mr. Salamé, Her Majesty's Oriental interpreter, the Neapolitan, Prus
sian, Wurttemburg, and Danish Ministers, the Bavarian Minister and Baroness de Cetto, Madame Detell, the Lady of the Nether
lan'ds Minister, the Brazilian Minister, the United States Minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Sardinian Minister, the Greekian Minis
ter and Princess Souutz; the Hanoverian and Saxon Ministers; Baron de Bourquency (French), Baron Rehauren, (Swedish), and Chevalier de Rebello, Portuguese Charge d'Affaires; Prince Nicholas Lobethazy, Prince Odesolchel, Count Chorinsky, Count Charles and Countess Pozzo di Borgo; Count and Countess de Maltezohn; Count and Countess de Montgelos, Count Raczyński, &c. &c.

11.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

The Princess Sophia Matilda visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

15.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at two o'clock.

The Queen took an airing in the Parks in an open carriage and four.

Countess Charleston and Viscountess Forbes, and the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, succeeded as the Lady and Bedchamber Woman in Waiting, Marquis Headfort and the Hon. Sir W. Lutley, as Lord and Groom in Waiting on Her Majesty.

The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

Her Majesty honoured Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, with the sixth and final sitting, for a whole length portrait of Her Majesty, in her robes of state.

16.—Her Majesty and suite honoured the Concert of Ancient Music, with her presence.

The Duke of Cambridge gave a dinner at Cambridge House, as director (for the evening,) to the Princess Augusta and Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Mary Pelham and Lady Georgiana Bathurst, Archbishop of York and Miss Vernon Harcourt, Duke of Devonshire, Earl Howe, Lord and Lady Burchersh, and Mr. Knuytt, conductor of the concert. The Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, with the whole of the guests, afterwards went to the concert.

17.—HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.—This was kept as the anniversary with a full state Drawing-room. Nearly every noble in the land, in addition to the suite of the gentry, in number, upwards of 2000, paid their respects to Her Majesty, on the occasion. At one o'clock, the Park and Tower guns fired a Royal salute, and again in the Park at two o'clock, as the Sovereign was moving towards St. James'. Prior to the "coming of the Queen," the whole line of road from the Park, was some six or eight deep. Her Majesty was everywhere warmly greeted.

At three o'clock, the State-room was crowded. The costume of the ladies was of the most elegant and magnificent description.

We have elsewhere described the dress worn by Her Majesty. The Knights of the several orders wore their respective collars. The Foreign Ambassadors, Ministers, and Officers of State were present. Soon after Her Majesty's arrival, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Bishops of London, Winchester, Exeter, Llandaff, Chester, Gloucester, Bristol, Carlisle, Rochester, Ripon, Norwich, Lincoln, Salisbury, Durham, Bangor, Ely, Hereford, Chichester, Derry, and Nova Scotia, presented from their body to Her Majesty, in the Royal closet, a congratulatory Address, and Her Majesty was pleased to return a gracious answer.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent
came in state, escorted by a party of Life Guards, and entered by the colour court. Her Royal Highness’s dress on this occasion, was composed entirely of British manufacture, in pursuance of the Queen’s express wish on the subject to her Court.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, and the Duke of Sussex, all arrived in state.

The Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, passed through the Presence Chamber, which was lined by Her Majesty’s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and through the middle doors, reserved for the Royal Family, in the State-rooms, (guarded by the Hon. Corps,) into the Throne-room.

The Queen received the company in front of the Throne; the Royal Family on the left, and on the right, the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Household, viz. — Marquis of Hertford, Lord in Waiting; Hon. General Sir W. Tumley and Mr. Rich, M.P.; Groom in Waiting; Duke of Agravie, G.C.H., Lord Stewart; Marquis Conyngham, K.P., the Lord Chamberlain; Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H., Master of the Horse; Right Hon. George Stearns Byng, Comptroller of the Household; Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Clerk Marshal; and Lord Alfred Paget, Equerry in Waiting. On the steps of the Throne, behind her Majesty, stood the Ladies of the Queen’s Household.

19. — Her Majesty rode out on horseback, between 2 and 5 o’clock.

The Queen honored the performance of Don Giovanni, at her Majesty’s Theatre with her presence.

The Queen Dowager visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, visited her Majesty’s Theatre.

21. — Her Majesty took equestrian exercise between two and half-past four o’clock.

22. — Her Majesty took an airing in an open barouche, and tour in the Parks. Her Majesty and her august mother, honored the performance of La Somnambula, at her Majesty’s Theatre with their presence.

The Duchess, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, were also present at the performance.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

May 23. — The following Noblemen and Gentlemen were presented to Her Majesty: —

Alexander, Mr. Robert, one of Her Majesty’s Counsellors. — The Lord Chancellor.


Allen, Mr. Seymour, on his appointment to the 1st Life Guards. — Hon. Col. Cavendish

Anderson, Mr. F. — Hon. East India Company’s Civil Servant. — Sir J. C. Holhouse

Ainsworth, Mr. M.P. — Lord John Russell

Andrews, Mr. Serji. — Lord Chancellor

Abdy, Sir William — Lord Stuart de Rothsay

Allen, Rev. John — Bishop of Chichester

Alexander, Mr. — Marquis Butte

Akin, Capt., High Sheriff of Kent — Marquis Camden

Askev, Capt. C., R.N. — Sir W. Parker

Baker, Lieut.-Col. — Viscount Palmerston

Brown, Major-General — Sir J. H. Hope

Bassan, Mr. George — Lieut. Philip Durham

Barker, Capt. R., 20th — Sir W. Houston

Brunker, Capt., 16th Regt. — Col. Sir S. Higgins

Bloomfield, Capt., Royal Horse Artillery — Lieut. — Gen. Lord Bloomfield

Bourke, Lieut. T., 20th Regiment — Gen. William Houston

Bonham, Captain, 16th Lancers, on promotion — Sir J. A. Verner, Bonham

Baker, Lieut., 5th Fusiliers — Sir H. King

Belson, Lieut., Rifle Brigade — Maj.-Gen. Adye

Bland, Lieut. W., R.A. — Lord Sturton

Bradford, Lieut. W. — Sir R. Gardiner

Brown, Capt. H. — Lieut. — Col. Hay

Briscoe, Mr. M.P. — Sir J. Hobhouse, Bart.

Bloomfield, Lieutenant-General, Lord, on appointment to the Royal Horse Artillery, and to the command at Woolwich — Lieut. — Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian

Benners, lord. — Earl Albemarle

Busfield, Mr., M.P. — Mr. Charles Weed

Baker, Mr. — Marquis of Salisbury

Bain, Capt. H., R.N. — Sir R. Gardiner, K.C.B


Burke, Col. Sir John. — Marquis of Sligo

Bluck, Rev. John, Rector of Bowers Gifford, Essex — Lord Bishop of London

Baring, Sir Thomas — Marquis Lansdowne

Bangor, Dean of — Lord Combermere Brown, Mr. J. — Right Hon. C. P. Thomson Belmore, Earls of — Earl of Shaftesbury Bland, Mr. — Lord Sturton Blachford, Mr. — Duke of Grafton Blenkins, Assistant Surgeon Grenadier Gds. — Colonel D’Oyly

Blair, Mr. A., on his return from Ceylon — Sir R. Wilmot Horton

Buckworth, Mr. — Lord Sondes

Baldwin, Edward — Marquis Sligo

Blackwood, Hon. Capt. R.N. — Right Hon Sir J. Graham


Carey, Lieut., 51st Light Infantry — His father, Lieutenant-General Carey

Queen's Gazette.

Presented by

Cobden, Rev. Mr., Chaplain to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex
Currie, Capt. M. P., Col. Lord Portman
Clark, Capt. M. P., Col. Cavendish
Crewe, Lieut.-Col., Lord C. Fitzroy
Cambridge, Capt. S., R. N., Vice-Adm. Sir J. P. Beresford
Clifford, Lieut. R. N., on prom. Sir A. Clifford
Colquhoun, Mr. Patrick, Col. Colquhoun
Cumberland, Sir J. R., Bart., K.C.B.
Crompton, Mr. J., Lord Stuart de Rothesay
Clare, Mr. Peter, Right Hon. C. P. Thomson
Creagh, Mr. C. M., on his return from the continent
Cromartie, Earl of
Dent, Sir M., Bart.
De Montmorency, Bt., Earl Talbot
Dundas, Sir Frederick, Sir J. C. Hobhouse
Dundas, Sir J., Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Campbell
Dalhousie, Earl of, Duke of Buccleuch
Dawers, Mr. G., on prom. Sir W. Freemantle
Durnow, Mr. T. S., M.P., Lieut.-Gen. Sir Campbell
Dawson, Mr. T., M.P., Earl of Bute
Dumfries, Lord
Dundas, Sir R. C., Bart., Lord Howden
Duckworth, Sir John
De Montmorency, Bt., Earl Talbot
Davis, Maj., 9th Regt., on prom. Col. Warre
Dundas, Vice-Ad. Sir T., Vice-Ad. Lord Colville
Davy, Major-Gen. Sir W., Lieut.-Gen. Sir Keir Grant

Dales, Lieut.-Colonel
Easthope, Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. R. Carnac
Evans, Dr. G., Lieut.-Col. Lord Hill
Edmonstone, Sir A., Earl of Munster
Elrington, Ensign R., 47th Regt.
Sir W. Austin, K.C.B.
Edwards, Capt. H., R.N., Lieut.-Colonel near
Freke, Mr. Evans, 2d Life Guards
Fellowes, Mr., M.P., Earl of Sandwich
Foley, Mr. J. H., Lord Foley
Fleming, Mr. W., High Sheriff of Oxfordshire
Frith, Lieut. W., 20th Regt.
Fairfax, Captain
Forbes, Dr. C. F., K.H., Deputy-Inspector
Frankland, Com. C. C., Lord Colville
Fowes, Capt. 64th Regt.
Guest, Mr., M.P., Lord Gwynt
Gerard, Sir John
Gorges, Mr. H., Mr. Trench, M.P., Lord Gower
Gosford, Earl of, on his return from Canada
Greenaway, Mr., M.P., Earl Dudgeon
Garland, Mr. Edgar, Lieut.-Col. Lord Talbot de Malahide
Greene, Mr. H. Sullivan, Lieut.-Col. Lord Segrave
Gronow, Rev. T., Viscount Morpeth
Gordon, Rev. J. F., Chaplain to the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Down
Gerard, Capt., Carabineers
Guy, Capt., 5th Fusileers
Guise, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John, Bart. and K.C.B.
Hawke, Maj., on prom. Lord St George
Goldsmid, Major A., Lieut.-Col. Stowell

12th Royal Lancers

Graham, Capt. C., R.N., Lieut.-Col. Hamilton
Hammond, Commander Andrew Snape, M.P., Lord Hardinge
Hutchinson, Maj., 20th Regt.
Hensley, Lieut. P., 20th Regt.
Higgins, Lieut.-Col. W.
Horne, Lieut., 11th Lt. Drag.
Hawkes, Maj., Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Parker
Harris, Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Grant
Hawke, Maj., Earl of Effingham
Higginson, Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Hardinge
Hartopp, Lieut.-Gen. Lord Galloway
Hotham, Hon. Capt. R.N., Marquis of Thonon
Presented by
Howard, Mr. C. .......... Lord Morpeth
Howard, Mr. (of Corby) .... Earl of Carlisle
Hungerford, Mr. ........ Earl Howe
Harcourt, Mr., M.P. ...... Marquis Chandos
Fitzhugh, Mr. T. L. ... Earl Kinnoull
Howard, Mr. H., attached to Her Majesty's Legation at Berlin...... Viscount Palmerston
Hamilton, Mr. W. ........ Viscount Palmerston
Hamilton, Mr. H. H. ...... Gen. Sir F. Wetherall
Helibet, Mr. H. ....... Vice-Adm. Sir E. Hamilton
Henderson, Mr. ........ Viscount Roxburghe
Horton, Sir Robert Wilmut, on his return from Ceylon ...... Lord Glenelg
Hay, Mr. Robert .......... Earl of Kinnoull
Hastie, Mr. A., M.P. .... Lord John Russell
Higgins, Mr. G. Ousley, on return from Jamaica ...... Marquis of Sligo
Hallifax, Mr. Thomas .... Duke of Grafton
Herbert, Mr. ........... Marquis Lansdowne
Heron, Sir Robert ...... Duke of Norfolk
Hemsworth, Mr. H. W. ... Lord Sondes
Higgins, Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, on going abroad ...... Right Hon. Henry Ellis
Hawker, Lt.-Col. P. ...... Lord Combermere
Holiday, Capt., 93rd Highlanders ...... Marquis of Londonderry
Henniker, Hon. Lieut. Major, 2d Regt. Life Guards ...... Colonel Greenwood
Hargreaves, Sir G., M.P. .... Earl Minto
Hood, Sir A., Bart. ...... Lord Bridport
Hutching, Rev. W. ....... Bishop of Norwich
Hunter, Dr., Lieut.-Col. Stawell
Hallam, Mr. ................ Marquis Lansdowne
Heneage, Mr. High Sheriff, Suffolk ...... Duke of Norfolk
Holford, Major Gwynn ....... Sir J. Williams, Bart.
Hope, Maj.-F. 72d Highlanders ...... Adjutant-General
Hurst, Capt., Sussex Militia ...... Duke of Richmond
Harris, Capt., 5th Fusiliers ...... Major-General
Hon. Sir B. King, K.C.B.
Houston, Major-General Sir R., K.C.B. ...... General Sir W. Houston, Bart., G.C.B.
Irby, Mr. W., M.P. .......... Duke of Rutland
Kirk, Mr. ............ Earl of Chesterfield
Knox, Capt., Coldstream, Gds...... Visct. Northland
Klanert, Rev. C. ........ Duke of Richmond
Legge, Hon. Rev. ........ Earl Dartmouth
Lamb, Sir Henry ...... Earl of Abingdon
LeFebvre, Mr. C., Queen's Registrar of Guernsey...... Lord John Russell
Lambert, Mr. .............. Sir J. M'Gregor
Lushington, Mr. S. G. ...... His father, Right Hon.
S Lushington
Lytton, Lord .......... Hon. Captain Spencer
Lindsay, Earl of ...... Earl of Abingdon
Listowel, Earl of, on succeeding to his title ...... Marquis of Lansdowne
Lardner, Dr. ............ E. L. Bulwer, M.P.
Langdale, Mr. .......... Earl Shrewsbury
Litton, Mr. E., M.P., and Q.C. ...... Earl Roden
Leinster, Duke of ...... Marquis Tavistock
Lowther, Hon. Col. ...... Marquis Londonderry
Lugard, Capt., Royal Military Asylum ...... Lieut.
Gen. Sir J. W. Gordon, Bart.
L'Estrange, Capt. A. 5th Fusiliers ...... Major
Gen. Sir C Colville
Logge, Major .......... Earl of Dartmouth
Lardy, Major .......... Colonel Faunce, C.B.
Lye, Capt., R.N. ...... Lord Byron
Longley, Major, R.A., on his appointment as Lieut.-Gov. of Dominica ...... Lord Glenelg
Monteith, R. .......... Duke of Montrose
Munro, Mr. H., Deputy Lieutenant of Devonshire ...... Sir Francis Egerton
Mills, Rev. T., Chaplain in waiting ...... Viscount Morley
Major, Rev. J. R., D.D. ...... Bishop of Chichester
Mackenzie, Sir J. M., Bart. ...... Earl of Kinnoull
Mathew, Capt., M.P. ...... Col. Sir A. Dalrymple
Morris, Mr. C. .......... Earl of Edinburgh
Morris, Mr. J. .......... Colonel J. M. Wilson
Moore, Gen. .......... Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. K. Grant
Master, Capt., Gloucestershire Yeomany Cavalry ...... Duke of Beaufort
Mackay, Capt., Inniskilling Dragoons ...... Lord W. Lumley, G.C.B.
Morgan, Commander Richard, R.N. ...... Rear-Adm.
Maelean, Major, 72d Highlanders ...... Lord Glenelg
Mac Taggart, Mr., M.P. ...... Earl Lichfield
Miller, Lieut. W. Duncan, R.N. ...... Adm. Right
Hon. Sir G. Cockburn
Nagle, Sir Richard ...... Lord Morpeth
Neville, Mr. R. ...... His father, Mr. N. Grenville
Newdegate, Mr. .......... Lord Byron
Needle, Mr., M.P. ...... Earl of Aberdeen
Neeld, Mr. J., M.P. ...... Duke of Beaufort
Northey, Mr. Hopkins, Deputy-Lieutenant of Bucks ...... Marquis of Bute
Napier, Hon. and Rev. H. A ...... Earl de Lawar
Newman, Capt., Royal South Gloucestershire Militia ...... Lord Segrave
Newman, Lieut., 20th Regt. ...... Sir W. Houston
O'Conor, Cornet J. 16th Lancers ...... His father
Sir R. O'Conor, R. N.
Oxford, Earl of ...... Lord Lansdowne
Paterson, Captain George, 98th Regt., on promotion ...... Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Adams
Pearson, Capt., 16th Lancers ...... Earl Amberst
Poole, Major H. W. ...... Gen. Sir C. Deacon
Poulett, Capt. Lord George, R.N. ...... Marquis
Pott, Capt., 12th Regt. ...... Lord of Winchester
Poppewell, Com., R.N. ...... Capt. D. Dundas, R.N.
Pigot, Lieut.-Gen. ...... Sir F. Wetherall
Power, Mr. .............. Lord Morpeth
Pownall, Mr. H. ...... Col. Sir W. Young, Bart.
Parker, Adm. Sir ......... Lord Massey
Patterson, Mr. T. ...... Lord Talbot de Malahide
Pemberton, Mr., Deputy Lieutenant for Durham ..... Hon. Mr. F. Maule, M.P.
Philpotts, Mr. J., M.P. ...... Mr. S. Ride
Petre, Lord ...... Duke of Norfolk
Palmer, Mr. .......... Earl Howe
Parry, Mr. Billingsley ...... Earl Maciesfield
Pegus, Rev. P. W. ...... Earl of Abingdon
Penhereth, Dr. ...... Lieut.-Gen. J. Nicholson
Presented by
Parry, Dr. ............... Sir J. Hobhouse Pryme, Mr. G., M.P. for Cambridge.——Chancellor of the Exchequer
Pugh, Major, Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry——Right Hon. C. W. Wynn Parsons, Capt. ——— Colonel Wood, M.P. Pendergast, Lieutenant-Colonel, Scots Fusiliers Guards——Colonel Sir S. Higgins Phillott, Lt., Madras Armv.——Major-Gen. Phillott Paget, Mr. J.——Right Hon. Poulett Thomson Russell, Rev. Dr., Prebendary of Canterbury——His Grace the Archb. of Canterbury Robinson, Mr. L. H., Gentleman of Her Majesty’s most Hon. Privy Chamber.——Lieutenant-General, Callender Raine, Mr. R. N.——Master-General of the Ordnance. Russell Lord Edward, on return from foreign service——Lord John Russell Rokeby, Lord ——— Marquis Conyngham Ravenshaw, Mr.——Viscount Clive Robarts, Maj., Bombay Army——Lord F. Somerset Sanders, Mr. C.——Viscount Bolingbroke Stephens, M.P.——Marquis Conyngham Shirley, Mr. E. P.——His father, Mr. E. Shirley Stewart, Surgeon J., Royal Horse Artillery——the Master-General of the Ordnance Smith, Capt. York Hussars——Earl de Grey Savage, Capt.——Deputy-Lieut. of the County of Somerset——Gen. Sir R. S. Donkin, K.C.B.
The following were presented by Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., Master-General of the Ordnance:—


The following were presented by General Lord Hill, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces:—


The following were presented by the Earl of Minto, G.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty:—


The following were presented by the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse, Bart.:—

Major-Generals Sir Charles Deacon, K.C.B., and J. N. Smith, Bengal Army; Major Richards, Bengal Artillery; and Lieutenant Bird, Indian Navy.

—Her Majesty's second state ball took place this evening. The grand staircase and marble hall contained in each niche and recess, rare flowers and choice exotics, supplied from the Royal gardens at Kew.

Within the upper or Corinthian portico of the grand entrance, a magnificent Eastern tent had been erected, forty-seven feet long, thirty-two wide, and twenty-two high, composed of crimson cloth, very richly embroidered in gold and silver, and supported by ten pillars of silver. It was illuminated by two large Chinese lanterns, surrounded by six smaller ones, painted and ornamented in Oriental style. The embroidery on the side, of the tents, formed a succession of arches, with a border at the top and bottom, and Indian ornaments in the middle, all massively executed in gold and silver. The drapery forming the roof was equally rich and splendid and was finished with a handsome border of gold fringe. Large circular ottomans covered with yellow satin, were placed in the middle of the room, and sofas and chairs at the sides.

A very rich carpet covered the floor, and the whole presented a very elegant and attractive appearance. The silver column supporting the tent, and the embroidered drapery, were presented to his late Majesty, George IV, by one of the Governor-General of India, they had formerly belonged to one of the Eastern Princes.

Refreshments were served at one end of the tent during the evening, which communicated with the Green Drawing-room, where the portrait of her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, by Sir Martin Archer Shee, which had been presented to the Queen, on that day, was exhibited.

The arrangements for dancing, were similar to those observed on the first occasion.

The Ball-room is supported by double Corinthian scagliola columns with gilt capitals; it was brilliantly illuminated.

The Royal Family were ushered on their arrival, into the Yellow Drawing-room, or second ball-room.

The band of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards were stationed in the marble-hall, and the band of the Foot Guards were on duty next the Queen's Guards on the lawn. The former performed a selection from the favourite operas, during the evening, and both played "God save the Queen," on the arrival of the Royal Family.

The Duke of Sussex, Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, arrived at ten o'clock.

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent entered the room soon afterwards.

The Royal Party passed through the saloon into the Ball-room, and on the Queen's entering, Strauss' band struck up "God save the Queen." The ball immediately opened, Prince George of Cambridge dancing with the Queen, and Prince Nicholas Esterhazy with her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. The first quadrille was "La Soirée de St. Cloud," which was followed by the valse "La plus belle."

Amongst the favourites of the evening, were the quadrilles "Les bons Garçons," "Parisina," "Die Huldigung," "Philomèle" waltzer, and the Paris and Venetian gallopess.

In the Yellow Drawing-room, Weipart's band played a new set of quadrilles to which the Queen danced, entitled, "The Birthday," also a new set of waltzes, "The Alpine," and an English country dance, in
which the Queen and all the Royal Family joined.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, the Queen followed by the company, went to supper, which was served in the dining-room. The range of tables were ornamented with a number of gold candelabra; the two at the end of the table at which the Queen and the Royal Family sat, were each a beautifully modelled scene from the "Garden of Hesperides;" beyond this table was the beauteous with a collection of shields, salvers, tankards, and cups, interspersed with candelabra, which were reflected by a large looking-glass placed at the back. In the middle of the collection was the National Cup of Gold, surmounted with figures of St. George killing the Dragon. On either side of this cup were massive tankards, with battle-pieces in high relief, and amongst the articles on the beauteous and the ends, were an ancient tankard with a figure in basso relievo of Henry the Eighth, shields containing the "Triumph of Bacchus and Adriane," the "Feast of the Gods," and battle-pieces, tankards, and ancient gold medals inserted, several candelabra executed from the designs of Flaxman, and copies of the Warwick Vase, filled with artificial flowers. Above the ends of the beauteous were placed portraits of George II., by Ramsay, and of Queen Caroline, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

After supper the Royal party returned to the ball-room, when dancing was resumed. At three o'clock the Queen led off a country dance in the Yellow Drawing-room, which was extended into the grand saloon, and kept up for an hour. The Earl of Uxbridge had the honor of being the Queen's partner in this dance, which concluded the ball. Her Majesty and her august mother then retired, and the Royal Family took their departure.

The costume of the ladies was very rich and elegant, among the most splendid were those of the Countess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Westminster, and the Countess Chorinsky.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Dukes of Wellington, Devonshire, and Buccleuch, and the Marquis of Hertford, wore the stars and jewels of their orders of Knighthood, set in diamonds.

The Hungarian uniforms worn by the noblemen in the suite of Prince Esthazay, were very splendid, some being profusely ornamented with precious stones.

Mr. Cavendish and Mr. J. Hewell were the Pages of Honor in Waiting.

24.—The Queen received congratulatory visits at the New Palace, from the Queen Dowager, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Cambridge.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

The Queen gave a State Ball, the second this season, at the New Palace.

25.—The Queen took a carriage airing in a barouche and four in the parks.

Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

26.—The Earl of Musgrave and Viscount Melbourne, had audiences of her Majesty.

The answers to the enquiries for the Duchess of Kent, at Buckingham, Palace was that "Her Royal Highness was better." Her Royal Highness has not been well enough to leave the Palace for upwards of a week, and has been very much indisposed since the Ball.

27.—Sunday. Her Majesty attended divine service, in the morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Caryl, from St. John's Gospel, chap. vii. and 33rd. verse. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Messrs. Markham and Povah.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service, in the morning, in Grosvenor Chapel.

The Anthem, (full.) "God is gone up." (Croft.) Mr. J. B. Sale, presided at the Organ.

The Bishop of Norwich, and the Dean of Hereford, were the Clerk, and Deputy-Clerk of the Closet in waiting.

The Queen was attended by the Countess of Charlemont, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Paget, Viscountess Forbes, Marquis Headfort, Sir William Lumley, and Lord Alfred Paget.

The Queen Dowager also attended the service. In her Majesty's suite were the Countess of Sheffield, Hon. Miss Hope Johnstone, and Earl Howe.

The Marquisses of Anglesea and Salisbury, the Earls of Effingham, Sheffield, and Cawdor, were amongst the nobility present.

28.—Viscount Melbourne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had audiences of the Queen.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager visited the Duchess of Kent.

The Duke and Prince George of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House.

29.—The Queen took a drive in the Parks in an open barouche and four.

Viscount Melbourne and Lord Glenelg had audiences of the Queen.

The Countess of Mulgrave and Lady Theresa Digby, succeeded the Lady and Bedchamber Woman in Waiting; and Lord Lifford and the Hon. C. Murray, as Lord and Groom in Waiting.

The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Flora Hastings, took a carriage airing in the Parks.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took a carriage airing in the circles of Hyde and Regent's Parks, in a pony phaeton and four.
GUESTS AT HER MAJESTY’S TABLE.

H. R. H. Princess Augusta, May 2.
Earl of Uxbridge, May 2, 15, 25.
Countess of Uxbridge, May 25.
Viscount Melbourne, April 30. May 2, 4, 6, 11, 15.
Lord Suffield, May 15.
Lady Suffield, May 15.
Lord Gardiner, May 4, 15.
Hon. C. Murray, May 4, 11, 15, 21, 25.
Viscount Torrington, May 21.
Hon. Col. Cavendish, May 2, 6, 8, 11, 21, 25.
Mrs. Cavendish, May 21.
Colonel Buckley, May 21, 25.
Lord Portman, May 4.
Lady Portman, May 4.
Miss Wynnard, May 2.
Archbishop of Canterbury, May 2.
Duke of Argyll, May 2, 8, 25.
Marquis Conyngham, May 2, 8.
Earl Verulam, May 2.
Countess Verulam, May 2.
Lady Mary Grimston, May 2.
Viscount Falkland, May 2.
Lord Glenelg, May 2.
Lord Ashley, May 2.
Lady Ashley, May 2.
Lady Fanny Cowper, May 2.
Sir George Shee, May 2.
Earl Sorey, April 30.
Lord Batham, April 30.
Hon. H. Fox, April 30.
Lady Isabella Wemyss, April 30.
Sir Frederick Stovin, April 30.
Earl Leicester, May 6.
Countess Leicester, May 6.
Viscount Howick, May 6.
Viscountess Howick, May 6.
Viscount Palmerston, May 6.
Lady Theodosia Spring Rice, May 6.
Miss Spring Rice, May 6.
Mr. Stephenson, May 6.
Lady Mary Stephenson, May 6.
Duchess of Somerset, May 8.
Lady Louisa Fitzroy, May 8.
Marquis Lansdown, May 8.
Marchioness Lansdown, May 8.
Earl of Charlemont, May 8.
Countess of Charlemont, May 8.
Earl Fitzwilliam, May 8.
Lady Fitzwilliam, May 8.
Earl of Harewood, May 8.
Countess of Harewood, May 8.
Lord Norreys, May 8.
Lady Norreys, May 8.
Lord Seymour, May 8.
Lady Byron, May 11.
Lady Eleanor Paget, May 25.

The following accompanied her Majesty on horseback, and those marked (*) attended her Majesty to the Theatre.

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, May 7, 19.
Countess of Charlemont, May 15, 26.*
The Hon. Miss Cavendish, May 18.


Hon. Miss Murray, May 3, 11, 15.
Baroness Lehzen, May 11, 15, 16, 19, 21, 22, 25.
Hon. Miss Dillon, May 18, 19, 21, 26, 27.
Viscountess Forbes, May 18, 21, 22, 25, 27.
Miss Quentin, May 18, 19, 21.
Marquis Headfort, May 18, 19, 21, 27.
Viscount Torrington, May 5, 8, 19, 21.
Hon. C. Murray, May 18, 19, 21.
Lord Alfred Paget, May 5, 8, 19, 26.
Sir Frederick Stovin, May 5, 21.
Earl of Uxbridge, May 18.
Colonel Buckley, May 18.
Marchioness of Tavistock, May 5, 11.
Hon. Mrs. Cocks, May 5.*
The Lord Chamberlain, May 5.*
Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, May 5.*
Lady Flora Hastings, May 19.
The Hon Miss Paget, May 22.

REPUTED AMBASSADORS FOR HER MAJESTY’S CORONATION.

Austria, Prince Schwartzengru.
Belgium, Prince de Ligne.
Denmark, Prince Christian of Holstein.
France, Marshal Soult.
Netherlands, M. Van der Capellen.
Prussia, Prince Pulbas.
Russia, Count Strogouff.
Sweden, Count Gustavus Lovenhjem.
Sardinia, Marquis Brignole Sala.
Spain, Marquis de Miraflores.

Her Majesty’s Drawing-Room dress on the 3rd of May, consisted of white satin with elegant blonde flounces; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds, blonde, and roses, train of rich figured white satin, tastefully trimmed with pale pink roses, and blonde.

Head-dress; feathers, diamonds, and lappets. The whole of her majesty’s dress was composed of English materials.

That of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent—An elegant blonde dress, over white satin; the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds, blonde and marabou; train of rich figured lilac satin, the lining of white satin, and trimmed with blonde and ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets. The whole of her Royal Highness’s dress was composed of English materials.

Her Majesty’s Drawing Room dress on 17th. May was a white satin dress, with rich bulbous fringe, the body ornamented with a splendid stomacher, and blonde train of white taffetin, richly brocaded in gold, with a handsome embroidered gold border, and lined with white satin. (The dress of English, and the train of Irish manufacture) Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets. The whole of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent—Dress of white satin, with a rich embroidered silver flounce; the body and sleeves ornamented with silver embroidery, diamonds and blonde; train of white satin, richly brocaded in silver and colours, with rich silver border.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Adare, the lady of Viscount, of a daughter, in Berkley-square, on the 15th ult.

Borbone. Penelope Carolina, Princess of Capua, wife of his Royal Highness Carlo Ferdinando Borbone, Prince of Capua, of a daughter, at Mivart's Hotel, on the 16th ult.

Barnes, Lady, of a daughter, at Beeth-hill Park, near Barnet, on the 18th ult.

Bolton, the lady of Lieutenant, R. N., of a daughter, in King's-road, Chelsea, on the 20th ult.

Campbell, the lady of Sir John, N. R., of a son, at Sherfield House, Hants, April 29th.

Courtenay, the Lady, of a daughter, at Ponderam Castle, on the 1st ult.

Fortece, the Lady Louisa, of a son, at the Earl of Harrowby's Grosvenor-square, on the 2nd ult.

Hoare, the lady of J. Gurney, Esq., of a daughter, in Grosvenor-place, on the 25th ult.

Lyndhurst, Lady, of a daughter, on the 5th ult.

MacLeod, Hon. Mrs., of MacLeod, of a daughter, at 73, Baker-street, Portman-square, on the 19th ult.

Richmond, the lady of John, Esq., of a daughter, in Chester-street, Belgrave-square, on the 22nd ult.

Scott, the lady of the Hon. Francis, of a daughter, in South Audley-street, April 30th.

Sassoe, the Countess Daunesciold, of a son, at Copenhagen, April 29th.

Sutherland, the Duchess of, of a daughter, on the 10th ult.

Stowell, the lady of John, Esq., of a daughter, on the 1st ult., in Petworth, Sussex.

MARRIAGES.

Addington, now Currie, the Hon. Charlotte, third daughter of Lord Viscount Sidmouth, to the Rev. Horace Gore Currie, at Mortlake Church, Surrey, by the Right Hon. and Bight Rev. the Bishop of London, on the 2nd ult.

Ashburnham, now Beauclerk, Lady Catherine Frances, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Ashburnham, to Henry William Beauclerk, Esq., only son of John Beauclerk, Esq. of Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, at St. George's Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, on the 21st ult.

Barrow, now Ochon, A. youngest daughter of H. Barrow, Esq., at Calcutta, to W. D. Ochon, Esq.

Begbie, now Gooder, relic of the late Mr. Peter Begbie, at Calcutta, to Mr. W. Gooder, Feb. 1st.


Barrington, now D'Almeida, Rose Maria, youngest daughter of Capt. W. Barrington, at Calcutta, to Joaquim D'Almeida, Esq., of Singapore, Feb. 5th.

Baine, now Aystep, Miss C., to Mr. J. Ays-Feb. 10th.

Chandler, now Blunt, Mary, only daughter of the late Rev. John Chandler, rector of Wisby Surrey, to Francis Scaven Blunt, Esq. of Crabett, Sussex, at All Souls Church Marylebone, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester, on the 1st ult.

Caxton, now Smith, Mrs. M. B., to Mr. O. Smith, January 18th.

Cherriman, now Johannes, Mary D., only daughter of D. Cherriman, Esq., at Madras, to A. J. Johannes, Esq., Feb. 1st.

Dentman, now Hodgson, Elizabeth, second daughter of Lord and Lady Dentman, to the Rev. Francis Hodgson, Archdeacon of Derby, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. R. W. Veveres, rector of Chubley, Derbyshire, on the 3rd ult.

Dubus, now Brunett, Olline D., daughter of E. G. Dubus, Esq. of Nowhatta, indigo planter, at Calcutta, to P. B. Brunett, Esq., Jan. 7th.

Decastro, now Price, Rose, second daughter of Mr. S. Decastro, at Calcutta, to Mr. J. Price, January 22d.

De Cruz, Rosa, now Williams, widow of the late Mr. Francis De Cruz, to Mr. R. Williams, January 22d.

Douglas, Anne, now Wilson, at Calcutta, to Mr. Thomas Wilson.

David, Mary, now Marroot, eldest daughter of the late Arratoon Monk, D. Esq. of Calcutta, to Mr. Arratoon Marroot, of the Naum Sanger Indigo Factory, Feb. 10th.

Dickinson, now Weynys, Eliza, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, Chief Engineer at Bycullah, East Indies, to Lieutenant F. Weynys, Bombay Engineers, January 23d.

Fane, Caroline, now Beresford, daughter of W. F., Esq., Civil Service at Calcutta, to Colonel M. Beresford, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, January 22d.

French, Mrs. Rosa Maria, now Fernandez, at Gwallior, East Indies, to Mr. P. V. Fernandez, January 18th.

Gillett, Miss Harriet, now Gillett, at Bombay, to Mr. Honorius Hayden. lately.

Graham, Elizabeth Susanna, now Simmonds, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Graham, Baronet, of Eke, Cumberland, at Calcutta, to Captain J. H. Symonds, 60th Native Infantry.

Hall, Ellen, now Poole, Madras, daughter of the late G. S. H., Esq. of Pendennis Castle, Cornwall, at Vizianagram, East Indies, to W. Poole, Esq. January 13th.
UNITED SERIES. ]

Births, Marriages, and Deaths. 589

Hasleby, Eliza Isabella, now Norton, at Calcutta, to C. F. Norton, Esq. of Colgong, January 19th.

Hay, Anne Amelia Stewart, now Shaw, daughter of J. Hay, Esq., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at Madras, to James Shaw, Esq., Assistant Surgeon, Right Honourable the Governor's Body Guard, February 1st.

John, Catherine, now Palmer, Calcutta, eldest daughter of Mr. A. J. Merchant, at Agra, to Mr. F. Palmer, January 26th.

King, Charlotte Louisa, now Crump, at Calcutta, to Mr John Kirk, of Messrs W. Crump and Co.'s, January 27th.

Lang, now Menzies, Caroline, daughter of the late Robert Lang, Moor Park, Farnham, Surrey, and of the Portland Place, London, to the Rev. John Menzies, at Farnham, by the Rev. William Menzies, on the 17th ult.

Lynch, Miss Martha, now Budd, at Madras, to Vincent Budd, Esq., Chief Officer of the Lady Flora, January 10th.

Mannion, Miss J. now Heather, to Mr. S. Heather, January 9th, at Calcutta.


Mosely, now Ramsay, Harriet Doveton, second daughter of Lieutenant Colonel M., 38th Native Infantry, at Delhi, to Captain Ramsay, Major of Brigade, January 1st.

Nicholson, Eleanor, now Hamilton, widow of the late Captain N., and eldest daughter of Brigadier Johnston, at Lucknow, to Major C. F., 22d Native Infantry, Jan. 30th.

Pattle, Julia Margaret, now Cameron, eldest daughter of James P. Esq., Civil Servant, at Calcutta, to the Hon. C. H. Cameron, Esq., Acting Fourth Ordinary Member of Council, February 1st.

Rees, Miss A., now Gore, to Mr. J. O. G., at Agra, January 10th.


Roche, Sarah, now Finnis, Calcutta, youngest daughter of the late Captain R., Bengal Army, at Dhooly, to Captain J. Finnis, 51st Native Infantry, January 2d.


Shillingford, Charlotte, now Cruise, second daughter of the late George S., Esq. of Purneiah, at Calcutta, to R. Cruise, Esq., January 13th.

Smith, Emma, now Horne, eldest daughter of the late John S., Esq., Indigo Planter, Purneiah, at Calcutta, to F. W. Horne, Esq., February 5th.

Soehsten, Henrietta Anna Elizabeth Von, now Towe, eldest daughter of H. F. Von S., Esq., late Chief of the Netherland Settlements on the coast of Coromandel and Madura, at Jaggernaipooram, to R. H. D. Towe, Esq., January 11th.


Spies, Grace, now White, Bombay, eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel S., Political Agent in Meywar, at the residency Wodepore, to Assistant Surgeon B. White, Bombay Establishment, January 24th.


Stapelton, Miss M., Calcutta, to Mr. W. Bails, now Bails, January 10th.

Sturt, Harriet Thomson, now Gledstanes, widow of the late O. F. S., Esq., Madras Army, at Bonnamullie, to Captain R. S. Gledstanes, 16th Native Infantry, Jan. 19th.

Ulrick, Miss F., now Finto, Calcutta, eldest daughter of the late D. U., Esq., of Chinsura, at Calcutta, to Mr. F. Finto, February 6th.

Vesey, Frances Sidney, now Rothwell, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur V. of Knapton, Queen's County, to Thomas Rothwell, Esq. of Black Castle, county of Meath, at the British Embassy, Brussels, by the Rev. H. B. Knox, on the 3d ult.

Wright, Emma, now Standen, youngest daughter of Mr. E. B. R. W., of Bluer-stile, Greenwich, Kent, to Mr. Jonathan Standen of Grahamstown, South Africa, by the Rev. J. Heavyside, at Graham's Town, on the 13th of February.

Watson, Jane, now Beattie, daughter of William W., Esq., of Allababad, to Alex. Beattie, Esq., January 13th.

Winn, Sophia, now Bowline, second daughter of Mr. James W., at Kurnal, East Indies, to Mr C. Bowline January 13th.

DEATHS.

Amherst, Countess, after a few days illness, in Grosvenor-street, on the 17th ult.

Andrews, Miss Jane, at Calcutta, aged 42, January 18th.

Barrow, Commander, late of the Queen's ship, Rose, son of Sir John Barrow, of the Admiralty, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th of February, of consumption, in the 28th year of his age. The disease was brought on by constant exposure to the hot and humid atmosphere of the Straits of Malacca, while in pursuit of Malay pirates.

Bazire, C. M., Esq., aged 35, at Calcutta, January 10th.
 ridiculous

2. Collie, John, Esq., aged 22, at Singapore, January 13th.
3. Copley, Sir J. Bart., aged 69, in Whitehall Yard, on the 1st ult.
5. Dracup, Mrs. F., aged 60, at Calcutta, February 12th.
7. Dull, William Robert, Esq., in the 85th year of his age, late Comptroller of the Legacy Duties, and who retired from official life in 1822, after completing a period of fifty-two years' service, at the vicarage, Stradbroke, Suffolk, on the 21st ult.
8. Dumoulin, James, Esq., prin. sudder ascned at Burdwan, East Indies, January 13th.
12. Graham, Arabella, wife of Mr. John, Head Draughtsman's Surveyor-general's Department, on the river, at Cawnpore, on her way to Pultpather, East Indies, December 2nd.
13. Hughes, Mr. A., aged 25, at Eintally, East Indies, January 3rd.
14. Hampton, Mr. Thomas, Assistant Sudder Board of Revenue, aged 35, at Calcutta, February 7th.
15. Howe, Mrs. Margaret, relict of the late H. G. A. Howe, Esq., at Calcutta, February 15th.
16. Heathcote, John, Esq., of Connington Castle, Huntingdonshire, aged 70, at his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on the 3rd ult.
17. Jacobi, Mr. P., formerly Coach-builder, at Calcutta, Jan. 4.
18. James, Ensign W. H., of Her Majesty's 26th Regiment of Foot, aged 20, at Calcutta, Jan. 23rd.
19. Jerneingham, the Hon. Frances Sophia Stafford, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, at Paris, at the Hotel de Crillon, Place de la Concorde, on the 13th ult.

Lucas, Mr. Joseph, aged 55, at Calcutta, February 13th.

Mills, Mrs. M., widow, aged 52, at Delhi, Jan. 17th.

McKellar, Thomas, Esq., of the firm of Gibson & McKellar, and Co., aged 30, at sea, on board the Coomosoo Family, Jan. 27th.

McMahon, Mr. Benjamin, of the Court of Requests, aged 40, at Calcutta, Jan. 30th.


Portier, the celebrated comic actor, died the 19th, at his country seat, 89 boulevard des Sous-Bois, near Paris, in the 64th year of his age.

Rex, Lieutenant W. E., of the Engineers, in his 22nd year, son of the late W. E. Rex, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service at Calcutta, Jan. 17th.


Raulin, Catherine Droullie, wife of Mr. William R., aged 51, at Madras, Jan. 22nd.

Reed, the Rev. Alanson, American Missionary to the Chinese. He had taken up his residence at Bankok, for the purpose of acquiring the Chinese language, but with the design of ultimately entering China Proper, if possible, at Siam, August 29th.

Smith, Mr. Charles, an Assistant in the Financial Department, aged 35, at Calcutta, Jan. 11th.

Salviniac, Mrs., wife of Mons. B. F. E. S., aged 38, at Dacca, East India, Jan. 31st.

Stewart, Sherborne, Esq., formerly of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, Aide-de-Camp to the late Earl of Harrington, on the 7th ult.


Tye, Mr. Thomas, Assistant in the Civil Auditor's Office, Calcutta, aged 36, Jan. 3rd.

Toren, Mr. Hendrick Von, of the Dutch frigate, Bellona, aged 47, at Calcutta, Feb. 11th.

Vernon, Captain Windthrop, 33rd Regiment, N. I., aged 38, at Calcutta, February 12th.

Watson, G. M., Assistant-Surgeon, Medical establishment, at sea, on board the Royal William.

Warrender, Lady, relict of Sir Patrick Warrender, of Lochhead, Bart., at Edinburgh, in the 80th year of her age, on the 8th ult.

Young, Sarah, widow of Col. Sir Aretas, Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, and daughter of the late John Cox, Esq., of Coolciffe, in the county of Wexford, at her residence on Woolwich Common, on the 23rd ult.